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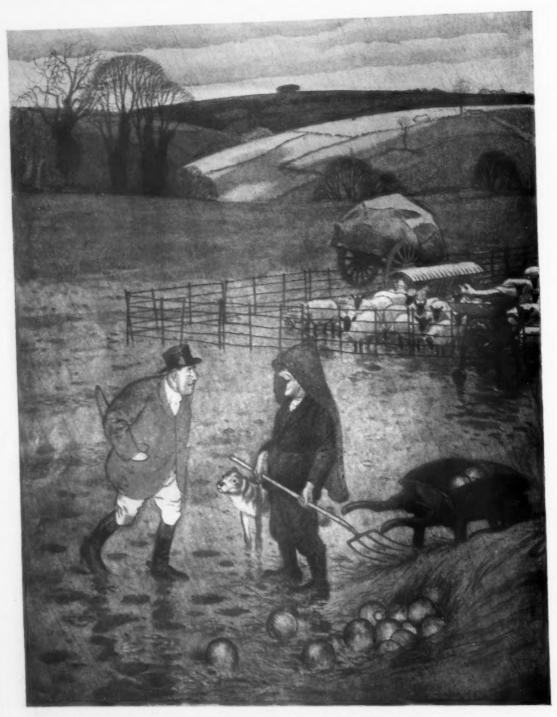
1936



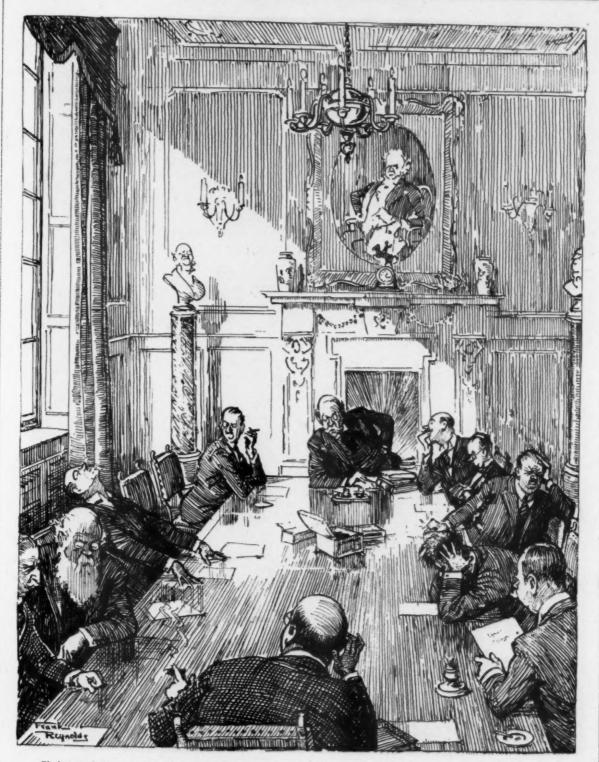
# Punch Almanack-1936



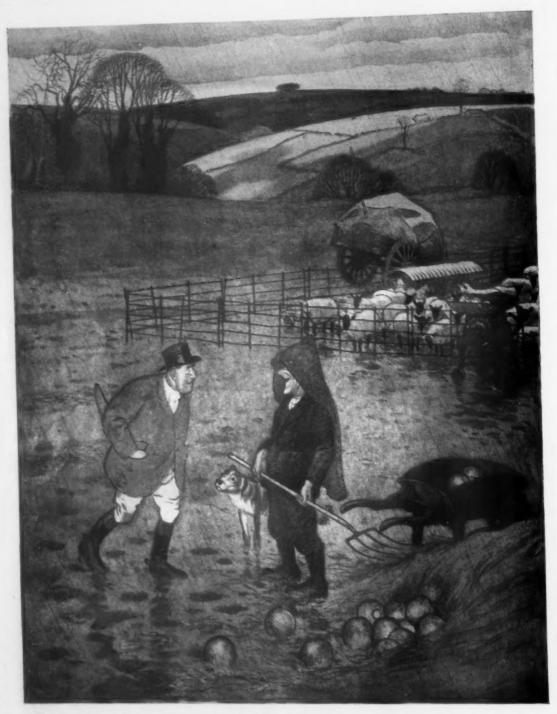
GASTRONOMIC SYMPHONY, BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.



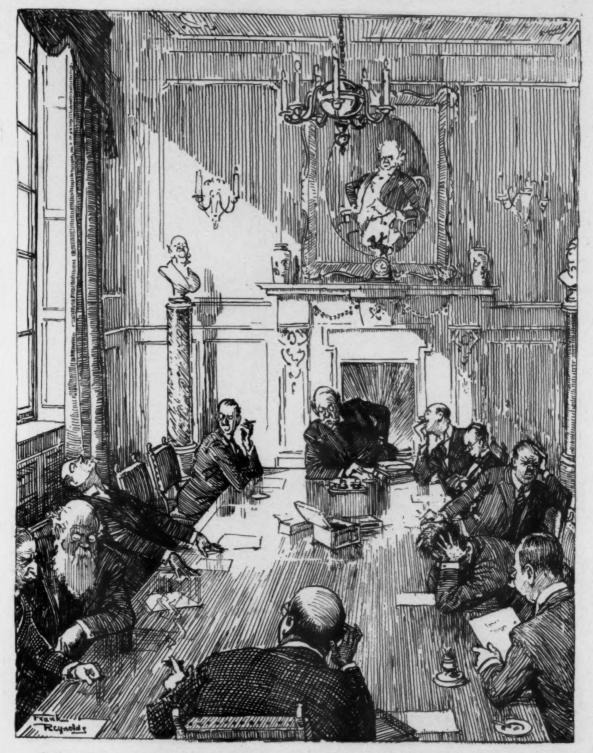
"YOU'VE LOST YER 'ORSE, YOU'VE LOST THE 'UNT AND YOU'VE LOST YER WAY. GAW, MISTER, AIN'T YOU LUCKY YOU AIN'T LOST YER HAT?"



Chairman of Commercial Conference (in search of a slogan). "HOW I WISH SHEDLOCK WERE HERE! IT WAS HE WHO GAVE US—'DON'T FRET: HAVE A GASPERETT.'"



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"I Q-QUITE AGREE, PROFESSOR, THERE IS BOUND TO BE A PURELY PHYSICAL EXPLANATION FOR SUCH PSYCHIC PRENOMENA."





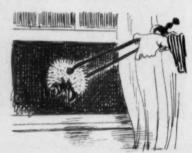
## Struwwelpeter Up-to-Date. The Story of Ruthless Mike and Reckless John.

As John and Michael did not like
Their governess, Miss Marlinespike,
They did their utmost overy day
To drive that worthy soul away.
They perched wet sponges on the door;
They sprinkled tin-tacks on the floor;
They smeared her spectacles with soap,
Lassoed her with a skipping-rope
And placed a hedgehog, lately dead,
Right in the middle of her bed.
I shudder to report the sins
Devised by these ingenious twins;
But still, undaunted, undismayed,
Miss Marlinespike just stayed and stayed.

Says Ruthless Mike to Reckless John:
"These gentle hints must not go on."
Says Reckless John to Ruthless Mike:
"We must bump off Miss Marlinespike."
(This horrid phrase, I fear, had been
Picked up from gangsters on the screen.)
"But how?" says Mike. "We have no gat"
("No gun?" was what he meant by that),
"And stainless nursery table-knives
Are not much use for taking lives."
"I know!" cries John. "We'll have to give
her

A good hard push into the river."
But Michael quickly crushes him:
"You fool—Miss Marlinespike can swim."

One day their dear mamma was sent, By way of an advertisement, A sample tube of "Kreemidew," Which on the floor she idly threw. Michael and John with one accord Retrieved it for their private hoard, And, oh! their triumph as they read: "Vanishing Cream" was what it said.





#### The Inquest.

An authority, though that is neither here nor there, on the history of India, the policeman paced the Embankment, cogitating, it may be, about Chandragupta. The time was near Christmas, but the weather was uncomfortably

warm (forgive me for this note of sordid realism); a gentle rain was falling; gentle ripples, or waves, corrugated the surface of the river, and gentlemen walked up and down. Ladies also walked up and down. But it was one of the gentlemen-a thinnish young man, pale, wearing no hat, with hollows beneath his cheekbones and a heavy jowl, with smooth dark hair and eyebrows slanting downwards from each other, wearing a belted salmon-coloured rough home-spun overcoat and loose vellow gloves, a trifle shabby, with brown shoes and wide grey trousers -- it was this young

ing the policeman's thoughts from the fourth century B.C. to the present moment.

This feat he performed by ejaculating "Officer!"

The policeman had a red knobbly face, with rather a curved nose-

Artist. Will you be so good as to tell me why you weigh in with

all these beastly details? Author. Certainly. I do it so that readers may be in a position to write and tell you that you have missed something out. Nothing pleases them more. To proceed—]

and deep furrows down the cheeks. He signified by a slight movement of one eyebrow and a backward jerk of the head that he was now on what may for convenience be referred to as the alert.

At this the young man pointed to one of the seats on which was a motionless figure and announced, "That man is dead!"

"I'll take your name and address, please," said the policeman instantly, and he extracted his notebook.

"Mine?" said the young man.
"Yours."

"But this is nothing to do with me," the young man demurred, "and meanwhile there's a dead man on that seat."

"Getting deader every minute," said the policeman with Oriental sarcasm. Afterw-subsequently, I

mean to confirm that. At the moment what I require, Sir, and what I must have is your name and address.'

The young man supplied his name and address without further ado, but the policeman wrote them down with a good deal. This done, they together approached the seat in question.

The figure on it was still motionless. It was that of an old man, with a



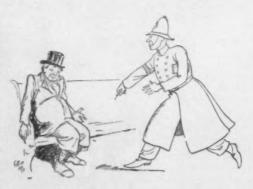
"'THAT MAN IS DEAD,"

man who was instrumental in recall- stiff grey moustache and gold-rimmed glasses, holding a pipe in the very centre of his mouth, wearing a

> [Artist. Hey! I don't think I shall draw this figure anyway. Don't bother.

> Author. No trouble-no trouble at

-light grey felt hat, very smart, with



"THRUST THE PIN . . . INTO THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S THIGH.

a black ribbon and curled brim, and an old blue overcoat over a brown suit; his necktie was of a brown check design, and his shoes were black with rubber soles.

"You say this gentleman is dead?" said the policeman.

"I do," the other replied. "He is dead. You're simply wasting your time calling him a gentleman.

"Have you a brown-paper bag?"

"Certainly," said the young man, pulling one out of the pocket of his coat and handing it noisily to the policeman.

The policeman spent several moments filling it with official breath until its wrinkles were smoothed out and it was as sleek as a haggis. He then placed it close to the ear of the figure on the seat and brought his other hand smartly

down on the distended portion, producing a loud report. The old gentleman with the pipe did not move a muscle.

The policeman cast the remains of the bag to one side and nodded. "So far," he admitted, your theory holds."

"I tell you it is quite certain he is dead," said the young man. "I am-

"All in good time," the police-

man replied. "Have you a pin?"
"Certainly." The young man
produced one from the lapel of his overcoat.

The policeman grasped the head of the pin firmly between finger and thumb, turned round, and walked away for several paces. Returning at a run he thrust the pin, with the impetus so gained, into the old gentleman's thigh. It had no visible effect at all.

Withdrawing the pin after a slight struggle, the policeman returned it to its owner with the satisfied remark: "Test Two also provides a negative result.'

> The young man persisted, "How many more times have I to tell you-

"Peace, peace!" said the policeman soothingly. "All things must be done in their due order. Test One, negative; Test Two, negative. Now for Test Three. Have you a stethoscope?'

'Certainly," the young man responded, mollified. From the other pocket of his coat he pulled one and handed it wriggling feebly to the policeman.

Taking it cautiously and putting the correct ends-for he was not so far sunk beneath the cowl of meditation and immersed in the ocean of visions as not to keep (albeit panting

slightly) abreast of modern inventionin the appropriate ears, which he possessed in full measure, the policeman placed the nozzle or business end of the instrument against the old gentleman's chest. He then cast his eyes upwards and listened intently.

Passing traffic roared and hooted, the rain tinkled in the gutters, the trams and seagulls squawked and the feet of passers-by clacked on the pave-

#### Punch Almanack for 1936

Standing up, the policeman removed the earpieces of the stethoscope from his head with two muffled

plops.
"Not a sound," he announced, handing the apparatus back to its

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I keep telling you-

The policeman held up his hand: "Sssh! Have you a mirror?"

"Certainly."

The policeman took the mirror and held it before the face of the seated figure, removing it after a few moments and subjecting it to a prolonged scrutiny. At the end of this he returned it to the young man, saying quietly, "True. This man would appear to be dead.

The young man looked as if he would, had he been wearing a hat, have removed it. But after this he was unable to resist saying, "I told you so."

"So you did," the policeman handsomely admitted. "Now, what would you say the old fellow died of?
"Ah!" said the young man.

The policeman bent forward and pulled open the overcoat, revealing a brown coat and waistcoat. He felt in the pockets of this. The sole result of his search was a piece of paper, folded small, which proved on investigation to bear the words: "I am going to end it all," with the signature in a crabbed and shaky hand, "Donovan S. Door-

"Humph!" said the policeman. "Suicide. There'll have to be an inquest."

II.

The inquest was not held by the present coroner, because it was after his time. This coroner was a man with a head something like a tortoise's and a long neck which stretched in and out of his collar in a very interesting way. On the day of the inquest he wore a blue pin-stripe suit-

[Artist. If you expect me to spend hours of time and trouble in drawing pin-stripes, which will not, let me tell you, come out in a small reproduction-

Author. No, no. Nobody but the reader expects you to do that. These details are to give you the emotional background.]

-and this made him somewhat irritable. He was also much perturbed by the way his glasses, which had gold rims, kept falling off his nose.

When the young man was giving

evidence he leaned forward.

You say you were getting off a tram when you found the deceased?" he asked keenly.

"Yes," said the young man.

There was a very officious juryman at this inquest who now stood up and said, "Why did you get off the tram?"

"Because," the young man replied, "I had gone as far as I wanted to go." "Why?" inquired the officious jury-

"You need not answer that ques-



THE CORONER.

tion," the coroner said kindly, for he wished to provide the reporters present with a pithy paragraph before the subject of riding on trams was left behind. He then raised his voice and provided them with this paragraph, but such was the competition that day, when the third cousin of a peer wrote to a morning paper casting doubt on



"THE POLICEMAN WAS BROUGHT FORWARD."

the existence of fairies, that it was killed after the early editions.

At the end of this digression the taking of the young man's evidence was

You then found the deceased," said the coroner. "How did you find the deceased?"

"Dead," said the young man.

"Suicide!" ejaculated the policeman

from the body of the court. No one paid any attention to him.

The officious juryman stood up. "You knew deceased was dead?" he

inquired of the young man.
"I suspected it," the young man replied. "Shortly afterwards I witnessed the application of Tests One, Two, Three and Four, and my suspicion became a certainty.

"What about Test Five?" asked the officious juryman, assuming a cunning

expression.

The coroner waved a deprecating hand and said, "Now, had you any ideas about the cause of death?"

"Suicide!" the policeman called out

Again he was ignored, though members of the public could be heard telling each other that he should be given his chance, same as anyone else.

The young man said it looked to him as if the old gentleman might have died of old age. This threw the policeman into a great state of annoyance, and he shuffled about, tapping his feet and whistling and muttering, "They call this justice!" and "Talk about the Dark Ages!" and similar remarks, until the coroner called him to order.

In due course the young man's evidence was ended and his place was taken by one of Donovan Doorhandle's

"Is your name Porcelain Door-handle?"

"It is."

"You are a son of the deceased?"

"I am a son of Donovan S. Doorhandle, but-

How many sons had he?"

"Seventeen.

"And which are you?"

"The sixteenth."

"Have you no ambition?" inquired

the officious juryman sharply. The coroner quelled him with a look and went on, handing down the note the policeman had found: "Do you recognise that writing?

"Yes," said Mr. Porcelain Door-handle, "but——"

"It is your father's writing?"

The officious juryman stood up and said, "How long has that been your father's writing?

As long as I can remember.' "How long can you remember?"

"My earliest recollection," began Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle, "is of being taken in a bassinette-

Yes, yes," interrupted the coroner, who was now so jealous of the officious juryman that he could not even hear with patience the answers to his questions—"the important point is that it was your father's writing."

"Is," corrected Mr. Porcelain Door-

"Was," said the coroner.

The officious juryman stood up with a pitying smile. "If I may be allowed," he began, "to arbitrate-

"If you may, call me a wet smack," said the coroner loudly. "Siddown. Now, Mr. Doorhandle, can you put forward any reason why your father should have written those words?'

"Well, you see, when he wrote

"Never mind," the coroner inter-"All we have to do is to rupted. ascertain the cause of death.

"Suicide!" bellowed the policeman from his place.

"Bring that man forward," ordered the coroner.

The policeman was brought forward by a chartered accountant.

The coroner said: "What was it you

were saying?"

"I said 'suicide,' " cried the policeman, "and what I say I mean." taking a deep breath, he repeated at the top of his voice: "Suicide!"

"Very well," the coroner said; "and what makes you so certain this was

"Doesn't the old bloke in person say so? 'I am going to end it all,' he says.

"How do you know," the coroner asked, "that he wrote that?"

"Doesn't he sign it?" "How do you know?"

"If you're suggesting he forged his own signature," said the policeman, "I say it can't be did. I've tried it with mine. Try as I would, no-thing came of it. Can't be did."

"Suicide!" came a sudden bellow from another part of the court where a colleague of the policeman's had been asked by him to stand and back him up.

The coroner sat back for a moment to get his breath, sitting smartly forward again just in time to forestall the officious juryman by pointing out in a voice of thunder: "What we are trying to discover now is the circum-

"Are," put in Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle, who by an oversight was still in the witness-box.

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"Stand down, Mr. Doorhandle," the coroner ordered. "We are trying to discover the circumstances of this death, and, if so, why. You can stand down too," he added rapidly to the policeman, on whose lips the first explosive sibilant of the word "Suicide" already trembled. "That completes

your evidence, if any. We will now hear medical evidence.

They then heard medical evidence. or a certain amount of it, for the expert from whom it proceeded would frequently forget to make the ends of his sentences audible, and some of the middles were not all they might have been. From him, however, was success-



"'SUICIDE!' CAME A SUDDEN BELLOW."

fully extracted the statement that the body he had examined bore no sign of life.

Yes," said the coroner, "and what did he die of?"

The expert mumbled something, upon which the officious juryman stood up and asked truculently, "Are you keeping anything back?

I made exhaustive investigations," said the expert very loudly and distinctly, "and in due course I came to

"Murder!" bellowed the policeman, who was not the kind of man to hold obstinately to an old opinion when a new one seemed to offer any purchase; and, rushing to where the young man who had found the body was now standing, he arrested him with efficiency and dispatch, but without a Several other people began to dart

hither and thither with no particular end in view. The coroner rapped with his gavel to restore order, and Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle said, "If I may be allowed to speak-

"Well," the coroner said testily-

"well?"

"It's only about that paper," said Mr. Porcelain Doorhandle diffidently, "with the writing, 'I am going to end it all,' on it. To my certain knowledge my father wrote that in August, 1921, and it had been in the pocket of that suit ever since. As a matter of fact, he added in a confidential tone, "he's at home now, chuckling to himself. He thinks it rather fun not to attend his own inquest."

"What! "Yes. He gave that suit away to a manufacturer of waxworks.'

At this moment the expert in the witness-box became suddenly audible. "Perhaps I should have mentioned before that the figure I examined was of wax. The policeman omitted to apply Test Five, which is to hold a lighted match beneath the nose of the subject. If the subject begins to melt it is wax.

> After this there was a long silence, broken at length by the policeman, who had a fundamentally honest mind.
> "Police error!" he ejaculated.

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stantly.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence when it was explained to them what this had been, and the officious juryman was exempted, much to his annoyance, from all further service.

After the inquest the policeman was invalided out of the Force and retired on someone else's pension.

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Artist (nastily). Don't you think that with your passion for detail, your solicitude for the nuances in the emotional background, you might explain how it was that the old gentleman was not discovered a little earlier to be made of wax?

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"THE JURY RETURNED A VERDICT."

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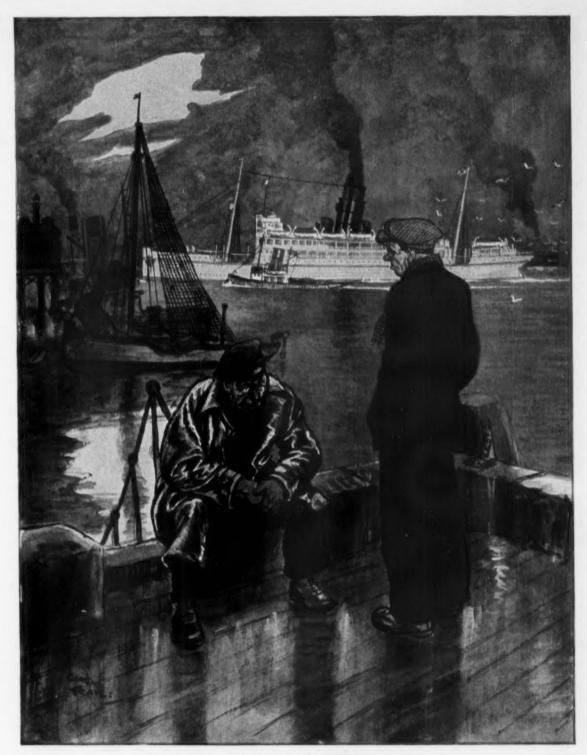
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"I understood him to say nothing was found," said the clerk.
"Nothing?" repeated the coroner

to the expert.

"Nothing to cause death," the expert mumbled.

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THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"SHE'S BEEN ON A WEST INDIES CRUISE—I DON'T 'ARF ENVY 'ER PASSENGERS."
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"NOW WHO SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR SANTA CLAUS?"



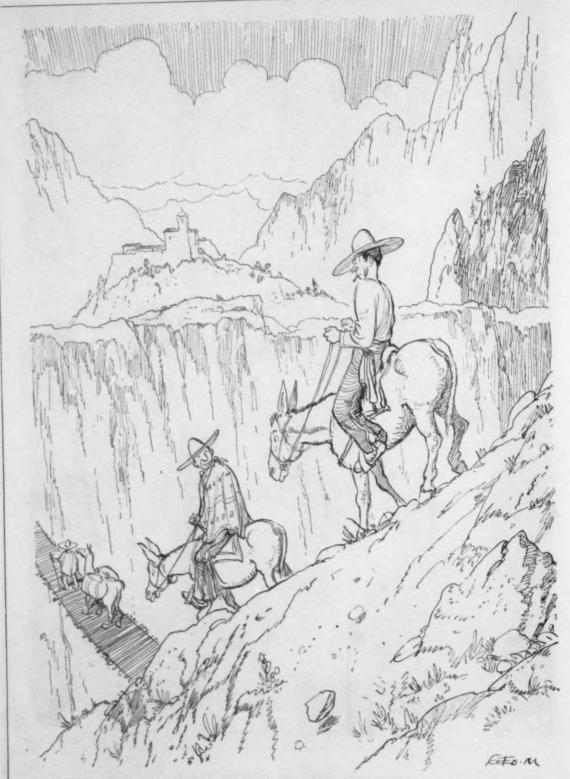
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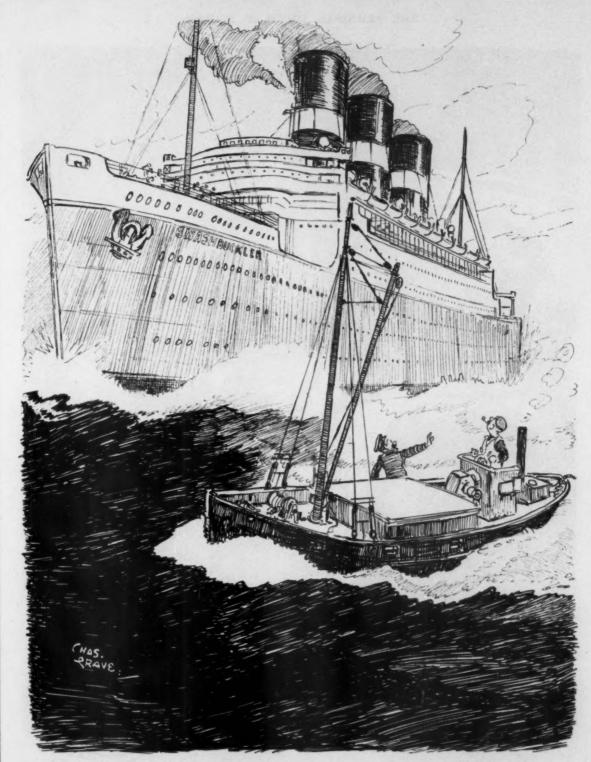
"NOW WHO SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR SANTA CLAUS?"



CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, FOILED AGAIN.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PEDRO. THE GARBO PICTURE DOESN'T BEGIN TILL EIGHT-FIFTEEN."



"Mind 'ow you go with 'er, 'Arry. Some of them big ships ain't fully insured, an' I wouldn't like to damage 'er so that the Government 'ad to pay anything. It might mean a bob on the income-tax."

#### THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN SHOPPING.



TRYING-



BEFORE-



BUYING-



18 A SPLENDID-



IDEA--



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SHOULD BE-



TAKEN-

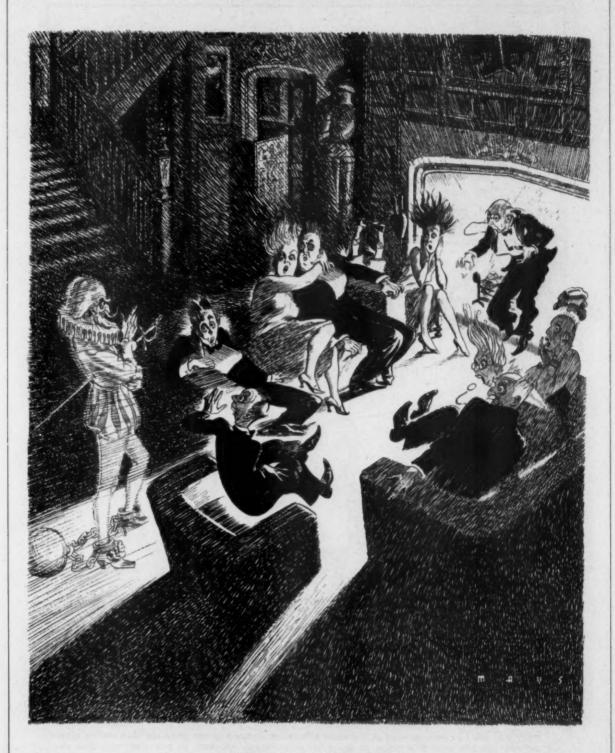


NOT TO-

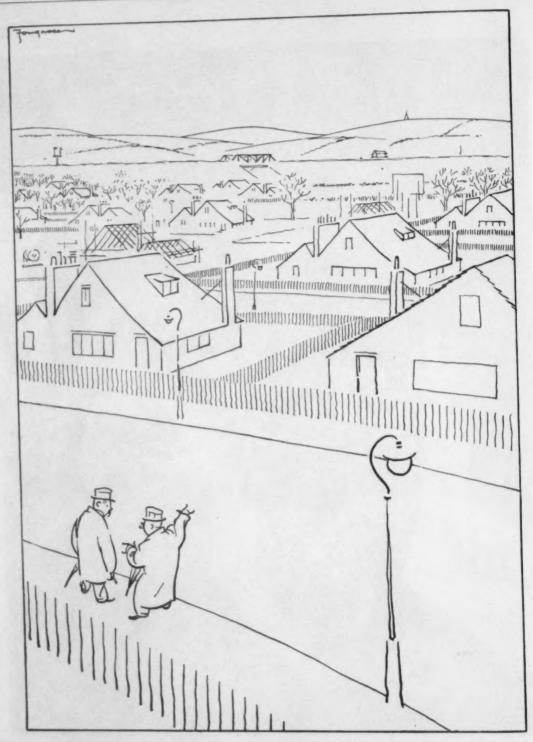




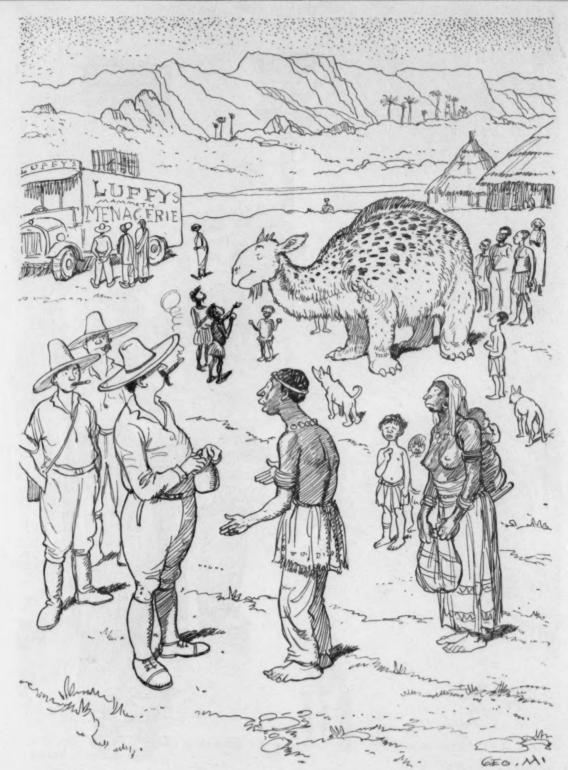
OVERDO IT.



"NOW LET ME TELL ONE."



"You see, it's like this: As soon as you start paying the interest on the mortgage that you're taking out on the building that I'm going to start building on the security of the life insurance that you're taking out to secure the title-deeds, then I can start building the building to carry the mortgage that you're starting paying the interest on."



"NO, WE WOULD RATHER NOT PART WITH HIM, SIR. YOU SEE, HE HAS KIND OF GROWN UP WITH THE FAMILY."



"'E'S A FASCINATIN' LITTLE FIGGER, SAM, BUT I THINK YOU'D DO BETTER BUSINESS IF YOU WAS SELLIN' A CLOCKWORK FISH."



"YES, THANKS, WE HAD A MARVELLOUS HOLIDAY, B-B-BUT I'M AFRAID WE L-LEFT IT A BIT L-LATE STARTING BACK."



"E'S A FASCINATIN' LITTLE FIGGER, SAM, BUT I THINK YOU'D DO BETTER BUSINESS IF YOU WAS SELLIN' A



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### TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



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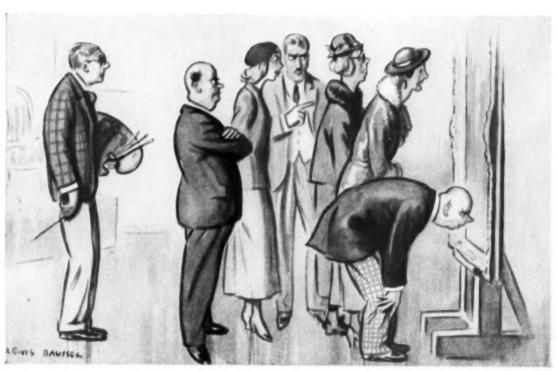


"I DON'T FEEL YOU'VE QUITE CAUGHT MY HUSBAND'S EXPRESSION."

#### TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

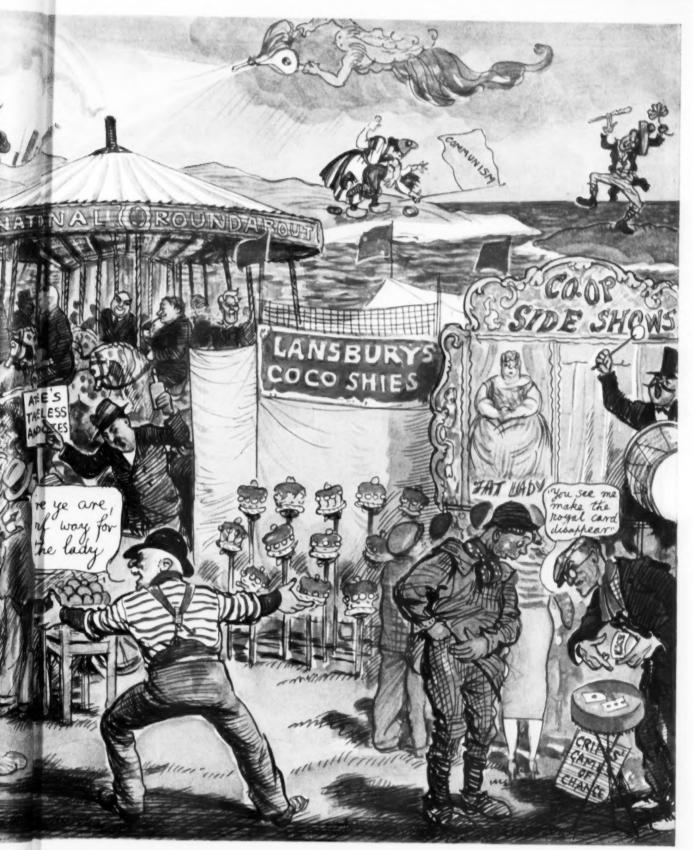


"SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN SHE GETS USED TO YOU."



ORDEAL BY RELATIONS.

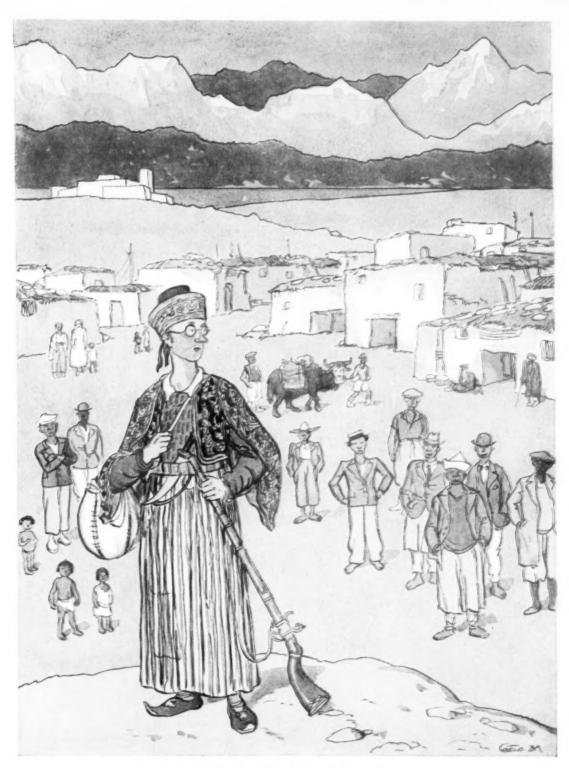




TO HE (POLITICAL) FAIR.



"IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN YOU LEAVE THE FIELD." "POOH—IT'S FATHER'S."



THE TRAVELLER WHO OVERDID HIS DISGUISE.



LE ROI S'AMUSE.

## CASTING THE CHRISTMAS PLAY



the que and I'm sure I can rely on you to look after the refreshments. Miss Lean....



and if you could do St. George, Mr Soulsby, I'm sure we could count on a quite uproarious success



for the part of Father Christmas....



... about 2 tbs, and Ill pay now ... and I shall count onyou for the part of the Turkish Knight.



to do the part of the doctor. Doctor....





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more suitable than my poorself.

# The Sealskin Tippet. (A Christmas Story.)

Once upon a time there was an Eskimo called Kako who lived in a cosy little igloo next-door to the Post-Office in a little village on the shores of Greenland. In another igloo, further down the street, next to the Blubberhouse, the only hotel in the place, lived his sweetheart, Oblukatoki—Obby for short.

These two had been walking out together for years, but as the walking was fearfully slippery, they hadn't got very far. Half the year, of

very far. Half the year, of course, it was perpetual night, and, although this sounds all right from a lover's point of view, rubbing noses in the dark for six months on end may become slightly monotonous. The other half of the year it was perpetual daylight, and then of course Kako and Obby were too shy to kiss in public. So their love, though sure, was slow.

Every Christmas Kako gave Obby a present. One year he gave her a necklace of polar-bears' teeth, and another year a fan made of penguins' feathers, and again another year a whaleskin refrigerator. Obby looked forward to her yearly present with ill-concealed delight, and would spend many happy hours idly speculating as to its nature while she dusted the icicles in her igloo.

This year, however, it was not to be a surprise. One day, in September, Kako took her fur-gloved hand in his and, gazing tenderly into the only portion of her face that

was visible through her wimple of polarbear skin: "What do you desire most in this world, Obby dear ?" he said. "Tell me and it shall be yours for Christmas."

Obby reflected for some time. "Kako, my love," she replied, "I should like a sealskin tippet—a soft black sealskin tippet, to wear over my new caribou costume."

Kako threw back his head and laughed. "That is almost too simple," he said. "Am I not the best seal-hunter in Greenland?"

Early in October Kako lightheartedly set forth in his kayak, with his harpoon in the stern and food for a month in the bows. Obby waved farewell to him from the shore and then turned away, wiping her eyes on a deerskin handkerchief and sniffing loudly.

Kaka hunted by what is technically known as the "auktok" method, which consists in the hunter giving so lifelike an impression of his quarry that he deceives the most suspicious seal. When, therefore, next evening, he sighted a dark figure sitting on an immense icefloe and recognised it as being none other than that of Moma, a notorious giant seal who was the terror of all the herrings in the Arctic Zone, he tied his boat to a convenient icicle and, with his harpoon between his teeth, crawled on to the far end of



"EVERY CHRISTMAS KAKO GAVE OBBY A PRESENT."

the icefloe, lay flat on his stomach and began to "auktok" towards his prey. Occasionally he would lift his head, giving a series of short barks as he wriggled along the ice. Occasionally he would stop to scratch his ear with his hind-leg, make wuffling noises, or sway from side to side in a sort of refined cestasy. All this time he was getting closer and closer to the seal, who didn't seem to mind a bit.

"She thinks I'm a friend," smiled Kako. "Ah, what a wonderful tippet my Oblukatoki is going to have!"

When he was only a few yards away Kako slowly raised his harpoon and was about to strike when the seal suddenly lifted a warning flipper.

suddenly lifted a warning flipper.
"Ssh!" said Moma, putting her hand up to her mouth.

Kako was so much surprised that he lowered his harpoon, and then, as he drew a yard nearer, he realised that the creature was dandling a little curly-headed baby-seal on her lap, rocking it to and fro and humming the old Finnish lullaby, "An Icicle Made For Two," through her whiskers.

The baby seal's eyes were tight shut and it snored loudly and happily as it lay asleep safe in its mother's arms.

Moma smiled gratefully at Kako and went on humming, while the sealhunter stood unhappily at her side, looking with increasing embarrassment first at his harpoon and then at the

picture of maternal bliss that confronted him.

Could he? Could he separate this mother from her child? Could he, even for love's sake, be so cruel? The mother trusted him-look, her eyes were quite wet with tears of gratitude, or was it mere blubber? And the baby, all innocence, slumbered in her arms, unaware of danger. Kako remembered all the hundreds of seals he had killed, and at the thought of the numerous amphibian homes that he had so callously ruined he flung his harpoon into the sea.

"I'll never kill a seal again," he cried aloud— "never as long as I live!"

At his cry the baby seal awoke, slipped out of its mother's lap on to the ice, and started wiggling towards him.

"I want a drink o' water," its eyes seemed to say, and Kako's heart melted at the sight.

"Come with me," he murmured gently, "and I will

give you a sardine," and he led the way to his kayak, taking a tin-opener from his pocket as he went. The baby looked inquiringly at its mother, and, as she nodded assent, did not hesitate to follow its new friend.

Soon Kako was playing a game of snowballs with the baby seal, while the mother busily prepared her offspring's evening bath.

"Schwlyz!" called Moma when she had finished cutting the necessary hole in the ice with her teeth—"Schwlyz!"\*

"Naa, naa!" cried the baby, sidling

"Kaark, kaark!" insisted the other, stamping her flipper authoritatively.

<sup>\*</sup> Pronounced "Sideup."

#### Punch Almanack for 1936

finally submerged.

For Kako the days passed very swiftly in the company of Moma and

"Wow!" whined the baby as it was his fiancée's Christmas present. How to get Obby that sealskin tippet! This was a problem that worried him perpetually, and Moma seemed to sense his trouble, for she was constantly

"Moma," he confided to her one day, "I have promised my sweetheart a sealskin tippet, and at all costs I must have it. Can you possibly get me one?"

After a few moments' reflection Moma nodded wisely as with one flipper she pointed southwards across the sea and with the other to the mackintosh purse in which Kako kept his pocket-

Kako understood at once.

"Leave little Schwlyz with me," he said. "I will take him back to my igloo and cherish him as though he were my own son until you return."

That evening, with a confiding smile to Kako and a few motherly words of advice to her son, Moma did a perfect nose-dive off the icefloe and started away on her long journey across the ocean."

Next morning Kako took Schwlyz back to his future wife and tried to everything. Oblukatoki, explain woman-like, understood nothing.

"I want a tippet," she cried, "not a live seal! If you really loved me you would turn Schwlyz into a tippet.

"On Christmas-Day you shall have your tippet, I promise you," answered Kako patiently, but Obby merely turned on her heel and slammed the door of her igloo.

Meanwhile Moma, puffing and pant-



"'SSR!' SAID MOMA."

little Schwlyz. He spent much of his time teaching them broken Pemmican, which is very like broken English, only rather more broken, and it was not until November that he remembered

trying to divert his thoughts to happier channels. To this end she would balance old tins on the end of her nose or make slides for him across the ice. But still Kako moped.



"PADDED BACK WITH HER TO THE EMBANEMENT."

ing, floundered westwards through the sea, doing the Australian crawl. Sometimes she stopped to exchange greetings with a gull or to practise her Pemmican on a passing dogfish. Once she was called in to give a lesson in Sigillation to a school of porpoises; on another occasion she directed a whole fleet of lost soles to some plaice they were looking for. Otherwise her journey was tedious but uneventful. But even the longest journey comes to an end, and, on the 20th of December at noon, Moma found herself swimming up the Thames to Westminster Pier, where she stopped, climbed the steps on to the Embankment and had a good look round.

At the pavement edge stood an old man guarding what looked to her like a kayak on wheels.

"Bath-chair, lady?" he asked politely, and without a moment's hesitation Moma climbed into this peculiar vehicle and a rug was thrown over her knees.

Half-an-hour later a bathchair containing an elderly lady in a long black coat, with a poke-bonnet tied under the chin by a mauve ribbon and wearing a chiffon searf round her neck, might have been seen issuing from Harridge's Millinery Department and entering their Fur Department, where its occupant kept repeating the word "Sealskin!" in a peculiarly hoarse and strident voice.

The shopwalker and his assistants crowded round, bearing with them a fine selection of sealskin coats, muffs, wraps, rugs and capes, all of which the customer pushed aside in disgust. Finally, when the

patience of all parties concerned was almost exhausted, the shopwalker produced an armful of tippets and laid them on the counter. Moma gave a long sigh of relief when she saw them, and after some hesitation chose a beautiful soft black tippet lined with shiny grey satin. An assistant tied her purchase up in a smooth brown-paper parcel and handed it to Moma with a low bow.

"That will be to your account, Modom?" he asked politely.

Moma nodded her head, clutched the precious package under her flipper and, turning to the bathchair-man, said something which sounded to him like "Home, James!"

He, poor man, whose already flat feet were by this time more than ever like pancakes, desired nothing better

than to get rid of his old lady, and padded back with her to the Embankment as fast as his fallen arches would allow.

At the sight of the river flowing beneath her Moma gave a thirsty gurgle, leapt out of the bathchair and, flinging a handful of Eskimo fluks (equivalent to tenpence in our money) at the attendant, swarmed up on to the parapet and dived head-first into the river.

A policeman and several bystanders rushed forward to save her, but they were too late. With a cheerful bark and a wave of the flipper, Moma disappeared from sight, and when next

"FILL THE LITTLE ONE'S STOCKING WITH BLUBBER."

morning her bonnet and cloak were washed ashore, the newspapers devoted many columns to the terrible tragedy, and the streets were ablaze with newsbills reading: "Aged Foreigner Commits Suicide." "Beautiful Woman's West-End Death-Dive." "Continental Spy Finds the Only Way Out."

Meanwhile in Greenland all was not well. Little Schwlyz lay like a thorn between the lovers. He was a tippet, one of nature's tippets, and Obby wanted a tippet. Kako, however, strangely fierce, guarded him like some precious jewel, and Obby's jealousy knew no bounds. As she watched Schwlyz snoozing in the inglenook of Kako's igloo, where he sat like a comfortable torpedo sucking the new

moustache of which he was so proud, she would suddenly find her fingers straying towards the knife that dangled at her side. Mercifully she was still able temporarily to control herself. She would wait, she decided, until Christmas-Day, and then. . . .

Christmas Eve arrived but no Moma. Kako was growing desperate, Obby scornful, Schwlyz tearful. At midnight Kako, disguised in a long white beard and a scarlet dressing-gown, crept along to Schwlyz's cot to fill the little one's stocking with blubber. Obby followed, but with murder in her heart and hand.

Schwlyz was snoring as usual, with a woolly nightcap pulled well over his ears to keep him warm. And as the two lovers stood, one on either side of his bed—Kako's heart full of love, Obby's full of hate—no one knows what might have happened had they not both of them heard at that moment a knock on the door.

It flew open, and on the threshold stood Moma! Moma, and in her right flipper a greylined sealskin tippet marked "Shopsoiled. £2 10s. Made in Germany."

It is impossible to describe the scene of joy and excitement that ensued—the touching reunion of mother and son, the moving reconciliation of Kako and Oblukatoki, the thanks, the kisses, the tears.

"I give you my mackintosh hold-all," said Kako to Moma, "as a token of my esteem. You can use it to keep shrimps in," he explained. "I know

how elusive they are."

Moma barked gratefully and, taking her son by the hand, led him out across the ice into the midnight sun.

Kako gazed after them regretfully, and then turned to Obby, who was hugging her new tippet as though she could scarcely believe that it was real—which, as a matter of fact, it was not.

"She's a wonderful seal!" she said at last.

Kako nodded. "And the first mother to swim from Greenland to England and back!" V. G.

Parents who take their children to pantomimes nowadays notice few changes since they themselves were young. In some cases of course the Principal Boy is different.

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#### Punch Almanack for 1936



"ARE YOU SEEKING YULETIDE GIPTS OR MERELY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, MADAM?"



"Wotcher doin' or? YER AIN'T SINGIN' IN CHUNE."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Boo-oo-I ain't s-singin' at all; I got the stummick-ache."

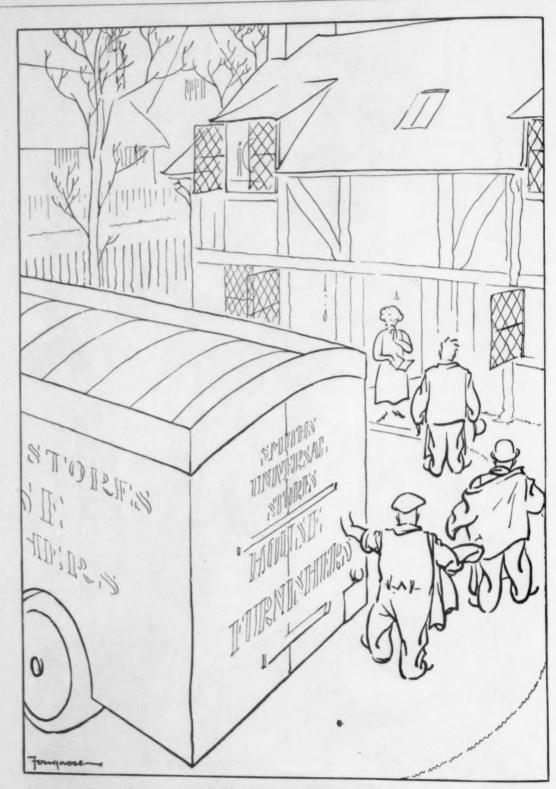
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN FAR-OFF LANDS.-I.



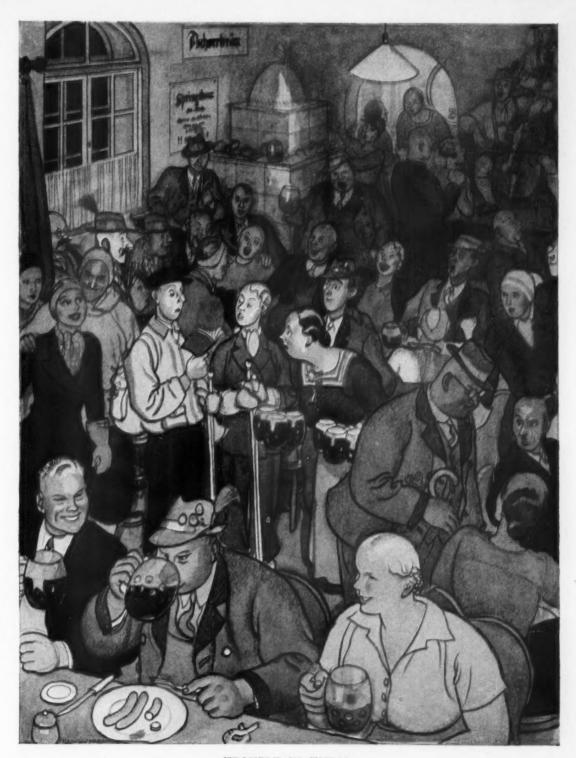
## Punch Almanack for 1936

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN FAR-OFF LANDS.-II.

Pinning the Tail to the Polar Bear "Keeping the Pot Boiling" in Umpopo Blind-Man's Tider in Ramarwami



"OH, BUT I MEANT S-W-E-E-T-S!"

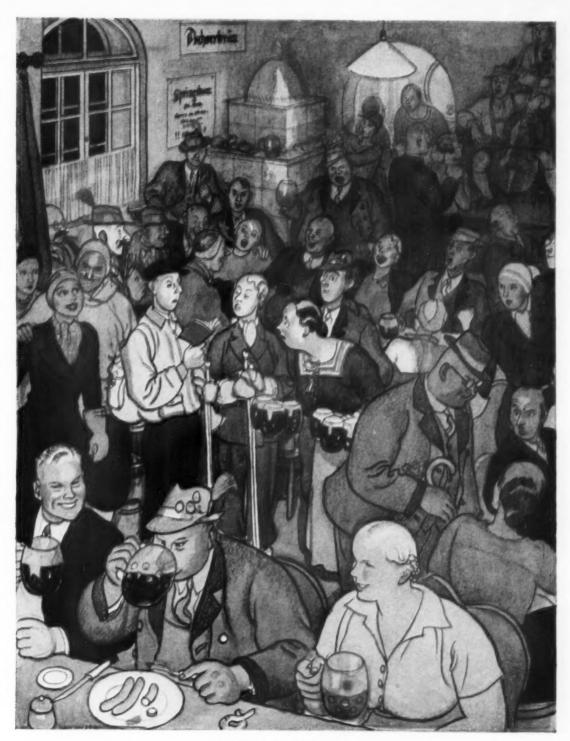


TROUBLE IN TYROL.

"I THINK YOU'LL FIND 'CONVERSATION WITH A BARMAID' ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE, GEORGE. THAT'S THE 'CONVERSATION WITH A BARRISTER' YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING WITH HER."



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UNSPORTING.

A-HA THEY'LL NEVER TRACK US HERE."



- "FISH HERE MUCH?"
  "WHAT FOR?"
- "WHAT SIZE ?"
- "WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?"

- "YES."

  "BREAM MOSTLY."

  "ANYTHING UP TO FIVE POUNDS."

  "I'VE NO IDEA."



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- "YES."
- "Bream mostly."

  "Anything up to five founds."

  "I've no idea."

THE LOOKER-ON.



"MY DEAR, LIFE IS A PRETTY STRENUOUS BUSINESS HERE.

WHAT WITH SKATING-



AND SEI-ING ALL THE MORNING-

AND SLEIGHING-

THE LOOKER-ON.



-AND LUGE-ING ALL THE AFTERNOON-

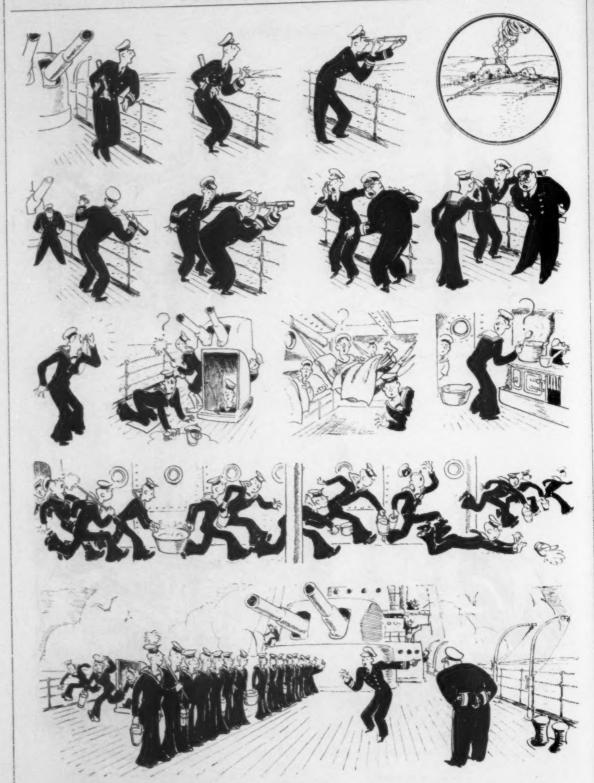
TO SAY NOTHING OF TEA-PARTIES-



GALA NIGHTS AND SO FORTH-

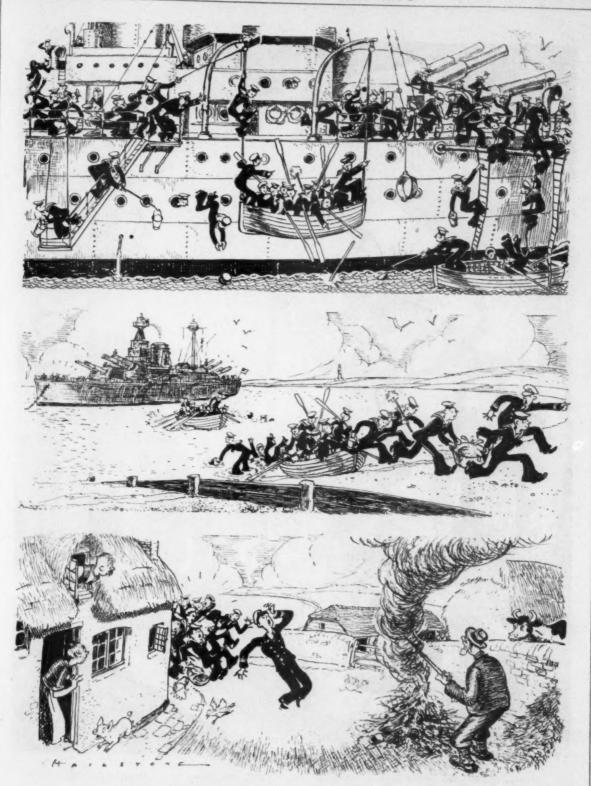


I AM ABSOLUTELY WORN OUT CHANGING FROM ONE COSTUME TO ANOTHER."

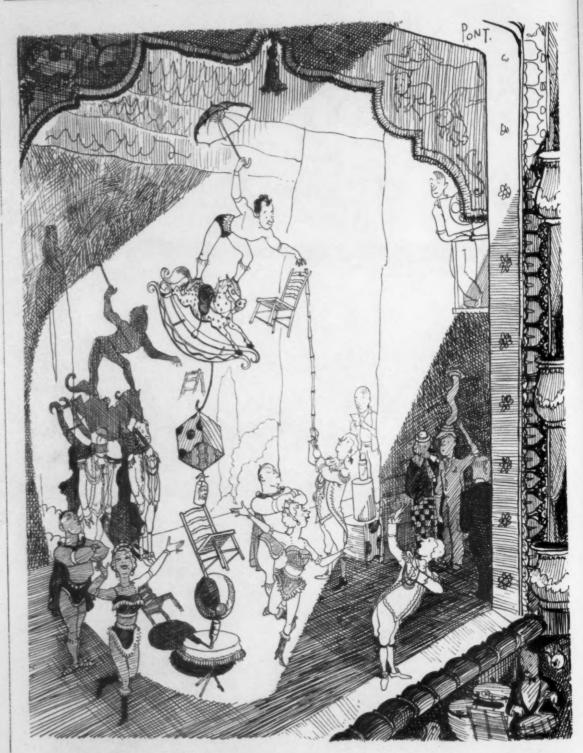


THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE; OR, ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

# Punch Almanack for 1936

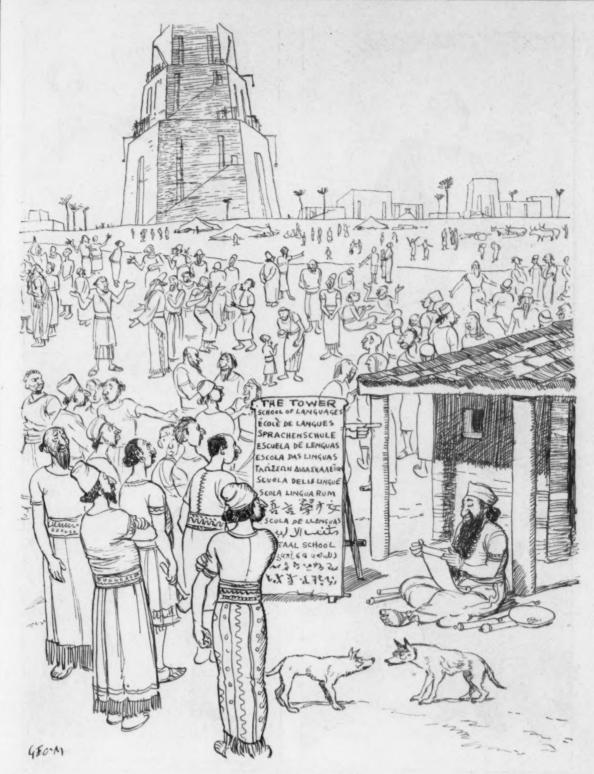


THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE; OR, ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.



"ALL RIGHT, MR. BALANZARI—NO NEED TO GO ANY HIGHER; THE WHOLE AUDIENCE HAVE THEIR EYES SHUT."

## Punch Almanack for 1936



THE OPPORTUNIST.









FAMOUS TENOR GIVES THE WAITS A TIP.



The Captain. "COME ON, DAVE—YOU'RE THE 'EAVIEST CHAP WE'VE GOT, SO JUST DIVE IN 'ELMET FIRST AN' BREAK THIS ICE."

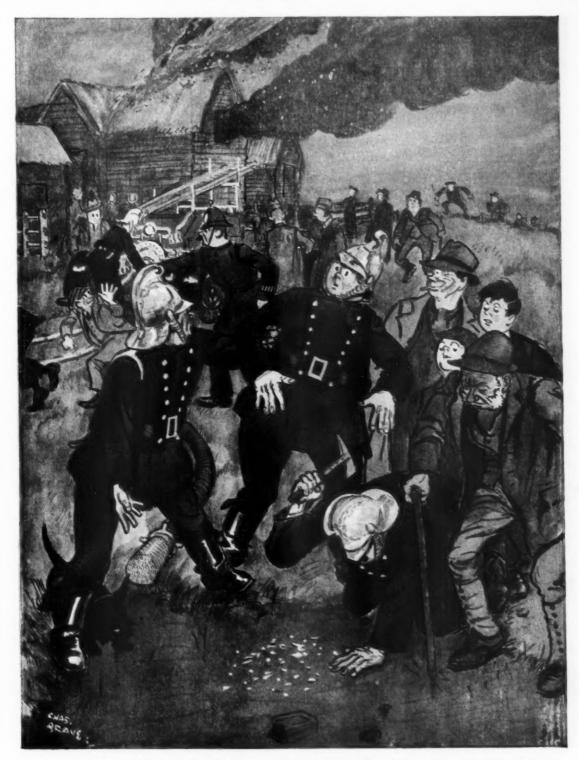




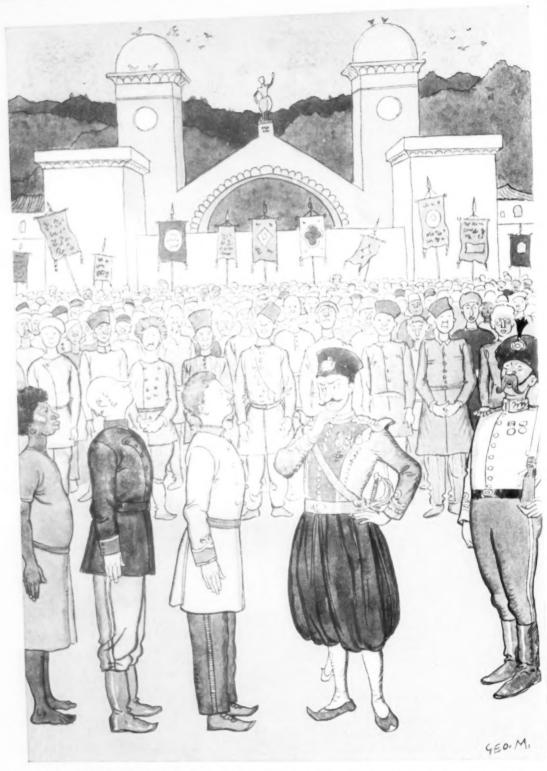




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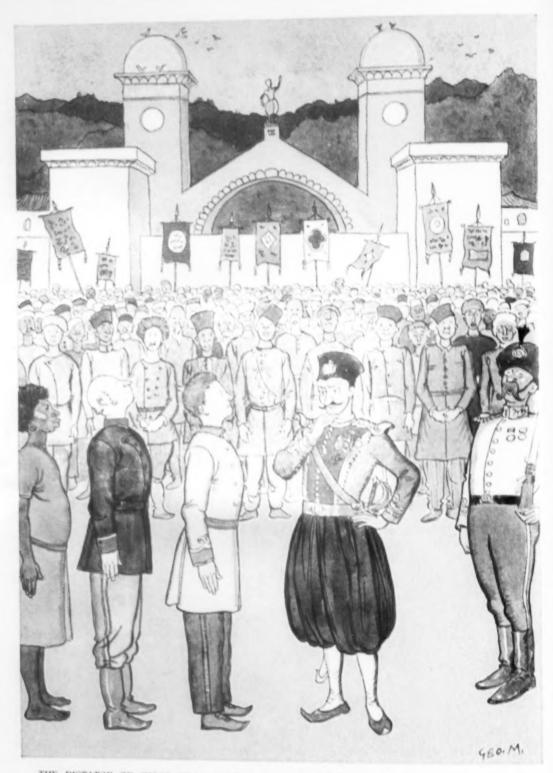
THE DICTATOR OF SNOOP FINDS A DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING FROM AMONG HIS SUBJECTS A PURELY SNOOPIAN TYPE.

Jan. 1.

The old stiff Year dies creakingly away And Mr. Punch comes out on New Year's Day, A rare event; how rare I couldn't say, But, when it comes, clearly the hour is ripe To call his readers to reform and wipe Out their ill ways, and all the well-known tripe. First let them enter on their virgin slate A vow of Early Rising, which I hate Myself, but would most strongly inculcate; And further, just to do the thing in style, Resolve that they, on getting up, will smile; They'll find salts useful for excess of bile. They must determine, howsoe'er it irk, To fill each day with grave and sober work, Or not be spotted when they wish to shirk. And to that end I beg them not to light Up, if they must at all, except at night; I know one man who does that, and they might.

A rigid temperance in food and drink Is a reform from which they must not shrink; I'll have a stab at that myself, I think. And they should cherish genial thoughts, and nurse Kindness to those whom they dislike, or worse; That bounder Jones for instance; he's a curse. Now for the young. It will be theirs to speak Politely to their elders, and be meek, And, generally, stop their blooming cheek, And love the True, the Beautiful, and Good, And not complain that they're misunderstood; I did, but that's no reason why they should. As a last word, I trust that all will shun Oaths and strong language, in which I, for one, Look for a marked advance before I've done. So, if they give themselves sufficient rope, And to these fine intents afford full scope, They will have Joy in this New Year-I hope.

DUM-DUM.



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DUM-DUM.

#### Charivaria.

The Hoare-Laval peace proposals seem to have met with considerable opposition from all the great Powers except Northcliffe House.

A single pathetic letter from Lord ROTHERMERE, however, is said to have so influenced the Editor of *The Daily Mail*. that he determined to come down on the pro-Italian side.

Mr. Anthony Eden is depicted in a French review as a cultured young man living in an Adam house. This will remind Gallic readers that Adam, curiously enough, was an uncultured young man living in an Eden abode.

\* \* \*

A gossip-writer says that most girls who do great swimming feats do it for publicity. And they seek it through the usual Channel.

\* \* \*

In the opinion of a novelist women are destined to dominate the world. Does Signor Mussolini know this?

+ + +

The theory is advanced that the Martians live in deep dug-outs to avoid the heat of the days and the coolness of the nights. Another possible reason is that they fear air-attacks.

Certain performing monkeys have appeared lately dressed in dinner-jackets. A correspondent points out that this is incorrect. White ties should be worn with tails.

\* \* \*

The elevator-attendant in a New York millionaire's skyscraper home wants to marry his employer's daughter. He says he can bring her up in the way she's been used to.

\* \* \*

"There must be some way of keeping money on the move," says an economist. What about shove-ha'penny?

\* \* \*

Jackasses are in great demand in America. Bring this to the notice of any you know.

\* \* \*

A regular reader of detective stories claims that she always sees the solution long before the end. So, we believe, do many of the authors.  $\star$ 

"Where do the makers of films get their ideas?" asks a writer. What ideas?

We are reminded by somebody or other that the ordinary man or woman rarely needs to do anything more difficult than giving change for a pound. And the ordinary taxidriver can't even do that.

\* \* \*

"A geologist," says a writer, "is one to whom a thousand years is a mere nothing." Moral: Do not lend money to a geologist.

"We have to thank Ireland for these cold winds," grumbles a writer. And yet (quaintly enough) we don't.

### Crazy B.B.C.

"This is Hogget Shearing," remarked my wireless-set calmly, "reading the Fat Announcer Prices from the London Station. Best quality, one-and-fourpence; medium quality with too-Oxford accents, one-and-twopence; haughty and superiors, ninepence. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"This is the News Summary, copyright by Flotsam and Jetsam, Stainless Stephen, the Houston Sisters and Hannen Swaffer. Geneva: A Committee of nine hundred has been appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Timbuctootan delegate, who sucked an orange during Monsieur Laval's speech in September, 1934. . . . The Prime Minister left Number Ten, Downing Street, to-day for Worcestershire, and was later arrested for trying to obtain money from the Archbishop of Canterbury by means of the three-card trick in a Pullman car. During his absence in Pentonville Lord Beaverbrook will act as Premier. . . . "

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"John Smith will play a pianoforte solo by Franz Lehar, 'You Are My Heart's Delight,' accompanied by Richard Tauber, tenor. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

"Continuing our series, 'The Man I Knew,' we have in the studio to-night Napoleon Buonaparte, who will give us his recollections of Sir Oswald Mosley. . . ."

I switched the knob hastily to another station.

This time I got Milan, and I recognised the sweet voice of the lady who nightly tells the world in English what

Mussolini thinks about this and that.

"Addressing a mass meeting of two million macaronistretchers in Rome to-day, Il Duce said that Italy desired and always had desired Peace. It was owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding that somehow or other a certain number of Italian troops had wandered into Abyssinia. He could not say exactly how it had happened, but probably they had been marching round and round in Rome in the most peaceful manner possible, and a thick fog had fallen, and in the fog they had lost their way and stepped over to Africa without noticing it, and before they knew where they were they found themselves in Abyssinia. . . ."

I tried Moscow, but this time I was unlucky. It was evidently the end of the programme, for the strains of "God Save the King" smote my ear, followed by the words, "Heil Hitler!"

I tried London again and was just in time to hear the Director of Programmes introduced.

"1936," he began, "will see many changes at the B.B.C. It has occurred to us, for instance, that our Sunday programmes in the past have been dangerously light, and in future we are going to stick entirely to cantatas. This will enable listeners to tune in their sets all day to one of the Continental advertising stations without fear of missing anything from London except cantatas, and those who like cantatas will be able to wallow in them from morning till night. ..."

Edith tapped me on the shoulder.

"I knew you would go to sleep after all that plumpudding," she said.

# NOTHING LIKE CONFIDENCE.

THE NEW CHAR. "YES, SIR, IT'S A MESS ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN DO BETTER THAN THE PREVIOUS PERSON—BESIDES I'VE GOT AN EXTRA DAY TO DO IT IN."

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ANIMAL SPIRITS IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE CHIMPANZEES' TEA-PARTY AT THE "ZOO" WISH BOOBOO'S BABY, JUBILEE, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

#### Equality of the Sexes.

This is simply bound to be a subject of absolutely general interest to all alike. Either you belong to one sex or to the other, and whichever it is you want—surely?—to be equal. If not, you are utterly lacking in citizenship, self-respect, modern-mindedness, and so on.

One of the graver injustices under which the members of my own sex are writhing to-day—(figurative expression usually denoting talking)—is the ban which forbids them entrance to the older and better men's clubs of London. (There is a possibility of error, one perceives, in that last phrase. The older and better clubs for men is what one meant. The men themselves may or may not be older and better. Probably the former—possibly the latter.)

Women, all alike, are left to wait in the hall or on the doormat—excepting in the case of those clubs which have a special entrance for ladies—in the same spirit, doubtless, as that in which Sir Isaac Newton had a special little door in the wall for the exits and entrances of his cats.

To all of this you at once reply that women have their own clubs,

You are now, conversationally speaking, just where one wanted you to be.

Is there, or is there not, any difference between a man's club and a woman's?

In an endeavour to provide you with a thoroughly reliable answer to this thoroughly interesting question one recently entered one's own club—or, as a matter of absolute fact, crept into it slightly sideways, because the hall-porter bullies and despises country-members rather badly.

The hall was full of members talking to one another. The smoking-room was full of members talking to one another. The reading-room (SILENCE) presented the contrast that you would expect. There were only four members and they were hissing and whispering to one another.

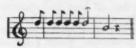
The lift was full of members—five all told—who never spoke to one another at all.

The drawing-room—a large, grand, intimidating room—was full of—Yes, you've guessed it.

One rang for tea and sank into an armchair. The armchair was comfortable, and perhaps it wasn't reasonable to expect the bell to be answered the first time. And, after all, there was a good deal going on to while away the time.

There were, for instance, the page-

One very little one, with blue eyes, walked the whole length of the room, looking neither to right nor to left, and sang as he went. If memory serves me aright-and it ought to, because if one heard it once one heard it fifteen times -he was distinctly intoning-



"Lady Skagelby HANG, pleass!"

At least, that was what it sounded like. At the same time one is bound to admit that nobody popped out a head from behind an illustrated paper of the week-before-last and called out: "Here I am!" or "Peep-bo!" or anything

There was the same negative result when a second page appeared later, giving a totally different interpretation of the same rôle.



"Mi-i-iss RINKLEblue!"

cried this one.

Or it might have been "Winkletoo." Anyway, nobody owned to either name. Well-one could understand that.

It seemed like an anti-climax when an old acquaintance of one's own merely called Miss Partridge came across the room and inquired if one was having tea.

The answer seemed to be both Yes

and No. Yes, in intention; No, in fact. "Ah!" said Miss Partridge, "they never will answer the bells here. It's too bad.'

"Perhaps the bell is out of order." "Very likely indeed. The clock has been out of order for months. Somebody ought to speak to the Secretary.'

"Yes, indeed."

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"I know it's very difficult to run a place like this. They can never get a decent cook, for instance. One simply couldn't invite a man to a meal here. "I suppose not."

"Besides, the drinks are hopeless."

"Are they?"

"Oh, quite. I had a glass of port once-but never again.'

"I had some quite good coffee here."

"Yes, it's quite nice sometimes. And hot. Which is more than can be said for the bath-water. I know any number of members who get furious about it all.'

"A complaint to the Committee would really be the thing.

Oh, yes, that'd be the thing. But of course nobody ever would."



Expert (to fellow-dealer). "There's just one thing, 'Arold, that makes me dahtful of its bein' a genuwine Constable. It's that airy-plane."

"No, of course not."

One forgets what brought this dialogue to a conclusion. Perhaps it was another singing page-boy, perhaps it was merely a natural disinclination to dwell upon an unsatisfactory topic.

It wasn't tea, because I know one had to ring the bell a second time and wait for a good long while after that.

"Tell me, Miss Partridge," one said, izing the opportunity, "do you seizing the opportunity, suppose there is much difference between a man's club and a woman's?"

"Forgive me," said Miss Partridge, springing to her feet. "I see a waiter and if I don't catch him on the hop this instant I probably never shall.'

Thus, in fact, answering one's E. M. D. question.

#### Frightful Over-Eating Tragedy.

-, who lodges at 49, wich, blew up shortly before midnight on Tuesday, scattering blocks of paving stone in all directions, and extinguishing all lights beyond Rosary Corner."-Local Paper.

> "EARLY ENGLISH VEGETABLES." Daily Paper.

Carrots, of course, are pure Gothic.

#### An Old-fashioned Christmas at the Post Office.

"He was told by the local Postmaster that mails arrived in the town from 7 to 7.30 in the evening, and that, with the necessary stag, they could easily be delivered to every person in the town up to 8.30."

West-Country Paper.

But shouldn't it be a reindeer?

## Trial by Peers.

I sar in the Royal Gallery and admired the terraces of gorgeous Peers, like two herbaceous borders. It was a grand spectacle; and only the addition of music was required to raise it to the sublime standards of Savoy. And I thought, "It would be a pity to do away with this altogether, if only because this is almost the only surviving remnant of Magna Carta."

Let us at least preserve it, this gaudy ceremony, for cases of treason and treason-felony; for in the troublous periods which without doubt lie ahead of us, who knows what noble lords may not be up to? But let us, if we are going to do anything, do something thorough.

For the important absurdity is not that a peer should be tried by his peers but that he should be tried by his peers upon a charge of manslaughter (which is a felony) and be tried by my peers upon a charge of fraud (which is only a misdemeanour).

If it is decided then that the trial of peers by peers for felony has "outlived its usefulness" (as the LORD CHANCELLOR and LORD SANKEY have suggested), this will really mean the abolition of one distinction between felony and misdemeanour in the case of Members of the House of Lords. But what about the other distinctions? What about Members of the House of the "Black Horse" Skittles Club?

If, shall we say, the Junior Burgess for Oxford University were to commit a mild burglary or inadvertent bigamy he could neither vote for nor sit in Parliament (for these offences are felonies). But if he were found guilty of perjury, false pretences or some gigantic fraud (which are only misdemeanours) he could still, I believe, represent the University already mentioned.

As for the common herd who are not Members of P., they may find themselves in a fix any day through the distinctions between felony and misdemeanour.

If they do a small bit of house-breaking they will lose their pensions; but not if they commit perjury (which may cost a man his life) or a very big fraud (which may ruin thousands). And even if they commit no crime they may be in trouble about this branch of jurisprudence. Have you ever, citizen-reader, considered for a single instant what are your Powers of Arrest? Never. Well—

But first perhaps we had better give you a bird's-eye view of the

#### CLASSIFICATION OF INDICTABLE OFFENCES

B-Misdemeanours A-Felonies Conspiracy to Murder murder Manslaughter Libel Keeping a horseslaughterer's Assault yard without a Riot Trespass licence False pretences Bigamy Perjury Burglary and Housebreaking Fraud Stealing mineral Forgery ores Larceny

Forgery

Now, reader, you are a good citizen, eager to uphold the forces of law and order and to assist in the suppression of crime. You should always therefore carry in your pocket a list (or lists) such as you see above. For if you chance to see another citizen committing one of the crimes in List A it is not only your right but your duty to arrest the fellow.

But if the miscreant is committing one of the minor offences in List B you are entitled only

- (a) to obtain a warrant from a magistrate for his arrest;
- (b) to summon a police-officer; or(c) to deliver a moral lecture.

And if you exceed your powers the miscreant may have you summoned before the magistrates for assault. Do not suppose that this is idle fancy. There was a case not long ago in which a Noble Citizen tried to collar a Miscreant who was slashing the tyres of a stationary motor-car. Miscreant was punished for what he did, but Noble Citizen was found guilty of assault!

Because to slash the tyres of a motor-

car is a misdemeanour and not a

felony.

Moreover, there is the offence called "Misprision of felony," which means failing to give information about a felony or felon, and may be punished by imprisonment. But there is no "misprision of misdemeanour"; so that you may keep quiet about any crime in List B without fear of doing

time yourself.

By this time, good citizen and reader, you will realize how important it is to carry your list with you. If you see a man in another man's house he may be either (a) housebreaking or (b) trespassing. In the latter case you may get into trouble if you lay a finger on him; and in the former you will be failing in your duty if you don't. If he has just done a murder you must arrest or tell; but if he is only con-

spiring to murder you need say nothing about it. And not even your List will always save you, for forgery is sometimes a felony and sometimes a misdemeanour; and so, I think, is the abduction of a young lady.

Now, all these bits of nonsense and many others like them are operating every day all over the country; but nobody minds. They perplex the public but bring needed bread to the legal profession, which I for one do not begrudge. The aggregate annual cost of them must far exceed the cost of the recent trial in the Royal Chamber. But, as is usual in this vague but beloved land, we excite ourselves (yes, even Lord Chancellors) about the exceptional accident and do nothing about the daily nonsense. And so, I suppose, we shall do always.

#### EXERCISE

If you see (1) a Duke, (2) an M.P., (3) a Chartered Accountant (A) keeping a horse-slaughterer's yard without a licence; (B) puncturing another man's bicycle; (c) forging (i.) a passport; (ii.) a telegram; (D) conspiring to commit embezzlement—

- (a) May you arrest him?
- (b) Where will he be tried?
- (c) Must you tell the police?
- (d) Can you tell his mother?(e) What time is it? A. P. H.

## Light Love.

A most attractive electrician
Arrived by chance to test the light,
His language was so unpatrician.

His blue serge trousers shone so bright.

At once my heart-beats lost precision— I loved him at first sight.

While ceilingwards he was aspiring
I held the ladder, firm as rock,
And hoped that he, in tones admiring,
Would compliment my face or frock,

But all he talked about was wiring.

It was a dreadful shock.

To keep this unresponsive lover
Each day I'd smash a switch or short
Some wires, trying hard to cover
My guilt switch respects the great

My guilt as, with reproachful snort, He said, "You've been and broke annuver.

You really didn't ought."

He never offered, ere he left me, The job of electrician's mate. He went; and, oh! what sorrow cleft

As I discovered, far too late, That of my heart he had bereft me— And all the family plate. 936

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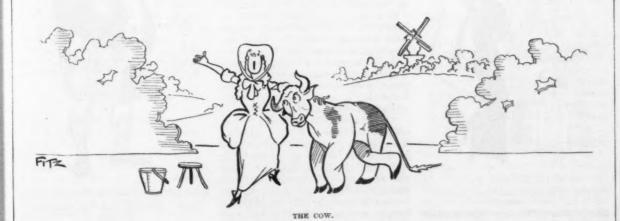
THOSE PEOPLE MUST HAVE-







WHO IN OUR PANTOMIMES TAKE THE PART OF-



## Life's Little Differences.

With some features to look out for during the Holidays.

who is the same disagreement in every-

thing. You find it throughout ex-

THE frequency with which I, who have been permitted for some years to

record in Punch my impression of new films, am blamed by indignant fans for praising this one and not praising that has made me realise more than ever that criticism is one man one vote. It has made me reflect also on the differences which we all foster; and not only to reflect on them but to be grateful for them. For if we all thought alike, what a mess the world would be in! The women would all want the same man, the men would all want the same woman, and where should we be then? Whereas a wise dispensation of Providence has arranged that (except in a few cases) couples are pairs, even though Arthur cannot imagine what Bryan can see in that baby-faced, fluffy, empty-headed little thing, and Celia is certain that her old school-fellow Daphne made the mistake of her life when she fell for Eric.

Nothing to me appears so odd as the features of the men whom girls I am with call good-looking. There

PUZZLE: SPOT THE VILLAIN. (From "The Guv'nor," New Gallery.)

J.H.D.

perience: one man's meat is another man's poison; one man's poison is another man's meat. But although we tolerate preferences in others for what (of course) is in a variety of matters inferior, we cannot bear it when the wrong people are exalted or condemned in art. "How can you cross the road to see such an actor!" we exclaim. "How can you hang such rubbish on your walls!" "How can you sit through such imitation music!" "How can you laugh at LAUREL and HARDY?"

Since divergence of opinion is universal, the important, and indeed only, point for any so-called critic to remember, is that he must be true to himself. He must be the only judge.

"Yes," the caviller will reply, "but what is 'he'? When is 'he'? At what moment can you say of anyone that he is typical, at the top of his form, truly and absolutely himself? And that of course is the moment when he should be sitting in judgment. Should he then be empty or full? Should he be hungry or replete? Should he have had one glass of wine, or none, or three?

Does not wine carry influence, and indeed can it not in time carry more

than influence, leniency to faults, esteem for the secondrate? This is to say that no critic should be warmed into tolerance and perhaps more. On the other hand, should he drink nothing, would he be normal? Might he not tend towards frigidity and disapproval? It is, you see, too difficult. The perfect 'he' is too hard to find."

That is what the caviller urges; and how can the impressionist, poor but honest, reply? Well, there remains a course by which, roughly, every one can derive, from even the despised, a glimpse of his own true light: comparison. Granted that the critic is as authentic as the forces to which I have referred permit, the reader can always estimate the value of his adjectives—pro and con.
"If this fellow," he can say, "likes the film, I shall hate it." That is the pro method. "If this fellow hates the film, I shall like it." That is equally facile and effective. But whichever method you choose I fear it's a gamble. E. V. L.



HIS ANCESTRAL TWIN. (From "The Ghost Goes West," Leicester Square.)

Murdoch Glourie (The Ghost). ROBERT DONAT Donald Glourie . . . . . ROBERT DONAT



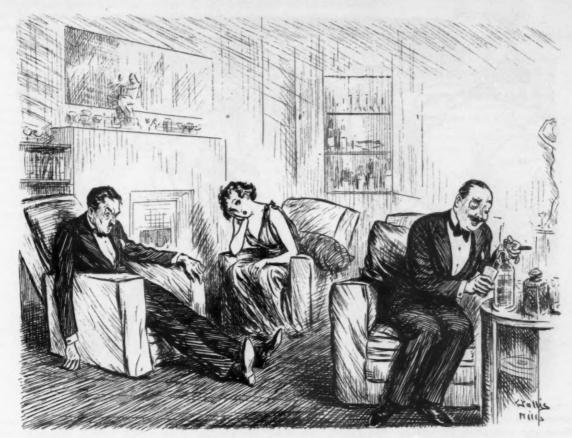
HIS CASTLE ON THE EARTH (ALIEN).

(From "The Ghost Goes West," Leicester Square).

Joe Martin . . . Eugène Pallette.

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Tardy Guest. "Come on, you two. Now they've all gone, let's falk."

## More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ignatius Thudd, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

22/11/35.

DEAR SIR,—I am getting very tired of the Club catering. On the menu yesterday you had "Chops, steaks, etc., ready 1 of an hour," and I had to wait for over eighteen minutes before I was served with my Chateaubriand.

It is high time you woke up to the fact that you are the Secretary of a Golf Club.

Yours faithfully,

I. THUDD.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

23rd November, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,-Why can you not keep the cruets, etc., in order? The heads of the pepper-pots are continually stuffed up, and I have caught several people recently trying to clear the holes with their forks. Not only that, but I

hear on very good authority that the new member actually blew one clear the other day.

A further point: Last Friday I deliberately buried a golf-tee in the big silver mustard-pot to prove your general incompetence, and, as I fully expected, it was still there yesterday.

Kindly make it one of your daily duties to inspect the mustard-pots.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—To-day Nutmeg was eating some of that appalling new cheese he persuaded you to get for him. It has a most aggressive bouquet; but it may of course have been N. himself.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover. 23rd November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-There is a Club by-law to the effect that writing materials, etc., are not allowed to be used on the dining-room tables. Commander Harrington Nettle has a disgusting habit of continually counting up his morning score by writing with a fork on the table-cloth at lunch.

He should be reported to the Com-

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—Nutmeg wrote his name all over one of the menus yesterday and also drew a picture of a Malayan tapir on the back. The Club is going from bad to worse.

From Barnabas Hackett, Roughover. 23rd November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I regret having to call your attention to the following diningroom rule:-

"Provisions other than those served by the Club may not be introduced or used, excepting game and fruit from the Member's own estate or garden."

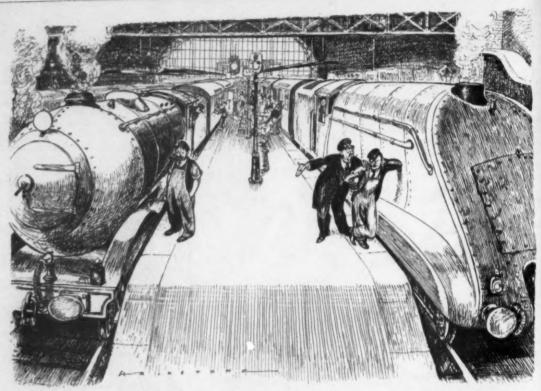
I have therefore no option but to report Mr. Thudd for not only introducing but also using a pineapple on the 4th, 7th and 12th of this month. Might I also bring to your notice his method of eating this fruit? The Committee should insist on his using a knife and fork, or at all events the latter.

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"TRY TO BE NICE TO CHARLIE, OLD BOY. AFTER ALL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE TO GO ON DRIVING ONE OF LAST YEAR'S MODELS?

Please also report him for making pellets of his bread while waiting for his steak on the 21st inst.

Yours faithfully,

B. HACKETT.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,-I do not like the new waitress in the dining-room. She puts me off my food. I suppose you selected her from the other applicants because she uses lipstick and you thought thereby you'd give the Club a little tone.

Sneyring-Stymie tells me she dyes her hair.

Yours faithfully,

EZEKIEL HIGGS.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg.

Roughover. 24th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I had the misfortune to have lunch at the Club yesterday, for which I was charged 3/-. I have since been down to the shops in the town and I find that the soup could not have cost you more than 11d., the fish 4d., the meat and vegetables 8d., the sweet 2d. and coffee, etc., \$\frac{1}{4}d.\$
This amounts to \$\frac{1}{5}\$. 4d., in which

sum I have allowed for coal, service, rates, etc.

When the Club catering always shows a loss in the annual balancesheet, it is quite clear to me into whose pocket the difference between the 1/4 and my 3/- goes.

Have you ever heard of the "Prevention of Corruption Act, 1906"? It would be as well for you to read it through very carefully

Yours faithfully, A. McWhigg.

From Commander Harrington Nettle. C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

25/11/35. SIR,-I was given a kitchen fork for lunch yesterday. Also why is it that whenever I have a meal at the Club I always seem to get the dented soupspoon which General Forcursue threw at the wasp last June? It should be withdrawn from service immediately. It is high time the Club bought a new set of cutlery.

Yours faithfully, HARRINGTON NETTLE.

P.S.-Can nothing be done to prevent Nutmeg from drinking claret with chocolate soufflé?

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

25th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-The coffee at the Club is a disgrace and tastes of MUD. In Malaya my Chinese cook always boiled my coffee in a sock, and I always rated it as the best East of Suez. An ex-Resident of Brunei once complimented me on its excellent flavour.

The socks should be well boiled before use.

Yours faithfully, LIONEL NUTMEG.

From Ralph Viney, ex-Captain Roughover Golf Club.

25/11/35.

DEAR SIR,-I notice that whenever you have a meal at the Club you are always served first and always get the best and biggest helpings of everything.

When you are allowed the free run of your teeth at members' expense I should have thought you had more manners than to allow this state of affairs to continue.

> Yours faithfully, RALPH VINEY.

P.S.-I had lunch at Trudgett Magna Golf Club the other day, and they gave me better food than we have at Roughover and at two-thirds the price.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

27th November, 1935.

Dear Whelk,—I hear that Ralph Viney is going about saying that the food, etc., is far better at Trudgett Magna Golf Club than anything he ever gets at Roughover. I have rarely heard anything so mean-spirited and degrading as his running his own Club down like this.

I have just been talking to Sneyring-Stymie, Higgs, Thudd, McWhigg, Hackett, Harrington Nettle and Nutmeg, and they all agree with me that the catering, etc., at Roughover is better than one can get at any other golf club in the vicinity.

I have therefore written to Viney and told him that unless he makes a written apology to you by return he will have a hard row to hoe in the matter of getting matches amongst his fellow-members for the next six weeks.

My ultimatum will be equivalent to his being sent to Coventry.

Yours sincerely,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—The Bombay Duck has been getting very tired the last day or two. See that you get a fresh supply before to-morrow.

From Ralph Viney, ex-Captain, Roughover Golf Club.

29/11/35.

Dear Whelk,—I am sorry I said what I did about the food at Trudgett Magna being better than at Roughover. As a matter of fact it was all rather a joke, and I only really did it to try to keep you up to the mark.

Yours sincerely, R. VINEY.

P.S.—The salt was all in lumps again to-day. G. C. N.

"The question has been asked me as to where the Government stands. So far as I am concerned, the Government stands where it has always stood."—Newspaper Report.

Where is this—on its dignity or its uppers?

## Ingratitude.

HE bowed and said "Good morning"
Quite civilly enough,
With deft and quiet movement
Began to do his stuff;
Then pausing but to murmur
"Just off the neck and ears?"
My honest English barber
Got busy with the shears.

He seemed to be quite happy,
But yet forbore to hum,
I shaped my lips to answer
The words that did not

He snipped away in silence,
And, though it sounds absurd,
Finished the operation
Without a single word.

His manner was not cringing,
He did not push his wares,
Nothing was said of singeing
And naught of falling hairs;
Till, loth to see a legend
So quietly destroyed,
I left (I must confess it)
A little bit annoyed.



"No, I wasn't cheedy when Mrs. Brown said I was to come to tea again; I said, 'No, thank you.'"

Civil ottage,

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## A Spook in Hiding.

I had been living in my charming old Tudor cottage for three weeks when Peter began his spirit-rapping.

My publishers had sent me there to finish writing the third volume of my enormously successful trilogy, Wet Fly-Fishing Under the Stuart Kings. They said I wrote better when away from the intellectual milieu of the Metropolis. They considered I was too easily influenced by my environment. They complained that the chapter on "Double Hooks under Charles the Martyr" had too much of the stark austerity of T. S. ELIOT; while "Nymph Culture after the Restoration," on the other hand, plainly derived from Grand Hotel. So they paid my fare to

my charming old Tudor cottage—third-class—and gave me pocket-money for three months, when the third volume was due.

I was having my frugal supper of compôte of salmon, baked beans and tomato-soup when I heard a knocking sound in the corner of the room. As I knew there was no human being nearer than the village store, which was a mile away, I thought it might be just the old oak door shrinking or a slight subsidence of the king-post. Then the knocking began again, more loudly, on the wall behind me. My invisible caller

seemed bent on attracting my attention. He shook the table vigorously. He whirled the bread-platter round the salmon-tin. Finally he took up the pepper-castor and threw it at my head. Fortunately it was, as usual,

"Here!" I exclaimed. "Understand this, whoever you are. I'm very glad to have your company in this god-for-saken—I mean this charming old Tudor cottage. I hope you'll drop in of an evening sometimes and have a drink and a chat. But there must be no more of this Poltergeist stuff or I'll put the Society of Psychical Research on to you. Got that?"

He sobered down instantly, indicating by a restrained rap on the piperack that he was sorry. After that we got on splendidly. With a little patience and practice we worked out a rapping system by which he could

make himself understood with the minimum of inconvenience.

He told me his name was Peter, and that he had been a fairly successful goldsmith during the reign of EDWARD THE SIXTH. He explained to me why he had suddenly dropped in on me that first evening. It appeared he had just gone through a horrible experience. They had recently selected him, over there, for a course of séance-practice. He was ordered to take a turn in place of Gregory, the Byzantine monk, an experienced control who had gone for a hiking holiday with CHARLES DAR-WIN. They put him on to a well-known medium called Mrs. Lobelia Wattlespoon. He had managed the trance part all right, taking on Mrs. Wattlespoon's personality and putting over the usual spoof while her conscious

O TO THE TIME TO T

CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDS.

"GEE! THINGS IS MIGHTY TAME 'ERE. GIT YER GUNS, YOU GUYS, AND WE'LL GO CAROL-SINGING."

will was under suspension; but when it was time to go he found to his horror he couldn't extricate himself from Mrs. Wattlespoon. Her shapeless and spongy personality had closed over him, so that he couldn't find the way out.

For a few dreadful minutes it looked as though he would have to spend the rest of her life with Mrs. Wattlespoon. When at last he escaped he was in such a state of nerves he hardly knew what he was doing. He'd felt he must have a little sober man-talk with a fellow male, someone who looked solid and robust and commonplace. He'd told the Control Board, when he got told the Control Board, when he got home, that he couldn't go on with it as his heart was weak; so after a verifying examination they put a Roman gladiator called Marcus in his place.

ence and practice we worked out a But he was haunted by the idea that rapping system by which he could Mrs. Wattlespoon was after him. He

implored me not to give him away. If ever she got on his track . . . he rapped shudderingly. I promised I wouldn't mention his whereabouts to a living

He took to rapping-in regularly in the evenings. I found myself looking forward to his visits. I think we liked each other from the first. I taught him to play nap—he got frightfully excited when he won fivepence from me one night—and he showed me a new chess gambit, an absolute winner. And then, to my great regret, towards the end of my exile I lost Peter.

I had just finished my final chapter entitled "Upstream with the Jacobites," and was enjoying an evening's chat with Peter—he was giving me his frank opinion of the Tudor family when he suddenly stopped rapping in

the middle of a sentence. Footsteps were approaching my front-door. They were the footsteps of a woman; a woman of shapeless spongy personality.

"It's Mrs. Wattlespoon," rapped Peter feverishly. "You won't give me away?"

"Trust me, old man," I reassured him.

I opened the door to a large untidy female whose face suggested an alliance between a debilitated Pharaoh and a rapacious cod.

"I understand," she said in a voice like muddy treacle, "that some mysterious knocking has been heard in your cottage,

and as I lost my favourite control recently I wondered—"

"I'm sorry," I said. "They've given you the wrong address. Try the Moated Grange, near Glooms Castle, Dumfriesshire."

"But passers-by have distinctly

"They were mistaken. I frequently knock nails in the oak beams as a means of checking the date; otherwise I'm never quite sure whether it is last August or next December. Good evening."

I shut the door and went back to Peter.

"It's all right, old fellow," I said; "she's gone."

But I received no answer. So I gathered poor old Peter had taken fright and bolted to a new hiding-place, for I never heard him again.

K. O'B.

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#### Translations from the Ish.

The Ish language is a strange one, but having invented it myself I can make the bold claim that I and I alone understand every word. I am therefore uniquely fitted, if for nothing else, at least to translate Ish poems into the English tongue. The following renderings, free in both the verse-sense and the sense-sense, are numbered in Roman figures for no particular reason except that I like numbering things in Roman figures.

I.—THE CHARMING UNEXPECTED.

When I find myself suddenly Saying the right thing,

I feel like one whose dull-looking taxidriver

Suddenly produces
(On being missed by a coal-cart)

A flow of language, noble, Staggering,

Beautiful,

And checking all response.

II .- A MUSICIAN AND HIS AUDIENCE.

They talked while he played; He gave great offence By being offended.

#### III.-WASTE.

Thinking of the number of times
My typewriter has printed the symbol 3,
I grow solemn,
For never (until this moment)

Did I strike that key

On purpose.

#### IV.—CHARITY.

It is obvious to the modern charityorganiser

That Good KING WENCESLAS

Was the worst kind of impulsive sentimentalist.

With no effort to make the fullest inquiries

Of the Public Assistance Committee, He took the word of a page

(Who was possibly in on the whole thing,

Getting a rake-off);

And not content with this, Insisted on giving the Poor Man Ideas above his station

By taking him such demoralising luxuries

As flesh, wine and pine-logs,

Instead of some serviceable boots And a relief-ticket.

No good citizen should be misled By the superficial charm Of this method of approach.



"IT APPEARS, SIR, YOU HAVE NOT MADE A FULL RETURN OF YOUR INCOME."
"THAT'S JUST LIKE ME. I ALWAYS TAKE A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF MY EARNINGS."

#### V.-IGNORANCE.

Ignorant of German, I imagine
That Germans in trains
Must be constantly hitting their
heads.

How expect them to heed a notice So charged with the spirit of levity As "ES IST GEFÄHRLICH SICH AUS DEM WAGEN HINAUSZULEHNEN"?

VI.—REMEMBERED IN TRANQUILLITY.
In discussion,
Calmness is the thing.

Note how calm in the midst of bluster Was the winner of an argument Who tells you about it Afterwards.

VII.—SIMILE: As SINKS THE HEART.
As sinks the heart
When the stout luncher at the next table

Orders soup.

#### VIII.—REGRETTABLE.

"Do you swear," said the lawyer,
"To tell the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth,
So help you God?"
The witness said "I do."

"Ah!" said the lawyer in a low voice,
"I was afraid of that." R. M.

"PUTTING A STOP TO UNWANTED YARN."

Headline.

We always say we've heard it already.



"Well, Mrs. Parkimson, I've seen worse Honours' Lists. Quite respectable people—some of 'em."

## "Beauty Itself Doth of Itself Persuade. . . ."

[Advertising the works of Shakespeare—"every word he ever wrote"—an American publisher exclaims:
"Be fascinated by sensuous Cleopatra. Shudder at murderous Macbeth. Chuckle at Falstaff. Thrill with lovesick Romeo."]

THINK not because the gentle SHAKESPEARE wrote

In "precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd,"
We have no need to push him down the throat
Of Babbitts in the plains. Mark well, my child,

How stubbornly men lead
Their philistine existence.
So weak their will to read!
So strong their sales-resistance!

"Love with ecstatic Romeo and rock
With Falstaff; let Iago free your fetters."
By lures like these we catch the errant flock,
And breed in them a deathless love of letters,

And make them, man and boy, Profoundly wise and witty, From 'Frisco unto Troy, From Butte to Kansas City. So well we stock their minds that they can quote

The Sage all day to prove they're educated.
We give them "every word he ever wrote";
We're tempted too to cry "Unexpurgated!"

But that would be a mean
And silly thing to tell them;
We feel our goods are clean,
And cleanly shall we sell them.

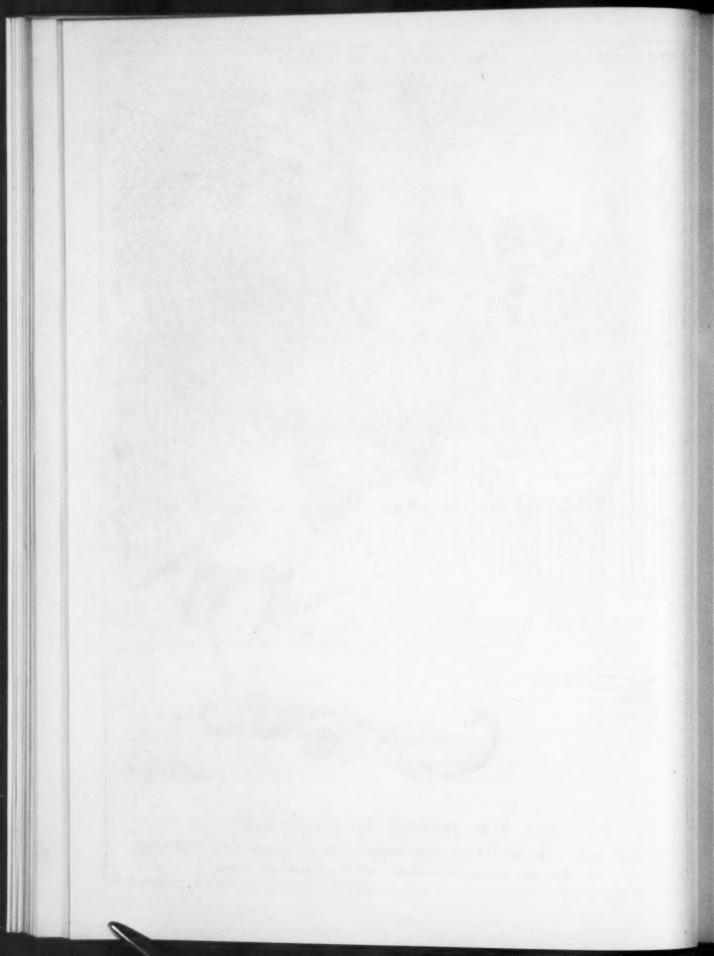
"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator."
Two lovely sacred lines, though I'm afraid
To-day they have no application, for

It must be understood (However much you rue it) That Beauty's no darn good Unless we ballyhoo it. 936

## THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY-BIRD.

"GO IT, LAD! I'VE GOT PLENTY MORE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THAT ONE."

[The African Secretary-bird-Serpentarius serpentarius feeds largely upon reptiles.]



## Scotland for Ever.

LITTLE Podgy McSumph and I were having a fireside talk about what he calls "far-awa' places."

"An' was ye ever at Australia?" asked Podgy.

"Yes, Podgy," I replied, "I've been to Australia."

"An' hoo did ye ken it was Australia?"

"Well, of course —well, the captain of the ship told me."

"But ye should have looked for the kangaroos," Podgy pointed out. "An' if ye had saw them, then it would have been Australia. An' was ye ever at China?"

"No; but I've been to Japan. And I knew it was Japan," I hastened to add, "because the people were all Japanese."

"Weel, it should have been Japs," corrected Podgy, "because it's Japs that stays at Japan. But," eyeing me sharply, "hoo would ye have kent it was China if ye was at China?"

"I'm not quite sure," I fenced warily. "How would you have known?"

"Because I would have saw the dragons," responded Podgy promptly.
"Very good.

Now I'll ask you another one. How would you know

where you were if you came to—to Scotland?" "Scotland? Butit'sScotlandwe'reat

the noo. This is Scotland we're sittin' on."
"Yes, but if you had never been in
Scotland, how would you know it was

Podgy looked at me in surprise. "But everybody kens Scotland."

"But how do they know it?"

"Because it's the best place in the whole world."

"Is it? Now how do you make that

"Scotland's the best place in the whole world." reiterated Podgy, be-

"Blowers?"

"They're the best blowers wi' the bagpipes."
"But some people don't like the

bagpipes."

"I ken," nodding his head grimly;
"an' it's just because they're fright-

ened for the bag-

pipes."
"I don't think you can say they're frightened.

"An' the Scotch beat the English at the Battle o' Bannock burn," said Podgy, sticking out his chest, "an' they chased them awa'."

"Do you mean with the bagpipes?"

"I think it was the band that blew the bagpipes, hazarded Podgy, who did not seem to be too confident about it. "But." he went on to declaim, "it was KING ROBERT THE BRUCE that chased the English wi' his two-handedsword. an'he slewed them an' slewed them till—till they a' ran awa'. An' the Scotch was the winners."

"Yes, but there was another time when-"

"An' George Merry weather comes from England," said Podgy, "an' we cry 'Bannock burn!' an' chase him, an' then he runs awa'."

"But once upon a time, at Flodden, the——"

"An' one time when I wasn't lookin' George

Merryweather knocked me doon an' sat on me. But," lifting his head proudly, "I wouldn't give in, because the English could never beat the Scotch."

"But at the Battle of Flodden, Podgy, the English beat the Scotch."

Podgy stared at me incredulously. "Are you startin' to back up the English noo?" he exclaimed shrilly. "Not at all. But," I went on,



Perfect Wife. "Come and sit down, darling, and tell me about it, shot by short"

ginning to warm up. "An' it's the strongest place, an' the richest place, an' the highest place, an' it's'—his superlatives apparently exhausted—"it's the first prize place."

"Yes, but people who live in other

"An' the Scotch is the best fighters," continued Podgy. "An' they're the

best blowers as weel."



"THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR SENDING ME YOUR PRICE-LIST."

determined to make a stand for fairplay, "there is no doubt that the English defeated the Scotch at the Battle of Flodden."

"They never did," growled Podgy, because they couldn't. Who told ye about the Battle o' Flodden?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, I heard of it long ago."

"Weel, it's just a lot o'fibs!" snapped Podgy. "An' you've been goin' aboot tellin' everybody," he sneered contemptuously. "An maybe ye'll go an' tell George Merryweather noo," apparently insinuating that a renegade like me might be capable of anything.

"Perhaps George Merryweather will read about it himself," I suggested stiffly.

"If he does I'll bash his heid aff."
Feeling that the situation was now getting rather strained, I patted his head soothingly and whispered, "Well, well, wee man, don't let's quarrel about it. You know—"

"Well, ye've got to stop runnin' doon the Scotch," scowling at the fire. "But I'm not runnin' them down,

Podgy. I——"
"Because it's no' true aboot the
Battle o' Flodden," declared Podgy
dourly. "An', besides, maybe the
Scotch wasn't tryin' their best." D.

## The 'Umming-Slooth.

Mr. Silvertop, whose value to a household as handyman cannot be assessed in the jewels of the Inds, was fitting a new lighting-plug in my study.

"Branching out on a new line of business, I am," he remarked suddenly, more to the plug than to me.

"Surely your bow's over-strung already!" I said. "What are you going to be?"

"'Umming-slooth," he replied mysteriously.

"What?"

"'Umming-slooth," he repeated, his face grave. "It's a rum sort of a go as a job but I seem to 'ave a natural bend for it. Come about like this: Last week a lady rang me up and complained as 'ow she was being driven barmy by a narsty 'umming in the 'ouse, and for the life of 'er she couldn't spot the cause of it.

"When I goes round she comes running into the 'all and cries, 'There it is!' I listens very 'ard but I couldn't 'ear a sound. 'That's funny,' she ses; 'no more can I. It's just like it to stop soon as you come.' 'Well, stopped it 'as, Mum,' I ses. 'You let me know

when it starts again.' 'Don't you dare go!' she cries. 'I promised my 'usband I wouldn't lose sight of you till you'd mended whatever it is. You 'ang about on the landing, that's the best place to 'ear it.' 'All right, Mum,' I ses, accommodating-like, and does.

"Well, after a couple of hours and not a smell of an 'um I gets sick of 'anging about and I goes and taps on 'er door and asks if I can go for a bite of dinner. 'Certainly not,' she ses, 'you might miss a deal of 'umming. Tell you what, though, I'll 'ave lunch and an armchair sent up to the landing for you.' 'Mind if I smoke, Mum!' I asks. 'You can stand on your 'ead if it 'elps you to swipe that ruddy 'umming,' she ses, or words to that effect. You could see it 'ad been getting on 'er nerves proper.

"Now I'd been thinking pretty 'ard about 'umming sounds while I was waiting, and I'd remembered 'ow my old Dad woke up one morning and wanted to know what the perishing R.A.F. was doing in the garden, and 'ow it took us 'arf the day convincing 'im it must all be 'appening inside 'is own 'ead. So I ses to the lady, diplomackic-like, 'What's your 'usband think of the 'umming?' But when she

answers, 'E's going fair silly with it,' I know it's a real case of 'umming, and not like my old Dad was.

Being an 'umming-slooth 'as its cushy side, I will say. An 'ousemaid brings me a deck-chair and a nice bit of dinner and the papers, and I settles down there like 'AILE SELASSIE 'imself. Afterwards I was 'aving a snooze when the lady comes dashing upstairs proper excited. 'Did you 'ear it that time?' she asks. 'Can't say I did, Mum,' I answers, rubbing my eyes; 'there was a lorry passing.' 'Never mind, it may come again in a minute, she ses; 'and look 'ere-it's my belief it's something in the water-pipes. 'Ere's an old stetherscope of my 'usband's; you go down to the kitchen and sound the boiler.'

"She being one of them imperial ladies, I does as she ses, but you can guess what a mug I feels listening-in to the pipes like as if I was the Pride of 'Arley Street, and the maids all saying 'Ninety-nine.' Not a touch of bronchitis could I find in the 'ole of the central-'eating. After tea, back I goes to my deck-chair and starts in on a murder-story the Cook give me. Every now and then the lady come up and ses, 'It's bound to begin soon,' but I

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'ave my doubts, and apart from a thirst—by this time I 'ad one you could step on, but being new to the profeshun I 'ardly liked to ask for any of that, though they 'ad some in the kitchen—I wasn't lodging no complaints. It was a nice book.

"Well, about eight, just as the detective was 'aving a narsty time with the pet leopard in the spy's boodoor, the 'umming started and no mistake. Corlumme! I jumped up as if I'd been pole-axed. It was a funny sort of 'umming, it seemed to come from all over the shop at once and it was one of them 'ummings you couldn't pin down no'ow. I goes downstairs and I goes upstairs, I puts the blinking stetherscope to the water-pipes and the grandfather clock, but no luck. All the time the lady was raging about something cruel.

"Then suddenly I 'ad a notion—an 'unch, if you like. I slipped out and knocked at the 'ouse next-door. A lady comes to the door.

"Ever want any expert advice about that electric-machine of yours?"
I asks.

"'What electric machine?' she demands.

"'You know, Mum,' I ses.

"'Oh, you mean the new German gadget my 'usband's trying for the pain in 'is leg?'

pain in 'is leg?'

"'That's it,' I ses. 'I 'ope you'll
pardon the liberty, Mum, but if you've
got a room on the other side of the
'ouse I should advise your 'usband in
confidence to take 'is machine in there.
It may be what the doctor ordered for
a pain in the leg, but I 'ave good reason
to know it's giving the lady this side
a pain in the neck.' So she thanks me
and I goes back and tells the lady I've
mended an air-lock in the geyser."

Mr. Silvertop put in the last screw with undiminished gravity.

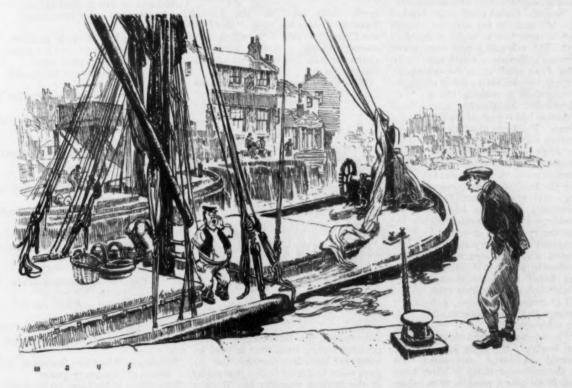
"That was exceedingly tactful of you," I said. "But what about the wretched people on the other side?"

"They appen to be clients of mine," he replied, picking up his tools. "They've just asked me to step round to-morrow to trace a queer 'umming noise in their water-pipes." Eric.

"Over 260 round-headed whales have become stranded at Stanley, Tasmania. They are being buried before decomposition sets in.
Mr. W. D. Herridge, the Canadian Minister in Washington, has tendered his resignation."

News Items.

Some people do take things to heart, don't they?



"LET GO THAT ROPE, MATE."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Oo's TOUCHIN' YER ROPE?

## At the Play.

"FRITZI" (ADELPHI).

WE are so hardened to the wide range of activity enjoyed by musical-comedy heromes that it comes as no surprise to find one who, in addition to commanding a Mouth-Organ Band of small boys whom she houses in a large winecellar, and to picking up her own living in the shape of cigarette-ends from the Paris gutters, possesses not only sufficient skill as a singer to force her way in a twinkling to a star part on the stage but also an impregnable virtue and an innocence far above the traditional innocence of milkmaids. This paragon is Fritzi herself, who is played by Miss Rosalinde Fuller with charm and dash.

Scrounging the butts of Caporal Bleus and Caporal Jaunes isn't much fun, and if one has been silly enough on the strength of it to adopt eleven small boys one has to look further afield, and what better goal than the theatre of André Sorbier (Mr. Ivan Wilmot) if one is distantly in love with him, as Fritzi is? Especially as his theatre is financed by an amorous corset-manufacturer who doesn't really mind who appears on his stage so long as she will split a magnum with him afterwards.

So Fritzi finds herself at the head of the bill and, to her surprise, though not to ours, late at night in Sorbier's flat. This not nice young man, whose servant's discretion would have given Don Juan small cause for complaint, inexplicably inhabits a flat in which the

sitting-room is nothing but a glasshouse; inexplicably since a double-bed is part of its furniture. The scene in which Mr. LESLIE FRENCH, far too good an actor for such poor stuff, prepares this apartment for a carouse made one's jaw ache, to say the least of it, with yawning; and when at last Fritzi virtuously turns the key on Sorbier, we thank our stars that the dreary episode is over. I imagined that everyone connected with the theatre had realised by now that Hollywood has killed the satin-sheeted double-bed as a thrilling symbol of irregular romance; it is perhaps Hollywood's outstand. ing achievement.

Plenty of misunderstandings follow, the leading lady being not too well pleased at being superseded, but in the end everything is hotsy-totsy and Fritzi gets a promise of marriage out of her Sorbier. Which is what she wants, but why I simply can't tell you.

The dialogue is no more original than the plot, and jokes of cumbrous shape are banged home with the emphasis of a steam-hammer. The lyrics and music are rather brighter, and



STANDING UP TO THE LEADING LADY.

Charles . . . . Mr. Leslie French,
Paulette Leclaire . . Miss Madeleine

reach their peak in Mr. LESLIE FRENCH'S recitative song, "My Lord the Carriage Waits!" in which, as a manservant of a stately home, he shows the door to a noble but unsatisfactory guest.

Miss FULLER, as I have intimated,



FEEDING THE PUPPIES.

Fritzi . . . . . Miss Rosalinde Fuller.

did wonders; Miss Betty Frankiss lent grateful variety from time to time by irrelevant incursions during which she gave voice to a hard-boiled philosophy in the modern manner; Mr. Wilmot had little more to do than appear constantly romantic, and did it quite

well; Mr. LESLIE FRENCH hit a note of real humour more certainly than any of the others, and got through an immense amount of work, but it was largely wasted; Mr. BRUCE WINSTON gave us the best character-sketch of the evening, of an elderly business-man being had for a mug; and the eleven little boys went boldly through their paces.

Early in an evening, which I confess I did not greatly enjoy, we caught a brief and promising glimpse of an acrobat named Mr. AL MALONEY, but were disappointed to see him no more.

ERIC.

#### Herbert.

(A Semi-cautionary Tale.)

Herbert, as I have cause to know,
Made a most wonderful beginning
At school, some fifty years ago,
By his successes in prize-winning.

A scholar of Porsonian mould He wrote adorable Alcaics; His Latin proses, I am told, Were Ciceronian mosaics.

Fiction his mind could not seduce;
He never read the weekly "comics,"
And had no sort or kind of use
For Science or for Economics.

Deaf to the lure of stocks or shares
He was not moved by City panics,
By rubber or by pepper scares
Or by the progress of mechanics.

He wrote, but nothing that he writ

Complied with normal trade conditions;

He was unable to submit Solid commercial propositions.

And yet, with an unmurmuring soul.

Crammed with unmarketable lumber,

He cheerfully assumed the rôle Of the predestinate backnumber.

No clarion summoned him to strife;

He did not bet, he did not tipple,

And in the surging seas of life He sank without the smallest ripple.

And so you'll find him, known as 'Erb, Shorn of all literary graces, Somewhere in Holborn, on the kerb, A pedlar of cheap toys and laces.

C. L. G.

to



WITH ME PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MR. BERTRAM MILLS

## Le Roi George.

CHRISTMAS in a Swiss hotel is difficult. To begin with the scenery is all wrong. Snow all over everything, redbreasted robins hopping on it, a bright sun, children tobogganing-all just like some ridiculous Christmas-card. It makes one long for a nice grey sky, some mud, a little damp drizzle and a red-breasted petrol-pump or two. Then the artificiality of hotel life creates problems. It is not easy to radiate geniality and goodwill and yet not strain and distort the fine-spun web of your everyday relationships with your fellow-guests. To be merry and gay but with just a touch of distance in your gaiety; to wear a paper-cap and do a bit of revelling, but to abjure a false nose and keep at bay the extravagant spirit of carnival; and to sing Auld Lang Syne" with suitable gusto with a lot of people you didn't know two days ago and will have forgotten all about in a month-these are demands which call for tact, courage and resource, and which put a severe strain on the nervous system. A man must keep his wits about him if he is to pass through such an ordeal un-

On Christmas Day after lunch Major Boldie sought me out, a hunted look in his eyes.

"Let's gerrout of this o' man," he said thickly.

He had had a trying day. In the morning, owing to some mistake, he had been expected to play the hymns at the Service. And now he had just promised some German children, without at first quite understanding what they said, to let them make him up for the fancy-dress dance as a storm-trooper. That is the worst of having a way with children.

"A storm-trooper," he muttered, breathing heavily through the nose—"a storm-trooper."

"You must bargain with them," Geoffrey advised. "Haggle and chaffer a bit. Offer to go as a sheik. They might compromise with you as Mahatma Gandhi."

We shuffled along in the snow towards Madame Dépoint's pâtisserie.

"A loin-cloth would suit you. The rest of you shrouded in a thin coating of brown polish. And we could improvise a mango-tree for you to sit under. Only you would have to fast. Wave away the turkey and plum-pudding firmly."

"Perhaps they'd allow you a handful of boiled rice," he conceded, feeling that he was getting out of touch with fifty per cent. of his audience.

We were on our way to hear the King's broadcast message. Madame Dépoint was possessed of a wireless set, and she had promised to do her best to capture for us the voice of our sovereign. So far she had never succeeded in getting anything beyond the local stations, but then she had never mustered the courage to try turning more than half-a-dozen of the numberless knobs with which the set was studded. It was a very old model, large, handsome and inefficient, and so lavishly sprinkled with knobs and electric bulbs that Monsieur Dépoint had bought it at a sale under the impression that it was a novel combination of chest-of-drawers and chan-

"A storm-trooper," grumbled the Major as we took our seats in the pâtisserie. Clearly the ordeal before him was sapping his moral. I hoped that the voice of their monarch would put new heart into those of his troops abroad who on this Christmas Day found themselves face to face with difficulty and danger. And I said so.

At the other end of the room Madame, grappling determinedly with the radio colossus, had succeeded in producing a thin whistling sound. Not quite what she expected, she seemed to say. Still, with these mad English, one never knew.

"Le Roi George?" she suggested.
Major Boldie was scandalised.

"Pas le Roi George," he replied with dignity, and Madame returned to her knob-turning.

What with the lack of English newspapers and the time problem introduced by our latitude, we were not very sure when His Majesty was due to speak. Still we hoped for the best. Madame's next offer was a highly excided voice pouring forth a stream of what Geoffrey diagnosed as Russian with a Chinese intonation. And the Major turned it down so fiercely that she lost her nerve and started twiddling recklessly, offering us as substitutes for the Royal broadcast a rapid succession of queer noises varying from a soulful soprano to someone doing farmyard imitations. The Major grew redder and redder, and was beginning to wonder whether we were not becoming involved in a sort of high treason. Nor was he any better pleased when a turn of a knob brought a torrent of German over us, and I interposed with "Non non, Madame, c'est Herr HITLER qui s'addresse aux storm-troopers fidéles."

After a tense quarter-of-an-hour l began to feel very sorry both for our-selves and for Madame. I had begged her to give up, but she refused to

be beaten, and still bent earnestly to her task. Suddenly her efforts were rewarded. An unmistakably English voice came to us over the air. "I Allus Wanna See a Lotta You, followed by Oochey Woochey Wah Wah," it announced. Madame beamed on us triumphantly.

"C'est le Roi George," she asserted confidently.

I took a lightning (though disloyal) decision to end the agony.

"Oui, oui," I enthused, beaming back at her. I leapt to my feet and stood to attention, followed instantly by Geoffrey. And so irresistibly paradelike was the movement that the Major followed suit automatically and was committed before he could protest. We stood stiffly side by side while Madame smiled on us kindly, humming the Marseillaise under her breath.

"You Makes Me Go All Goey, O You Big Bad Man," continued the voice in cultured accents, whilst a deep purple mantled the Major's cheeks. Geoffrey was registering a reverent faraway look and holding it rather well, but he still managed to whisper to him not to overdo the schoolgirl complexion. Just in time to save one of his officers from apoplexy le Roi George wound up a moving address by announcing that the band would end its programme with that popular number Sugar Daddy's Lil Honey Bun.

I turned and thanked Madame courteously whilst the Major, rude fellow, sank back into his chair and stared glassily before him. I left her murmuring reverently, "Quelle voix, quelle majesté," and walked to the doorway where Miss Thompson had appeared, rather round-eyed and openmouthed.

"What were you three doing standing there like so many dumb-bells?" she demanded.

"Hush," I said. "The King's speech. It always takes the Major like that. Old military tradition. A young people like you Canadians could never appreciate that sort of thing."

ciate that sort of thing."

"The King's speech," squealed Miss
Thompson, bouncing with excitement.
"And what did he say? I wish I had heard it."

"O-er-this and that. Go and ask the Major. He got it all verbatim."

Miss Thompson moved off eagerly.

"And offer to make him a swastika armlet," I added. "He wants one for to-night's fancy-dress." She nodded brightly and bore down on the Major's gloom-shrouded corner.

I moved away unobtrusively. After all, I would hear all about it in the evening. Twice over at least.



"WELL, AUNT EMILY, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR LITTLE ULTRA VIOLET RAY?"

## The Further Adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson.

For many hours we had rushed over unknown country; but at dawn, as we were resigning ourselves to our fate, a cry rose above the roar of the engine: "All change!" We stumbled out. The lively Jack was first, and behind him came little Frank leading his dog Turk, the manly Fritz (our eldest), the indolent Ernest, and my dear wife, who carried some half-dozen leathern cases hastily snatched up. My own care had been for my umbrella and a paper package, and with these I alighted.

"Papa," cried Jack in glee, "we

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are preserved! Is it not fortunate?"
"My son," I replied, "we must indeed give thanks that Providence has seen fit to cast us upon this platform, desolate though it be.

The spectacle which presented itself through the drizzling rain was that of an island, flat, rectangular and composed of solid stone. In the centre stood a rough wooden structure, and

here I commanded my wife to take shelter. I then set out to explore the territory, accompanied by all my sons. save only the indolent Ernest.

As we advanced in close formation, cautious of danger, little Frank darted away to pick up an object from the ground.

"Foh!" exclaimed the haughty "What worthless trifle have you there?

"Nay, Fritz," said I. "I perceive this to be the rind of the edible and delicious banana, which abounds in these parts.

Frank. May I deduce, Papa, that the banana, when entire, is a yellow oblong fruit, attached to its fellows by a fibrous stalk?

Father. That is so, and I commend your observation. I have reasonable hope that we may presently come upon the parent bunch.

Jack. That will be indeed welcome. But where is my brother Fritz? Holloa! Holloa, I say!

Little Frank sobbed bitterly. "Calm yourself," I bade him. "Doubtless Fritz is but a few paces distant, obscured by the mist. See how the worthy Turk tugs at his leash. Let us follow him, for it is truly said that instinct will penetrate where reason cannot."

Soon we discerned a comical spec-Fritz was essaying to roll towards us a metal canister of prodigious size. At his antics we burst out into hearty laughter.

"Oh, Papa," cried Fritz, pausing in his labours, "I have found a vast quantity of these heaped up yonder. Can you identify the sample which I have brought hither?"

"Very readily," I answered. "It is a fine specimen of the large milk-can, containing, as its name implies, a natural milk."

"I imagined that it contained something," confessed Fritz with a wry smile, "for its great weight made it well-nigh impossible to trundle.'

"But," said Jack, "the husk which encloses this milk is impenetrable. I consider that Nature has been very disobliging thus to withhold her refreshing juices from her thirsty children."

My son," I said severely, "Nature



"WELL, IS THE PLUMBER COMING?"

"No, Sir. When I got down there I clean forgot what the message was,"

disobliges none but the idle; on the ingenious she smiles." I then inserted my umbrella under the upper portion, or lid, of the milk-can and wrested it off.

All clapped their hands in delight. "How pleased my mother will be!" cried little Frank, whom I had lifted up to view the milk. "How can we carry some of this to her Para?"

some of this to her, Papa?"

It was decided that Fritz's hat, being of a suitable shape, should be commandeered. We then made our way back to the hut.

My dear wife greeted us. "See," she said, "I have found a heap of coals upon the hearth of this ancient shelter and I have kindled a fire and prepared you a meal," and she indicated the rude table whereon she had set a platter of biscuits und a tin of cocoa.

"That is a rare feast," said I approvingly, "but have you no bread or meat?" And here I took the paper package from my pocket and disclosed its contents.

"And, Mama," said little Frank mischievously, "have you no milk? Then observe this excellent hat!" Here he whisked his handkerchief away and revealed the precious liquid.

My wife quickly heated the milk in the tin, and we made a hearty meal of cocoa, biscuits, meat and toasted bread. We agreed that for further supplies we would rely on the milk, which we knew to abound, and on the various fruits we trusted to find. For, as I told my family, a simple trust in Providence is ever rewarded; and, moreover, we had found the banana-neel.

"And now," I said, when our appetites were appeased, "we will hear how the indolent Ernest has spent his time."

"Indeed, yes," said Fritz, giving his brother a hearty cuff. "Ernest, you smug fellow, what have you in those bulging pockets of yours?"

"While you were absent," replied Ernest, "I ventured out and came upon a group of machines growing up the wall of the hut, and from these culled the fruits which I will now show to you. I wager that my arrogant brother will change his tune and henceforth sing my praises." With these words he laid his spoils before us.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Jack.
"What a diversity of objects! Papa,
I see, will have a hard task to name
them all."

They were, indeed, various, but I was able to identify each and to explain its properties and how best to enjoy its benefits, to my attentive audience. For, as I told them, the protection which Nature affords her most delicate fruits often conceals their goodness. Thus the chocolate, of which Ernest had found several sorts, was encased in tough paper, which the hungriest would scarcely dare to chew, while beneath this came the inner skin, or tinfoil, which clung closely; but, when once it had been peeled off, the delicious and nutritive substance was exposed. The toffee, I explained, being harder, often had but a single rind of waxed paper. My sons readily mastered the art of preparing these fruits, crying, as they crammed them into their mouths, "Oh! they are delicious!"

"But," said Ernest, "the largest machine I left untouched, lacking those silver coins necessary to extract its different fruits. How say you,



"I'M GLAD YOU KILLED THAT HARE, PERKINS, THAT WAS DOING SUCH DAMAGE."

brothers, to trying what this will yield us, if Papa be willing to provide us with shillings and sixpences?"

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Having at length obtained my consent and the coins, the boys darted forth, to return with laden arms.

"Here," they exclaimed, "is the banana of which you spoke! And here something which we take to be a rare species of biscuit! But what, Papa, is this?"

"I would judge that it was a meatpie," I replied, examining it, "of which some sorts are said to be edible." With that we fell to, and, the repast over, gathered round the fire, as had been our wont in former times; and my heart was filled with happiness as I gazed at the circle of contented faces.

"My dear sons," I began, "and my excellent wife, is not this an admirable state of affairs? We are alive and in health; we want for nothing; Providence, which fails not the trusting heart, has guided us hither after our stormy voyaging and taught us that it is better to toil quietly for our modest needs than to strive for that which we know not, vexing our spirits with idle questionings and our bodies with the cloying luxuries of civilisation."

At this moment a low roaring sound

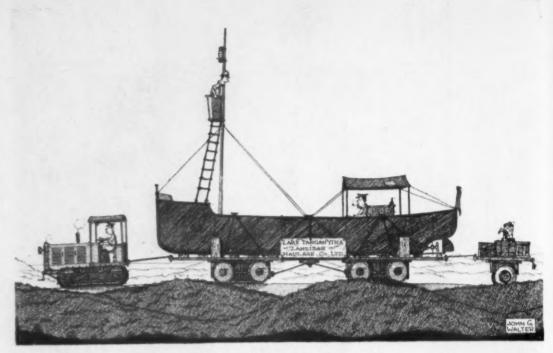
became apparent afar off and quickly

seemed to fill the air.

"Papa! Papa!" shouted Jack, running to the door, "we are saved!"
Hereupon all joined in the general

A few seconds later we stepped into the waiting train, leaving our platform as we had come: the impetuous Jack, followed by his brothers; then my dear wife with the cases; and lastly myself, with my umbrella and a number of toffees which I had seized up. Shortly afterwards the whistle blew and we steamed slowly away into the gathering darkness.

<sup>&</sup>quot;No, no, Ma'am; I never killed un. I just cotched un and wopped un an' turned un out."



'SEA ON THE STARB'D BOW, CAPTAIN

# Working for a Living. A Comedy in Three Acts.

Preface.

A good wine needs no bush, but occasionally the value of a good play is enhanced by a preface. Moreover, in the play which follows there are a number of small but significant incidents which might escape the notice unless more fully explained than is possible on the stage.

The whole play is an attack upon current notions of the dignity of labour. These notions are represented by *Ratlike*, with whom *Freda* imagines herself to be in love when the play opens, and by *Freda's* brother *Bill*.

Ratlike has been so named because there is, in London, no actor bearing sufficient facial resemblance to a rat to allow me to dispense with the simile. You will notice that although he talks a great deal about the dignity of labour he is never seen performing the lightest task. Bill, on the other hand, typifies the man who works because it seems to be the natural thing to do and who does not concern himself with the ethics of labour. In the original script he was not a tap-dancer; neither did he sing comic songs with Ratlike and the hero. These things

were introduced by the producer, Mr. Fleischberg.

When I first suggested the play to Mr. Fleischberg the only character introduced was an old man who sat in a chair doing nothing for the whole of the three Acts. This would have had the utmost philosophical significance. The implication that labour is neither necessary nor elevating would have been fully expressed.

But Mr. Fleischberg pointed out that it would be difficult to persuade people to pay half-a-guinea to see an old man sit in a chair. Even given frequent intervals and a messenger-boy in the bar to tell people not to hurry as the old man was still sitting, he doubted whether he could make it a financial success. So he suggested that some sort of plot should be added and one or two songs introduced. The original old man should remain, and Mr. Fleischberg offered to take the part himself if I would make the character smoke cigars all the evening. offer I firmly refused, as the whole point of the old man's being there was that he should be doing nothing.

When the play was ready for rehearsals Mr. Fleischberg again objected to the presence of the old man and refused to pay for an actor to take the part unless it were a more active

one. He suggested that I should stand the old man on his head in a corner somewhere and make him juggle bottles with his feet. However, I pointed out that this would ruin the underlying motive of the whole play, so we decided not to hire an actor to take the part but to put the old man's chair behind a green baize screen which would remain on the stage throughout the evening. You will be unable to see the old man, but the presence of the green-baize screen is highly significant.

The rest of the plot has nothing to do with the play but is Mr. Fleischberg's idea of entertainment. The forty bathing beauties who emerge from behind the green-baize screen in the Second Act have no connection with the original script, which was concerned only with the contention that work is unnecessary and that it is just as delightful to imagine that one has achieved something as actually to achieve it.

This philosophy also explains why the play which follows doesn't follow, because it has never been written.

"NORTHERN BEER IS BEST.
BUT NO ONE CAN SAY WHY."
Yorks Paper.

Further tests, however, are being made.

## Our-Booking Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### That Side Idolatry.

It is seldom in these days of posthumous indictment that an enthusiast who as a schoolboy collected his hero's autograph (and, in subsequent years, his first editions) gets the chance of writing his biography. Mr. H. V. Mar-ROT, however, is in this happy position, and The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy (HEINEMANN, 21/-) is rather a loving assemblage of Galsworthiana than a critical study of its subject. Not only is GALSWORTHY, very soundly, allowed to speak as far as possible for himself, but his contemporaries are encouraged to re-say their say at length. And while this produces some interesting correspondence in answer to GALS-WORTHY'S own precise, gracious but not very exhilarating letters, the general impression of these eight-hundred pages is of the over-documentation of episodes and feelings never fundamentally probed by the novelist, his circle or his biographer. The most vivacious passages are a letter from GILBERT MURRAY defending social students; a review by "Q" attacking the femme incomprise of The Dark Flower, and a memorable letter of Galsworthy's own on the prison reform which would seem in retrospect the most valid of the many social causes with which he was so gallantly identified.

### The Admirable Scot.

A three days' railway breakdown in the Rockies was sufficient occasion for Sir Donald Macalister of Tarbert (Mac-MILLAN, 12/6) to pick up the dialect of the Crow Indians, for this scholar with the wholly rigid memory had a habit of bringing home every few months or so a new language as a holiday souvenir. Before adopting medicine as his profession he had been, almost incidentally, Senior Wrangler, and his path to the presidency of the General Medical Council was strewn with lectures, essays and translations. Associated as he was equally with Cambridge and with

Glasgow University, this incredible Highlander's ease of accomplishment would be almost intolerable to a self-respecting Englishman were it not that he has left behind him memories of kindliness, unassuming friendship and administrative genius for which his more than human facility may be forgiven him. It is his supreme testimonial that to spare him when in ill health, a crowd of Glasgow students sat without disturbance through a controversial address by an English statesman. Lady Macalister has written her husband's biography with infinite zest and affection and the result is a volume of real value and quite unusual charm.



"TELL ME IF IT CATCHES THE BRIDGE. I CAN EASE IT FOR YOU, SIR."

#### Light over Africa.

Sponsored by that veteran of colonial administration, Lord Lugard, and by Sir Bernard Bourdillon, who has but lately relinquished the government of the protectorate, the book on *Uganda* (Milford, 15/-) which Messrs. H. B. Thomas and Robert Scott have written comes to us with the highest credentials. The hastiest survey of its pages, however, is sufficient to demonstrate that it stands in no need of such sureties. Written with practical intent, it is a mass of carefully digested and well authenticated facts—ethnological, physical, political, economic. It is, in short, a book which no one who has any connection, whether administra-

tive or commercial, with that country in the heart of Africa can possibly neglect. But it is more than that. Africa at the moment is very much—and very painfully—on the map; and it is likely to remain so. But while we all know that a good deal of the map is coloured red—and many of us are still not altogether ashamed of the fact—very few of us could put the red patches in with any high degree of accuracy or explain their exact justification. Such a book as this, comprehensive and precise yet extremely readable, admirably illustrated with maps and photographs, is a most valuable contribution to an important, even necessary, branch of knowledge. It will be a major document for that history of Africa and of the white man's nobler and baser activities there which it is to be hoped a new Gibbon will some day arise to write.

#### Scoops and Spikes.

Your working journalist will commonly manage to get

a "good press" for his books-those by-products of a busy life which he turns out in his none too numerous leisure hours-and especially if he deals in autobiographical memories. Whether the general public will rush to buy The Truth About a Journalist (PITMAN, 10/-) I cannot say, but they might do worse. what Mr. Sydney Mose-LEY does not know about the business can hardly be worth mentioning. He began early, as a junior clerk, with letters to the daily papers. Then he interviewed a local paper and suggested that he should interview Candidates for neighbouring constituencies at a General Election, and let the electors read their views.

He secured this job on the understanding that he was to get no pay and stand all expenses. But it was worth while. Our budding journalist knew even then the value of publicity, and he insisted on his name appearing on the news-bills as well as below the articles. The result was that one of the Candidates he interviewed obtained for him his first post in Fleet Street. Since then Mr. Sydney Moseley has done many things and tried many positions, and here he tells us all about them and about the friends he has made, and the scoops he has brought off, and the "spiking" of copy, and the evil ways of sub-editors (but with sympathy, for he has been a "sub" himself), and the men and women he has started on the great game. In short, if you want to know something about a journalist's life, here is your guide.

### The Second Book of Emil.

Generous consideration is given in *Emil and the Three Twins* (Cape, 7/6) to those who are not acquainted with *Emil and the Detectives*. So if you missed the original *Emil there is no reason why his later adventures should not be enjoyed. Ably translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks, this tale about children, and for them, has distinct* 

charm. As its pivot I take an attractive small boy, who fits into his curious surroundings with delightful facility. In a world not essentially adventurous we are given hair-breadth escapes, and incidentally a little misadventure that would have been a boon to our writers of school yarns, had they happened to think of it. A most interesting story which throws a strong light on the mentality of German youth.

### The Ethiop Land.

Since Abyssinia came into prominence in the news we have been regaled with a number of hasty and flamboyant books on the history and condition of the Ethiopians. At last appears a worthy and considered volume, A History of Abyssinia, by A. H. M. Jones and Elizabeth Monroe (Oxford University Press, 6/-). This contains a condensed but complete account of the country and its people from legendary times to the present fateful day. Like other kingdoms, Abyssinia has had its Dark Ages, but now and

then it has been exposed in a brilliant and fantastic light. Most of us have a warm corner in our hearts for Prester JOHN, and at a later period the adventurous Jesuits have a flavour all their own. Coming down to modern times the authors present us with a pleasantly ironical narrative of the dealings of certain Great Powers with Abyssinia. The whole thing is perfeetly done, and Theartily congratulate the collaborators on their performance. They have been well supported by their entrepreneur; Mr. MIL-FORD's production more than maintains his lofty standard. The illustrations are few but choice.



"THE FACT IS, LADY, SANCTIONS IS AT THE BOTTOM OF MY TROUBLES."

## Transport.

Messrs. METHUEN state

that Mr. A. D. Divine, in *They Blocked the Suez Canal* (3/6), "makes a daring and perhaps a dangerous use of the Italo-Abyssinian situation," and I am ready enough to agree with them. But even those who consider this story more audacious than discreet will have to admit that it is extremely thrilling. Moreover, Mr. Divine handles his theme with considerable skill, and shows himself an expert in the art of construction. I doubt if 1936 will produce a more sensational tale.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour.

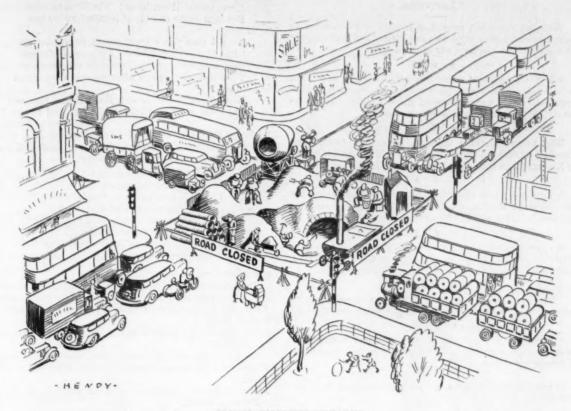
The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Huddersfield, from January 6th to February 1st.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Maternal Acrobatics; or, How to Keep your Children Quiet.

"Babies that lay whimpering in the arms of mothers who sat with anxiety on their faces,"—Daily Paper Supplement.



CLEAN ENGLISH HUMOUR.

### Song for a New Year.

- When I was young, my masters, and when January's Give me just a roof above me (at a reasonable rental), trumpet
  - Came pealing through the welkin crying, "Let us start anew!"
- And the Newest Year, arriving, whispered, "Like it, friend, or lump it,
  - But here am I at any rate, for revelry or rue."
- I would see the world emerging like a felon freed from durance,
- Like a climber thrusting upwards who at last beheld the
- And as January ripened I would say with calm assurance, "This year will be a better year; this year will be the best.
- Well, a many times I've hearkened to this hardy-annual summons.
  - A many years have dawned and gone December-wards their way;
- I have known some pretty good 'uns, I have known some mighty rum 'uns,
- And my claim upon the future is less arrogant to-day. I have modified my programme and curtailed my
- expectations, I am vastly less exacting as regards the bill-of-fare;
- As my countrymen would put it, with their venerable patience:
  - "I'm contentit-like wi' little noo an' canty-like wi' mair."

- - The wherewithal to pay for clothes and coal (or even
- A garden which with fruitfulness combines the ornamental,
- A glass to drink at dinner and a pipe or two to smoke; Give me these, and give me also certain unambitious
- A week or two in Scotland or perchance the Continent,
- A novel and a theatre, a wireless and a cinema-
- Assure me these for ever and my answer is "Content!"
- I have reperused these verses. I am sorry. I'm a liar, My pretence of resignation is at variance with the
- For the thing does spring eternal and the hopes of age are
  - Than the rosiest concoctions and the fondest dreams of youth.
- Here am I, a poor old idiot, with experience a plenty, But has hope indeed departed? Am I disillusioned?
- Nix! Ships that sank in nineteen-hundred, plans that crashed in nineteen-twenty,
  - They'll come home-I still believe it. . . . Here's to nineteen-thirty-six! H. B.

#### Charivaria.

When an American arrived in London in a dense fog he said the effect was very awe-inspiring. But we suppose that by now he has seen our statues.

#### \* \* \*

A U.S. Government agent concealed himself in a barn in a lonely district and photographed a number of men engaged in the manufacture of illicit whisky. Later he produced this study in still life as evidence.

#### \* \* \*

Whilst crossing a busy thoroughfare, a variety artist was knocked down by a furniture-van. He is not the only one of his profession who complains of being hit by the movies.

#### \* \* \*

A missionary tells of a cannibal chief who has eaten his mother-in-law and two sisters-in-law. Evidently a man who believes in living on his wife's relations.

#### \* \* \*

We are told of a business man who says he was surprised to receive two empty envelopes in his morning post last week. They of course conveyed nothing to him.

#### \* \* \*

"Why must couples go under archways at weddings?" asks a writer. Well, they would look silly going over the top.

#### \* \* \*

A statistician comments upon the small number of telephone-operators who seem anxious to marry. Hundreds of course are engaged.

It is stated that Dutchmen have the homeliest features. Plain Vans.

An inventor declares that his favourite pastimes are golf and fishing. That may explain why he's an inventor.

## \* \* \*

"Even the dullest office can possess a little beauty," says a writer. It generally does—and she makes tea all day.

#### \* \* \*

A writer suggests that women exaggerate the importance of fur-coats. They make mountains out of moleskins.

## The Annual Banquet

(which, we modestly suggest, might be conducted more briefly and more enjoyably to music, more or less as follows.)

#### The Toast-Master.

Pray silence for your Chairman, who, to expedite the fun, Will now propose a number of the usual toasts in one.

The Mayor (rises).

Your Grace, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen— The Animal Kingdom, when heartily fed,

Lie down and reflect or go frankly to bed; But Man, in his wisdom, as History teaches, Has always preferred to stand up and make speeches.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! As History teaches, We try to pretend we're delighted by speeches.

#### The Mayor.

Tis pleasant to meet the élite of our race Assembled to eat in this draughty old place, The Sons of the Sea and the Lords of the Loam— Though I guess we'd have dined in more comfort at home.

#### The Company.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! The Beaune wasn't bad, But that is the one bit of comfort we've had.

#### The Mayor

Well, I give you a toast which no patriot grudges: "His Majesty's Ministers, Forces and Judges," And, to shorten proceedings, I'm wondering whether They'll kindly deliver their speeches together?

#### The Company.

Hear, he-ar! Hear, he-ar! Each Briton endorses The toast of "The Ministers, Judges and Forces." [The toast is drunk.

#### The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Admiral Blow, General Sir Percy Sabre and Air-Marshal Lord Aileron (rising together).

We thank you very much:
We unanimously think
That it's rare for us to touch
Such disgusting food and drink;
But we're very, very proud
To be where we are to-day,
And we hope, if we're allowed,

## To serve you still. Hip, hip, hooray!

Toast-Master (recitative).

Pray silence for the Most Vocal the Right Honourable the Earl of Egg, Knight Grand Warden of the Order of the Elephant, Keeper of the Chain, Master of Foxhounds!

The Earl of Egg.

## Of all the world's great blunders, Sir, the strangest one

Is the food hallucination that it's Man who runs the show, When every British gentleman, whate'er his type or trade is

Agrees the whole machinery of life is just "The Ladies."

The Prime Minister.

I'd like to second that, Sir; when the Cabinet is blue We send for Lady Lizard and she tells us what to do. General Sabre.

The Army, too, I'd like to say, is managed on these lines; In fact our latest guns were based upon my wife's designs. Admiral Blow.

The Navy, Sir, on foreign shores lead hot and dangerous lives.

But suffer this in silence when they think of their dear wives.

### The Lord Chief Justice.

My wife can always tell me, Sir, which litigant's to blame; At any rate she thinks she can, and that is much the same.

## Earl of Egg.

So every gentleman must cry, whate'er his type or trade

"God bless the little nuisances!—Up, Gentlemen—The Ladies!"

[The toast is drunk.]

The Mayor.

## And now, in case there's anyone dejected or irate

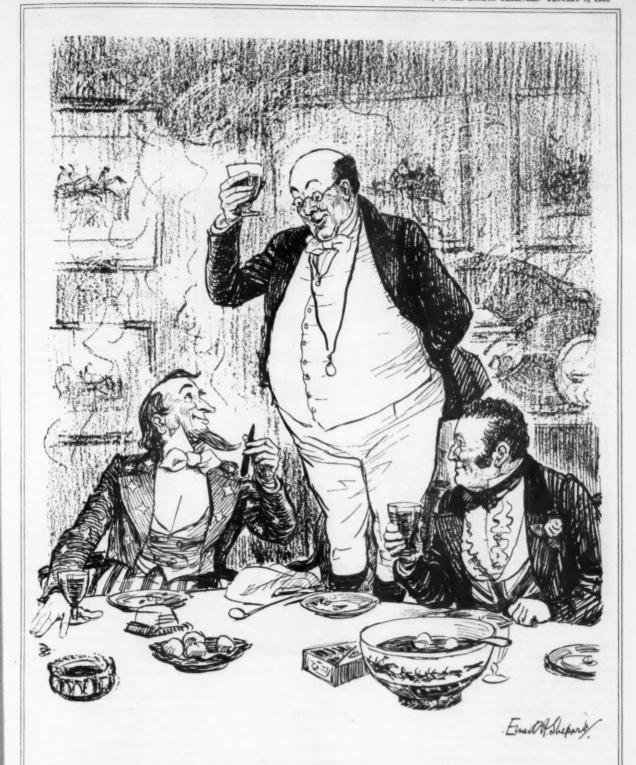
Through a sense that we've forgotten his importance to the State.

I beg you charge your glasses and give generous attention To anyone whom everyone has basely failed to mention. [General drinking and congratulation.

## That done, I do not think there's any more that need be

I'm very sure that, separate, we'll all have better fun; So let us softly scatter—by the way, you shouldn't miss

## The new picture at the Priam—it's a better show than this. A. P. H.



## MR. PICKWICK'S CENTENARY, 1936.

"HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU TWO WILL ALWAYS BE AS MUCH LIKED BY EACH OTHER AS I BELIEVE THAT I AM BY BOTH OF YOU."

## Bills of Sale.

I OFTEN think that posters of the

FIRED **ACROSS** ATLANTIC IN ROCKET they have to have some bearing on

MOUTH-ORGAN THAT TERRORISED A CITY

something that is actually in that issue of the paper he adorns. However, it matters little what.

MURDERED 279 CLERKS WITH PENHOLDER

in the happy belief that they are about to read of some London business man who ran amok in the office last week. are disappointed to find that the an-

nouncement refers to an Egyptian who is believed to have been alleged to have done this in Iceland or Yokohama in the

> SAUSAGE ROLLS FULL OF DYNAMITE

year 1779. However, that does not deter them from buying next week's issue on the strength of the poster-

> SAVED BY EATING HIS UMBRELLA

I too have written one or two newspaper posters in my time, and the fact that I never rose to heights like these may be debited or credited chiefly to the poverty of the material I had to work with. You can't get much careless rapture into your posters

when you have to stick to facts, and yesterday's or to-day's facts at that.

Fiction is the thing for careless rapture. Wine isn't in it with the air that mounts to the heads of us posterwriters when we are let loose among the things that Can't Have Happened But Are Vouched For. It is then that we become Algernon Blackwoods of the bill, EDGAR ALLAN POES of the poster. And one thing that gives me many a sleepless night is the thought

kind, not to mention

> CHASED BY A MOVING MOUNTAIN

must be the result of a sort of mental hiccups that attack a man from time to time. I believe that someone on the weekly papers they advertise must be in the habit of going down with a periodical bout of

> PEER'S BROTHER FALLS OUT OF BOTTLE

these things. They keep popping out out of him like

> ELEPHANT CALVES IN POST-OFFICE

the crystal notes of some fluted melody, no matter what else he may



"Who says my omlette tastes like ze zawdusts?

MORMON'S BRACES STOP A TRACTOR

or may not be doing. He cannot control them. In a way they control him. Of course his style must be cramped a bit, as mine is not, by the fact that | paper on seeing the bill-

POET WHO LIVES ON CIGARETTE ASH

The posters are very seldom topical. Those who eagerly buy the

that these sombre poets on the weekly papers are missing splendid chances among the non-copyright stuff.

Look at the Roman Emperors. Why, the very mildest bill-idea that enters my head for an issue containing anything about Caligula is

A HORSE AS M.P.

and they could find any number of others that would be terrible among the sales-resistance. And turning from Fiction to Feature Articles, consider the Essays of Montaione. At the end of the essay on Sleep, for instance, he mentions one Epimenides, whom I never heard of anywhere else, but whose appearance in a weekly paper would be the best possible excuse for plastering walls with the thought-provoking placard

SLEPT FOR 57 YEARS

I like to think of the pleasant time that would be had by all if one of these weekly papers, in despair, or for any of the other reasons that make an editor print things, ran *Hamlet* as a serial. The earliest poster we should see would probably be one referring to the "squeak and gibber" speech in the first scene:

GRAVES
EMPTY:
DEAD WALK
STREETS

and possibly another one the same week would call up a pleasing vision of exacerbated navvies in the Tube.

> UNDERGROUND GHOST MADE THEM SWEAR

Further on *Hamlet* offers unlimited opportunities for the straightforward puzzler, or What-the-Hell; as, for example—



"AND NOW, ERNIE, WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD FIX ON FOR OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS?"

FOR FLESH

or another

CALLED
HER
FATHER A
FISHMONGER

which is pregnant with human problems for fathers, daughters, sons and fishmongers.

But if I know the man who writes these posters, and I don't, his taste is more for the *Titus Andronicus* kind of thing. What he likes is blood, and all the accessories. Well, I make him a present of my favourite stage-direction from that tender and exquisite wisp of gossamer dramaturgy:—

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

There, lad. Have a happy thought about that. R. M.



"MR. FFOLLIOTT DE MONTMORENCY TO SEE YOU, MY LADY."

## Problem of the Week.

You are driving up from the country with your wife to spend a few days in town. Someone has told you that the Hôtel Marsala, "that big one in Westmorland Avenue," is nice and central, and so you have already written for a You sweep into the avenue from the south and pull up in front of a majestic portal. A Field-Marshal in maroon opens the door, two Generals in maroon assist your wife out, three Colonels in maroon pounce on your suitcases. You tell your wife to go on in; you will put the car away and join her later in your room.

You garage the car, cut back through a passage-way to the Hôtel Marsala. verify that a room has been reserved for you as per your letter, and, while signing the register, say something about your wife and luggage having of course gone up. The receptionclerk says, "What wife and what luggage?" You explain. He gives you a cold stare and says "Madam has not been seen." You look round the entrance-lounge: she is not waiting

there. Yet you are undoubtedly in the Hôtel Marsala. A wild suspicion grips you, which is confirmed by the fact that the Field-Marshal outside seems to be supported by only one General and two Colonels, that he has a much smaller moustache, and that all are dressed in sky-blue. You recall with a sinking heart that there are of course two somewhat similar hotels on that side of Westmorland Avenue, and that. coming in from the south end, you have stopped at the first-and wrong-one. In other words, you have decanted your trusting wife, whom you have brought up to believe in your infallibility, at the Hôtel Madeira-Mamore, where she, cursing you for not having, apparently, written for the room as you said, is already upstairs unpacking and probably wondering in an unsuspecting girlish way why the Hôtel Marsala has "Madeira-Mamore" embroidered on its towels and pillow-

The problem is: What does A do? You of course are A.

så:

tackled in several ways, and here are a few of them:-

#### A .- The Incredibly Brave (but Not Recommended).

Go round to the Madeira-Mamore and explain to the Field-Marshal, Generals and Colonels, to the sleek reception-clerks, lift-men and luggageporters that you have made a mistake and that you really meant to stay at the less imposing Marsala further up the avenue. If they suggest that now your wife's here you might remain, tell them you prefer the other because it's cheaper and better. Ask them to have your baggage sent down again (explain, by the way, you are not referring to your wife), distribute a tip or so and move out, along and in.

#### B .- The Impossibly Brave (and Not Recommended At All).

As above, but omitting the tip or so.

#### c.—The Discreet (but not Valorous).

Being too cowardly to face the staff of the Madeira-Mamore in person, The problem, my dear A, can be pretend to have a stroke and ask

<sup>&</sup>quot;I DON'T RECALL THE NAME, COOMBES."

<sup>&</sup>quot;WE KNOW THE GENTLEMAN QUITE WELL. IT'S THE ONE YOU CALL 'PIE-FACE,' MY LADY."

feebly for your wife to be sent for at once from the Madeira, where she is staying. The Marsala's management, under the impression that the pair of you must have been estranged and this is practically a death-bed reunion, will probably be only too delighted to arrange it all. When your wife comes you can recover and explain to her what really happened. On the other hand, if—as some people are—you are more afraid of your wife than of an hotel staff, this method should be called The Valorous (but not Discreet).

## D.—The Machiavellian (but Pretty Good Considering).

Go out and send a telegram to your wife, saying, "AUNTIE TOOK BAD COME AT ONCE" (better still, "AUNTIE DEAD COME IMMEDIATELY"—it saves two words), then hurry round to the Madeira and, calling yourself Mr. Smith, ask to see Mrs. A, who, you understand, has just arrived. Explain the situation hurriedly to your wifepreferably in private in case she cuts up rough—and enlist her co-operation, offering her the impending telegram as a weapon. Then go back to the Marsala to wait, leaving her to grapple with it. With sobs in the throat and waving the telegram as confirmation she will do her stuff on the receptionclerk and leave the Madeira in a wave of sympathy.

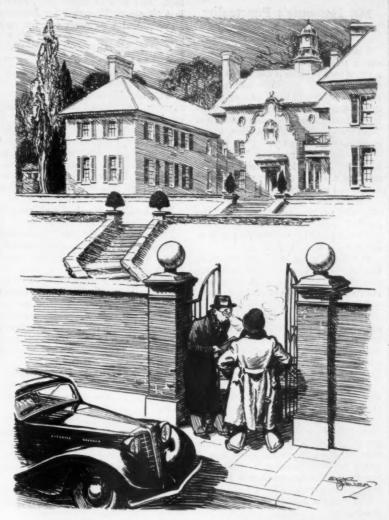
N.B.—If going to the theatre that night, be sure and don't pass the Madeira's portals gaily chattering, in full evening-dress.

#### E.—The Brightest (and Best).

Phone up your wife, tell her what's happened and, before she can comment, say you are relying on her womanly intelligence to find a way of leaving the Madeira and joining you at the Marsala without a dust-up. To be candid, this means you consider she is a better liar than you are, but it puts her on her mettle to do something, and she won't let you down. This method also has an advantage on the previous one in that it is cheaper—a phone-call as against a telegram.

# F.—The Strong (but Depending on What Sort of Wife You Have).

Tell the reception-clerk at the Marsala that you think your wife—women are like that—has made a mistake and stupidly gone to the wrong hotel. Will he phone up and tell her to come on over with the luggage—and to hurry, as you're waiting? This last you can conveniently do in the American Bar at the end of the corridor.



"H. AND C., I SUPPOSE?"

## G .- The Dirty (but Effective).

Ring up the Madeira and say that your wife, who has unfortunately just booked a room with them, has lately been in contact with a scarlet-fever case. Then go and wait across the road. In a few minutes they will, under some pretext, have got her and her luggage out for you without her having the vaguest idea what it's all about, and vet-so skilful are hotel peoplealmost grateful to them for the whole You can then tell her business. austerely that that's not at all the sort of hotel she would have liked staving at and that you've found a nicer one further along.

#### H.—The Easy (but Likely to Start Something).

Let things drift, that is, let your wife

stay that first night at the Madeira and you stay at the Marsala, subsequently fetching her next morning and explaining that there was a slight hitch. This is not recommended and will almost certainly land you in trouble, for your wife will soon start making bitter remarks about knowing now why you were so eager to come up to town, and you thought you'd get rid of her altogether and go off on your own, didn't you? In short, she will want to know a lot more about it than you can ever explain; and you will explain a lot more than she will ever believe.

A. A.

## All Work and No Play Makes Grannie a Dull Girl.

"GIRLS IN PLAY AFTER 80 YEARS' BAN." Headline in Daily Paper.

## Mr. Harbottle's Punctuality Drive.

I DON'T know what other offices do about punctuality, but we have had a lot of trouble with it lately. It never used to worry us. We had always thought it was all right as long as we didn't arrive before Sidney (the officeboy) came along with the latch-key. That was about half-past nine, so we could manage it easily.

But the other morning Mr. Porter took Mr. Harbottle's letters up to his room at about a quarter-past ten as

usual, and came down looking puzzled.
"Harbottle's not himself," he said. "He told me that punctuality was the soul of business. He shot it at me quite suddenly. I didn't like his look or the tone of his voice."

It was a funny thing to say certainly, but we forgot about it until the afternoon, when Miss Elkington came into the room with her shorthand notebook.

"Think of a word," she said, "of about one syllable, with either an 'a' sound or an 'r' sound in the middle, and perhaps a 'ch' at the beginning and perhaps not, that you might put in a letter to a Messrs. L. P. Enderby who live at E.C.3."

"Rhinoceroses," said Mr. Porter, absently. He was busy taking the clock to pieces.

Miss Elkington shook her head and looked closer at her notebook. "It's got to be something to do with punctuality. Punctuality is the something of either busy or business." And Mr. Porter was so surprised that he dropped one of the wheels of the clock, and it rolled into the hole in the floor by the gas-tap.

"Punctuality is the soul of business," he said. "Harbottle's been repeating it on and off all day. But where he got it from I can't think.'

Sidney thumped on his blottingpaper and took his ruler out of his mouth. "He's got a new calendar," he told us. "From the milk. With pieces on it." Then he put the ruler back.

So that was it. The milk (half-apint) had given Mr. Harbottle another calendar, and the calendar was giving Mr. Harbottle ideas. At five o'clock, when Mr. Harbottle had gone, we went up to see for ourselves, and there it was. We stood round it gloomily.

"I wouldn't have thought it of the milk," said Mr. Porter. "He's never

sent us anything like this before."
"No," I said. "We've usually had a mail-coach battling against a sharp frost.

"Quite. Or three kittens wedged into a boot. Something perfectly harm-

less. But look at this. No picture: just 'Business Thoughts for Business Days.' And a different one for each

day, what's more.'

We tore off that day's thought and looked at the next. Co-operation, we saw, was the basis of organisation. We said it over once or twice. "Perhaps it will take his mind off punctuality, anyhow," said Miss Elkington, and we left it at that.

But no. The next morning Mr. Harbottle came down from his room into the general office at ten-past ten, a thing he has never done before. "Where's Porter?" he asked, and we could tell that he was still brooding over punctuality.

Mr. Chudleigh coughed and frowned over his glasses at the rest of us.

"Chudleigh," said Mr. Harbottle, holding up a large black notebook, "you seem to be about the most responsible person here. I have decided that this sort of thing can't go on. Kindly see that everyone enters his or her name and time of arrival in this book every morning, together with the reason for his or her being late. If he is late. Or she. Organisation," he wound up, "is the basis of co-operation.'

"Indeed yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "A veritable basis." And he took the notebook. It was quite like a prize-

Being responsible rather went to Mr. Chudleigh's head. He bored a hole in the corner of the book and tied it to a nail in the wall. And the next morning, as we came in at our usual times, he was standing beside it.

You must have been standing there for hours," said Mr. Porter. thirty. Cor. I'm ten-sixteen."

"You have to put your reason for being late here," said Mr. Chudleigh, pointing to the third column, which ve had all found a bit narrow. Miss Lunn had squashed in "Inclement weather" and Miss Elkington had just written "Hair."

Mr. Chudleigh frowned when he saw this. "Hair, Miss Elkington?" he asked. "Is that a reason?

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chudleigh," said Miss Elkington. "I always have to take the hairpins out every morning and comb it into curls. You can't think what a time it takes.'

"I know that feeling," said Mr. Porter; and he wrote "Collar."

A little later the nail supporting the notebook came out of the wall and the book fell down. Miss Elkington, who happened to be in the room, picked

it up and gave a tiny scream. "Look!" she cried. "M "Mr. Harbottle's writing. At the other end.

It's the book he always said I'd lost because we couldn't find it." And she darted out of the room.

"What did he say?" we asked when she came back.

"He just grunted," said Miss Elking. ton, "and he asked who had been boring holes in it and writing names upside down at the other end.

We thought that after this we shouldn't hear anything more about punctuality. But we were wrong again. A few mornings later Sidney actually found Mr. Harbottle waiting on the doorstep when he came along with the key. "I happened to arrive at ninethirty-one," he said, "and I see him leaning against the door. It gave me

We looked at each other. calendar," said Miss Elkington. "Yesterday it was 'Perpetual vigilance is the price of safety, and it must have set him off again. I'll go in and see what to-day's is, and I'll ring down and let you know."

We waited anxiously. "It's 'If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," said Mr. Porter as he hung the receiver up. "Now where will that lead him?"

We were soon to know. Mr. Harbottle sent for Sidney. "He said to give him the key," Sidney told us. "He said he was going to make sure one person was punctual anyway.'

We left early that evening so as to have a good night's rest, and by twenty-past nine next morning Sidney, Miss Lunn and I were on the doorstep. Sidney was out of breath. "I bicycled like mad," he said. "I never knew I could do it."

By a quarter-to-ten we were all there—Mr. Porter and everyone. It was cold, but we kept cheerful. "Though I wish we had our knitting, don't you, dear?" said Miss Lunn to Miss Elkington. "To think it's up there in our room and we can't get at it."

At five to ten Mr. Porter brought out a bar of chocolate and shared it round. Mr. Chudleigh, realising, I suppose, that he would never get so good a chance again, started to tell us a long story about some friend of his who had another friend in the Bahamas. It was a very long story, and he just had time to finish it.

I think I may say that we shan't be bothered any more now about punctuality. We are exactly as we were before it began. We know the times that suit us best, and we stick to them. And I don't see what else Mr. Harbottle can want. For regularity-as he would have seen if he had torn the calendar off yesterday-regularity is the life-blood of commerce.



THE AFTERMATH.

## A Cure for Bad Driving.

It is practically impossible to glance at any newspaper—The Times included—without seeing something about Bad Driving. If it doesn't form the subject of an article, there are sure to be several letters to the editor containing lurid accounts of the writers' hairbreadth escapes. And all the people who can't be bothered to write to the papers about it employ it as a foolproof topic of conversation in drawingrooms, clubs, at parties and, in fact, everywhere. Even if they don't drive they are certain to have a great many friends and relations who do, and there's nothing that gives them more pleasure than to tell you exactly how these friends and relations have been run into, concussed and ditched. Bad Drivers again.

Roughly speaking there is one Bad Driver to twenty good (or, at any rate, well-meaning) ones; but what is written or spoken about the remaining nineteen? Next to nothing.

These well-behaved motorists who spend their time not running over woolgathering pedestrians, getting out of the way of the pushers, straining their eyes to see invisible cyclists after dark, waiting for the green light at crossings and parking not more than six inches from the kerb, are merely taken for granted; but this state of affairs, as every intelligent man, woman and child will at once see, is all wrong, for it is the skill and prowess of the well-behaved nineteen which should be broadcast throughout the country.

With the idea of bringing this about, I have thought out a scheme which, if carried out universally, would revolutionise motoring. There are of course many more by-passes to be explored and corners left unturned, but the broad outlines are as follow:—

#### I.-THE PRESS.

Every time you read a letter in a newspaper bringing to notice an example of Bad Driving, immediately send in another giving an example of Good Driving. For instance, suppose you see this:—

"SIR,—While proceeding at 30 m.p.h. along the Oxford-Cheltenham road, a large car endeavoured to overtake me round a bend. As it drew level a motor-coach came into view, causing the driver of the saloon, in order to avoid a head-on crash, to force me off the road. I managed to come to rest in some stinging-nettles, but the other car charged the hedge, struck a tree, rebounded back on to the road,

turned round twice and finally came to rest beside me. By a miracle no one was hurt; but imagine my utter amazement when the fellow approached me with clenched fists, saying, 'How dare you, Sir?'—INDIGNANT, Leamington Spa,"

your counter-attack should be something like this-

"SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. While motoring on the Great West Road last Thursday I found myself behind a slower car. There was nothing coming for as far as I could see—a quarter-of-a-mile—so I sounded my horn gently. The driver of the leading car instantly drew in to his left, slackened his pace slightly and courteously waved me on. As I passed him I touched my hat, receiving in reply an extremely pleasant smile.—Satisfied, Windsor."

You see the idea? If the thing got going on a large scale we should soon have the reputation of being the best drivers in the world.

#### II.-PARKING.

Of course there are certain people who never will be able to park a car anywhere but in the middle of the road at important bus-stops; but there are many thousands of others who daily worm their way neatly and unobtrusively into small gaps without knocking over street musicians, old women selling matches and bicycles propped delicately against the kerb. But do these skilled "manœuvrers" ever have their backs patted? No. Very well, then, descend on these expert parkers and congratulate them on their work. Go up to them, shake them warmly by the hand and use any of the following:

- (1) "Well parked, Sir!"
- (2) "What accuracy!"
- (3) "What style!"
- (4) "Nicely judged, Sir!"

If the subject is female, add considerable warmth to the handshake and the voice, and, if the distance from the kerb is less than one foot, a strictly platonic kiss might be administered.

#### III.-CORNERS.

Nineteen out of twenty drivers take corners as they should be taken, but the twentieth, as soon as he sees the red triangle, says to himself, "Now for some fun!" and proceeds to scream round glued to his wrong side. If he perseveres, this method will sooner or

later get him into the papers—whether in the News or Obituary columns is entirely in the hands of Fate. The virtuous nineteen, however (unless they get killed), remain obscure nonentities.

Now, readers, give them a taste of the limelight. Station yourselves on dangerous corners all over the country and every time a driver comes round correctly, shout encouragement, praise and appreciation. Any of the following will do:—

- (1) "Well taken; oh, prettily taken!"
- (2) "Nice work, Sir!"
- (3) "Lovely to watch, Madam!"

What would be the result of all this? Simply that Good Drivers and Driving would be talked and written about everywhere, while the Bad Drivers would find themselves back-numbers. There'd be nothing about them in the papers and no one would talk about them. In fact, putting it politely, they'd be having a rotten time. What could they do about it? The answer is of course: Become Good Drivers, thus enabling everyone to drive happily ever after.

That is the scheme in a nutshell. Go ahead with the good work, readers, and the best of luck to you!

# Effect of Attending County Assizes; or, The J.P.'s Dream.

I have been to the Assizes. Do not, however, spring to the conclusion that this was an expedition organised for me by the County Police. Had that been the case one would have said, "I have been sent—or perhaps even forcibly taken—to the Assizes."

Not at all.

I went—at a steady twenty-five miles an hour, dropping to twenty in the controlled areas and distinctly sounding my horn at every cross-roads—quite of my own free will and in my official capacity as a magistrate.

The last part was rather a failure. The first policeman I saw said, "Female witnesses this way, Miss," and the second one asked if that was my car blocking the entrance.

As it happened, it was.

The second policeman and I, between us, got it out of the way just in time. Either our achievement or the arrival of the Judge, which took place almost at the same moment, was greeted with a beautiful little phrase—technically a fanfare—played on two silver trumpets.

The Judge, as one would have expected of him, wore scarlet and ermine, both good in their way, though nothing,

to my mind, really equals the splendour of the judicial wig. One looked at it and looked at it.

But this was afterwards, when I was sitting in a small wooden pen, slightly higher than the seat of the Judge (which I thought disrespectful), and slightly behind him (which I thought disappointing).

Justice then took its—her?—course. Involuntarily, after an hour or two, one was remodelling the whole of one's behaviour at the Petty Sessions—bringing the thing much more into line with new and splendid conceptions of the dignity of the law.

Wigs, for instance. Could anything be done about wigs? Would not some of one's not-so-young fellow-magisstrates be definitely improved by covering their heads with curled grey wigs? How, on the other hand—or head—would a wig look in conjunction with a blue serge coat and skirt and a blue velour hat?

What about the trumpets and the fanfare? Could anybody be found locally to stand outside the police-court and blow at the right moment and in the right way?

How fortunate, I thought, that the members of the Little Fiddleton Bench take it in turns to preside! I shall thus be able at the next Petty Sessions to set the pace for my colleagues.

There I shall sit, just as the Judge is sitting now. . . . Well, he probably has a cushion, which must make a good deal of difference. . . . (Mem. Ask our Learned Clerk if we can't have cushions.) I shall listen to the evidence, as the Judge is listening now, and make notes. He has a large book, and I shall have the blotting-paper as usual—no other difference.

I shall lean forward and call our Learned Clerk. He will—I hope—spring to his feet. What actually passes between the Judge and his Learned Clerk is inaudible, and doubtless meant to be so. Anyway, I'll take any bet that his Clerk hasn't said, in answer to a judicial suggestion, "You can't do that; you haven't the power."

But how often one has heard those words oneself!

Then, when the last piece of information concerning what occurred on the afternoon of the fifth *ultimo* has been tendered and the defendant has declined to ask the witness any question, I shall utter—

"Samuel Ebenezer Bogg, the situation in which you find yourself is a most deplorable one. It is proper that I should take into account in passing sentence upon you those incidents in your past life which the police, in the pursuit of their duty, have brought to



"I want steak-and-kidney pie, mashed potatoes, cauliflower and 'The Bluebells of Scotland.'"

my notice. You were convicted, in 1898, of keeping a dog without a licence. I appreciate the fact, most properly pointed out to me by counsel, that since then you have, so far as is known, done nothing against the law until the lamentable incident occurred which is the occasion of your being here to-day. None the less, Samuel Ebenezer Bogg, I should be failing in my duty if I took any but a serious view of your behaviour in riding your bicycle without a light at eleven P.M. You will be fined two-and-sixpence."

Just as the Clerk was—in Fancy's realm—suppressing the applause that broke out in the Little Fiddleton police-court on this pronouncement of mine, I got a bit of a shock. The Judge,

taking—one couldn't help feeling—a rather unfair advantage of one's preoccupation, had brought the whole thing to a close.

And unfortunately, absorbed in dreams, one had omitted to rise to one's feet.

So that it seems quite possible that one's next appearance at the County Assizes may be on a charge of contempt of court.

E. M. D.

#### Crackery and Crockery.

"MAGIC GROWING FERNS.

Light top edge of brown paper carefully so that it glimmers. Stand on plate and watch the ferns take magic shape."

Instructions found in a Christmas Cracker.

Observe also the shape of the plate you have stood on.

### Shirt-Week.

THE world moves on, I know; or must at least pretend to move. But I wonder more and more why cannot the makers of such things as shirts leave well alone?

Many years ago it seemed to me that the British shirt had reached so high a point of efficiency and comfort that I at least required no more (except in one particular, which shall be mentioned later).

Take first the flannel shirt, worn with a soft flannel collar for golf, light business and novel-writing. Not so long ago this was a simple swift affair. You put a stud through two holes in the collar and all was well. At least.

with the aid of a little gold (or gilt) safety-pin all was neat and well; and I for one, still cling defiantly to that simple old fashion—that is, whenever I can acquire a simple old-fashioned shirt.

But first the shirtconceivers, seeking restlessly for reform, attached some horrible little tabs (with holes) to the wings of the soft collar; and these tabs had to be hitched over the stud, which I at least found difficult and tiresome. Moreover, on any oceasion of high social importance one or both of these tabs would come adrift from the stud and float

vaguely in the breeze; and the spectacle of a naked tab adrift is (to me) much more unseemly than the spectacle of a common tabless collar, whether tethered by a golden pin or not.

But the golden pin, it appears, which I still shamelessly employ, is vieux jeu, Victorian or merely vulgar; and whenever the haberdashers' department at the great Stores catch my poor wife they press upon her some new device for the complication of collars and the elimination of the golden pin.

The last is buttons. They began with two vile buttons which had to be thrust through holes in an awkward and unmanly manner. There were still studs and stud-holes then, which could save the situation if the buttons disappeared. But now they are producing shirts which abandon stud-theory altogether and committhe whole business of collar-anchorage to buttons—sometimes to a single button—

with no stud-hole to fall back upon in case of peril.

And wherever there are buttons We can, I think, there is peril. brothers, go further than that without fear of misrepresentation. It is now clear to me that at all the best laundries there are special sections for the destruction of buttons, especially such frail buttons as impiously usurp the office of the robust and ancient stud. When any shirt so disfigured is hauled out of the laundry-bag it is at once despatched to the Button-Crushing Department. Sometimes-true-the invigilators miss the button-shirt on its first appearance (it may be that by local custom a maiden shirt, like a maiden speech, is granted one turn of indulgence); but sooner or later the



Employee (who began as office-boy), "I'd like the day off, Sir, to attend my-er-granddaughter's funeral."

button-shirt returns to the homestead buttonless; and then, since there are no stud-holes in reserve, the thing is useless until new buttons are attached.

Some shirters, by the way, seem to have decided that the old-fashioned cuff-links ought to die and have set buttons in that quarter too—again with no link-holes in reserve.

The custom in the laundries is to crush or tear off only one of these buttons, so that the citizen in a hurry finds himself with one sleeve neatly anchored at the wrist and the other wriggling skyward all the day. In the absence of link-holes his only remedy is to bore holes in the shirt with a gimlet and make the sleeve fast with a piece of string.

I do not know what is at the back of all this. Is there perchance some merger, alliance or plot between the laundries and the shirt-makers by which the citizen is to be continually

compelled to buy new shirts? Whatever causes these reforms, I beg that they may cease.

Or, if the haberdashers and gentle, men's outfitters must add unnecessary gadgets and fittings to our simple garments, I beg them to see that these additions are durable and strong. Take flannel trousers, white or grey. I have always been content with flannel trousers which were fastened with a simple button at the top and had a simple strap and buckle at the back. But now, I gather, the Best flannel trousers must have a sort of flap across the stomach, with two metal catches; and there are two dainty buckles, port and starboard, over the hips. A really good laundry will have these metal catches out in a couple of trips; and

then the confounded flap, so far from keeping the stomach taut and trim, hangs down ridiculously or has to be tucked untidily away. As for the bijon buckles, the smallest pressure is enough to tear them from their moorings or twist them into an intractable muddle. A child could do it. They then hang down too.

In both cases the state of the citizen is far worse than if he had been left with his simple old garment, which, while not pretending to do so much, did do what it pretended.

And it is not as if there were not plenty of solid work waiting for the constructive shirter or goahead haberdasher. What, for example, about those stud-holes in the breastplate of the evening-dress stiff shirt? know very well what I mean. Those stud-holes which, after a washing or two, become ragged and unprehensile gaps. Here is seen the good launderer's most cunning and deadly work. After enlarging one of the stud-holes with some jagged instrument, he starches it richly and rolls all flat; he wraps the shirt in a case of pale-blue tissue-paper which seems to say, "This shirt is as good as new." Then, in order to dispel this impression as soon as possible, he conceals minute unnecessary pins in the folds of the soft parts, so that, as one opens the shirt or slips it over the head, it tears noisily in two or three

What in the world, by the way, is the point of all those pins? Well, I



"LOOK HERE, CARRUTHERS-DID YOU TELL ME THAT THIS UNCLE OF YOURS ONCE SHOT A CHARGING RHINOCEROS?"

think I know. They are to impose delay and prevent the citizen from discovering the expanding stud-hole until it is too late. For by the time he has tracked down and extracted those odious pins he already looks like being late for the Annual Banquet; and when the starchscreen has been broken and the true condition of the upper stud-hole begins to be suspected it is much too late to remove the shirt and start all over The only course now is to again. abandon the small pearl studs and use those two old brass ones. True, they are not quite a pair and one has a dent in the top, but they are bigger and may with luck defeat the expanding studhole and remain visible throughout the Annual Banquet.

But, as all men know, they don't. In the middle of the speech, just as one is saying, "Mr. Mayor, with all my heart . . ." there is a loud "plop" and the upper front-stud disappears. The rest of the evening is agony. One keeps poking the darned thing back, or nervously fingering it to find if it is still there; and by degrees a horrid little dark circle appears about the spot. Sometimes both studs go and the vest becomes visible from the flanks. What a night!

I have, I think, only about two shirts left which I should dare to wear at the Annual Banquet. I have about a dozen which have been fitted with expanding stud-holes and are out of action. The main bodies of the shirts are strong and splendid still, and I ask pitifully, "Surely it is possible to repair these little holes and put my shirts into active use again?" They tell me it is not. They say it would cost less to buy a new shirt. They say I must buy several.

But, joking apart, dear old Shirt-World, is there no way in which these two small but strategic points can be made stronger, so as to survive a visit or two to a really good laundry? For the strength of a chain is, etc.

I have discovered that the problem is not so much as considered in the Shirt-World.

Last week I did buy a new shirt. The young haberdasher offered me a choice of two "lines"—one expensive, one less expensive. To me they looked exactly the same—except that one had a new and horrible harness of tabs about the stomach.

I said hopefully, "I tell you what. If you can assure me that the studholes in this expensive shirt are more

stoutly stitched or fashioned than the stud-holes in the other, I will buy it, for this will be cheaper in the long run."

He said, "I can't promise you that."
And he told me that I was the first citizen to bring the Enlarged Stud-hole Problem to his notice.

So I bought the cheaper shirt. And now, Shirt-World, you will no doubt know what to do.

A. P. H.

#### Sacrificial Candour.

"Situation occurs for experienced boy, or young man, who is accustomed to parcels delivery work, and experienced in taking cash. Apply ——."—Gloucestershire Paper.

#### "A TICKLISH SUBJECT.

Grey Owl believes that animals have a sense of humour. He told his Worthing hearers that he once saw a beaver tickling another, and the second was whelping with delight!"—South Coast Paper.

We can't improve on the heading as a comment for this.

"Having spent many years in various parts of Africa I have more than once experienced the horrors of 'real' thirst. Mouth and lips blistered and bleeding, tongue parched and cracked, throat smarting with dryness. One would have welcomed death."—Daily Paper.

Or a large lime-juice.



"Do you find it difficult getting servants in the country?"
"Gracious—no! We've had nineteen in the last five weeks."

### The Double.

"GREAT SNAKES!" I said to Edith, "doesn't that look like me over there, dancing with the girl in pink?"

We were at the annual Boxing Day dance in the village hall, the one occasion in the year when the old aristocracy from Acacia Avenue mixes on terms of gay camaraderie with the lads and lassies of the village. It is a lounge-suit dance, for obvious reasons, and I was wearing my new redbrown tweeds. And there, dancing with a pretty girl in pink, was what appeared at first glance to be another Me, also dressed in red-brown tweeds of the same striking pattern. His hair, like mine, was a delicate auburn, and he had the same swan-like neck and substantial ears. When he raised his face it proved to be quite unlike mine, but most of the time he danced with his nose sort of buried in the girl's shoulder.

"It is certainly a remarkable resemblance," admitted Edith, "except that his features are quite good and that he is an expert dancer."

I always go to this annual dance, but I am not a success on the floor.

My right foot works splendidly but my left foot tends to stray. Ladies seldom dance with me twice; they hint that it is a memory to be cherished rather than an experience to be repeated. So naturally it was rather galling to see this second Me whirling round and round like a professional; and I wandered moodily to the buffet to order an ice. I felt a soft hand touch my sleeve, and turned to see a pretty girl in a green dress smiling at me admiringly—Colonel Hogg's niece.

"You are Mr. Conkleshill, aren't you?" she said. "I saw you dancing just now; you remind me a bit of FRED ASTAIRE. I suppose you have had a lot of lessons?"

"No," I said airily (it seemed a pity to spoil that adoring smile), "I'm just a natural dancer."

She booked me for the supper dance and went on her way. I had hardly started on my ice when Johnson-Clitheroe came up. He is a big man with large feet, and next to me the worst dancer in Little Wobbley. It has always been a bond between us, but to-night he looked at me a little sourly.

"I was watching you on the floor just now," he said, "and at first I

couldn't believe my eyes. Last year you were the laughing-stock of the place, and this year you are tripping about like a fairy. My wife saw you and she says that if you can do it I can do it. She sent me along to ask where you had lessons."

"I haven't had lessons," I said gravely. "I owe my success entirely to practising a few simple exercises at home. Dancing depends entirely on the strength and suppleness of the ankle-muscles. Every morning I stand on one leg for ten minutes and then on the other leg for ten minutes, and before retiring each night I immerse my feet in a footbath containing fifty-per-cent. hot water and fifty-per-cent. beer. . ."

Johnson-Clitheroe went off looking rather dazed, but I was not left long alone

One of the lads of the village came up and asked me if I were the fellow who had been dancing all the evening with the girl in pink. Supposing that he merely wanted my autograph, I smiled noncommittally.

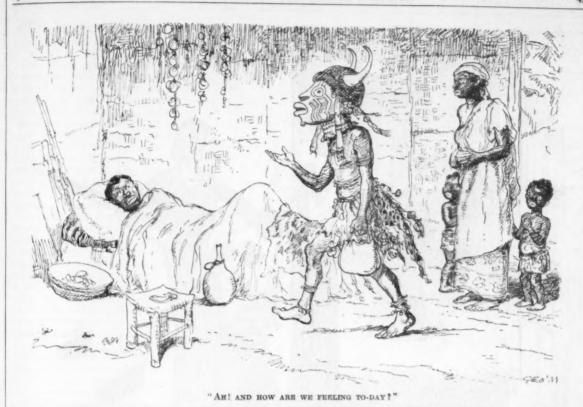
"Then I'll be glad if you'll step outside with me a minute," he said in a nasty tone, "because she happens to be my girl."



"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE."

"EVERY WAR, AND ESPECIALLY A COLONIAL WAR, HAS ITS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY PAUSES."—Mussolini, speaking to the Cabinet Council in Rome.





"Sikology."

It was a very ordinary small sale such as often occurs when people who have rural instincts come to the end of a long home-leave and are about to return to their permanent job in a far country.

Outside there was the usual collection of property which is obviously unsuited for transportation beyond the seas-hens, hen-houses, portable garden-lights, dog-kennels and those other friends and servants which, after a period of short service, have to be demobbed. Among them, patiently awaiting his turn, was a bay cob, "14.2, ride and drive, used to children. When the time came for his parade before the company it was evident by his demeanour and the look of his wide and kindly eyes that only stern necessity could be responsible for his disposal. Also it was evident, most lamentably, that nobody was in need of a horse, so the auctioneer, favouring the style of Jorrocks, had to magnify the cob's virtues for some minutes before he obtained a fainthearted bid of four pounds-which was

"And ten shillings," said another voice just behind my shoulder.

I turned and saw a small corpulent man with a round face, round blue eyes and whiskers. He had the appearance of a well-nourished and genial cinema tramp who had succeeded to the possession of a good suit of clothes. His belated and unexpected entry to the lists had a slightly stimulating effect upon the sale, and he had to make several further bids before the cob was knocked down to him for eight pounds

—a bargain for a gipsy.

"Name, please, Sir," exclaimed the auctioneer.

"The Horse-Hide Shoe Company," was the small man's reply.

A glimpse of the Gorgon's head could not have stiffened the assembly to attention more swiftly than this curt announcement. A moment of silence was succeeded by murmurs, unmistakably hostile.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed a woman near-by, and added, "Thank goodness I wear nothing but lizard."

The small man, having cast his bomb, withdrew quietly from the circle. He had the air of one who had been forced by the conditions of fate into a position which he heartily deplored. I did not see him again until we met in the gateway after the finish of the sale. Then suddenly I determined to pursue a mission of merey.

"I think you gave eight pounds for that cob," I said. "If you care to part with him so soon I shall be very pleased to give you ten pounds for him."

"I'm sorry, Sir; you're too late," he replied. "I've just sold him to a lady for twelve pounds."

"But," I exclaimed, "what about your Shoe Company and all that?"

The corpulent little man thoughtfully stroked his whiskers and regarded me with the gaze of a benevolent conspirator.

"Well, you see, Sir, it's like this," he said slowly. "I'm the Horse-Hide Shoe Company, and all I know about shoes is the wearing of 'em. But what I do know is a little bit o' human nature—sikology, you understand? You don't want a horse, neither did the lady—you heard her—that only wore lizard, but she—jest like you agen—couldn't bear the thought of a nice little nag being slaughtered for shoe-leather, so she buys him on the quiet for twelve pounds. It's a funny sort o' lay-out, but some'ow I always gets a re-sale, and that's why I say there's a good bit to be made out o' studying sikology. Good-day, Sir."

He cocked one blue eye at me and disappeared with the departing throng.



### Corydon Would Turn Journalist.

(For the uncompromising views expressed by Echo the author disclaims all responsibility.)

#### Echo. Corydon.

Cor. ALAS! distraction rends my mind, My thoughts are anything but clear; But counsel of no trivial kind, If only Echo came, I'd hear.

Ech. O.K., my dear.
Cor. Say, shall I love these woods and streams,

Inglorious and far from rich, Or bathe in proud Ambition's beams And bask in Wealth's caresses-which?

Ech. Sez which? Cor. A shepherd's life is pretty thin;

I've always had an urge to write; Henceforth, sweet Echo, something in The paper line is my delight.

Ech. The pay per line is mighty light.

Cor. One doubt I first would have dismissed—

Forgive my uninstructed youth-The aim that fires your journalist, The goal that lures his steps is Truth?

Ech. 'Struth! Cor. Lest I should misdirect my toil, What "copy" is the best to handle?

O'er what will Dives burn his oil, The pauper waste his precious candle? Ech. Scandal.

Cor. What form of diction can delight The race to which great Wordsworth sang, The race of WILLIAM PITT and BRIGHT, And Mr. AMERY? Can slang?

Ech. American slang. Cor. But surely with all lettered men Art still must play a certain part? Art winged, they say, old Johnson's pen; One hears John STUART MILL had art.

Ech. Art, me lad? Art? Cor. What say they then of him who still Must meditate the thankless Muse, Who scorns to prostitute his quill

His purity of style to lose? Tile too loose. Ech. Cor. The mystic glory swims away, My fancied dawn has turned to night; It would, I fear, be safe to say I had not formed my view aright?

Ech. You are right.

### "The Smaller the Truth the Smaller the Libel."

ONE of the chief difficulties of the modern journalist is the law of libel. Most of his best material cannot be used and he is thrown back on "The Modern Girl," "Life in the Hebrides." "Should a Doctor Tell?" and all the other hackneyed subjects which are known by heart to the readers of our National Press. It is not realised, however, that there is nothing libellous in printing what is to someone's credit, whether or not it is true. Indeed with some public figures the less true anecdotes about them are, the less libellous they are likely to be. A few simple tales of kindness and human feeling, of brilliance and wit, displayed by some famous figure of the time will give happiness to many and damages to none. In preparing such anecdotes it is well not to be afraid of sheer silliness; all that matters is that the hero should act heroically. For the guidance of the cub-reporter I give a few examples.

Mr. Shaw's kindness of heart and deep human sympathy are well known. A tale is being told [Quite right-by you of the famous dramatist and a little child who was gazing longingly through the doors of the Ritz. The author of Saint Joan, touched by the silent appeal, stopped in his path and, taking the wee waif by the hand, led it within and bade it choose what it would from the varied assortment of dishes there displayed. What a banquet it was! Marrons glacés, omelette aux fines herbes. cheese straws, roll-and-butter, coffee. As he watched the tiny jaws moving and the tiny pencil ticking the items off the menu, the Irish playwright could not repress a tear of joy which moistened those furrowed cheeks and slowly came to rest in that snowy beard. "I'se heard of oo," piped a shy voice—"oo's Farver Kwissmus."

The marvellous abilities of Sir John Simon are no news to his intimates. Even when resting from cares of State he does not allow his brain to relax and indulges his favourite hobby of having Bradshaw read aloud to him, and, like lightning, turns the times of the trains into francs, dollars and rupees. "Jack is a busy bee," Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN remarked when once he caught his colleague at his beloved pastime.

Dr. Inge is noted for his philosophy and strong views on questions of the day. He is adored by many in a humble sphere of life and his thoughtfulness for others is proverbial. It is his



Voice, "Good evening, I'm the Illusionist you engaged for a Children's Party this evening."

custom each night to boil eggs with his own hands and leave them on the window-sill of his house for the policeman on the beat. He has been heard to say in lighter moments that the Sergeant prefers his hard-boiled!

Mr. Baldwin is suspected of the wish to retire and live the life of a simple country gentleman. The things which are dearest to the heart of the ordinary man are very dear to him. It is not generally known that whenever he can snatch an hour from the business of his office he spends it among the sheep in Hyde Park, and may be seen in spring feeding the new-born lambs with a fountain-pen filler. The shepherd frequently observes that he does not know what he would do without the PRIME MINISTER in the lambing season.

Lord Horder is famous among medicos for his interest in every branch of his subject, and also for his encouragement to struggling practitioners, especially those occupied in research. He spends much of his time voluntarily testing new discoveries, often at great personal inconvenience to himself. When a young physician discovers a fresh type of anæsthetic or stomachpump, "Try it on Lord Horder!" is the cry.

Well, I hope the idea is plain. If any newspaper cares to give me a percentage of the amount it saves in litigation I shall be delighted to publish glowing accounts of Lord Reaverbrook's generosity or Lord Rothermere's devotion to his favourite horse.

### At the Variety.

"CHILDREN'S OWN VARIETY SHOW" (AMBASSADORS).

ALL the performers in this amusing collection of Mr. SYDNEY CARROLL'S are under sixteen, and between them they form a redoubtable band. A few are already good enough in their particular lines to compete with their elders, and what the others lack in polish they largely make up in freshness and zeal. On the whole the dancing is the strongest point in the programme, with a lovely little ballet, some astonishing acrobatics and plenty of good patterwork; and the funny business is the weakest. It is asking a lot of any child, I know, to be funny all alone in a blaze of light and before rows of solemn strangers; but the Scouts in their annual "Gang-Show" prove annually that little boys (and why not little girls?) have a merciless sense of satire which, coming from small persons with cherubic faces, can be exquisitely diverting. Here there was very little burlesque.

While I am criticising, to me it seems a great pity to teach very promising little girls to dance in the hideous modern adult manner with a lot of imbecile hip-wriggling and head-waggling. Mainly I refer to ZONIE and OLGA, very small, alarmingly pretty and entirely unafraid young ladies, whose performance began incongruously and then, when they had forgotten to ape St. Vitus, ended charmingly. So far as I could see, there was no question of parody in their first

dance. Mr. BILLY THATCHER and Miss DOREEN PULLEN filled the difficult rôles of compère and commère with credit, Miss PULLEN showing a talent for mimicry which might have been given more Probably the two most chances. finished contributions came from Miss CYNTHIA KENTON and Miss MARIE DELMAR, both All-England Champion dancers. Miss Kenton led the ballet with real distinction, exhibiting a poise and lightness quite extraordinary at her age; and Miss DELMAR tied herself into knots which, even as a fisherman, I found it hard to follow. She appears to be utterly filleted and yet retains a

queer grace. In the patter-dancing class I enjoyed the performance of Miss Audrey Foster and Mr. Bobby Jenkins, who pattered beautifully on chairs and a table; and one of the very best things in the bill was an imitation by four members of the chorus of an express train starting and stopping, its sounds cleverly reproduced by their steps.

There was no dearth of individual turns, for there was Mr. ALBERT LEE,



ADD THIS TO YOUR DAILY DOZEN. It's so simple—a child can do it!

who came on to the stage carrying a

MISS MARIE DELMAR. mass of mouth-organs under his arm

A NICE LITTLE BOY AND AN ENFANT TERRIBLE.

MR. BILLY NORMAN AND FRIEND.

(rather in the manner of a Wimbledon star) which he even played standing on his head; Mr. DENNIS GILBERT, no

mean smiter of the xylophone, one of whose instruments included an ampli. fier, an idea which was new at least to me; Mr. RICHARD BARRS, whose mastery of a pack of cards pleased and disconcerted us, whose waistcoat kept changing pattern, though most of us spotted why, and who performed an unfathomable rope-trick; Miss EDNA MILLER, a comédienne in the school of Miss NELLIE WALLACE; VALENTINE, & small boy of infinite cheek; Mr. Bernard Hunter, whose voice is quite out of the ordinary and too good for the rather sloppy songs he sang; Mr. FREDERICK YOUNG, a "seat" singer whose vocal contortions drew round upon round of applause from the discerning infants of the audience. though I hesitate to picture the effect on his larynx; and various others who were all worth their place.

The book, by Mr. HERBERT FAR-JEON, was witty and well to the point. I have so often in print black. guarded the bagpipes, those strange devices for harnessing the rude winds of the North, and always with such bellicose results, that I shall say nothing of the DAGENHAM GIRL PIPERS except that they caused me as sharp an agony as I suffered at the Aldershot Tattoo earlier in the year, which means that they must be very proficient indeed.

### At the Chinese Exhibition.

Impressions.

What did the Duchess do? She stared at a dragon or two, She met some people she knew And, witch-like, stumped away. What did my Lady say? "But what a divine green frog! James, do buy a catalogue Before it's time to go. What did his Lordship know? That the colours were far too bright Since he'd danced on the previous night

From eleven till three. What did the children see? Most of them nothing at all Or a glimpse of a tapestried wall Through the legs of the crowd. What of the students bowed? All talking of T'ang and T'ing Too busy to look at a thing As they jargoned on and on. Where has the artist gone? He was so overcome by the heat That he promptly collapsed on a seat Till the tumult should die. What made Miss Filkins sigh? I think she had given the whole Of her heart to an ivory bowl And was saying—Good-bye.



IMPRESSIONS OF DRURY LANE.

### More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

Saturday, 30th November, 1935. DEAR WHELK,-I have always felt that Roughover Golf Club should be better known than it is, and it has often occurred to me you should do a bit of advertising; for there is no question that, if properly handled, this medium can produce great results. Further, as we have such an excellent course, it should not be difficult to sell our goods.

I don't quite know on what lines you should work, but an indirect approach would probably be best.

Hoping that you will accord my suggestion some real thought,

Yours sincerely, EZEKIEL HIGGS.

P.S.-To give you an example of what even a small advertisement can do, my wife had thirty-three letters when she wanted a kitchen-maid recently.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free-lance Journalist, Roughover.

2/12/35.

MY DEAR WHELK .- I could not help overhearing your conversation in the bar last night regarding the advertising of the Club, and I do hope you will not mind my writing to you about this and offering my services in the capacity of a free-lance journalist.

Of course it would be almost impossible to get an article into the Press on the Club as a Club, but should any novel or original incidents, etc., crop up which appear to you to have a definite news-value, do not hesitate to let me know, when I should be only too glad to write them up.

The sort of thing I mean would be :-

(1) Freak Occurrences, as Member doing hole in one; or killing anything with a golf-ballstoat, goat, etc.

(2) Tragedy: Finding of a bloodstained hat or niblick in one of the bunkers.

(3) Any good story (drawing-room) for the local "Muffins for Tea" Column. (I could say it came from the Club.) Yours sincerely,

M. PENWORTHY.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

Monday, 2nd December, 1935. DEAR SIR,-I have heard it rumoured that you are thinking of getting one

of those caricature-artists to come and do a series of sketches of the Club members with the view of getting them published in one of our weekly magazines as a sort of advertisement. But, believe me, this would be a very stupid move, for, although there is no doubt it might be an excellent scheme at any other club, once the general public see the sort of people who are members at Roughover you can take it from me they won't come within ten miles of the place.

Yours faithfully, A. McWHIGG.

From Douglas Wogger, Commission Agent, etc., High Street, Roughover.

2nd December, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I understand you are thinking of embarking on a big advertising scheme, and I should be glad to offer my services as agent.

In the meantime, therefore, might I bring to your notice the following schemes:-

(a) The issuing of a booklet containing Club history, with a general writeup of the amenities, together with several good photographs. (This would more or less pay for itself with ads.)

(b) Direct advertisement in the Press, starting with a small insertion in the Personal Columns, such as:

"Golf.-Roughover can put the STUFF OVER.

and with the same slogan lead up to something more imposing, say a quarter-page with full details about fees and other matters of interest; also a picture of the Club-House.

Hoping to be favoured with your esteemed commands,

> Yours faithfully, D. WOGGER.

P.S.—I suppose you would not think of using the Club tractor as an advertising medium? The cows too might have little ads. hung on their horns; but perhaps this would be carrying things too far.

From Miss Pamela Gopherly-Smyte, The Cottage, Roughover. Tuesday.

DEAR MR. WHELK, -I have a lovely suggestion for putting the Club on the map. Why not have a novel competition-say a mixed three-legged fancydress foursome (medal round); entrants to use polo-sticks and tennis-balls instead of clubs and golf-balls? Failing this you might stage a celebrity match—General Sir Armstrong Forcursue versus Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, both to be in full Service dress, if humanly possible.

I am sure either suggestion would

be well supported and the advertise. ment would be enormous. Also von would make simply quids from gate. money, etc. Yours sincerely,

PAM GOPHERLY-SMYTE.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig-Tree Villa. Roughover.

3/12/35.

DEAR SIR,-If you want the Club properly advertised you should use posters. My brother does this sort of work as a hobby, and I enclose a rough idea for one which he thought might appeal to you. He did the poster for the Whist Drive in February.

His terms are very moderate. Yours faithfully, R. BINDWEED.

[ENCLOSURE]

PLOUGHOVER GOLF CLUB CATERS FOR



THE MAN OF LEISURE AND

TASTE

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ich neumon, Roughover. 3/12/35.

MY DEAR MR. WHELK,-You will remember my son Eustace-the one who broke the window in the Reading-Room? Well, he is now doing a lot of broadcasting for one of those foreign stations (sponsored gramophone programmes), and as you are, I hear, thinking of doing some advertising, would you like me to write and ask him what could be done about Roughover Golf Club in this line?

Yours very sincerely, M. TRUELOVE.

P.S.—I see that you can now broadcast from aeroplanes by means of loud-speakers, etc. I understand the voice can be heard over several square miles from an altitude of 5,000 feet.

speaks P.S. 2.—Eustace very clearly.

From the Undersigned (The Big Four), Roughover Golf Club. 4/12/35.

SIR,-What is all this tomfoolery about advertising the Club? Surely you have sufficient intelligence left to be able to appreciate the fact that if you do this the place will be over-run with a lot of ghastly people we don't want, and there will be no peace for

anyone.

Kindly note that if you persist with this scheme and should any strangers be seen about the Club or course during the next few weeks, we, the Undersigned, shall make it our business to see that they do not come a second time.

Yours faithfully,
Armstrong Forcursue.
Lionel Nutmeg.
Harrington Nettle.
Charles Sneyring-Stymie.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

5/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—Further to our letter of the 4th, kindly put "Curtailment of Secretary's Powers" on the Agenda for the next meeting. You are getting far too big for your boots.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

. G. C. N.

### De Minimis.

High themes need the skill of the master.

But humble purveyors of rhyme Are sure of avoiding disaster

By choosing to shun the sublime; And though no renown be forthcoming. What pleasanter task can they find

What pleasanter task can they find Than the process of probing and plumbing

The depths of the Lilliput mind?

Though the worship of mammoth proportions

Looms large in our overgrown age, Though the cult of barbaric distortions In art still continues to rage.

I hail the minute counterpoises
Of souls who are simple and small,

Who are wholly unawed by Big Noises And never make any at all.

They hate the trombone and the tuba, But love the soft cadence of flutes; They never indulge in large Cuba

Cigars or Manilla cheroots;
They are not impressed by skyscrapers
That tower to a horrible height,

They never get into the papers
That flatter the Young and the Bright.

Great thoughts, Aristotle's or Plato's,
Their patience too heavily tax;
They feed on small beer, small

potatoes, Half-portions and delicate snacks; Dolls'-houses are always far dearer

To them than the dome of St. Paul's, And at Oxford they never get nearer To Greats than Responsions (or Smalls).



Young Beater. "'OLLERS' MARK OVER!' FOR A PHEASANT, DON'T YER? WOT D'YER DO IF IT'S A WOODCOCK?"

Old Hand. "I lies down on me feace, and if yer wants to live long ye'd better do same."

Long sentences move them to tedium;

They show a remarkable skill In handling their favourite medium, Words seldom exceeding one syll.;

They harbour no burning ambition
To girdle the earth in a trice,

Or to watch the inept parturition
By mountains of innocent mice.

On the jot and the tiniest tittle
With earnest attention they look,
And Eric; or, Little by Little
In youth was their favourite book.

Not even Miss Dell can inveigle
Their fancy or move them an inch
To follow the way of the eagle
Instead of the tit or the finch.

They crave no baronial mansion;
They do not appear in *Debrett*;
They feel not the need of expansion
Beyond a demure maisonette;

And they mostly frequent Littlehampton,

Whence none of them ever departs, For its name is indelibly stamped on Their faithful if undersized hearts.

C. L. G.



"THEY DON'T HAVE A CLOCK AT OUR PICTURE-HOUSE, AND I'VE PROMISED TO TAKE LITTLE DORIS HOME BY EIGHT-THIRTY TO HAVE HER BATE."

### Monsieur Paul Narrates.

#### VII.-The Mystery.

"In their dealings with other nations," said Monsieur Paul, "the English present a problem which is comparatively simple. You may call them either calculating and perfidious, if you are an enemy, or sentimental and stupid, if your feeling for them is friendly. It is in their relations with each other that their conduct becomes more difficult to define."

"I have not told you, I think, that it was once my good fortune to visit the Nearer East and to return to Europe by your noted P. & O. I had never before sailed in an English ship and I had not been long on board before my interest was greatly aroused by the solemn manner in which the passengers engaged in their sports. I am not, as you are aware, Monsieur, myself a sporting man, but I have observed that when my own countrymen play decktennis or shuffle-board they do so to pass the time. They laugh, they converse, and it is evident that their games are a pleasure to them. The English, however, seem to have some more

serious purpose in view. They played their games only on the instructions of a committee of the passengers, and in all their sports there was a devotion, a melancholy which convinced me that some important duty was being unfalteringly performed.

"Seeing these gloomy activities daily pursued, I naturally began to speculate as to their motive. As it was clear that mere pleasure was far from the minds of these English, I sought for other reasons.

"'Is it, perhaps,' I asked myself, 'health at which they aim, or the attainment of great agility?' But this seemed equally absurd. For a man who is ill will moderate his diet or he will take a purge, and the man whose aim is athletic prowess will practise assiduously in solitude. In neither case will he waste whole days in order to attain an object which could be better achieved in an hour of properly directed endeavour.

"I devoted much thought to this problem. I spent the greater part of my time eagerly watching the English at their ritual, but still the motive behind it eluded me. And then, on the last morning, I came upon a notice

from the Sports Committee which stated that in the evening prizes would be awarded to the successful competitors. 'Aha!' I thought to myself, 'where there is a prize-giving there will be speeches, and where there are speeches the inspiration of these strange activities will be revealed. Accordingly I attended the meeting.

I think I do not need, Monsieur, to describe to you in detail such a gathering. You will picture to yourself the half-circle of chairs behind the table on which the prizes are displayed. You will imagine in the Chair the clergyman by whose presence the unsuccessful competitors are reassured that the prizes have been honestly awarded; next to him the secretary of the Sports Committee with his disarming smile; then the rest of the Committee with folded arms and expressions of ferocious probity; and finally the competitors themselves grouped all around.

"The proceedings were opened by the clergyman. After recounting the humorous anecdote by means of which the English, whatever the occasion, like to emphasise their essential bonhomie, he became suddenly grave. He



Maid to Guest. "It's curious, Madam, how the fashions come round."

spoke in the most moving terms of the work of the Sports Committee. 'I think,' he said, 'that I am speaking for the whole company when I thank these men for the untiring loyalty and self-sacrifice with which they have performed their heavy task.'

"Bien!' I said to myself, 'this is all very English and very correct. The Committee have performed their task, and from the solemnity of the clergyman it is evident that the task was one of grave importance. The significance of the task, however, remains as much a mystery as it was before. Perhaps the secretary will be more explicit.'

But the secretary proved of even

less help than the clergyman. He also led off with a humorous anecdote, but in addition he made the joke about the ages of the lady competitors which the clergymen had forgotten. Then with the false modesty of the English he spoke slightingly of the work of his Committee. By implication he admitted that this work had been extensive, even that it had required a certain self-sacrifice, but he would by no means confess that it had been well done. After these humilities he also became grave. 'In conclusion,' he said,
'I think that I speak for the whole Committee when I thank the passengers for their part in our task. The work of the Committee may have been

arduous. It may have taken much time and thought. But had it not been for the unfailing loyalty and devotion of the passengers who gave their time to these sports, our task could not have been performed at all.'

"He sat down amid applause and I took my head in my hands. 'What is this?' I said to myself. 'The passengers play games; the Committee organises the games for the benefit of the passengers, but it appears that the passengers only take part in the games in order to help the Committee.' It was then that I concluded, as so many foreigners have suspected before me, that the English are indeed mad."

ur lig w



"GOOD-BYE, DEAREST. FOULEST PARTY WE'VE EVER BEEN TO."
"SO-LONG, DARLING; YOU'RE PERFECT SWINE TO TURN UP."

### The Anti-Lionel.

I LOOKED up and saw out of the French-window that Lionel was advancing over the grass. I had been at some trouble to put some small sticks across to ensure that people should go round by the path. But Lionel kept to the grass, stepped daintily over the sticks, and then burst in by the window.

"Shut that window," I said sharply.
"And, Lionel, you see those little sticks?
Do you know what they are for?"

"Now I wonder," he said. Then, hastily—"No, don't tell me; I should like to guess. Let me see. Cricket, can it be? No. Cover for the pheasants? No. Don't tell me; I'll get it! It's to prevent people from walking there."

"Exactly. Anyone but a perfect ass would have known it at once."

"I did know at once," said Lionel complacently.

"Then why," I asked, "did you not go round? Don't you see that if everyone goes that way a path will be worn?" "Yes, but everyone isn't so selfish as I am."

"You alone will wear it bare in time."

"Then have higher sticks, old boy. It's quite simple. Have higher sticks. Let me see—how high? I used to be able to jump about five-foot-five. I could jump over four foot to-day. The sticks should be four-foot-six above ground, and another six inches below ground. That's five foot. Fine! You can call it 'The Anti-Lionel,' just as they had antimacassars in good QUEEN VICTORIA'S day. The Anti-Lionel—I like the sound of it. What did I say? Five foot? I'll go and see your gardener about it."

He leapt up, opened the window, and began to hurry away without shutting it.

"Shut that window!" I shouted.

He came back and shut it, and then
strode off across the grass again.

"I am not a fence five foot high," I said bitterly, "but I am definitely an Anti-Lionel." A. W. B.

### Modes for Movies.

The blow has fallen at last. I have been sent a catalogue of clothes, and, running my eye along the captions to the illustrations of lightweight coats "for the Riviera," velvet gowns for "formal" wear, "clever" coatees for bridge and "amusing" flowers (with natural scent) for the shoulder, elaborate suits of satin into which, it seems, it is the thing to put yourself for the purpose of drinking a cocktail, tweeds for the moor-minded, together with suggestions in silken "slumberwear" and practical knockabout mink coats at two hundred guineas (N.B. With collapsible slapstick in chromium, ten guineas?), I came across the formidable words—

"Modes for the little dinner, the Opera and the Cinema."

I am long broken to comic hats costing five guineas and resembling a coalshovel on which a cockerel has perished

untimely; I am fortified against the lightweight coat for the Riviera to which I am not going, and the clever coatee for the bridge I don't play; I am even steeled against those accessories of the toilet whose description of "amusing" is apt to mean an aspect of humour I cannot afford to display; but up to now the cinema at least was safe, a faithful funkhole into which one could bolt in one's near-coneyette (or Russian rat) coat and unfashionably comfortable hat that even fits one's head.

And now that earth has been stopped. There is a "wear" for the picture palace. What form it takes the catalogue omitted to tell me, and I suspect a catch somewhere, for the catalogue also fails to shed a ray of hope that cinema-wear is for the more expensive seats and will leave the one-and-twopennies, and even the two-and-fourpennies, immune.

Just "For the Cinema." Like that. Will it be costly-severe, or ruinousclever, or merely amusing? Will it call for yet more hats that do not suit or fit me? And in time will not these cinestyles lead inevitably to more particularised wear to match the feature film one is going to see? Will the District - Commissioner - cum - negroid spectacular picture evoke catalogues which include such items as,

THE "SANDERSUIT."

Picturesque ensemble expressed in sheer native-woven Pampasella, sleeves lavishly-trimmed cowrieshells. In Women's X, S.W. and S.S.W.

And (for men),

THE "RIPARIAN."

Lounge model in African tiger. Superb pelts finely barred; cuffs, finished shark's teeth. Thirty guineas. With false teeth, twentyfive guineas.

And,

THE GARBO SHOE.

With extra-strong Vamp. Walk With Allure!

Then, of course, there is the question of correct wear for the ARLISS fan, which may lead to:

No Man who Respects His Appear-ANCE WILL BE SEEN THIS SEASON

at a George Arliss première without a monocle.

OUR CRYSARLISS LENSES

combine the absolute appearance of those supplied in genuine cases of optical trouble with the crystal clarity of the ordinary windowpane, and afford that distinguished



"'IDE ME, SERGEANT, THERE'S AN 'ELL OF A BIG BLOKE CHASIN' ME."

WHAT FOR?

"NOTHINK. I ONLY PINCHED 'IS WATCH."

finish to otherwise unremarkable evening-dress, however faultlessly cut, together with a completely unimpeded view of the screen.

DON'T BE LIKE THE NEXT MAN! LOOK LIKE THE LAST GENTLEMAN! Say Crysarliss. No Others Are as Clear.

The Plutocrat, 10/6.

The Diplomat (9-carat gold-wash rim), 15/-.

The Aristocrat (on one-yard good quality half-inch moiré RACHEL. ribbon), 21/-.

#### "Physician Remediate Thyself."

"Please send me your booklet, 'How you can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a This request does not obligate me in any way."
From an Advertisement Reply Coupon.

"RECTOR FIGHTS FIRE IN PYJAMAS." News Heading.

We understand that one leg was completely destroyed.

"To relieve the monotony of sitting, the audience are asked to rise during the rendering of the Chorus, 'Fix'd in His everlasting seat.'"—Choir Festival Programme.

How very confusing!

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### Cæsar and His Fortunes.

There are three ways, I take it, of tackling that chief crux of an historical novel, its dialogue. You can import the idiom of your period—literally translated if of alien origin; you can avoid any striking access of temporal colour whatsoever; or you can transmute the speech of the past into more or less equivalent modernisms. The second method, with hints of the third, is Miss Phyllis Bentley's choice for an animated handling of the career of Julius Cæsar. It is a choice, I feel, that does not make for the highest verisimilitude or the most memorable beauty—you have only to compare Freedom, Farewell! (Gollancz, 8/6) with, say, Marius the Epicurean, to draw this conclusion—but it does produce a lively narrative, characters in whose personal fortunes it is possible to take an interest and, for

those of us whose familiarity with the classics lies behind them, an engaging challenge to the renewal of old acquaintance. I am not sure that Miss BENTLEY quite pulls off her CÆSAR, buther women, especially CESAR'S mistress and daughter, are admirably conceived; and she threads her way through the conspiratorial underworld of her period with competence and ease.

## A Great Journalist.

"MEZZOFANTI himself would have scratched in a match with HAROLD WIL-LIAMS," SIR SAMUEL

HOARE remarks in his Preface to Cheerful Giver: The Life of Harold Williams, by His Wife (PETER DAVIES, 10/6). His mastery of tongues was astonishing and invaluable to him in his career; but this record of his life and services, by his devoted wife and collaborator, brings out far more clearly the qualities of character-fearlessness, gentleness, honesty and loyalty-which endeared him to his colleagues. He inspired but never abused confidence; he was, as the French Ambassador called him, le tombeau des secrets. Of Cornish origin, born and educated in New Zealand, he went to Russia as an ardent lover of freedom and reform, leaving it profoundly distrustful of Soviet methods, but unembittered by all that he had seen and endured. Invited to write for The Times in May, 1921, he was made Foreign Editor in 1922, and by his encyclopædic knowledge—though he professed ignorance of finance and economics-his acute judgment and admirable style proved a tower of strength to the paper until his death in 1928. Many tributes to his memory are quoted in these fascinating pages, none truer or finer than Mr. MAURICE BARING's lines :-

> "Upon the bread and salt of Russia fed, His heart with her high sorrow soared and bled; He kept the bitter bread and gave away The shining salt to all who came his way."

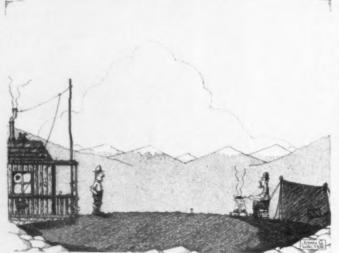
#### An Inn with a Dark Past.

Invention rather than imagination has, I feel, helped Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER to establish a gruesome history for what is now a sedate and hospitable temperance house on the road between Bodmin and Launceston. Her clever novel exhibits a close affinity to Wuthering Heights; but the sense that a hand-made pattern is reproduced by mechanical means is not always absent from the savagery of its circumstances and the distinction of its style. Mary Yellan, who faces the horrors of Jamaica Inn (GOLLANCE, 7/6) out of pity for her aunt, cowed wife of its notorious landlord, is not quite the same Mary Yellan as the girl who falls in love with her uncle's brother, the horse-thief, and connives at the story's one and only excursion into picaresque relief. She is an admirable pivot for the tale, but hardly sustains coherence herself. Joss Merlyn, the landlord strikes me as a coarser Heathcliff. The really original figure is that throwback to a pre-Christian Cornwall, the albino parson of Altarnum, whose subtle connection with the

> villain, the heroine, and the unwinding of their mutual mystery, is an ingenious and fascinating piece of strategic characterisation.



Mr. LANCELOT PEART must be forgiven for adding to the groaning shelves of our fishing library with South Country Fisherman (CAPE, 8/6), for to live in a mill-house on the Kennet, to breed trout as a job and to have gone after nearly every kind of fish since early childhood is ample excuse. We anglers being notoriously full to the brim with



"COMING OVER TO HEAR THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC", BUDDY ?"

funny prejudices, I note with interest quite untinged with scorn his conviction that the wet-fly and the nymph come so immeasurably lower in the social scale of mockentomology that to a self-respecting dry-fly man they should be almost indistinguishable from worms, though personally I find the true wet-fly method calls for greater skill; and in the same way I accept but do not begin to understand his preference for live-baiting instead of spinning for pike. The best chapters are those on the whole fascinating business of river management, which Mr. Peart knows backwards, and they give a delightful portrait of the old type of river-keeper, now, alas, declining. This is not one of the great fishing-books, for its author is not always so neat with his pen as he must be with his rod; but it is a very honest book, written out of a deep affection for the riverside, and, prejudices apart, a well-informed one.

#### Naval Conference, Please Note.

"The Supreme Court has already torpedoed the main pillars of the structure of the New Deal, and there is every reason to believe that the decision of the three hundred cases still before it will wreck what remains."—Scots Paper.

"Sower wanted for haggis making."—" Wants" Column. So that's what they mean by "piping it in."



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD THE TO TAKE IT IN, YOU STUPID MAN, THAT I'M ONLY A LEARNER?"

#### The Character.

"He looks a real character," said Edith, "like something out of DICKENS. Not that I have read anything of DICKENS for years and years, and then it was only Vanity Fair; but you don't have to read DICKENS to know what something out of DICKENS looks like."

We had stopped for lunch at an old inn in a country town. We were sure it was a really old inn because it was just called "The Bull" instead of "Ye Olde Bulle," and because the great beams across the dining-room were hidden by whitewashed paper, and because most of the pictures on the wall were modern. And the waiter who had just taken our orders for soup certainly did look like something out of Dickens. He must have been very nearly eighty, and his black clothes, though well-cared-for, were apparently almost as old. He knew how to wait too, speaking in a soft but audible whisper, standing behind the chair without breathing down one's neck.

"I expect he has served here, man and boy, for fifty or sixty years," said Edith. "Why don't you get into conversation with him? He must have seen some strange things in his time. You could make an article out of him for *Home Hours*, called 'Fifty Years Behind a Napkin.' Maybe his memory goes back to the old coaching days."

"That would make him about a hundred," I said; "and as for getting into conversation with him for the purposes of an article, I feel it would be a liberty."

"Then I will," said Edith. "No sense in letting a couple of guineas walk in and out of the room without stretching out a hand."

So when he brought the fish Edith said what a fine old inn it was, wasn't it? And the waiter said it was considered so, Ma'am, and what would we take to follow?

When he brought the fricassee of chicken (which actually looked and tasted like chicken) Edith made another attempt.

"My husband was saying that you reminded him of a waiter out of DICKENS," she said in the shameless way that women have, "and he won-

dered if you remembered things that happened here years and years ago. I mean to say, I expect you've been here, man and boy, for quite a time?"

He looked at me as if he thought I might do better to mind my own business, and I hastily ordered lamb and two yeg. so that he could depart.

"You are just wasting a golden opportunity," said Edith. "He must be about the last surviving genuine vintage waiter in England. Anybody can tell he has been a waiter all his life, and if only you'd backed me up we should have heard a lot."

But when I called in at the bar on the way out, afraid that Edith had offended the man, I was pleased to hear him say to another waiter that he wouldn't mind meeting "that red-haired man" again in the way of business.

When Edith joined me outside she laughed.

"I've been making inquiries about that Dickensian waiter of yours," she said. "He's an odd man they've taken on temporarily. He's the local undertaker's assistant."

### Il Duce.

I HEARD the voice of MUSSOLINI say
Across the Pontine marshes and the sea:
"Rome was not fashioned in a single day:
So is it with Imperial Italy."

I heard him and his voice was wonderful, Like the great bellowing of a frog or bull "Our mission is to make the barbarian bend And prove that peace must triumph in the end-The peace of Progress that can only come By means of adequate petroleum. Who are these niggers? A disgusting mass. They have no shells, they have no poison-gas. These we can pour upon them and not spare To bomb their Red Cross hospitals from the air. But lest it were too awful in such case To meet the strength of Italy face to face, We do not make our dear lads bear the brunt, But prod the friendly tribesman on in front, Bribed with our gold. . . . From everywhere it springs; Our wives have melted down their wedding-rings (And woe betide them if, to escape the toll, They put mere bronze in the collecting-bowl). Nor shall we pause till the last drop of blood Of the last affied chieftain falls in the mud.

Is there a nation, seeing all this toil,
That dares to say we should not have our oil?
Is there a statesman to oppose our path
And earn Benito's unrelenting wrath,
Rather than find within the walls of Rome,
After much wandering, his Mental Home?"

I heard the voice of Mussolini bray,
Across the Pontine marshes and the sea,
Something of that sort and then fade away,
And very wonderful it seemed to me. Evor.

#### Charivaria.

Mr. L. S. Amery has drawn attention to the possibilities of the Odyssey as a film. We seem to visualise Arlysses.

\* \* \*

The Ealing bank cashier who chased a bandit and brought him down with a Rugby tackle is considered to have demonstrated the advantage of this game over Association as a training for a banking career.

\* \* \*

A visitor from South Africa complains that the English weather doesn't agree with him. Several meteorological experts have a similar grievance.

\* \* \*

"Total drunkenness is passing out," states a prohibitionist. Does not he describe it beautifully?

\* \* \*

In view of the extended mechanisation of our cavalry it is understood in military circles that trumpeters will sound "Garages" instead of "Stables."

\* \* \*

The French War Ministry, on the other hand, has given authority for the troops to be supplied with oysters. Which they with sword will open.

Trams are for sale at two pounds apiece, but intending purchasers should clearly understand that this price does not include the rails.

"There is no reason why people of to-day should suffer from gout," states a doctor. There is no reason why they should enjoy it either.

Caviar is reported to have been found to be a remedy for rickets. It is imperative therefore in such cases to send for a good Harley Street sturgeon.

\* \* \*

The rumour that Italy had undertaken to reorganise the Chinese fighting forces has been officially denied. It is thought more probable, however, that Italy may undertake the reorganisation of the Italian fighting forces.

\* \* \*

"Collecting ancient coins is a nice quiet hobby," asserts an antiquarian. We cannot say the same about collecting modern ones.

Statistics show that two wireless-sets are bought for every child born in this country. It seems a good case for the N.S.P.C.C.

A temperance lecturer says no man is the same after six whiskies as he was before. Why, after all, should he waste his money?

The name of a man who was married the other day is WILL NOTT. None the less, he did.

\* \* \*

"Stands Britain where she did?" asks a writer. We must consult an atlas.

A man who expected to be left a legacy of a fishing-fleet when his uncle died recently, ultimately learned that he was to receive only a part-share in a fishing-boat. It was of course a bit of a smack for him.

\* \* \*

An expert says you can often tell a genuine antique by tapping it sharply. This is specially true in the case of eggs.

# The Puzzling Shades of Hades.

When Orpheus smote his tuneful lyre Among the Slocumbe Regis choir, Who, greatly daring, undertook The celebrated work by GLUCK, Or, as some put it, tried their luck In choruses composed by Gluck, The name of his unhappy spouse Diverse opinions did arouse For, while sopranos strong but screechy Duly lamented Eurydice And altos on the lower G Bewailed the lost Eurydice, The basses scorned distinctions nice And loudly called on Eurydice; Whereby a dire confusion fell Which ceased not till the gates of hell Their unanimity restored, Where, blending in a common chord, They one and all proclaimed their dread Of Cerebos with triple head. H. C. B.



# WHEN KNIGHTS ARE BOLD.

"IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. A CIVILISED MAN MUST PROTECT HIMSELF—AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN."



The Caddie. "IT TREMBLED DISTINCTLY THAT TIME, SIR."

# Bright Girl Wanted.

I was very sorry to lose Miss Bossom. To tell the truth, when she came and told me that she was proposing to cease being my secretary and to start being somebody else's wife the full significance of the statement did not strike me. I was surprised that Miss Bossom was going to be married (she had hardly struck me as that sort of girl), and I was a little hurt to think that life with some stranger should seem preferable to typing my letters. But on calm reflection I thought at first that it was all for the best. There had always been a certain individualism in Miss Bossom's spelling and a surge of creative desire in her free renderings of her shorthand notes which bespoke a mind reaching out towards the Fuller Life. Certainly it never occurred to me that there would be any difficulty in filling her place. All I wanted, after all, was a secretary-just an ordinary girl who could shorthand and typewrite

and answer a telephone and so on. And while I was about it I might even get one who could type an accurate letter and who didn't sniff.

Looking back on it now, it seems incredible. But I place it on record that during Miss Bossom's last few days I never worried about the matter at all. I'm not sure I was even sorry. I did nothing about it until Miss Bossom had actually gone. Somehow it would have seemed vaguely indecent to have applicants passing into my office under the cold calculating Bossom eye. But as soon as the great day came and all that was left of the late Miss Bossom (and future Mrs. Light) was a shrouded typewriter and an old copy of Modern Woman, I rang up an agency and told them I wanted a secretary. The agency made a few brisk inquiries about salary and said they would ship me along some samples. They did.

The trouble began about an hour later. I do not know where agencies

keep their applicants, but in view of the fact that it is quite three-quartersof-an-hour from the agency's office to mine, I suppose they must have them in a store-room in the basement. cannot say I like interviewing. Being interviewed, yes. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be asked a string of shrewd penetrating questions. But interviewing (particularly females) is another matter. It seems so abominably rude to ask people if they can spell, and what their speeds are, and where they've been working and how much they expect to be paid, and have they got any references? I always end by adopting a "this is too silly, but I must say it as a formality" attitude which is designed to put us both at our ease. Speaking for myself, it never does.

Nevertheless, for the first interview this technique worked fairly well. I have often thought since that this first girl would probably have been quite all right if I had only foreseen what would happen and engaged her on the spot. But she happened to be almost a complete duplicate of Miss Bossom, and at that time I was still obsessed with the idea of change and getting away from the Bossom type. So I told her I would let her know and sent her away. And after that things went from bad to worse. I interviewed six more.

No. 1.—A motherly soul, quite twenty years my senior and slightly deaf. I did not ask for her experience but she gave it me. In outline it took half-an-hour and included service with almost every firm I had ever heard of and many I had not.

No. 2.—A blonde (I suspect synthetic). Came in smelling, if not exactly of musk and insolence at least of Ashes of Desire and Cheek. Responded to my rather nervously friendly methods of interviewing so warmly that I was appalled. Felt inclined to ring up the agency and point out that when I said a secretary I meant a secretary and not a "broad-minded and adaptable girl."

No. 3.—A mouselike creature, apparently in a state of extreme terror. My most cheery efforts could not get her beyond monosyllables, and after ten minutes I gave it up and dismissed her, still monosyllabic but apparently much relieved.

No. 4. — A terrifying experience. Eton-cropped and forty. Entered with a firm step bringing in a blast of rude health and efficiency. Interviewed me quite kindly but firmly. Married but separated from husband. Informed me, unasked, that he was a weakling. I'm quite sure that that department would have been far better run if I had taken her on, but I did not see what would have become of me. Suspect that I should have been dismissed as a weakling too.

No. 5.—Extremely suspicious. Made searching inquiries as to hours and wages, and complained that the district was inconvenient and the office unpleasant. Not at all convinced by my apologies. Told me pointedly that she had left the last job because her employer Had Not Acted Like a Gentleman. I should like to have met him. He may not have been a Gentleman but he was a Man. Went away having announced that she did not think the job would suit her. I am still wondering why she came.

By this time I was far gone. I seemed to have been saying the same things over and over again for weeks,



"WHAT ABOUT GRANDPA?"

"Bless ye, 'E BE ALL RIGHT. WON'T 'AVE IT THE DROUGHT'S OVER."

and the first fine spontaneity was missing. I was bitterly conscious that my charming smile of greeting had degenerated into a sickly and inane grin, and my lighthearted little quip about my disbelief in references was getting badly worn at the elbows.

I can only suppose that it was this combination of circumstances that made me engage Miss Diggle. I believe by that time I would have engaged anybody who showed any signs of being an ordinary human being. And whatever else you can say about Miss Diggle, she is an ordinary pleasant girl. Of course she isn't like Miss Bossom

(Mrs. Light now, I suppose). She can't spell for toffee and her transcriptions of her shorthand notes (even when the notes have been given at the rate of one line a minute) are a thing to marvel at. Moreover it is taking her a long time to pick up the mass of little technical details which Miss Bossom had at her finger-tips. (She still puts two lumps of sugar in my tea.) But nevertheless I wouldn't lose Miss Diggle for worlds, and I'm going to raise her salary next month. Maybe she isn't worth it, but if I don't she may go, and then I shall have to ring up an agency. . . .

No, no; a thousand times No.

# Mr. Porter Minds the Office.

ORDINARILY of course this is Sidney's job: I mean looking after the office while the rest of us are out at lunch. But on Wednesdays Sidney goes to the City with a letter from Mr. Harbottle, and then Padgett automatically takes his place and the quick-lunch people round the corner automatically forget to send a boy along with a sandwich until Padgett rings up to remind them. Ham with mustard. All this is known as system.

But last week the system broke down. Sidney went off as usual, and Padgett went off too to have his hair cut. So after a lot of arguing (by Mr. Porter) it was settled (by Mr. Chudleigh) that Mr. Porter should mind the office.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter at last. "I haven't any idea what I ought to do if armed bandits broke in and asked for the petty cash. I don't even know where the petty cash is."

"Take that jar marked 'Bloater Paste," said Mr. Chudleigh. "What do you see inside it?'

"Bloater paste," said Mr. Porter.
"Oh. Well, take the next one. Now what do you see?"

"Ten-and-sevenpence and a walnut." "Ah. Now if you do have to take any money out for expenses you must make a note on a slip of paper and put it in the jar. And if armed men should break in-though it is unlikely-you should simply lift the receiver and ask for the police-station.

"Oke," said Mr. Porter. He had found a tin lid and some nails in Sidney's drawer. "I never remember how that telephone works, by the

way."
It is extraordinary," said Mr. Chudleigh, with a look that meant all of us, "how people fail to master a little thing like that. Look at the switchboard as it is now. Those pegs up, that peg down, and the rest flat. Dear me. It's three minutes past one. Now, if I put that peg up, what happens?"
"Nothing," said Mr. Porter.

"Quite right," said Mr. Chudleigh triumphantly. "You're cut off from the Exchange. Now, if I put these two up and that one flat, you're through again. Well, it's three minutes past one. I think that's everything.

"Oke," said Mr. Porter.

When we got back the room looked different. "I like the tin lid hanging up with all that coloured tape threaded through the holes," said Miss Elking-But it's not that. Oh, I see.

Some of the furniture's been rearranged and the rug's gone.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Porter, who was typing. He pulled the paper out and handed it to Mr. Chudleigh. "Expenses." And this is what we saw as we gathered round:-

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"You have to remember that Sidney's typewriter has no 'b' and three semi-colons, and then you can read it." he went on. "The first word's 'barrel.' Barrel organ. It came along and started playing one of the only two tunes I really loathe. Then it went on to the other. So I decided to throw the man a halfpenny to show him how I felt."

"But it says a shilling," said Miss

Elkington.

"It was a shilling. I realised as it went through the window. Well, the music stopped and there was a knock at the front-door. Come back for more, I thought. So I flung the door open, and there on the step was a different man altogether. It's an odd sensation to expect to see a tall man in a cap and then see a short man in a ginger moustache. Well, I'm off. I'm hungry." And Mr. Porter put his

"What's the next item," asked Mr.

"One gadget. Bought from the man with the ginger moustache. I had to compensate him for jerking the door open when he was half leaning on it. But the extraordinary thing was that when he'd gone I noticed a packet on the step. A sandwich. I bit it. Anyone suddenly finding a sandwich would have done the same. And for one terrible moment I thought I was done

"My sandwich," said Padgett. "Ham with mustard.'

"Oh, was that it? I didn't notice the ham. Anyhow, when I could see again I wrapped the sandwich up and put it back. But about the gadget. Actually it will be extremely useful. I've only tried the pencil-sharpening part, but I got down to the end of Sidney's pencil in no time. I was grinding away and I never heard anyone come in, but when I looked up there was a small dark man with a gigantic roll of carpets.'

Mr. Chudleigh was looking rather dazed. "'Carpet, five shillings,'" he read. "But we didn't want a carpet."

"We do now," I said, pointing to the floor. Mr. Chudleigh blinked.

"It's a long story," said Mr. Porter. "He kept on unrolling carpets and jumping on them and rolling them up again, talking all the time. But at last I did convince him that we didn't want a Persian carpet fifty feet square in an office this size. 'Look at that rug,' I said. 'What's wrong with that?' And it was about the worst thing I could have done."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because it started him off on another tack. I've forgotten what was wrong, but it took him ten minutes to tell me, and in the end he said he could make it all right for thirty bob. And before I could do anything he'd rolled it up and tied it on to the carpets. And this was where my business sense came in.'

We listened carefully.

"I said, 'Look here, how do I know you'll bring that rug back?' And he said that if I gave him five shillings as a deposit it would be a guarantee of his honesty. I was doubtful; five shillings wasn't much, I told him. But he said it was enough. So I handed over the money and he gave me the

Mr. Porter stopped and thought for a moment. "Do you know," he went on, "I believe now that there was a flaw in it."

Mr. Chudleigh swallowed and looked "Excess postage, fourat the list. pence,' " he said. "Well, I suppose the postman couldn't have cheated you over that."

"Oh, that was all right," said Mr. Porter. "Well, I'm off. I'm starving."

Mr. Chudleigh looked at him and at the paper. "You ate three sausagerolls-and paid for them out of the petty cash, and you're still hungry

"Oh, those," said Mr. Porter, taking his hat off again. "Rubber ones. I bought them from a man who'd sold them to royalty. They look exactly like sausage-rolls, but they squeak."

He moved towards the door. "There was something else. I know I spent all the ten-and-sevenpence. Oh, yes-the organ-man came back, and I realised he thought I liked the tunes, so I gave him all the rest of the money. Only ninepence, but still.

Mr. Porter opened the door and put his hat on. "Now I come to think of it," he remarked, looking thoughtfully at Mr. Chudleigh, "the telephone didn't ring once." But I don't think Mr. Chudleigh heard him, because he had just found the sausage-rolls.

## What Happened to Charles.

Now Charles had been brought up with care

At Number 12, Begonia Square, And taught while still extremely young

Not to misuse the English tongue. No words unfit for him to hear Had ever reached his sheltered ear: For instance, such disgusting slang As "Gosh" and "Golly," "Blow" and "Hang;"

Imagine therefore what a pang His learned father felt one day When Charles distinctly said "Okay."

"Charles!" cried his father in amaze, "Where did you learn that vulgar phrase?

Refrain from using it, I pray," And meekly Charles replied "Okay."

The horrid habit grew and grew; It seemed the only word he knew: Whatever he was asked to do-To eat or drink, to work or play-

> At last his father took him to That interesting place, the Zoo, And most politely asked to see

> > "To make the Zoo a little present. Your parrot-house, as I have heard, Has ample room for one more bird; Then take, I beg, this creature here, Whose squawking grates upon my

> > > "Delighted!" Mr. B. replied; "One of our birds has lately died. I'll just take down his name and age . .

Keeper, conduct him to his cage!"

So now, whene'er the weather's

His brothers, Claud and Constantine, Are brought on Sundays after church

To look at Charles upon his perch. "Observe, before it is too late, Your disobedient brother's fate And see how vulgar catchwords

can Transform a little gentleman."
"Yes, yes, Papa," the boys reply, While wicked Charles pretends to

cry. But after they have gone away He cocks his head and screams

"Okay!"







### At the Pictures.

Two of the Best.

IT seems, according to that article in The Times the other day, that Captain BLIGH of the Bounty was not nearly as bad as Mr. LAUGHTON makes him. Ashore and with his family he appears to have done nothing worse than forbid his daughters to dine with friends two days running. However, what the daughters say is not evidence; for from the film, Mutiny on the Bounty, you do not gather that Captain BLIGH ever did anything so human as to have any daughters.

This is not to say that Mr. LAUGHTON doesn't make him credibly complex. Between the scenes of brutality we get sudden disturbing hints that BLIGH, monster though he may have been, had conscience-trouble at intervals. Moreover in the long-boat, with the men who followed him after the mutiny, he seems to lose much of his unpleasantness; possibly because the object of his concentration was no longer the petty one of making every man tremble at the sight of him but the tremendous one of getting his tiny boat to land. There was no room and no leisure to cultivate his repellent personality.

It is Mr. Laughton, as usual, who gives the memorable performance, but the film as a whole is a very consider-



A PLEASURE CRUISE.

Bligh.... Charles Laughton.

able achievement. It would have been improved by some cutting of the irrelevant Tahitian scenes, as will be admitted by everyone but the large public those scenes were put in to attract. (There always has to be at least one good old kiss-clinch to show

on a poster.) All the same, I am open to conviction that something of this kind was needed to make fully effective



A SOUTH SEA IDYLL.

Smith . . . . . HERBERT MUNDIN.

the mutineers' dismay at the sight of a British ship off the island.

Inveterate or chronic filmgoers may be interested to find that, after the first shock of recognition, the sailors of the Bounty cease to remind them of the traffic-cops, the valets, the gangsters portrayed by many of these actors in the past. Even Messrs. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone, though they have more deeply-rooted modern associations to disperse from our minds, manage to be convincing. As for Mr. Laughton, who is a different villain every time, he is the perfect converse among filmactors of Mr. Arliss, who succeeds every time in being the same hero.

[Stop Press News, however, is that Mr. Arliss has repented of his beneficent ways at last and is to be a villain again.]

Mutiny on the Bounty is an example of one kind of film that Hollywood can do extremely well; The Bride Comes Home is an excellent example of another. Whether this one would have been done as well without CLAUDETTE COLBERT, though, is a question. There are COLBERT fans who will tell you with superiority about the perfect performance they saw her give in a play in London in the mid-nineteentwenties, but the rest of us do not need that fragrant memory to brim the cup of our appreciation. All she has to do is to go on acting in intelligent and witty films.

There is of course the danger of the formula. The Bride Comes Home is made to the same formula as She Married Her Boss and the respected parent of every film of this kind, It Happened One Night; indeed the publicity admits the fact and announces it as an attraction. At the moment, and with the acting of CLAUDETTE COLBERT, it is an attraction. But the formula will not—I feel it necessary to mention this—remain an attraction for the next ten years.

Meanwhile, The Bride Comes Home is very well worth seeing. Again, as in I.H.O.N., Miss Colbert is in the position of a rich girl without money; again, as in both I.H.O.N. and S.M.H.B., she quarrels with a man. This time the man is Fred MacMurray, the toughest of the lot. Again, as in I.H.O.N., she interrupts her marriage to the Other Man (Robert Young), convinced that the man she quarrels with is the man she wants to marry.

This time, however, the marriage is solemnised more hilariously than any marriage was ever solemnised before, thanks to our old friend, Mr. Edgar Kennedy. I don't know how you feel, but I think I should never tire of watching Mr. Kennedy register exasperation. There must be others who feel like this, because whenever Mr. Kennedy appears in any film, whether as a policeman or merely as a husband, exasperation is what he almost always has to register.



Jeanette Desmereau (CLAUDETTE COLBERT). "You're not human."

Cyris Anderson (FRED MACMURRAY). "WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE TOO SMART TO BE HUMAN."

No particular story emerges (you will observe) from these notes. None emerges from the film either; but it doesn't matter. R. M.

### Translations from the Ish.

IX.-EDUCATION NOTE.

Solicitude for the ignorant Reaches its peak In the book I see advertised to-day.

How to Exercise and How to Breathe,

How to Sleep, How to Think And How to Speak.

The illogical publishers assume, I notice,

That they already know How to read.

### X.-TIME-LAG.

Nature Moves slowly in the provinces, Where she is still plagiarising Last year's Art.

### XI.—SKIRTING THE ABYSS.

"Only the fact that my last book Seems to have escaped the notice Of anyone connected with the films Reassures me enough,"

Wrote the novelist In his Introduction,

"To write another."

#### XII.—Persecution Mania.

The Ish traveller in London
Should guard against succumbing
To the persecution mania of the
English,

Each one of whom is sure
That policemen
Wait for him to step off the pavement
Before waving on the traffic,

And that the day's weather has been chosen

Because it is what he personally Does not want.

#### XIII.-FAÇADE.

Parrots owe much
To their fortuitous
And often misleading
Expression of good-nature.

#### XIV .- THE HUMORIST.

On his wall is the aphorism
(From Dr. Johnson):
A man may write at any time
If he will set himself doggedly to
IT,
And also Hazlitt's

More ominous and terrifying warning:
THE MORE A MAN WRITES

THE MORE HE CAN WRITE.

Fortified by these,



"HER LADYSHIP'S COLD IS SLIGHTLY BETTER, BUT SHE CAN STILL ONLY WALK ROUND THE ROOM IN A WHISPER."

He lives glum laborious days, Slowly producing small works Designed to wring a smile From the rare, jaded but persevering reader Who battles through them to the

end.

A faint gleam may be detected

In his own eye
As he looks at the further aphorism
From Dr. Johnson:

NO MAN BUT A BLOCKHEAD EVER WROTE, EXCEPT FOR MONEY,

And a less faint gleam When he receives a cheque.

XV .- WARNING.

When you see a small boy

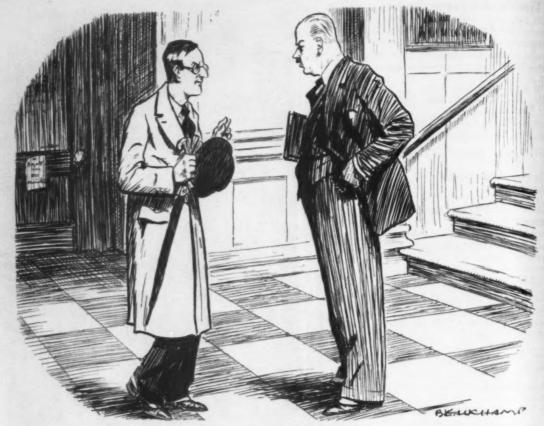
Scrutinising you,
Think of the awful figure you will
cut
Thirty years hence
In his reminiscences.

#### XVI.-LIFE IS LIKE THAT.

Night after night the young poet saw From his garret One lighted upper window In a distant house.

He entertained the fancy
That this was the room of a beautiful
gir.

Late, he would think, "She is ceading in bed." Early, "She is dressing to go out."



"AR, MR. JONES, YOU ARE JUST THE MAN THE CHIEF IS ASKING FOR."

He grew sentimental about her window, And gazed at it always With tender indulgence.

One day He took a walk near the house And slowly, unwillingly worked out That the window about which He had been so happily romancing Was that of

The Jollybillies' Hotspot Billiard Saloon (Fully licensed).

#### XVII.—FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.

The man who had noted the stupidity Of that slave to instinct, the little moth

That could not keep away From the flame of his candle.

Spent the small hours of the next morning

In the rain, hatless With a thousand companions, Watching a cinema Burn.

#### XVIII.-MARITIME INCIDENT.

"CAPTAIN," inquired the baritone steers-

At the top of his voice In a dead calm-

"CAPTAIN, ART THA SLEEPIN' THAR BELOOOW ?"

After a brief pause

The Captain appeared blinking

And said sourly, "I was." R. M.

# The Equality of the Sexes.

THERE is one subject on which the equality of the sexes is so absolutely non-existent that it is difficult even to be funny about it.

[Still, you'd better try.-EDITOR. Yes, all right. I know that's what I'm here for .- CONTRIBUTOR.]

Reader, shall we take a peep behind the scenes?

You peply, "Yes, let's." Very well. We will suppose—only it's a good deal more than a supposi-

tion really-that the following not unfamiliar conversation is, by no means for the first time, taking place.

'I think, Charles, you'd better have a new dressing-gown, don't you?"

"A new dressing-gown?" "Yes. And pants. And singlets."

"One thing at a time," says Charles coldly. "Why should I have to have a new dressing-gown? The one I've got has done me very well ever since the winter of 1909."

"Dear, that is why."

"Nonsense, nonsense! It's a perfeetly good dressing-gown now that

I've got used to it.

"No, Charles, I'm sorry, but it isn't. Both elbows are through, and the stuff has worn so thin it won't hold the patches any longer, and there are holes in the front where you've burnt it with your pipe.

"Well, then," said Charles-in the very tones, beyond a doubt, in which CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS announced his twindiscoveries of America and the eggtrick-"well, then, it can be mended.

<sup>&</sup>quot;SPLENDID.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Well, I don't know-anyhow, if I were you I'd get out of the way before he knows you're here."

One had been waiting for that.

"No, Charles," I reply, with a sinister calm, "the time for that is past." (A good sentence that. Make a note of it, in case I ever write a play.)

"If women would do more sewing and less typewriting..." says Charles, and a lot more. (Make another note to keep this sort of thing right out of the dialogue when, or if, I write a play.)

When Charles has finished and not before—for one knows one's duty as a wife—I utter: "Miss Gabblerack says they're past mending. She brought them to me herself last time she came to sew, and said, 'Even the best of friends must part.'"

"Do you mean to say the woman has refused to come here again just because of my old pants?"

"No, no. She meant you and your dressing-gown must part."

"That," says Charles, "is not for her to decide."

And of course in a way it isn't. So all one can do is to abandon—for the time being—the dressing-gown motif and take up a firm stand on the pants and singlets.

"They're simply holding together—if at all—by a thread. I felt quite ashamed of them at the Jumble Sale."
"At the what?"

But this is rhetorical. Charles has heard full well what I said.

"Dear, I'm dreadfully sorry, but there was nothing else for it, and as poor old Mrs. Bilge said at the time, they'll do for polishing if for nothing else. At least the singlets will. The pants, I'm afraid, were too far gone. Mrs. Slappit took them in the end, after they'd been reduced from five pence to twopence, because someone suggested she could stitch the best bits together for a compress if poor little Percy gets earache again."

Charles, with extraordinary injustice, irrationally selects the one blameless character in the whole painful drama and damns poor little Percy and his earache.

And even after all this, days and even weeks elapse before, with the utmost unwillingness, he sanctions the purchase of new winter underwear.

As for the dressing-gown, it will just have to wait till we have our next Jumble Sale. Probably in March.

In the feminine world, things are otherwise.

"I'm thinking," says Laura—"I'm thinking of possibly getting myself a new jumper. Anyway, I thought I'd just look at some. Very likely I shan't see anything I like. But I could just look."

I realise at once that Laura has



THE ONLY WAY.

definitely made up her mind to go shopping and will come home with a new jumper, a couple of little hats, a pair of flowered pyjamas, an ashtray with an Airedale dog fixed to its rim, and a small present for each member of the family.

My immediate reaction is one of pleasurable excitement, tinged with envy. This is quickly followed by a strong—in fact irresistible—conviction that I need something or other from a shop myself. With any luck I shall even remember what it is.

It is left to Charles to say that he thought Laura bought a new jumper just the other day.

"Yes," says Laura sombrely, "but

I'm sorry to say I've frightfully taken against it. It's the wrong colour."

"Isn't it the same colour that it was when you bought it?" Charles inquires.

when you bought it?" Charles inquires.
At this I intervene (as it is legally called).

"Anyway, the Sales are on, and it'll be an economy in the end, I expect, just to go and look at a few things. I'll come too."

"How splendid! And after all," says Laura, "even if we don't see anything we want we can always get some tiny little thing we don't want."

I need not, I think, labour the point as to the difference between the sexes? E. M. D.

# Lieutenant Holster Plays and Wins.

Extract from Command Orders, 7.1.36. 1304.—Examination for Promotion (Subjects (a) and (c)).

CANDIDATES TO BE EXAMINED:

Lieut. R. Holster . . 1st Bn. Loamshire Regt.

- 3. Candidates will assemble at Farley X-roads at 0900 hrs. on 22.1.36, reporting to the President of the Examining Board.
- Candidates are recommended to bring private cars.

Formal Letter (viâ Adjutant) from Lieut. Holster to Brigade Major.

Private Cars and Promotion Examination.

I have the honour to refer to Brigade Order 528, referring to Divisional Order 41, referring to Command Order 1304, referring to the forthcoming promotion examination and to the recommendation that candidates should bring private cars. May I be informed, please, whether claims for travelling allowance to cover cost of private petrol used, also of private oil and privatedepreciation, will be admissible?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, R. Holster, Lieut.

Answer (viå Adjutant) from Brigade Major to Lieut. Holster.

. . . regretted that Travelling Allowance for officers using private cars during the examination for promotion on 22.1.36 is not admissible.

Pathetic Chit from Holster to Adjutant.

DEAR PETER,—What's all this about Command not giving us car allowance for the promotion exam.? I think it's a darn shame that we're expected to use our own cars on military business and not get paid for the juice, etc. Can't one do anything about it?

Yours,

R. H.

Sarcastic Reply from Adjutant to Holster.

Dear Gatbag,—You aren't obliged, you know, to use your own car on a military job if travelling allowance is inadmissible. It's up to you to walk if you like, when you wouldn't use any petrol or oil at all and your depreciation would be negligible. Farley is twenty-two miles away, though, so you might be a little too tired to do a promotion exam. at the end of it. But, come to that, you aren't obliged to be promoted.

Yours,

PETER.

P.S.—Of course if you were a crow it'd only be nineteen-and-a-half miles.

P.S. 2.—Don't be an ass.



Stationmaster. "Anyhow, it's thirty years since we've had an accident on this line."

Weary Traveller. "Well, there's only one train, isn't there?"

Informal Letter from Holster to Adjutant.

I will be an ass. See enclosed.-R. H. [Enclosure]

Formal Letter from Lieut. Holster to Adjutant.

is now in garage pending ability to pay for certain repairs. May I be informed, please, whether (a) military transport will be provided for me; or, alternatively (b) in the event of my proceeding on foot, as suggested, a claim under Allowance Regulations, para. 296 (detention allowance for one night spent on road) will be in order? Said night would be spent at a point approximately halfway on the route, namely, "The Bug and Onion" (Fully Licensed House), at Slopton Parva.

I have the honour, etc. . . .

Adjutant to Brigade Major.

Forwarded for favour of instructions, please.

Brigade Major to Adjutant.

Yours BX/92/8/H2O/RSVP of 26th.

Kindly inform Lieut. Holster that military transport for his attendance at promotion examination will be provided. Please arrange for this officer to draw on loan from Signal Section one Army Bicycle. Same should be signed for and he will be held responsible for any deficiences.

Note from Adjutant to Holster, covering above.

For information and action. And laugh that off.

Holster to Adjutant.

Army Bicycle No. 42871, a good green of five-and-a-half hands, drawn as per your instructions. Please say what this is to be used for.

Chit from Adjutant to Holster.

To go to your promotion exam. with, you fool.

Holster to Adjutant.

Please say whether military transport will be provided to take Bieycle No. 42871 to promotion examination rendezvous as well as me.

Adjutant to Holster. You're to ride the bike.

Lieut. Holster to Adjutant.

I regret I cannot trace anything in King's Regulations which lays down that an officer of our Regular Army must be a qualified cycle-rider. The only non-technical qualification mentioned for all ranks appears to be that "whiskers, if worn, must be of moderate length," and the only reference to bicycles of any relevancy is that which makes the Master-General of the Ordnance responsible for their "research, design, experiment and manufacture."

Manuscript Addition to Above (pencil). Yes, I'm laughing.

Adjutant to Lieut. Holster.

An instructional course in bicycleriding, including care, maintenance and cycle-mastership, has been arranged for you. You will report to-



"We thought we would have a complete change; if you remember, our last colour-scheme was blue-and-silver."

Pedal Barracks, Havvershot, for the a./m. course: duration, one week. Reports on your progress will be forwarded each day to this office by your instructor.

Manuscript Addition to Above (ink). Keep right on laughing, then.

First Report from Sergt. Freewheel (viâ C.O., 3rd Cyclist Battalion), to Adjutant, 1st Loamshires.

SIR,—the officer which is learning to ride here spent today learning to mount only, everytime he being on he being off again quick. Sir, he complains its difficult learning on the flat, so am intending to give instruction on Barrack Hill tomorrow.

I. FREEWHEEL, Sergt.

Second Report from Sergt. Freewheel.

Sir,-I regret to report I lost the officer which I was instructing to ride. He having succeeded in mounting at last at top of Barrack Hill. Sir, on my arrival later at the bottom I found a crowd and the bicycle but no officer. J. Smith, butcher's assistant, informed me the officer had probably gone to

morrow to C.O., 3rd Cyclist Battalion, hospital, he shouldn't wonder. Sir, would you kindly let undersigned know which ward, as have sheddule made out for instructions in maintaining balance from 9.0 ack-emma tomorrow, and wish to explain same to officer. Sir, I beg to report following repairs necessary to bicycle, during which may a replacement machine be provided. Front fork broken, handle-bars twisted, rear wheel buckled one place, front wheel buckled three places, chain missing. Sir, Albert Tripp, fruiterer, claiming for damage to shop window. I. FREEWHEEL, Sergt.

> To Lieut. Holster, from the Ne Plus Ultra Garage, Havvershot.

DEAR SIR,-We note you are interested in the new Flying Trapeze Super Six, and have arranged for our demonstrator to be at the Officers' Mess, Ypres Barracks, Havvershot, at 8.0 A.M. on 22.1.36, as suggested. We are in agreement that a run out to Farley would be a fair test of the model's capabilities.

To Lieut. Holster, from the Sine Qua Non Garage, Farley.

DEAR SIR,-We note you are in-

terested in the new Rocket Sixteen, and have arranged for our demonstrator to be at "The Sneeze and Ostrich" Hotel, Farley, at 2.30 p.m. on 22.1.36, as suggested. We are in agreement that a run out to Havvershot would be fair test of this model's capabilities.

### Tangled Skeins.

My love has knitted a purple tie Of a kind that is sure to catch the eye; Some of it's purl and some of it's plain, And she dropped a stitch just now and again.

"Men must work," it once was said; But now it's the women who work

And the men who weep; for the worst of it

Is that they must wear what the women knit.

"Can nothing be done to stop the draughts in the Magistrates' Room in the Guildhall?" Local Paper.

The introduction of Snakes and Ladders might have some effect.



Silence is Golden; or, Lizzie's Lament.

SCENE-The X.Y.Z. Café.

He never comes to my table now—
I don't know what I have done:
Upset the boy, but I can't think how;
He come in Saturday, dear, just a month ago,
He asks for tea and a bun;

He give me a smile and I think "Hullo!"
I give him his bun and I think "It's Fate"
(They say everyone has got a spiritual mate),
And he left me twopence under the plate,

But he never comes to my table now.

He's taken umbrage and I don't know why—
Oh, Maud, I wish I may die!

He never comes to my table now.

All on his own in town, poor lad—I like his hair, don't you? Some sort of student, I should say—his eyes are Oxford blue, Half-starved, it's easy seen—some days I think he'll eat the cruet;

What that boy wants is mothering, and I'm the one to do it.
All that reading can't be good for any man, you must admit.
So I thought I'd try to stop him—you know, jazz him up
a bit—

But he never comes to my table now—
I'm sure I done what I could;
I may be dumb, but I'm not low-brow.

He sits there reading his book, and he doesn't speak—

Well, that does nobody good.

I says, "What's the book?" and he tells me,
"Greek."

He give me a look and I still think "Fate," So I tell him the one about the plumber's mate—And that day there's nothing under the plate.

He never comes to my table now.

I may be dumb and I don't know Greek,
But surely a man can speak?

He never comes to my table now.

He never comes to my table now—
Oh, Maud, what can I have done?
Yvonne's no magnet, you must allow.
He comes in regular, dear, but it's not for me—
He's got his book and his bun;

He don't say a word to Yvonne, you see.
A case of so far, dear, and yet so near;
D' you think it's my education done it, dear?
They say everyone should have one more year,
And he never comes to my table now.

I may be dumb, but he was the one.
I can't think what I have done,
But he'll never come to my table now.

A. P. H.



# FRANK WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I'VE BEEN DOING IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."
"SORRY, MY BOY, BUT IT'S AGIN THE RULES. IT'LL COST YOU A THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS."



### Mr. Silvertop's Waterloo.

WHEN the kitchen-door squeaks, our lights die on us, or another book-case is wanted in the study, we send automatically for Mr. Silvertop. It is our confident belief that if the Graf

Zeppelin were to drop an S.O.S. and a rope-ladder into his back-yard, he would wedge his worn bowler a little tighter over his ears and set out for the sky with an old spanner in his hand and only a muttered "Corlumme!"underhis breath.

This time it was a jammed drawer in my desk.

"What are we going to do about these mice?" I asked him. "That's the third india-rubber they've eaten this week."

"Don't ask me about them things!" he imthem plored.

"Surely you're not afraid of mice?"

"NAPOLEON copped 'is Water-loo once," he re-torted a little cryptically.

You haven't suffered a reverse, Mr. Silvertop?"

"I 'ave," he answered simply, and bowed his head over his spokeshave. If NAPOLEON ever made the same gesture with half the dignity, then

the honour of Corsica went unstained. "Tell me," I said gently.

"You knows them five little Georgian 'ouses up the 'ill which runs from the Jug-and-Bottle of the 'Grey'ound' to that silly great 'ouse with the spikes on it, standing on their own? The lady in the last but one calls me in-I'd done a burst pipe for 'er once, so she knows me—and ses, "Ere, what do you know about mice? We're fair stiff with 'em, and my 'usband being a

snorer, 'e swallowed one last night near as nothing.' Bit 'ysterical she was, if you knows what I mean.

Tried traps, I suppose?' I asks 'er. 'You should 'ear them laughing at them,' she ses seornfully. poison?' I asks. 'They male 'They make rings round it,' she ses. 'I'm not surprised.

"'True,' she ses, a bit impatient, 'but what about it?' 'Well, Mum,' I ses, 'there's only one thing you want all the time if you're a mouse, and that's grub. Like 'ell it is.'

"'You don't 'ave no need to tell me.' she cries. 'You come and look at what the little blighters done to our Christ-

mas Stilton.' 'One moment, Mum,' I ses, 'I'm a practical man, I am. Any objection to cats?' 'None,' she ses, 'but this 'ere job would take a cats'- 'ome. The 'ole row's crawling with mice.' 'So much the better,' I answers. 'As I come in I noticed the 'ouse nextdoor's empty, and it's the last 'ouse in the row. Any idea when the new people comes in?' In about a week, she replies. 'O.K., Mum, I ses, 'that suits us a treat. 'Ere's what we'll do. First, we bungs what's left of that Stilton into Number Five nextdoor. Then we gets the gent from Number One at the other end of the row to give four good cats, what I'll bring, the run of 'is 'ouse to-night. What'll 'appen? All 'is mice 'op it double-quick into Number Two. The next night we puts four more cats into Number Two, leaving the first cats be'ind

to keep Number One clear. What'll 'appen? Why, both lots of mice buzz into Number Three. And so on, until we've pushed the 'ole brigade through this 'ouse into Number Five.'

"'Then what?' she asks. 'One Stilton won't last long.' 'It won't 'ave to,' I tells'er. 'You keeps your four cats on guard and them mice are in the soup proper. For once the new blokes finds they can't move without stepping on 'em they'll bring in one of them



"HERE ARE THE BROKERS'-MEN AGAIN, JOE, FOR THE PIANO!" I ses, 'these modern mice are a sight

better eddicated than they was when

I was a lad, and it's no good forgetting

one way of swiping mice, and that's

to study the spikology of the mouse

itself. Put yourself in the mouse's shoes, Mum, I suggests, 'if you'll pardon the liberty, and what do you

find you want most? Not to put your

'ead in a trap, I'll be bound, nor yet

to go wolfing poison.'

It stands to reason there's only



CIVILISATION REACHES THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: RECRUITING MARCH OF THE FIRST ESKIMO ARMY.

posh anti-mousing companies quick as knife and mop up the lot for you.'

"'Suppose they gets some cats too! she objects.

"'They'd need a cats'-'ome, Mum,

as you said.'
"'I don't know what the neighbours'll say,' she ses, 'esitating. 'I do,'
I ses. 'You leave 'em to me.' And
after a bit that's what she does.

"I 'adn't no trouble with the neighbours. The first night the old gent at Number One even blew an 'unting-'orn to put more ginger into 'is cats, and everything went off lovely. So it did all through the row. While the cats was on the job, Corlumme! the 'ullaballoo was something chronic, like the Mapping Terrace on Bank 'Oliday, but for their own sakes everybody puts up with it. Every morning I goes round and fixes things up for the next night. I was a bit worried about the gent at Number Four a-snoring with all them extra mice about, but in the end he agrees to wear 'is fencing-'at-you know, one of them meat-safe affairs. After four nights of it we 'ad thousands of the little beggars stowed 'appily away in Number Five, walking into the pore old Stilton as if it was Kitchen

Cheddar. And there we kept 'em until the new blokes moved in."

Mr. Silvertop sighed as he slid home the drawer, now fitting perfectly.

"But what was the trouble?" I asked him. "I should have thought you were sitting pretty by then."

you were sitting pretty by then."

"Should 'ave been," he murmured,
"but there was one thing I 'adn't reckoned on. I 'adn't reckoned on the new lady being a film-star—and a film-star what kept two perishing tigercubs as pets." He paused dramatically.
"And for practical purposes two tigercubs equals one cats' ome." ERIC.

# The Pipes of Pook.

On a morning of late December Hammer Kelly peered out through his fronded window-panes upon a frozen world and his thoughts flew along the short glassy street to the ivy-covered house at the end. "I'll be more nor su'prised," he told his wife uneasily, "if they didn't meet wid a bust up there last night."

Not for years had such an iron frost clutched the little village of Pook, two miles from the sea—not since the time

when Hammer Kelly dealt so successfully with a burst pipe in the glass annexe to the drawing-room of the big house, covering himself with glory and gladdening the mind of the elderly Miss Tracy with a sense of security that was altogether false.

"Wasn't I mendin' the gate in the yard when I heard the roars?" he has said to his wife. "And when I med a dart into the conservative it was like nothin' upon this earth only Noah's Ark if so be the wather had got into it. I said nothin', but I hot the pipe one woeful belt wid the hammer I had in me hand, and I hot it in the right place, seemin'ly, for there wasn't a dhreep out of it afther; an' the poor misthress above couldn't do enough for me, for it had her actchilly terrorised. Bedad, it was a lucky sthroke all right!"

Needless to say, Mr. Kelly has reserved this accurate account of his plumbing operations in the conservatory for the ears of his own family. To his admiring neighbours he has offered a very different story. "I got out me forceps," he has said to them, "an'a dog in a grip wid a rat wouldn't have a closer hold nor what I took of the pipe, an' it spoutin' to high heaven

like a whale that met wid some great

"'Melt me some lead,' I says to Stasia Byrne. 'Where would I get lead?' says she; but I soldhered it forninst her very eyes where it was busted. 'That pipe will take ye to the North Pole now,' I says, 'even if it was gone down undher zero itself."

It is on this very insecure foundation that Hammer Kelly's local reputation as an amateur plumber of great skill has been built, for there is no official plumber in Pook. Nor, except for the complicated system in the big house, by which water is pumped up from a well in the yard into a tank in the attic, from which it circulates in its own mysterious way, are there any lead pipes. And of that system, installed in the days of her youth, Miss Tracy knows pathetically little. The rest of the village still draws its drinkingwater in buckets from a communal well and gathers its rain-water into barrels that overflow placidly or remain obstinately dry.

Taking everything into consideration, it was little wonder that Mr. Kelly's uneasy heart failed him when, after a lapse of several years, he looked out once more upon a street that, judging by the acrobatics of a few early pedestrians, must be slippery indeed. Little wonder that he remembered unhappily the part played by sheer good fortune in his former dealings with a burst pipe.

When the youngest Foley slid past the door calling as he went, "You're wanted above at the big house this minute!" it was no surprise to Mr. Kelly, and, grasping the ubiquitous hammer-now referred to by him in all good faith as his "plumbin' impediment"—he set out with a caution that availed him nothing. ("God help me," he said afterwards of his many bruises, "but I was dhrew out like the map of Marooka!")

This time there were two bursts in the lead pipes, both of them upstairs, where Miss Tracy and Stasia called despairingly one to the other. The worst fall of his short journey precipitated the unhappy amateur feet-first into the scullery, snatching the hammer from his hand and hurling it with great force into the dark aperture below the sink, at the same time knocking his distracted head against the red-tiled floor. It was Stasia's voice that roused him at last, for she called from the landing that the rush of water was ceasing; while from the bathroom Miss Tracy broadcast the same glad news. Hastily groping in the darkness for his one and only tool, Hammer Kelly rose uncertainly to meet the congratulations



"THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST POSSIBILITY, SIR, OF THESE COLOURS FADING."

"Too BAD! EVER TRIED BOILING THEM ? "

that were showered upon him for this latest success.

Miss Tracy saw no reason why she should summon the Ballykealy plumber whose father had installed her hotwater system; but, rendered uncomfortable by the generosity of her monetary reward, the mystified Mr. Kelly insisted, while some instinct of self-preservation led Stasia to use the oil-cooker rather than the kitchenrange. Next day the plumber came and advised the introduction of copper piping.
"I was telling Miss Tracy," he said

to the watchful amateur, "that it's a good job for her that you knew the key tap was under the sink and that you turned off the water first of all."

In the mind of Hammer Kelly a slow light dawned, and he spoke as one

expert to another.
"What else would I do?" he said D. M. L. simply.

"If you haven't enough chairs to go round at parties, let the younger people use stools, or use them as a footstool."

Domestic Gossip.

But you can't really keep the rising generation down.

## At the Play.

"ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" (LITTLE THEATRE).

"Nor one word," said Miss NANCY PRICE proudly-"not one word is spoken on the stage that is not written in the book." Everybody watching Alice Through the Looking-Glass at the Little Theatre of an afternoon can recognise how just is that modest and un-Hollywoodlike boast of the presiding genius of the People's Theatre. The same self-effacing and triumphant treatment which made Alice in Wonderland such a success last year is repeated this year for Alice Through the Looking-Glass.

Authors are commonly warned against attempting sequels, but they generally do; and LEWIS CARROLL brought it off triumphantly. There is more glory, to use Humpty Dumpty's term in The Looking-Glass, more knockdown argument, in The Looking-Glass adventures than in those in Wonderland.

The Red Queen, whom Miss MAY HALLATT plays with an excellent Victorian governess's touch, has plenty of help in de-

monstrating that decisive intellectual superiority which chessmen may justly claim over playing-cards. There is a gusto about all the players at the Little Tweedledum Theatre. and Tweedledee make the tragic story of the Walrus and the Carpenter a part-glee song, and the Lion and the Unicorn fight in the spirit in which we want the Test Matches to be played.

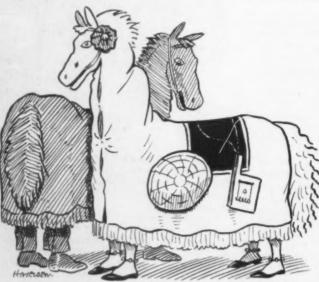
The whole spirit of Looking - Glass land is one of contest and battle. of verbal insults and perverseness, but all among friends. When the King's horses and men try to piece Humpty Dumpty together again, one of the Red King's horses does not hesitate to do

what he can to help, although the obligation of royal aid was a White obligation. I was sorry they failed, but not surprised, because they were not given very many pieces to try with. And anyway, this Humpty Dumpty was a crea-

and jolly as Humpty Dumpty ought to be and would be if he were content to speak from behind his great egg-mask and did not break through like a pierrot.



Alice (MISS URSULA HANRAY) to Tweedledum and Tweedledee (MESSRS. ANDREW LEIGH AND ERNEST BUTCHER). "YOU'RE AWFULLY LIKE YOURSELVES, EX-CEPT THAT YOU'VE GROWN A LITTLE TALLER SINCE FIRST WE MET IN BOOK-FORM."



STUDIES OF HORSEFLESH.

immortal tale are just as though they had come to life from Sir John TENNIEL's pencil.

From the first appearance of Alice with her kitten by the fire we are

ture of excessive sophistication, not fat reassured, and we know that what we are to see is what we expect and hope to see, down to the drooping moustache of the White Knight. The Red King curls up and dreams under

the tree just as we rely upon him to do, so that Looking. Glass land may exist, and the old Sheep knits away in her shop as though White Queens had never existed. With exquisite polish the Unicorn, a true aristocrat who scorns to come hot and dishevelled from the fiercest battles, discusses the etiquette of belief between fabulous monsters.

The nonsense of the Alice books lends itself particularly to topical tampering, for its reversals of accepted lines of argument, its happy demonstrations of the constant crude failure of the English tongue to be explicit, are universal criticisms, and so they all seem to apply to the immediate and characteristic failings of the day. They are a natural channel for topical satire. But all temptations to take Alice and her friends out of their setting are so rigorously banished at the Little Theatre that you would not know that they existed.

> It is good showmanship as well as good art, for young playgoers love to see in the flesh figures already familiar, and rightly feel affronted if old friends turn up in the latest fashions.

> It has been acutely remarked that all the world's greatest books are accounts of journeys, and the sweeping statement includes the adventures of Alice. It was an admirably selfpossessed traveller that Miss URSULA HANRAY showed us, with just the appropriate mixture of pleased adventurousness and natural caution, rightly pensive and reserved in the face of

But in general the characters of the the preposterous propositions advanced for her acceptance, but eager to help and quick to make friends. And she is making them in great numbers at the Little Theatre.

D. W.

"GOLDEN GANDER" (EMBASSY).

Given a conscientious and hardworking wife and a constitution of iron a student of humanity can do a lot worse than own an hotel in the middle of the Australian desert. At first sight it might seem better for him to possess a nice English two-star inn such as "The White Hart" at Mudhampton, where his range of study would be less limited; but there, owing to the competition of "The Speckled Drake" and "The Running Horse," he would only be able to observe a portion of the community, whereas an hotel in the Australian vasts has this overwhelming advantage, that over several hundred miles it is an irresistible magnet to anyone with a thirst, which means of course to the entire popula-

Arthur had discovered this, and Arthur was a whole oasis by himself. He knew his KIPLING, and for years he had devoted himself in a philosophical kind of way to the contemplation of the antics of human puppets whom the lure of uncharted gold drew out into a sun which was hotter than it should have been and which left them with unslakably dry throats. And not only miners, with their pathetic little canvas bags stuffed with dubious minerals, came crawling into his hotel, but engineers from the big cities and even romantically-minded tourists. In each case Arthur's technique was precisely the same: he poured himself out a large free drink, sat down in one of the few arm-chairs, and treated the company to a

disquisition in fascinating Cockney on the waywardness of fate—until Mrs. Arthur, whose niche in life appeared to have remarkably little to recommend it, dragged him off, protesting but obedient, to clean the bar and carry water. A grand character, skilfully drawn by his author, Mr. Henry C. James, and magnificently played by Mr. Ernest Jay, whose Cockney types invariably ring absolutely true.

The play itself had no great shape and might, so far as I could see, have gone on for ever, so inconclusive was its end; but it was one of those plays where this fault seemed small beside the fact that the dialogue was extraordinarily natural and the characters well contrasted. That the plot was

well contrasted. That the plot was negligible scarcely diminished our enjoyment of *Arthur* and his strange medley of visitors. It was quite enough

for us to know that the hero had been sold by an engaging rascal over a dud strike of gold, that the engineer who came to inspect it brought a dangerous



GONE ALL HIGH-HAT.

Tony Carthew . . Mr. Anthony Shaw.

daughter to whom the hero had been recently engaged, and that the barmaid (whom the hero, flushed with



William Kerr (Mr. Brember Wills). "Don't stop me if I've heard that before."

Arthur Newstead . . . . . MR. ERNEST JAY.

what he imagined to be gold, was about to take on a trip round the world) cast her spell upon this lady's current fiance and persuaded him, since he was rich

and foolish, that he was the Midasman the goldfields were awaiting.

Miss MARGARETA SCOTT successfully exuded temperament as the ex-fiancée; she was only an engineer's daughter, but no one could lever for long. Miss CORAL BROWN'S Barmaid was a good piece of acting, though we were never told how it was that such an evident habituée of Mayfair came to be serving bitter in the desert. An excellent portrait of a chatty English tourist was contributed by Miss MARGARET CARTER, and as her husband Mr. BREMBER WILLS earned all our praise not only by his forbearance but also by his unshirking prosecution of the gruelling physical jerks which went with his part. Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY did his best for the somewhat nebulous hero, and Mr. Anthony Shaw's Fiancé, a monocled pillar of ivory polished in the best educational centres, shone pleasingly throughout the evening. The rest of the cast ably kept us reminded that we were in the midst not of Swiss Cottage but of the wide open spaces.

Speaking of which, Arthur put forward a profoundly disturbing suggestion, namely, that our great Empire was the handiwork not, as we have been led to understand, of ardent adventurers to whom patriots had said, "Go!" but of embittered young men to whom hard-hearted girls had said "No!" Eric.

# The New History.

I've produced an historical treatise, A highly original work,

Which shows the Crusade In the interests of trade Was largely financed by the Turk.

So also the Wars of the Roses (The beginning of Yorks versus Lancs) You'll find, I maintain,

Were commercial again— In this case arranged by the banks.

By defeating the Spanish Armada

The tradesmen of England, you'll learn, Were able to stop

The multiple shop
From ousting the private
concern.

The reason for all these conclusions

I don't understand very well;
It may be that later
I'll look for some data;
Meanwhile it continues to sell.

# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Miss Mary Darlington, The Manor House, Chelmsbridge.

7th December, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am again bringing Daddy to Roughover over Christmas, and do hope that you will be able to fix him up with some golf. (Not General Forcursue; he gives him terrible nightmares.) Also could you let me know the name of a really good hotel other than the Splendide? He says he won't go back there again because there are no weighing-machines in the bathrooms and owing to the head-waiter sniffing such a lot.

Yours sincerely, MARY DARLINGTON.

P.S.—Is there any chance of that nice Commander Richardson being home for Christmas, or is he still at Gib.?

From Daniel Pullson, Hotel de Pampas, London, W.1.

9th December, 1935.

DEAB SIR,—I am just back from S. America for a spell of leave, and after the boat want a few days' golf to get the old liver working again in preparation for Xmas. What can you do for me at Roughover!

In reply give details of green fees,

hotels, etc.

Yours faithfully,

D. PULLSON.

P.S.—My handicap (golf) at B.A. is 16. Does your Steward know how to make a Satan's Sparking Plug?

From Samuel Trumper, 31, Leeds Road, Bidwell.

10th December, 1935.

Dear Sir,—My wife and I are looking about this year for a Christmas holiday that is different, and we are thinking of coming down to Roughover for a week's golf, arriving 22nd and leaving sometime before the 31st.

Kindly let me know about bridge. We should like to play all day if this could be arranged: start 10.30 A.M.

approx.

Yours faithfully, SAMUEL TRUMPER

From Miss Matilda Potts (Narcissus Loveleigh), 341, Russell Yard Mansions, London.

DEAR SIE,—I have been working very hard at the Theatre Jolie for the past three months, playing the part of the Queen Bee in The Hairless Ape, and now that the play has been taken off I

want a real back-to-nature holiday—plenty of golf, no madding crowds, etc., and I feel that Roughover would be

just the place.

I suppose none of your members would mind my playing in shorts and bare legs?—it is so much healthier. I find men don't object to this sort of garb; it's those grim, tweed-clad, golfing women who are apt to make a fuss. In any case, you'll play with me the first time, won't you? When I'm sure there'll be no further bother.

My sister knows your Captain, General Forcursue. He says you are

very wicked indeed.
Yours very truly

M. Potts.

From Mrs. Badgerly, Barnett House, Grubend.

12th December, 1935.

My DEAR MR. WHELK,—This year my husband will be spending Christmas at Roughover by himself. It is all rather sad and is the result of a difference of opinion we had over pruning the roses on the 23rd of November.

Now, Mr. Whelk, I do feel I can really trust you to look after Hubert—over the bar, and his sitting there all morning and not getting any exercise—and I want you to promise me faithfully (as I won't be there myself) to see that he has a game of golf at least once a day; but if you can't get him to go out and play, just tell him "you know all about 'Pogo.'" If you say this he will eat out of your hand.

Yours sincerely,
Agatha Badgerly.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

12th December, 1935.

Dear Whelk,—A ghastly distant cousin of my wife's has invited himself to come and stay with us over Christmas. Kindly note that you are to play golf with him twice every day from the 22nd to 27th December, and also that you are to invite him to lunch with you on Christmas Day.

From what I can gather, he has just been sacked from the secretaryship of some big club in India for cheating at cards or something, so you and he

should get on well together. Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Major Wilson V. Grogg, of Hogg, Grabbitt and Grogg, Ltd., 753, Woodenhill Street, London, E.C.3.

12/12/35.

DEAR SIR,—My brother and I are coming to golf at Roughover over

Christmas, and will want opponents to make up a four-ball most mornings.

They must be-

(a) Ready on the first tee at 10 A.M.(b) Have handicaps 22 to 24.

(c) Agree to play 5/- a hole and £1 on the match.

(d) Be in favour of Sanctions.

Unless you can accommodate us on the above terms we shall go to Trudgett Magna.

Yours faithfully,

WILSON V. GROGG.

P.S.—Please send your Wine List, also full details of proposed Xmas menus. I hear you have some very good Chablis (not on Wine List). If this is so, kindly let me know if it is reserved for members only.

From Hamish Finnock, Castle Bawbee, Glenpuddock.

13th December, 1935.

Dear Sir,—Having always maintained that the secretary of a golf-club can make or mar a golfing holiday, will you please let me know something about yourself in case I should decide to spend Xmas at Roughover.

I am not interested in your age or what you look like, but should be glad to hear if you take a personal interest in visitors such as I; also if the Club make you a generous allowance (state amount per annum) for their suitable entertainment.

Yours faithfully,

HAMISH FINNOCK.

From Mrs. Marigold, The Yews, Ruggles Bay.

18/12/35.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am bringing along my two daughters, Pansy and Louisa, for Christmas. As you know, they are both getting on, and I do hope you will find some nice golfing partners for them (Male).

Is dear Mr. Lionel Nutmeg still a bachelor? You should really tell him he ought to get married. I have never seen anything so pathetic as his moustache. One day last Easter he actually had a piece of rice adhering to it at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Yours sincerely, DOROTHY MARIGOLD.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

30th December, 1935.

SIR,—As I am writing to you, I suppose I must wish you a Happy New Year (when it comes); not that you deserve one by a long chalk. However, the point is this: Where in the name of fortune did all those ghastly visitors come from over Christmas? Most of them seemed to know you intimately,



"VERY COSMOPOLITAN CROWD HERE."

"I DUNNO-SEEMS TO BE MOSTLY FOREIGNERS."

and I would have you know that if you are going to clutter up the Club with riff-raff like that at a time of year when members are disposed to be more lenient towards you owing to the Festive Season, I for one consider you are taking a grossly unfair advantage, and will not have it.

Yours faithfully.

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—This is not the last you have heard of the matter. G. C. N.

# Tragic Opera.

[A writer in The Sunday Times under the heading, "Oddities of Opera," describes as a great drawback to the pleasure of newcomers "the irreconcilability of the libretto with certain of the artists. The Mimi (La Bohème) that looks consumptive has yet to be discovered, and light and graceful Carmens are few and far between."

YET once again the old complaint arises About the prima donna and her rôle

How she is generally several sizes

Too large to satisfy the critic's soul; Unwilling or unable, one surmises,

To exercise sufficient girth-control, Robbing romance of passion and profundity

Simply by her ridiculous rotundity.

The great Alboni, vocally victorious-Her tones in depth and volume were unique-

not escape from caustic and censorious

Comments on her exuberant physique. For, though her voice was absolutely glorious.

Her figure was decidedly to seek; Rossini, if my memory does not fail, Called her an elephantine nightingale.

More than one great Brünnhilde, vast of frame,

Of voice sonorous, have I seen and known.

Who physically was a ponderous dame And must have weighed not less than fourteen stone;

Magnificent when, girt around with flame,

She lay outstretched upon her rocky throne

Who with the greatest difficulty rose To an erect from a recumbent pose.

But in this context the impartial scribe Male singers cannot easily acquit;

Tenors are mostly squat, a shortnecked tribe,

In stature for heroic rôles unfit, Who justify von Bulow's famous gibe, Expressed with his malicious mordant wit.

More often used to poison than to please: "A tenor's not a man but a disease."

The problem's hard, for, as the experts know,

The more you use your voice with main and might

The more chest-measurement is bound to grow

And with it thirst and hearty appetite

As witness Calverley, who long ago Described how at the opera, late at

"Tired prima donnas, bowing themselves out.

Refresh their energies with bottled stout.

And yet there are and were exceptions -PATTI.

So slim and elegant, so trim and spruce

(Not like Alboni, who was called Alfatti):

And there are hopes that haply orange-juice

May ultimately check the growth of fattv

Deposits and materially reduce The "too, too solid flesh" that sadly mars

The magic of great operatic stars.

C. L. G.



Proud Parent (quoting school report). "'READING, GOOD; HISTORY, FAIR; FRENCH, BIEN -- "
Scholar, "What's that mean, Mummy?"

# Complaint from the Farm.

The British Farmer is suffering from a new sense of injury. It isn't his pocket this time, but his pride. His trouble is that in our nursery-rhymes he and other rural workers are held up to ridicule. The queer thing is that what he says is true. Luckily, however, the matter is capable of arrangement, and he will forgive Mr. Punch if, for once, a grievance of his is removed. All that's wanted is a slight readjustment. Take, for example, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

The poem itself is faulty—"away he run" and "the pig was eat" are not good expressions—but the sting lies in the suggestion that no decent farmer would allow the son of a piper to pinch one of his pigs. The treatment is clear; make it "the farmer's man," and you not only improve the rhyme but remove the slur from the farmer. Thus:

Tom, Tom, the farmer's man, Stole a pig and away he ran; The pig was tracked And Tom was whacked; Lucky for him that he wasn't sacked.

What a change! The farmer's conduct is admirable. Prompt in castigation, once the offence was purged he was ready to forgive. He did not sack the culprit.

Bo-peep too. A bad shepherdess. Not only did she lose her sheep, but couldn't be bothered to look for them. "Leave them alone and they'll come home" (another bad rhyme). And this with wild cars stampeding all over the land.

The libel can be removed thus:—
Little Bo-Peep
Takes care of her sheep

And always knows where to find them;
If ever they roam
She steers them home

With a friendly smack [or barking dog] behind them.

"Three Blind Mice" (set by Beethoven) can be ignored as a tissue of absurdities. If the mice were blind, they couldn't see which way to run, and if they had suffered mutilation at

the hands of the farmer's wife they'd have run away from, not after, the woman. The bias is too clear.

But the case of the Farmer's Boy cannot be dismissed so lightly. You will remember that, using a new stanza for each occupation, he states that he used to keep his master's

Horses, with a Gee-Wo, Lambs, with a Baa-Baa, Hens, with a Chuck-Chuck, Pigs with a Grunt-Grunt, Ducks, with a Quack-Quack, Dogs, with a Bow-Wow, Children, with a Shout-Pout,

Turkeys, with a Gobble-Gobble.

This is rank sweating. The only thing that can be said is that the boy himself didn't seem to mind much, as he made a song about it, and always wound up by asking a girl to come to the banks of the Aire-oh. But it is a bad business, and all one can suggest is that some of the stanzas should be left out, especially the lambs and children, which are not jobs for a healthy boy.



Village Fireman's Wife. "Did you say the barn wass on fire? Well, indeed, nobody is in at present. Perhaps we could send to-morrow."

And now for "The House that Jack Built." Here the farmer is shown in the worst possible light. Beyond keeping a cat, he takes not the smallest interest in the life around him, teeming as it is with incident. The cat, having performed her task, is worried by his dog. He shows no emotion, and is equally callous when his very dog himself gets it in the neck from a cow. The condition of the cow suggests that he does not look after his livestock; it has only one horn, and that is crumpled. His dairymaid, to whom he stands in loco parentis, is left "all forlorn," and from a pure yearning for

companionship is caught by the first tramp that comes along. Even then he doesn't lift a finger to protect the poor girl from the consequences of her own imprudence. Only at the very end does he appear, calmly sowing corn as though nothing had happened.

In a case like this one cannot niggle at details. Cat, dog, cow, crumpled horn, must, to one's regret, remain. The most we can do is to give him some natural feeling for the girl and reconstitute the poem in this manner (we can omit the priest and the cock):—

Leaving it as it is up to the cow— This is the maid who was not forlorn, Then the tramp all tattered and torn, and, to crown the whole—

This is the farmer who hurt his corn

In kicking the tramp all tattered and torn Who ogled the maid (who was not forlorn) Who milked the cow with [I'm afraid] the crumpled horn

That tossed the dog That worried the cat

That ate the rat

That lay in the-

Bother; I always get that part wrong.

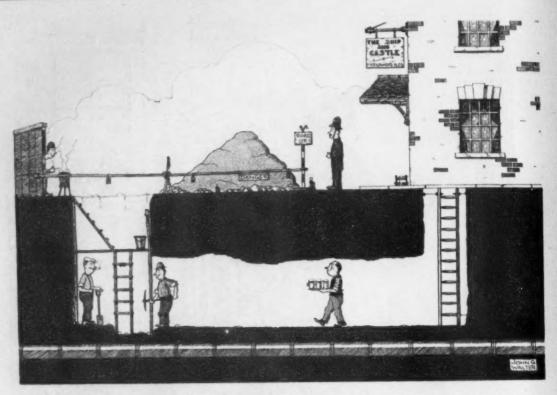
Dum-Dum.

"Perhaps if some member raises a dust about our water company we may also obtain tangible results."—Jersey Paper,

Mud, for instance.

ex the vector of the color of t

h



A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE PERENNIAL HOLE-IN-THE-ROAD MYSTERY.

# Modern Folk-Songs.

# The Lass o' the Lab.

On being asked by an F.R.S.—no less—why modern poetry was so little inspired by Science. To the tune of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."

Now there once was a lass and a very pretty lass, And she was an isotope's daughter,

And they called her Ethyl-Methyl, for her mother was a gas

Made of CH 17 and water.

She was built on such lines, perhaps parallel lines (For Einstein says they'll meet),

And her lips they resembled the most delicious sines,

And her cheeks were like cosines sweet.

Her hair it was like transformers in a way, And her eyes like two live coils,

While as for her spectrum, I always used to say, "I could watch it till it boils."

Though at making of love I never was a dab, We were soon on the best of terms, In fact the first time that I saw her in the lab. We generated  $n^2$  therms.

Her metabolisms I shall never forget Nor her parallaxes till I die,

But the sad thing is that, whenever we met, The sparks they used to fly.

Alas and lack! it was ever, ever thus;
We had perforce to part,

For she—she was a minus, and I—I was a plus; In fact we were poles apart.

# Envoi.

Still, Scientists all, I am sorry I was wrong; And  $\pm$  0.3

With the Higher Hydrocarbons now shall decorate my song

Instead of the willow-tree.

J. C. S.

# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

# An Impenitent Individualist.

Ir one cannot endorse all the opinions of M. ROMAIN ROLLAND, one must at any rate admire his courage in the expression of them. For not only have they involved him in violent controversy but they have won him a wide unpopularity and even, so illogical are most of us, detract ' from the literary fame which came to him with the publication of Jean Christophe. And by these rubs he has been entirely uninfluenced. He has never ceased to proclaim the truth as he sees it. His vision of the truth, on the other hand, has undergone considerable changes since he exposed himself to abuse with Above the Battle; and the selection of his writings-essays, letters, manifestoes and what not-which has been translated into English as I Will Not Rest (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 8/6), contains the record of that development. M. ROLLAND never really dwelt in an ivory tower, as HENRI BARBUSSE accused him of doing, but he did for long maintain a large degree of political detachment. Now he has come down with both feet in the Communist camp and contrived, to his own satisfaction, to reconcile the Marxian faith with his ineradicable individualism and a still ardent attachment to liberty of thought and speech. If this seem strange, it must be remembered that M. ROLLAND, though boasting himself an intellectual, is fundamentally an emotional-a trait which colours the writing of these sincere and provocative tracts for the times.

# Ireland the Bewitching.

It is a sensibility French, perhaps, rather than English that invests Lady BLANCHE GIROUARD'S short-stories with such buoyant and enduring charm. The

World is for the Young (MACMILLAN, 7/6) and its companion tales are all staged in Ireland; but, racy as they are, their glamour is largely due to a technique that derives, I feel, from the far side of the narrower Channel. Their prevailing attitude is an exquisite consideration for the underdog—of whom the distressful country has always boasted even more than its quota. Here is an old gardener, masterless and longing for a master; a small farmer whose farmstead is requisitioned and flooded by a Dublin waterworks; a gentle young housewife whose wedding is postponed indefinitely on account of an inter-tribal feud, and two sisters, one halfwitted and genial, the other painstaking and shrewish, suffering cruelly from each other's incompatible virtues. All eight stories-especially that of "Poor Jamesie" and his predestined partner, Lizzie Dan-have the air of having been lovingly helped to grow of themselves in congenial soil. And there is nothing nebulous about the atmosphere of any one of them—they have the precision of fine poetry.



"HULLO, FETHERINGTON-WALLER-STILL CUMBERING?"

# Life in Miniature.

Memories of the famous Sergeant Grischa rose vividly in my mind as I read Herr Arnold Zweig's collection of short stories. It seemed natural-indeed inevitable-that his Playthings of Time (SECKER, 7/6) should for the most part be men and women whose lives had been affected directly or indirectly by the Great War and its aftermath of economic depression. For once I found myself in wholehearted agreement with a publisher's estimate of his own book. These twelve delicate and symbolic tales undoubtedly justify Mr. SECKER'S claim that Herr ZWEIG is a master of the difficult art of the short story. Humour, tragedy, pathos and a mordant wit lay bare the obscure lives of his characters like lightning-flashes throwing dark patches of landscape into sudden and sharp relief. Moreover, there is a cleanness and economy about Herr Zweig's use of words that is very welcome after the lavish and often meaningless phraseology employed by some modern writers. He secures his effect

transformation, until

commonsense ceased

even to glimmer

through the mists of

ballyhoo. The book

is of course not a fair

summing-up, for

Hollywood's contri-

bution to the art of

film has been by no

means negligible; but it is a powerful in-

dictment of the

purely commercial side of the industry,

and, what is more important to most read-

ers, very entertain-

ing. Occasionally the

fantasy is laid on so

thickly as to make

one reel, but what

is a poor satirist to

do with a city so

palpably and incon-

trovertibly founded

hereditary principles in the form of unreasoned prejudices

have only themselves to blame if their children decline the

Unpacific City.

and mystical samite or into an excess of period costume

made tolerable only by delicious anachronism, it will be

done with such fantastic abandon that the place will remain

a paradise for the satirist. Hollywood Cemetery (GOLLANCE

7.6) is the work of an angry one determined to punish

savagely the greed and stupidity which in his view have

blindly prostituted a promising art-form; Mr. LIAM O'FLA.

HERTY has taken out his bludgeon and dipped it in acid. To

the village of Ballymorguttery in the County Cork came Gentleman Jack Mortimer, King of World Films, Inc., on

holiday, and bore off with him a local maiden to transform

her in a few brief weeks into the most talked-of woman in the

Whatever Hollywood may do, whether its dictators in a frenzy of box-office delirium plunge the industry into a white

reversion of so unimpressive a moral estate.

all the more forcibly because he never obviously strives for it. Equally successful in all his moods, grave or gay, Herr Zweig is to my mind at his best in a satiric vein. "Otto Temke's Good Luck" and "The Apparition" are miniature masterpieces.

# "The Heythrop."

The history of a hundred years-A hundred years of horn and hound-The Heythrop Hunt in print appears, By MURRAY pressed and bound. Here are the men who ride, who rode, Here is the pack that killed, that kills By the wan waters of Evenlode Under the Cotswold Hills.

Tis G. T. HUTCHINSON, M.C., Who is his Hunt's historian And knows-and none so well as he-Of Master and of Man

Since Heythrop grew from Badminton, By "courteous REDESDALE'S hand controlled, And WARBURTON sung "The Tarwood Run' In the brave days of old.

This is a record of renown. This record of a century

And still, when Wychwood's leaf is down,

Shall generations see

Sport as of old-sport orthodox, And coverts never

drawn in vain, And foxes stout as the Tarwood fox

Who died in Southropp Lane.

# universe. Wave upon wave of intrigue accompanied this

"WE HAVE WITH US IN THE STUDIO THIS EVENING PROFESSOR PEASBODY, THE EMINENT NEUROLOGIST, WHO IS TO GIVE A TALK ON 'NERVOUSNESS AND PES CURE."

upon the quick-sands of absurdity?

# Domesticity at a Discount.

The emotional strata underlying ordinary family life are Miss Barbara Goolden's paramount interest in Wise Generations (Chapman and Hall, 7/6), and she turns them uppermost with a revealing thoroughness that makes the War period and its successors look more than ever like a spiritual no-man's-land. Her clever and penetrating novel opens with an air-raid and ends with the Jubilee; and if her young men and maidens tend to be set types of unconventionality while their elders remain more or less welldisciplined personalities, it is rather the result of observation than malice. For the novelist has taken notable pains to be fair to three generations: to Sarah, a gallant grandmother, to Gillian, the domesticated young mother with her staunch little War-shattered solicitor, and to Molly, Juliet and Peter, their tiresome and disaffected offspring. She devotes perhaps less than her customary geniality to Aunt Olive, whose unpleasant little-girl encounter with a middle-aged military roué is so piteously exalted into retrospective romance; and she fails to realise that parents who hand on

We invite the attention of those who are following the octry of to-day to Echoes of Thought (3/-). Miss PHEBE HOUSTON-BOSWALL has control over both rhyme and rhythm, and in her simpler verses, notably "My Friend," The Prisoner," and "Last Refrain," she reveals qualities that arouse keen interest in her future.

# Not Cricket.

UNHAPPY was the lot of Elsie, She loved the centre-half for Chelsea; But he, just when their troth was plighted, Was sold to Manchester United. He there transferred his heart as well, And now is courting Isabel.

Scottish Papers Please Copy.

"If the experiment is successful, it is probable that miners from Scotland and other parts of England will be invited to South Rhodesia."—Sunday Paper.



Wife of Juggler. "YES, DOCTOR, HE'S MUCH MORE HIMSELF THIS MORNING."

# As Others Hear Us.

# The Old School-Fellows.

"My dear, I should have known you simply anywhere!

"So should I. I mean, you simply haven't changed a bit. It's quite two years since you left, isn't it?'

"Two-and-a-half. Isn't it grim?" "My dear, I'm miles grimmer than

that. Nearly three years. No wonder they say Time flies!

"Did you go down to the last Old Girls' Meeting?"

"Yes; did you?"

"No, I went to the one before that."

I couldn't go to that.

"I suppose that's why we didn't meet. I mean, if you went to one and not the other, and I didn't. It must have been Fate or something.

"I always think Fate's a bit grim, personally. Do tell me every single thing that's happened to you. My dear, do you remember the Domestic Science cupboard-door that wouldn't shut?"

And those grim concerts?' Shall you ever forget the complete and utter grimness of old Featherington?"

"Old Featherington!"

"I know. Poor old Featherington." "I often think of old Featherington, don't you?

"Often. Poor old Featherington.

"Poor old Featherington.

"Do you remember Doddie Patch?" "Ah, she wasn't in my day. Poggie Patch I knew quite well, but not

Doddie Patch, I "Not Doddie? mean. You know-Poggie's sister. "Oh, yes, I know. She won a draw-

ing schol. or something."

'There! I knew you knew her all the time. Poor old Doddie! I believe she had rather a grim time after

I remember Poggie. She was too terribly amusing. Don't you remember how she used to make us all shriek?'

"I always thought Poggie ought to go on the stage, she was so funny. She always said 'Au Reservoir' for 'Goodbye.' Things like that, you know. I suppose it was more the way she said them, really. Still, she was terribly funny.

"Oh, frightfully. I remember her perfectly. But Doddie was years before What happened to Joey my time. Clump?"

"Oh, poor old Joey! Do you remember Joev?

"Oh, I always remember Joey. Poor old Joey.'

"Poor old Joey. I always think of the way she used to walk-you know, sort of putting one foot before the other. Poor old Joey."

"Poor old Joey.

"It's simply grim the way one loses touch, isn't it? When I went down there the other day, my dear, I hon-estly didn't know a soul. Not a single soul. Except Mulligatawney herself, of course.

"Oh, Mulligatawney. I must say I think she's rather marvellous, don't you? I mean, the way she keeps going and everything. And really, I hate to say it, but the girls don't seem to me a bit what we were in our day. Definitely not. I mean, look at people like Doddie and Poggie and poor old Joey and you, and even me. I mean to say, Mulligatawney could get a certain amount of kick out of teaching us, I imagine, but what can she do with the set of utter rabbits she's got in the Sixth now?"

"Not a thing, of course. I quite agree. It's utterly grim. Honestly, I hate to think what the School's coming to. Grim, I call it.'

"My dear! Grim isn't the word."

E. M. D.

# Charivaria.

An industrial magnate declares that he has to work harder now than he did when he was an office-boy. Still, office-boys shouldn't allow this prospect to discourage them.

During a chess-match in Detroit a bomb exploded and blew one of the players through a window. And it was not his turn to move, either.

"Roman Remains in Hungary," says a daily paper headline. We don't blame him.

Speaking at Dingwall, Mr. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said that he liked to see young men get on, but that he liked to see them succeed on their own merits. And without of course owing anything to a name.

It is recalled that when caviar was issued to the British Force serving in Russia at the end of 1918 it was known to the men as "fish-jam." But not, one imagines, to the General.

As we go to press the delegations to the Naval Conference are said to be arguing whose turn it is to postpone the next meeting.

Nobody is allowed to tease Signor Mussolini but his daughter EDDA, it seems. The League of Nations naturally didn't realise this.

IL DUCE, by the way, insists that the Italian Press is the freest in the world. Well, it certainly has the courage of his opinions.

In America a man has given his entire fortune to the Government. There is some talk of proceedings against him for attempting to evade his death duties.

A famous scientist is quoted as predicting that increasingly frequent births of quadruplets and quintuplets will be Nature's reply to limitation of families. And nothing, it is feared, can be done by the Anti-Litter League.

"I have yet to see a building in this country with what I consider sufficient windows," declares a visitor from Norway. Someone should show him the Crystal Palace.

"The best way to pass several days in bed with flu," says a writer, "is to read one or two modern novels." Oh, well, what's the next best way?

## \* \* \*

A Cuban student of Havana who only took up politics seven months ago has been so successful that he has been shot at three times already.

A clergyman says that few people believe in the story of JONAH and the whale. We doubt if his wife ever really believed it.

"Tears," says a beauty-expert, "are good for one's complexion." Provided of course that it really is one's complexion.

# The Aged Poet.

"THE secret of success," said the Aged Poet, "is the same in my profession as in any other. One must be always a little ahead of the fashion. For years I toiled, earning nothing but a bare living from my Christmas-card work. Then I discovered this secret, and honour and wealth came to me.

"I began to write, as you know, at the beginning of the Symbolic Period. I well remember publishing a book of

poems which began:

'and then varnish-twisted he came and the almond was beneath sloe-bitter snow but I knew and was death-rapt.'

"You will realise the general style, and I had hopes that it would prove sufficiently unintelligible to make a name for But the day before it was published a Rival Poet brought out an epic poem which dashed all my hopes. For he had developed a new technique, far in advance of my unintelligible adjectives, and expressed himself in a string of words, all of which were meaningless.

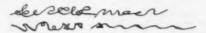
> Winter I soft in also Known him heaven bye Come why but; intangible?'

his great epic began.

As you may imagine, I was not slow to retaliate. The Autumn Lists contained a volume of my verse composed of letters which did not even make words.

> 'Erdquwe cumstspfon Ingostlest ebergrmp

is a typical example. 'By this means,' I thought, 'my readers will be able to commune with my genius, unhampered by any mental effort.' But before my book had had time to gain the popularity it deserved the Rival Poet had found a mode of expression still more unhampered. He published a book consisting of facsimiles of his own handwriting which did not even form letters.



-"this was the ending of his book, and its quiet beauty

soon ousted my own work from popular favour.

"After this second defeat I racked my brains for a medium which would perfect the art of poetical expression, and my efforts were at length rewarded. In the next Spring List I brought out a volume which is now generally admitted to mark an epoch in the history of literature. The first page was like this:



nor were the other four-hundred-and-twenty-eight unlike it, save for the number. Popular opinion, I am happy to say, welcomed it as the perfect means of communion between the soul of the reader and the soul of the poet. And in this way," concluded the Aged Poet, "I was able for several years to maintain a comfortable position at the head of the artistic world with remarkably little exertion; for the Rival Poet could devise no means of expression more pure than mine.'



# A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

"LOOK ALIVE, MY LAD! THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR HAS SAID THAT THE BRITISH G.P.O. IS THE ENVY AND ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD."

# The Great Spy Scare.

THE Great Spy Scare in Tetrahedronia was short-lived, but energetic.

By a coincidence which taxed the ingenuity of the newspapers to the utmost with no particular result, the Great Spy

Scare sprang up and raged during the period of Session of the Commission on the Value (if any) of International Espionage (1936), known as the Spy Commission News-editors were constantly puzzled whether to give greater prominence on any given day to the alarming but imaginary news of the one or the racy but authentic back-chat of the other.

On a certain Monday, for instance, the chief position on the front page of one newspaper was occupied by a report of the evidence given before the Spy Commission by Count Calculús, in which was the following passage:

M. Surd. You are a lawyer, Count?

Count Calculus. I am, by gosh!

M. Surd. Does the survival of what another witness has called "an antiquated system incapable of deliberate, and suspicious of accidental, accuracy" seem at

all strange to the legal mind?

Count Calculus. Come again?

Mrs. Mohacs Field. You heard.

Count Calculus. Okay. No.

M. Surd. You would agree rather with the witness who declared that plans even of a public-house in a military area would be of strategical importance?

Count Calculus. I would, by gosh! M. Surd. However fragmentary? Count Calculus. Yes. Mrs. Mohacs Field. Would it be

serious to suppose a spy took away the notice "Snacks at the Bar"?

Count Calculüs. Yes, by gosh! And speaking of snacks at the Bar, don't cast any.

Other newspapers on this Monday, however, treated as more important The Great Spy Scare, of which this was one manifestation, had sprung from a small cause. A visitor on a day excursion from Hexagonia (no passport required), arrested for hanging an "Out of Order" notice on the back of a taciturn policeman of whom he had several times unsuccessfully inquired the date.

was found to be carrying a number of notebooks. These were ostensibly concerned with the performance, on fast, slow, hard, soft, wet, dry, hilly, flat and volcanic going, of horses named respectively Dinky Doo, Dinky Dink, Dooey Dook III. and Donk, and also of a number of bookmakers. On one page of one of the notebooks, however, experts found a diagram which several officials from the Ministry of War swore was an exact copy of a drawing of a new modification of the design stamped on the silk of civil parachutes (which, it is hardly necessary to add, could be converted into war parachutes at a moment's notice).

Under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel (whose ill-bred insistence on his client's rights was explained by his possession of a Hexagonian grandmother), they admitted that several essential points were not illus-

trated, that the proportions of the drawing were wrong, that the design had in fact been invented and patented in the prisoner's own country and merely bought by Tetrahedronia, and finally that the drawing he was said to have copied had been reproduced in all the newspapers some weeks before. It was agreed that to be able to put forward such a defence as this he must be a spy of almost superhuman cunning.



"I AM EVER SO SORRY, BUT MRS. TWEEDIE NEVER TOUCHES SOUPS."

the news that a lorry-load of spies had spent the previous day making surreptitious drawings of a fortified church and a fortified statue of Peter Pan. The next day they explained in small but impenitent type that the lorry-load of spies had actually been a motor-coach full of local art-students, and that neither the church nor the statue was fortified, though they would be immediately in response to public

clamour.

The man's own contention that the drawing was a map of a Hexagonian racecourse was felt to be absurd. As the prosecuting counsel said: "What would a spy be doing with a map of a racecourse?"

It was after this that Tetrahedronia began to hum and at length to roar with the rumour that spies were overrunning the country, although an official denial was the only thing that encouraged it. People saw spies everywhere, and the Spy Commission's witnesses grew more and more intractable. The taking of evidence from M. Quadrilaterál, editor of a weekly paper designed to combat the influence of spies, was as much complicated by his obvious suspicions of everyone present as by his habit of making false statements in a voice of thunder and whispering denials afterwards, to mislead the squads of spies he believed to be outside the door. His action one morning (after a session during which he had made no other answer to any question than "Ah!" or "Hm!" or "That's telling!") in smartly tugging the Chairman's beard gave rise to much discussion. Some newspapers reported that the beard came off, but others, so as not to offend some important advertisers of spirit-gum, said it stayed where it was. All on the following day agreed sulkily that the beard was not detachable.

The Great Spy Scare at length reached such a pitch that not a day passed without the arrest of two or three nursemaids who had been seen to look hard at uniformed soldiers, and people were often thrown into prison for staring at aeroplanes passing overhead. Suspicion even attached to housewives buying lemons and milk (which can be used to make invisible ink); and all the children of Tetrahedronian Customs officials received Hexagonian cameras on their birthdays. The circulation of M. Quadrilaterál's paper increased so much that he fell a prey to the conviction that there must be quite a number of spies among his readers.

What finally put an end to the Great Spy Scare was a secret interview between the Tetrahedronian Foreign Minister and the man whose arrest had started it. It was found that this man was really a Tetrahedronian spy who had been collecting information in Hexagonia, and that the strategical importance of his map of the Hexagonian racecourse—which, it was obvious, could be converted at an instant's notice into a military racecourse—was immense.

R. M.



Wife (reading extract). "'Then on through one of those dreary suburbs with each doleful little house as depressing as its owner."

Unshaken Householder. "Pshaw! It's evident she knows nothing of the Balmoral Estate."

# A Drop Too Much-in Four Countries.

FRANCE.

Vin Rouge.

Après la nuit,

Le jour,

Un mal de tête, et puis-

Remords!

SPAIN.

El Vino Tinto.

La noche ha pasado,

Viene el día,

Dolor de cabeza, y

Miseria!

JAPAN.

Nihon Jin-ga Sake-wo Nomimash'ta.

Ban-ga yukimash'ta, Hiru de arimas,

Atama-no byoki-wo Motchimas!

ENGLAND.

Bitter Beer.

The morning after

The night before, I'm not inclined to laughter

Any more!



A SUCCESSFUL WINTER SPORTS' TRIP.



A SUCCESSFUL WINTER SPORTS' TRIP.

# Time and the Censor Pass Away.

When I was of a tender age
I had a passion for the stage.
My parents, who were rather prim,
Essayed with true parental vim
To put an end to "all that rot"
And place the Drama on the spot;
But, notwithstanding what they said,
I used to sing each night in bed—

"Oh, I could write a dashing play, A flashing and a smashing play. Its plot would be on every tongue, Both near and far its praises sung By elevated brows and low, Who'd flock to see this outré show—

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a stunning play,
A cunning and long-running play.
I'd have a Ruritanian queen,
A most abandoned bedroom scene,
An abdicating Balkan prince
Who'd make poor Mrs. Grundy wince—But

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a masterpiece,
A vaster and a faster piece,
With dialogue so full of pep
That Shaw would have to mind his step,
And situations so acute
That soon I'd be of world repute—
Rut

It wouldn't pass the Censor.

Oh, I could write a porty play,
A sporty and a naughty play.
In each pulsating poignant Act
I'd state a most surprising fact. . .
And then, when it had run and run,
I'd build a castle in the sun—

It wouldn't pass the Censor."

Now many years have passed away And I at last have penned a play Containing all the daring bits Of those oft-dreamt unwritten hits. I stuck it up and sent it to A well-known West End magnate, who, On reading it, was filled with joy He rang me up and said, "My boy. You've seen your last financial care And soon you'll be a millionaire. For years this play will ease the lives Of dowagers and vicars' wives.' I reeled. And then I said aghast, "There is a Censor to be passed!" The great man clearly pitied me. "It's nineteen-thirty-six, A.D. I mean to advertise this piece With: 'Bring Your Nephew and Your Niece.'"

It cantered past the Censor.

"Usual Charges damit to hear the Ven. Archdeacon's Lecture at St. Luke's Hall."—New Zealand Paper. Keep your temper; after all, it's not compulsory.

# A Milk Yarn.

ONE of the most familiar sights on the Ballykealy Road is that of Patsy Foley in his dilapidated "inside trap," with, as sole companion, the tin milk-churn that occupies the opposite seat. When the day is very wet Patsy, being an honest and a conscientious man, throwsan ancient oilskin coat over the squat receptacle. "They mightn't say out an'out that I'd go so far as to wather the milk," he has said of his wide-awake customers, "but they could be very much on the alert if they thought the lid didn't fit too snug in the downpowers of rain."

This practice of his gives the impression to following traffic that two figures of similiar build and dressed exactly alike are seated face to face. "An' not as much as a syllabus of talk out of them," a sociable lorry-driver said once, when, because of engine-trouble, he was compelled to follow behind the trap for a mile-and-a-half—"only sittin' there the very same as two domes of silence."

On his way to Ballykealy, where most of the contents of his milk-churn are delivered, Patsy Foley calls at a roadside cottage that stands quite alone. There he measures out, in a manner exactly described by the term "slap-dash," one pint of milk, with, as he so truthfully says, "a little over."

On his way home from Ballykealy he calls there again, but this time he does not alight from the vehicle. Instead he summons Mrs. Mac forth with his own peremptory whistle and passes on to her the outstanding bits of news contained in the paper he has been reading ever since the pony left the little town to plod, unhurried and unchecked, towards the farm. And if on his earlier journey she has entrusted him with a written message to some Ballykealy shopkeeper, he passes on also the tangible answer to that note.

In direct contradiction of the opinion of the lorry-driver from distant parts, Mrs. Mac says of her milkman that "he is a nefayrious one for talk," and she depends upon his daily bulletins to keep her entirely up-to-date.

Naturally enough, while any headline may provide Patsy Foley with material for this spreading of the news, the sight of the printed word "Milk" seems to drive all other considerations out of his head; so that Mrs. Mac, eagerly awaiting some much-needed commodity, has often expressed to her daughter the heart-felt hope that the paper contains no reference whatever to this liquid. "If so be that milk is dhrew down" she has said, with no intention of alluding to the manner in which it is first obtained from the cow but only to its inclusion in the day's news—"if so be that milk is dhrew down, I may bid good-bye to me bit of a billy-doo."

When the mysterious milk standard known to Mr. Foley as Grade Ah made its appearance among the things that matter he could talk of nothing else; nor could he think of such things as messages, and Mrs. Mac complained bitterly. "In the heel of the reel," she said of his communications on the subject, "I use to be glad to see him makin' a move, for me heart was broke listenin' to him forever blatherin' about his grey Da."

After that there was a long spell during which the subject of milk was blessedly absent from the news, and Mrs. Mac's messages were delivered once again. For some time the war in Abyssinia figured in the bulletin; but the wholesale conscription of Italian wedding-rings gave grave offence to his conventional listener, and there was a good deal of uncertainty in her mind as to the identity of the Addis Ah-ba-ba. Before this was finally cleared up, however, Patsy Foley had dropped the subject of his own accord and had concentrated upon the floods in France. Until, on a blustery day in January, he was seen returning from Ballykealy



"Scales? Apart from the possible effect of my crude and immature efforts on the neighbours, I had intended to devote the morning to the binomial theorem."

so deeply engrossed in his newspaper that when the pony halted to snatch a mouthful of roadside grass its owner did not seem to notice that anything unusual had occurred.

Watching anxiously for the grey wool with which to finish her husband's sock, Mrs. Mac felt her heart sink when she saw him come. "I knowed be his muzzle there must

be some terrible anon," she says now.

As soon as he saw her Mr. Foley began to talk. "You remember them Eye-talians," he shouted excitedly—"the fellas that melted all the weddin'-rings? That I may never lie but they're making wool out of new milk now; an' the dairy-farmers is on the high penny, I'm'telling you! Sure it knocked every idee of a message out of me head, an' I thought I'd never get back to tell you."

From the open doorway Mrs. Mac spoke with bitter sarcasm and dangled from her fingers the unfinished sock. "You needn't give me anny milk in the mornin'," she said, "you can make it into an ounce of grey wool instead."

# Talking-Song.

There are erudite persons whose converse will range From the latest revue to the rates of exchange, Who expatiate freely, if given the chance, On philosophy, literature, law or finance; But to me the most pleasing of all conversations Is a candid review of one's friends and relations.

For I like a good gossip, I frankly admit; I don't demand eloquence, wisdom or wit; On public affairs I can't open my jaws, But you really should hear me about my in-laws. I am dumb upon art or the price of commodities, But I do like a crack at the family's oddities.

I must say, I think—and I speak without malice—Someone ought to do something about Cousin Alice. To attempt to converse with her gives me a pain; She is suffering clearly from atrophied brain. The Olivers quarrel like wild-cats, I fear; I would not live with either for thousands a year.

I am told Uncle Wilberforce drinks like a trout (They are none of them likely to perish from drought). Tom's Charlie, I hear, is in rather a hole; Mrs. Willy, no doubt, is an excellent soul, But one really could wish she were less of a fool; And how can they afford to send Ann to that school?

What makes little Jane such a terrible child? I am glad John and Joan are at length reconciled, Though I don't for a moment believe it will last. What a pity that Dora will try to be fast! I have every respect for Sophronia McNab, But she has got a face like the back of a cab.

So pass the decanter and take a cigar, And let us discuss our dear friends as they are; For I like a good gossip, I freely confess. At highbrow exchanges I'm not a success; At Society chat I am right on the railings, But I do like a fling at my relatives' failings.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The black patch left by the band after they had played the National Anthem showed how heavy the ground was."—Sports Report.

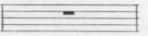
Or perhaps how heavy the band was.

# Notes on Notes.

EVERY music-lover familiar with the brief explanatory notes frequently found on concert programmes and on certain scores will be interested in the discovery of the following paragraphs, apparently referring to a work of great scope and ingenuity. No trace of the actual score has been found, and it is only fair to add that the notes themselves have proved, in one case where it was possible to check them, to be inaccurate—the staff at Charing Cross Underground Station are firm in their contention that no such work was ever performed there. In some cases the writer of the notes seems to have had some idea of modifying the original in order to make it more suitable for amateur performance. Whether he was justified or not is a question that cannot be answered until the manuscript itself comes to light. These are the notes:

The first fifty bars of this composition consist of a rest. In order to let the audience know that the work has commenced, a suitable gramophone record should be played, such as "Land of Hope and Glory" or "Coming Thro' the Rye." This is not of course any reflection upon the members of the orchestra, who will be found to play quite well on mild ale.

Originally this bar was written:



After due reflection I have rewritten it:



thereby retaining to a more marked degree the je ne sais quoi of the motif.

Trumpet. This note is held until the player's breath is exhausted. At the first performance, in the buffet at Charing Cross Underground Station, J. Avelung attracted much attention by sustaining it continuously for 271 minutes. After 173 minutes the conductor, Dr. Oswald Pippletree, began to feel uneasy and had the Fire Brigade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the entire casualty ward staff of the local hospital and the Flying Squad summoned. When they arrived he himself led the investigation. At this time the player had maintained the note for 265 minutes. On approach, the man appeared to be quite normal except for an unshaven chin and a cast in the left eye, and it was left to Captain Rudderbang, chief of the Fire Brigade,

to discover a small flesh-coloured rubber tube which disappeared into one corner of the mouth from out of the top of the waiscoat. This was found to lead to a small bellows worked by the player's foot, thus ensuring an inexhaustible supply of air.

A public vote of thanks was afterwards made to Dr. Pippletree for his resource in investigating. As the Chancellor said, if it had not been for him the movement might quite easily have lasted till the early hours of the

morning.

Pianoforte. This note is struck continuously as rapidly as possible until

(a) the bearings catch fire;(b) the hammer falls off;

(c) the string breaks; then proceed with the next part as

At the first performance it was found necessary to strike it no fewer than 178,924 times. In this instance the string broke, and the loose end coming up dealt the fourth tipica player a nasty crack across the third waistcoatbutton. In succeeding performances another note, which harmonises with the flute obbligato, should be used. The piano can then

(a) be chopped up and used as firewood;

(b) be slung from the ceiling of the bathroom as a sounding-board for bath-tub vocalists;

(c) be given to the child next-door to learn on.

In the case of those notes which will not harmonise with the flute obbligato, substitute for the latter a quartet of Japanese singing mice. These will not harmonise with anything.

Next come one-hundred-and-seventeen bars rest. The beats should be counted at rehearsal and simultaneously timed with a stop-watch, so that at subsequent performances it is possible for members of the audience to take a short stroll. Alternatively, a juggler can be engaged to keep them amused during the pause.

Xylophone. There has been much argument and confliction of opinion in the past as to how this note is to be played. Personally, as both hands are engaged, I recommend using the nose, to which a small piece of hard wood has been fixed. If this organ is at all sensitive a felt pad can be inserted between the nose proper and the wood; this will probably be found to afford relief. Some players, however, prefer to use the right heel, as they contend more fire can be got into the attack by this method. It is a matter of choice for the performer.

Pianoforte. Many players will doubt. less find this solo passage for piano-forte of prodigious difficulty, consisting as it does of fifty-four notes to the beat. For this reason, and also to make it easier for the publishers, this passage is printed on a special leaf, five-and-a-half feet long. At the first rehearsal the pianist, Elmer P. Squartz. was at first struck dumb at the thought of striking the same note at what was calculated to be-as this movement is Adagio-751 times per second. Much valuable time was lost until he had regained the use of his vocal chords. In the end his native resource came to his aid, and he commissioned a Frankfurt instrument-maker, one Ludwig von Saurpopf, to construct for him a piano with every note tuned to G. sharp (the note in question), and with the addition of an ingenious crank and train of gear-wheels attached to a camshaft he was able, by turning a handle, to comply with the composer's wishes.

All this was set at naught by the composer, however, who at the last moment altered the note from G-sharp to the E-flat five octaves above, contending that this showed to better advantage against the accompaniment of five muted tubas and a solo bassoon. The situation was saved once more by the conductor, Dr. Pippletree, who recorded low E-flat as fast as possible by the Blattnerphone-Stille process and then ran the record at three-and-five-eighth times the normal speed.

This, the Thirteenth Movement, always places the uninitiated in a predicament. It is marked "Echosivus Diminus," and while this is not found in any musical dictionary or glossary, it is obvious that it means an echoing and then slowly-diminishing sound. This is obtained by stationing half the orchestra in the public baths, while the remainder stay in the concert hall. Thus the echo effect. The "diminus" is obtained by lowering sheet after sheet of thick tarpaulin on to the remaining players until all sound has been obliterated.

The work ends as it begins—with a rest of fifty bars; and the same method is adopted as then. That is to say, a record is played. Any record will suffice, but "God Save the King" is advised, as this is found to clear the hall quickly. Only the true music-lovers know that this is really part of the work, and remain silent and thoughtful in their seats. If the record runs through before the end of the fifty bars it may be played again or the other side substituted.



Elder Brother. "Refusing it! What's up, are you dieting?

# No Noise.

"I DON'T think you've ever met Great-Uncle Jasper," said Edith the other morning at breakfast. married my mother's uncle's sister. I haven't seen him for years and years, but he's written to ask if we can put him up for a week-end, and as he has pots and pots of money

I dislike Edith's morbid desire to step into people's shoes before they are hatched, but I said that I should be happy to treat Great-Uncle Jasper with the consideration and respect due to his advanced years.

He arrived late on Saturday night and went straight to bed, and on Sunday morning Edith decided that she wouldn't wake him for breakfast.

"I expect the poor old man is tired after his journey," she said, "so we will let him lie. But I don't want you to leave the house until he gets up, because he might think it rude."

It was a fine bright sunny morningjust the day for a brisk walk into the country, and I didn't see the fun of staying cooped up in the house; but there was nothing to do but make the best of it, so I went into the frontroom and turned on the wireless. After

a bit of trouble I got quite a decent band from Moscow or Kalundborg or Northern Ireland or somewhere, and I was just sitting back to enjoy it when Edith came bounding into the room and switched it off.

"Great-Uncle Jasper's room is directly overhead!" she snapped, "and he'll think it is a hint for him to get up, and probably cut us straight out of his

I stalked out of the room. A bitter sort of stalk. Then I went up to the billiards-room and started knocking the balls about. It wasn't much fun, however, as I am one of those players whose only method of scoring is to hit hard and hope for the best, and I dared not hit hard for fear of waking Great-Uncle Jasper. So I contented myself with kiss-cannons and soft pots for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then Edith came in again.

"I don't think you had better play billiards," she said. "I don't know what Great-Uncle Jasper's views are, but his side of the family were always strict Sabbatarians, and if he came in and found you playing billiards on Sunday it might upset him."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked sarcastically.

"You can go to your study and We shall give him a wide berth.

work," she said, "so long as you only tap the typewriter softly.

I can't tap the typewriter softly when I'm writing a murder-story," I said. "You have to hit the keys hard when you're writing a murder-story to get the right thudding-of-bodies atmosphere. Faint wisps of poetry can, no doubt, be typed with a soft touch, but after being harried from pillar to post ever since breakfast I am in no mood for writing faint wisps of poetry.

So I went to the study and lighted my largest pipe and buried myself in a book. The golden hours went by, and it was nearly lunch-time when Great-Uncle Jasper came in. He was dressed in a loud suit of plus-fours and he looked the picture of health.

You young fellows are all alike," he said, looking at me disparagingly-"spending your time cooped up in a smoky room on a lovely brisk morning like this. Why, I've been up since seven-thirty, walking over the Downs. I didn't like to disturb you, so I just helped myself to a bit of breakfast from the larder and left a note for you in my bedroom." =

"Lord behaves exactly the same when shooting as when dry-fly fishing."

Gossip Column.

# The Lost.

It has been said that one of the most difficult things to remember is what a new shop was before it was the shop it now is. This may be so; but in my own case the puzzle is, when did I last see the unknown person whom I once used to see regularly but now see no more? There was something about this person that singled him out-or singled her out-from the rest of the punctual moving crowd. Who is he? we used to ask ourselves, as we continue to ask ourselves of those who still are in the daily throng. Who is he? Is he married or single? What kind of a home has he left? Where is he going? That tall hat suggests that he may be a civil servant. Those striped trousers and black jacket and

black soft hat proclaim him bound for the Temple. Some office must be in view, or he would not be here always on time, for the artistic observe no hours. And she? Who is she? Where has she come from? Where does she work? Is she engaged vet? Is she in love with her boss? If we met and talked, would she be amusing or just ordinary? And would he? They both look clever, but you never know. And what do they do on Sunday, when for a day routine is broken? All these things we want to know: ships, as we are, that pass in the day. For it is not

impossible that they see us too. Sometimes it is not because they are fresh and candid that they attract, but because they are old and ugly. Like us, perhaps. Yet, every morning, there they are, and, every evening, there they will be again, mysteriously finding their homes, inevitably inserting the right key in the lock. Millions of houses very much alike: millions of locks, millions of keys; no mistakes, For we are such creatures of habit that our feet learn it too, and, no matter what they are thinking about, all these people mechanically find the right place. Everyone knows that it is possible, in the late afternoon, to find oneself upstairs, in the right room, without any memory of ascending the right steps, finding the right key and turning it. Acacia Row is very like Clematis Terrace, but as we happen to live in Acacia Row it does not matter where

our thoughts are, it is in Acacia Row that we find ourselves.

Desperate efforts can be made to break down the tyrannies of custom. but they always fail. Humiliating as it may be to record, the struggle against habit can be habit too. It was quite recently that I heard another testimony to this, when a man whom I will call A entered the railwaycarriage bearing The Daily Wireshall we say ?-instead of The Dawn, which he had been seen reading yesterday. "Hullo," said someone. seems to buy a different paper every morning." "Yes," said another man, he makes a habit of it." Now what could be worse hearing for A, who prides himself on unconventionality and impulsive wayward excursions, than that? But there is no real caprice.

"THE BARRER'S SICK, AND I'VE NEVER SHAVED ANYONE BEFORE, BUT I'M READY TO HAVE A STAB AT IT."

Every path has been trodden; habit gets us all the time. One way of proving how firmly it is embedded in us is to have a mirror moved from one side of a dressing-room to another. For weeks, if not months, one goes first to the wrong side.

But to return to my original remarks, it is with suddenness that we realise that he has not been there lately; she has disappeared. Such experiences come to all of us, and, without special information, all of us are equally uncertain as to when the evanishment occurred. At a certain moment we realise that these punctual glimpses have ceased. Where is that man? we ask. Where is that girl? How long is it since I saw him last? Can he be dead? But why dead? Why should he not have moved into a suburb in another direction? Why should he not have changed his occupation or received promotion and with it the right to be

half-an-hour later? Why should he be dead? And the girl, why should she not have married and now be house-bound, or more nearly so? No need to think of death yet. Plenty of time for that. No, she is married.

I am personally—and have been for a long while—much interested by a man I used to pass every morning in the Green Park reading a book and smoking a cigarette. A man with no employment, but certainly not an idler. It is some time now since he has been there. He may merely be away. He may be ill. He too may even be dead, but I hope not. I always used to wonder what book he was reading and to hope that I might get to know him and find out. Now this may never be. On the other hand, he may be there again to-morrow.

When you know for a fact that an old acquaintance or passer-by is dead your feelings are different. The element of finality comes in. "Well," you say, "so he's left us. We shall never see him any In short, you more." know. But in these other cases, where there is only disappearance. we never know and we continue to scan the features in the street hoping for a return. Nor is it only the features for which we look. It is physical peculiarities too, for we find that we have subconsciously acquired knowledge as to how all these people

in whom we are interested move and walk. These idiosyncrasies that the Almighty has arranged are really very remarkable; for just as among all the myriad faces in the world there are no two really alike, so are there no two identical sets of limbs. I have found myself recognising ways of walking that I had not seen for many years, and I am sure I am not unique.

E. V. L.

## Things Which Were Never Intended.

". . . the Bishop of Exeter recently suggested that modern methods of heating buildings are likely to cause the beetle as well as the congregation to be comfortable and multiply."—Church Paper.

# An Impending Apology.

"Mr. Quintin Hogg attended the Carmarthenshire Quarter Sessions last Saturday, and expressed himself as being very impressed by all he saw, especially by the beauty of the main building in the Guildhall, where justice is dispensed with."—Welsh Paper.



"SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW VERY MUCH, BUT OF COURSE SHE 'ARDLY EVER GOES TO THE PICTURES."

# ... By any Other Name.

"Do you know who wrote that thing they're always playing on the wireless that goes 'De-dum-de-de-dum-de-dumbang'?" asked Vera, gnawing her pen thoughtfully.

I reflected. "It sounds a bit like that piece from La Source, if it wasn't for the bang'at the end. That's by DELIBES.'

"It isn't really a 'bang', it's just a sort of loud 'dum.' But, anyway, it isn't Delibes. It's by the man who wrote Hiawatha."

'LONGFELLOW."

"Don't be silly." she said patiently. "The music."

"COLERIDGE TAYLOR." I said.

"Bother! Then I'm wrong after all. I've put Taylor Coleridge. Are you

I hesitated. Before I had had no doubts about it, but the more I thought about it the more dubious I became.

"I did pelmanise it once," said Vera.
"It was something about 'c' coming before 't'—or am I getting muddled up with 'i' before 'e'? In any case, I remember it seemed to work both

ways, and I can never make out who wrote what. Let's see how it sounds.

She stood up and bared her teeth in a passable imitation of the vicar's wife: "Our next item will be an extract from the suite Othello, by Taylor Coleridge."

"Orchestrated." I supplemented, "by Coleridge Taylor."

Vera looked at me doubtfully. "Which sounded righter?

I considered. "Both," I said reluctantly. "But why do you want to know?'

"It's the church concert," she explained. "I'm making out the programmes, and someone's going to sing 'Onaway, Awake, Beloved.' So I must know.

"Couldn't you put 'by Coleridge Coleridge'? Then it would be obvious you had made a slip, and it wouldn't matter which half they thought was wrong.

She shook her head. "I've got to write each one out separately, and I can't make the same mistake every time."

Well, then, why not write 'Coleridge, Taylor' with a comma in between-like 'tents, officers, for the use of.' If it really is Taylor Coleridge then you're all right. If it's Coleridge Taylor you can say it's just a squiggle and not a comma at all. You can easily find out which is right before the concert.'

Vera looked at me admiringly. "You're really rather clever, you know, she said; "but it won't do. All the other names are written out straightforward.'

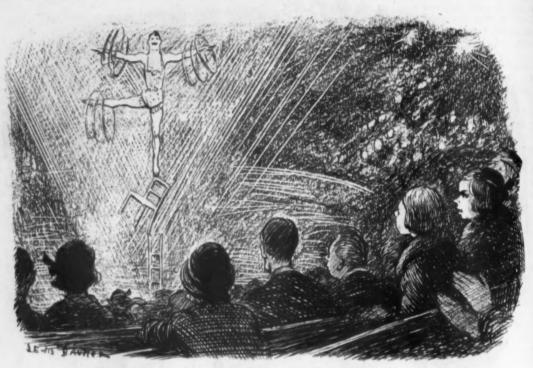
I relapsed again into thought. Vera was standing by the fire observing the effect produced upon the cat by The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, by Coleridge Taylor: with music by Taylor Coleridge," when my next idea came to me.

"By the way," I said suddenly,

"who's singing this?"
She frowned. "That red-headed boy of Mrs. Datchet's. What's-his-name . . . Anthony."
"There you are, then," I said, trium-

"Just put "Onaway, Awake phantly. Beloved," by Anthony Datchet.

Vera regarded me with awe. "And to think," she said softly, "that I have lived all this time with a genius and never found it out!" And she crept away to finish her programmes.



"LOOKS A BIT AFFECTED, DON'T 'E?'

# Tomato-Juice. A Song of the Sea.

Life is a most extraordinary thing.

I sit and see the coast of Spain go by,
And watch the circling sea-birds on the wing;
The sun is o'er the yard-arm and I cry,
"Steward, it is the moment for a can—
But not of beer. Bring something soft and cheap;
For England's far, and I'm a better man;
Bring me the best tomato-juice you keep."
And here is news to make the Devil grin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

Ozone is in my lungs; and in my soul
Ozone is present. I would drink a toast
In some demure and unfermented bowl
To Nancy Astor and the healthy host;
For they are right: and always I will be
Unalcoholic as a heather-bell.
I will take naught but vitamins and tea,
Preserve my liver and my wealth as well.
But, oh! sobriety's as dear as sin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

If there is anything that I desire
It is a beaker of tomato-juice—
With Worcester sauce, a dash of it, for fire—
Anti-scorbutic, purifying, puce.
And if these ladies—as I think they do—
Expect refreshment of a liquid kind,
I would delight them with tomatoes too
And put the Demon Alcohol behind;
But I have duties to my kith and kin—
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

So, Steward, bring them sweet Martinis all!
Life is a most extraordinary thing:
False values everywhere the saints appal,
The good men suffer and the wicked sing.
Whenever I determine to be good
I know that some misfortune will befall.
I am a martyr, much misunderstood;
So Steward, mix a cocktail for us all.
But what a ship! How can the angels win?
Tomato-juice is twopence more than gin!

A. P. H.



# THE BEWILDERMENT OF MACBETH.

Macbeth (Mr. Randolph Churchill).

TO KISS THE GROUND BEFORE YOUNG MALCOLM'S FEET,
THOUGH BALDWIN'S WORD BE COME TO CROMARTY."

["Macbeth," Act V., Sc. viii. (adapted).





Governor of Tropical Island, "I'm sorry you can't see the Boola-Boola dance to-day. Everyone's gone over to Tatahotatito in the war-cances to see the pictures."

# Art in the Office.

It is wonderful how Art will always find a way anywhere, like love and carrier-pigeons, and Boy Scouts—only more so. In a place like our office, where people think of nothing but business, you will find no love, no pigeons, and only one Boy Scout—Sidney. But you can see a good deal of Art in one form and another. So I am going to tell you about the sort of Art we have in the office, and I shall start off with

Alfrescoes, or whatever the word is. I mean those drawings you get on walls next to telephones. Our alfresco is about nine inches square. In the middle there is an animal of some sort with four ears, a long neck, and a body with two humps and a check pattern. Miss Elkington says that she meant two of the ears for horns. Mr. Porter did the checks one day while he was waiting for the exchange to answer and before he knew that Sidney had cut him off. There are five legs-three facing one way and two the other; one of them is wearing a football-boot. You can gauge the size of the animal by the small tree on the left of the picture, and on the right there is a sort of hangar, not yet finished, for it to live in. There are telephone numbers dotted over the aky, and there is a very neat "Hullo"

down the animal's neck in Mr. Chudleigh's writing. Mr. Chudleigh can only draw bowler-hats, so he has the top left-hand corner; while the other top corner, with the swastikas, belongs to Padgett. There are other things in the picture: a Christmas pudding and a brick wall and so on. Altogether it is a notable piece of work.

Converted Match-boxes. On Sidney's table there are three match-boxes glued together and painted over with red ink, with buttons sewn down the front. Miss Elkington made this one day, quite subconsciously, while she was talking to Miss Lunn, and she gave it to Sidney to keep things in. I'm not sure that this counts as Art, although the drawers don't open. Let's get on to

Etchings. No one can say an etching isn't Art. Mr. Harbottle has one in his room, and it is well worth looking at. First you have the frame, a narrow black one, round the outside. Inside the frame there is a lot of plain white space, and almost exactly in the middle of this white space you find the etching. It is a very good etching; mostly vertical lines, so that it might be anything—the masts of sailing-ships, or long grass, or just rain.

Lino-Cuts. Under Sidney's table there is a very old lino-cut. Sidney used to cover it up with the waste-paper basket, but he doesn't trouble now. After all, it's very old lino.

Photography. The photograph hangs on the wall in the general office, tilting down towards the right-except when Mr. Chudleigh straightens it, then it tilts down towards the left. It is a group of forty-eight men arranged in three rows of sixteen each. The men in the front are sitting on a bench with their arms folded, the men in the middle are standing up with their arms folded and the men at the back are either very tall or they are standing on another bench. I should say that this was more likely, judging from their expressions and the way they are holding on to the shoulders of the men in front of them. No one knows where this photograph came Mr. Chudleigh says that the man four from the left at the back is Mr. Harbottle. It might be. So might all the others. On such evidence as height of collar, tightness of trouser and abundance of moustache we date this photograph as late-nineteenth or early-twentieth century.

Statues. Probably you didn't expect to find a statue in an office. But upstairs in Mr. Porter's room you may see a large figure, seated, with an expression of brooding gloom that is



"My husband is writing an African story, and this helps him to get the right atmosphere."

extraordinarily lifelike. But at a quarter-to-one this figure always jumps up and seizes its hat from the door and dashes out. So perhaps this doesn't count either.

Tontits Upside-down. By this I mean the calendar in the general office. It hangs next to the photograph and is much easier to date. From the inscription on the cokernut that the tom-tit is clinging upside-down to I should say that it was just about 1925. If you turn this calendar round you will see, written across the back, "All the Best!—Hippo." We often wonder who Hippo was. Miss Elkington thinks it might be Mr. Harbottle.

Vases. We had a vase once. Now all you can see is the clean place on the mantelpiece where it use to stand—until yesterday.

I think I had better tell you the whole story, because this vase was easily the most significant piece of art in the office. It's difficult to tell you what it looked like. It started wide at the top, narrowing suddenly into the neck and widening again gradually for about a foot-and-a-half downwards, until it closed in abruptly at the end. It was altogether an unexpected sort

of vase. There was a key pattern round the top and there were two handles made of clusters of flowers, while round the base there were a number of exotic birds on a blue background mottled with green.

Mr. Chudleigh told us that a Miss Smith gave it to the office on leaving suddenly. I should say she gave it just before leaving suddenly. Somehow that vase brought out the worst in us. Padgett bet Mr. Porter that the neck was too narrow for a penny to go in. It wasn't. But Padgett couldn't get the penny out to pay Mr. Porter, and naturally that annoyed him—Mr. Porter, I mean. It annoyed Sidney too, because the penny had come out of the petty cash. Mr. Porter used to lean on the mantelpiece and gaze at the vase, and sometimes his arm would move along towards it and you could see what he was thinking. But he always stopped just in time.

Besides Mr. Porter's penny, the vase held Miss Elkington's hairpins. She used to put them in there, thinking it was a safe place, and when she wanted one she would shake the vase and nothing would come out. It didn't matter what you put in—pencils, toffees bus-tickets—you never got anything out.

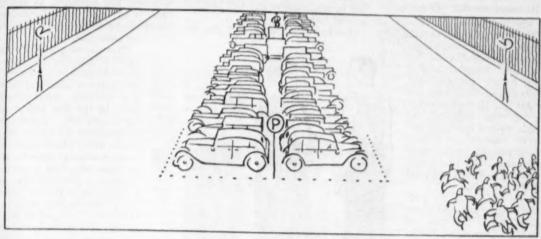
The most exasperating point about the vase was that utter uselessness which is the hall-mark of all true Art. It just stood on the mantelpiece, growing, as it seemed to us, bigger every day. But vesterday Mr. Porter burst into the room and rushed over to the mantelpiece, where some of us were leaning and looking at the vase and trying to decide whether the background was really blue mottled with green or only green mottled with blue. We asked him what he was so excited about, and he said that the rain was coming through Mr. Harbottle's ceiling and dripping on to the floor, and he had thought of a use for the vase at last. And he picked it up.

But the funny thing was that when we searched among the pieces for the penny we found that it was a half-crown.

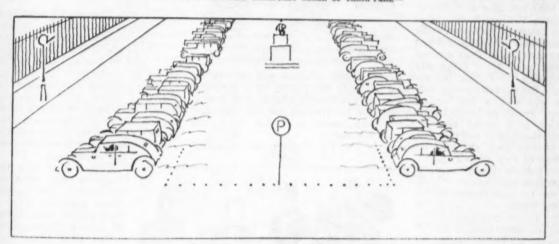
And another funny thing is that as we have nowhere to put all the odds-and-ends, hairpins, toffees and so on Mr. Chudleigh has told Sidney to go and buy some sort of vase—something artistic. After all, as he says, we're two-and-fivepence up, and you can get something artistic for less than that.

So by to-morrow there will be another vase on the mantelpiece. That's Art all over.

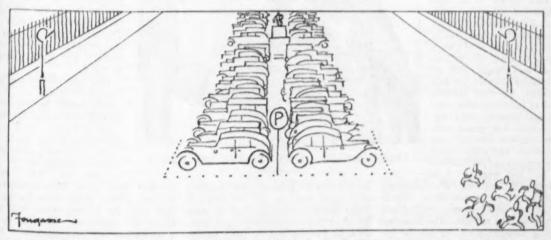
CARS MUST NOT REMAIN IN OFFICIAL PARKS FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS AT A STRETCH. THAT IS WHY WE ALL



AND MOVE OUR CARS CAREFULLY CLEAR OF THEIR PARK-



AND BACK AGAIN INTO IT-



THE JOKE BEING THAT THIS ISN'T A JOKE AT ALL.

# At the Play.

"To-NIGHT AT 8.30" (PHŒNIX).

In the programme of To-night at 8.30 Mr. NOEL COWARD explains why

he is presenting three short plays in an evening instead of one. He wants, this ceaseless experimenter, to get playgoers out of their two-and-a-half-hour and three-Act rut. He contends that many of the difficulties of dramatic writers only arise because of conventional length, and he shows us a succession of entertainments which move with the ease and swiftness of a good under-the-hour film.

The six stories in his wellhandled sling are arranged in two groups of three. The first trio begins with a piece called Family Album; it is a musical piece set in 1860, just after the funeral of a heavy Victorian father. Sons and daughters, rather pointedly reminiscent of Wimpole Street BARRETTS, pass from conventional grief to a progressive

realisation that their lamented sire was a bad hat and his reign well ended. He was such a bad hat that the piece, for all its musical accompaniments, is a special history, not a generalised satire, and the jesting is of a familiar type, the now well-worn

theme of very human desires peeping through very Victorian deportment.

Mr. COWARD handles his social history with a difference; the piece is plainly his. But the rather obvious targets do not try his marks. manship. More ambitiously, he then shows us in The Astonished Heart a little play of the kind that is still commonly thought to justify three Acts. Six brief scenes suffice to trace the infatuation and tragic end of Christian Faber (Mr.Coward himself), the very modern kind of physician who cannot heal himself. Very skilfully does his proud wife (Miss Alison Leggatt) let us see at the very outset what an eminent psychiatrist he is. But when he falls

in love with Mrs. Vail (Miss Gertrude artists, and Mr. Coward, who is giving LAWRENCE) he makes high tragedy out of the whole business, and jealousy drives him to suicide. He flounders among metaphors and we get the impression, perhaps more sharply than Mr. COWARD intends, that his practice

as a specialist has in fact been built up through manner and vocabulary and a youthful decisiveness, but that he is not in possession of any real body of proved doctrine.

Miss LAWRENCE has in this play her



A DRESSING-ROOM INTERLUDE.

George Pepper . . . Mr. Noel Coward. Mr. Edwards. . . . MR. ALAN WEBB. Lily Pepper . . . . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

first real occasions, and conveys admirably the picture of a flirtatious woman bringing tragedy upon herself. But her triumph and Mr. Coward's was reserved, in his first trio, for the last play

The Red Peppers are music-hall

PAPA'S MADEIRA. A GROUP FROM THE FAMILY ALBUM.

such good measure pressed down in these crowded evenings, is at his most lavish. Assailors and as men about town, Miss LAWRENCE and he gave musichall turns which moved the audience to transports of delighted laughter,

while behind the scenes in the dressing. room of the music-hall, the most magnificent rows take place. The comedy is broad, but behind it all the time there is an intellectual distinction, a fastidiousness in the choice of material

for burlesque.

This special gift of Mr. Cow. ARD's for selecting the representative phrases and turns of speech which give us individual histories in a sentence, shines pre-eminently in the first two plays of his second trio. Hands across the Sea shows the sort of welcome people living a busy social life in London so easily come to extend to those who look them up in response to promises exacted on a cruise or a distant holiday. The Wadhursts from Malaya visit the richer Pipers and sit through an orgy of telephoning and crosstalk which means nothing to them.

Miss LAWRENCE is at her great comic best in this play, blundering away in a social discomfort that she is too much preoccupied to realise. Complete in-

ability to concentrate on anything, although annoying when we meet it in real life, makes very entertaining theatre. Her range of talent is shown to great advantage in the second series, for no sooner has the curtain fallen on-Lady Muriel Piper than we meet Doris

Gow of Clapham. Fumed Oak has the theme of Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S The Breadwinner transplanted to a much humbler social sphere. Mr. Gow (Mr. COWARD) turns at last after fifteen years of meek slavery and three generations of women; his mother-in-law, his wife and his daughter watch him go. The school-girl daughter is played most effectively and subtly by Miss Moya NUGENT.

This play illustrates Mr. COWARD'S point, for it is wholly made by its swift brevity and would not bear exploitation and the attempt to give it depth.

Mr. Coward's most ambitious experiment of all comes at the end.

Shadow Play gives Miss LAWRENCE and the author great scope for dance and song, for it uses music and the dance to suggest not the history of a love-affair but its character. Mr. COWARD is fond of the convention by which successive scenes go back in time, and here he shows us what still bound together a couple whom we first meet on the eve of divorce. But it is easier to express the lighter ties than the stronger ones, especially as the songs, which would fit into any revue, give little help.

It seems to be a transitional work, the forerunner of something Mr. Coward will one day be able to crystallise, but, as it is, it makes an excellent counter-poise for the two earlier pieces and gives Miss Gertrude Lawrence further scope for compelling admiration of her splendid diversity of gifts.

D.W.

# "RICHARD III" (OLD VIC.)

The more I see of this play the more I wonder how Shakespeare comforted himself about the extraordinary volte faces of his women-characters towards Richard.

If you take the case of Anne you find a woman who, at her first meeting (since the tragedy) with the murderer of her husband and her father-in-law, while actually conducting the latter's coffin to its grave, pauses to rail and almost before we know, accepts a ring from him in something very near amity. Or if you take that of Queen Elizabeth,

whose little sons Richard had done to death with peculiar brutality, you find her swinging in a few brief minutes from bitter hatred to the contemplation of a marriage between the King and her daughter; and swinging so easily that even Richard, who had the greatest confidence in the persuasiveness of his tongue, remarked as she went out: "Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!"

It may have been that SHAKESPEARE was content to bank on
the kind of unholy fascination
which to-day deluges suspected
killers with offers of marriage.
At any rate, he did little, and
in the nature of the character
could do little, to make Richard
attractive to women; yet Richard
compelled them, almost hypnotically. He was not so successful with his own mother, certainly, but it is reasonable to suppose that the years had proofed
her against her son's attractions.

Anne's difficult moment—the moment at which she cannot bring herself to stab Richard—was here very well produced, for as the dagger fell from Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT's fingers, Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN actually caught it, and than this there could scarcely be a more fitting comment on the brazen courage of the man.

The most interesting point about this production was the relationship between *Richard* and *Buckingham*, whom



ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WERE SETTING HER CAP AT HIM!

Richard, Duke of Gloucester . . Mr. William Devlin. Lady Anne . . . Miss Vivienne Bennett.



VERY RUDE AWAKENING.

Two Murderers . . . MESSES. GEORGE WOODBRIDGE and STEFAN SCHNABEL.

George, Duke of Clarence . . . . MR. ALEC CLUNES.

Mr. CECIL TROUNCER played with a light-heartedness which threw the play out of its conventional perspective. Where Buckingham is normally just a greedy baron, eager to sell his soul, Mr. TROUNCER showed him as an adventurer, fully aware of the bitter humours of state intrigue and deter-

mined that, if indeed he must sell his soul, then he would extract a cynical enjoyment from the process.

The merits of this experiment are debatable. At certain moments which, for the sake of massing up his character. should have been Richard's, Buckingham nearly played him off the stage. with laughs sometimes a little easily obtained; on the other hand (if I may whisper it), this is one of Shakespeare's duller plays, and personally, after sitting through its full three hours, I couldn't find it in my heart to condemn Mr. TROUNCER or the producer, Mr. HENRY CASS, for lightening the evening with this unexpected infusion of humour, even if it did somewhat diminish Richard's stature. And as a satire on politics as we know them, the scenes in which Buckingham described to his master the behaviour of his packed meeting of citizens, and in which Richard, discovered on a balcony at prayer between two monks, kept on coyly refusing the crown at Buckingham's hands, were excellently contrived.

I liked the production as a whole, but I thought the centre-piece, when it was opened to form a council-chamber, rather garish, particularly the

harsh mauve steps; and the dim lighting of the scene in the Tower during the murder of Clarence, though it offered a fine silhouette at the end, lost us much of the Murderers' expressions. This was a pity. I remember when the O.U.D.S. gave this play in the open-air in Christ Church two summers ago how effective the Murderers were; one saw every movement of their faces.

This Richard lacked nothing in villainy, and his enunciation was admirable. To my mind Richard took a greater intellectual pleasure in the delicious contemplation of his own misdeeds than Mr. DEVLIN suggested; but still his was a very sound performance. Eric.

"No, said the Vicar. Between you and I and the doorpost, his spelling is awful, and his grammar worse, and our children are very particular about such things."

Parish Magazine.

Well, well; we all have our little weaknesses.

"Think kind thoughts and sad faces will disappear."—Weekly Text Poster.

We tried this in the bus. The man sitting opposite stirred uneasily but remained.

# Mr. Silvertop and the Gararge.

While he was exorcising the oscillating demon which had come to roost in our wireless-set, Mr. Silvertop and I surveyed the field of local government

together.

"It's my belief that Councils get rattled pretty easily if you stand up to them," I said. "I had an aunt who more or less lived for a tremendous holly hedge which ran round her garden. One day the Borough Council sent her a note ordering her to cut it down, as it was too high. Being a logical woman, she simply wrote back on a post-card, "Too high for what?"—and she never heard another word about it."

"Borough Councils?" hissed Mr. Silvertop, giving the entrails of the set a contemptuous jab with his screwdriver. "Corlumme! they 'rea rum crew. No co'erence, if you knows what I mean. Ever tell you about that posh gararge I put up for a gent? Well, 'e's got one of them great grev cars what goes a perishing sight too fast for my way of thinking, and seeing what it cost, it oughtn't never to need 'arf-aturn of a nut, not till Doomsday. But 'e's one of them gents oo's never 'appy unless 'e's playing bears under it, so 'e gets me round and 'e ses, 'Look 'ere, Silvertop, you can't swing a kitten in this ruddy little soap-box. Can you do me a proper gararge with an inspection-pit and a bench and central-'eating and lots of lights?' 'That I can,' I ses, knowing money was no object, 'but 'ave you the space?' 'Lots,' e ses, on that strip of garden running down to where the road forks.' 'The very place,' I ses. I gets on the job with a few mates, and in six weeks or so we puts the last screw in the finest gararge I ever see-even Bluebird erself would 'ave dossed down 'appily in it. I'll just give this 'ere a try, Mr. Silvertop said.

He twiddled the knobs and someone who seemed to have a good deal of mud in his throat began to tell us what to do with pet toads when they went off

their feed.

"Is it 'im or it?" Mr. Silvertop demanded.

"I think it's it," I said.

"That perishing condenser again, it wants murdering," he remarked blandly. "Well, as I was saying, the gararge was a fair treat, and the gent was just getting ready to spend a nice greasy oliday in the pit when round comes a bloke from the Council and ses, ''Ere, what's all this about? You can't go knocking up gararges on a blind corner without our permission.' 'Oo ses so?' my gent demands, 'it's my land.' 'The

Council ses so,' the man replies, 'and you'll 'ave to bash it down again double-quick.' 'I'll see the Council in 'ell first,' says my gent, and from what I knows of 'is temper the Council bloke was lucky not to be 'it for six with a spanner.

"Well, 'im and the Council they goes at it 'ammer and tongs, and in the end 'is lawyer ses, 'It's a fair cop, 'Enery. You'll 'ave to pull the ruddy thing down.' 'I'll be jiggered if I will without compensation,' ses my gent, and writes and tells the Council so. 'Compensation our foot,' writes back the Council, 'you don't get a brass far-

thing from us.'

"As you can imagine, by this time my gent was fair 'opping-mad, but 'is wife ses, 'Why not ask the Chairman of the Council to come round and 'ave one in the morning and see if a few noggins of the best won't ease things?' Which, after a bit of strong language, my gent does. Well, the Chairman comes all right, and I was there too, seeing as 'ow I knew all about the gararge, and we sits down to a bottle. But when the bottle's finished the Chairman ses it was nice sherry but 'e's afraid the Council can't budge an inch. At that moment in comes a maid to tell my gent someone wants to see 'im. 'Pardon,' ses 'e to us, 'I'll only be a jiffy.' Ten minutes later 'e comes back, and you could 'ave knocked me down with a split-pin when 'e remarks to the Chairman, very dignified-like, 'I've decided to do what you ask, seeing as 'ow I'm such a firm believer in up'olding local government.' The Chairman looked a bit dazed, too.

"After 'e'd gone my gent takes me into the dining-room, introduces me with a wink to a natty young chap and ses, 'Silvertop, this gentleman's come from the Road Department to ask if I'd mind pulling down the new gararge, as they're going to widen that corner. 'Pull it down?' I ses, acting as if 'orrorstruck-'after all it 's cost? We've only just put it up.' 'Can't tell you 'ow sorry we are,' ses the young chap, 'we'd no idea it was a new one, and of course we'll pay full compensation.' 'Let's see, I 'aven't 'ad your bill yet,' ses my gent to me with another wink. 'What was it going to set me back?

"Close on three 'undred,' I ses, 'and that's cheap, seeing as it's more of a boodoor than a gararge.' 'And 'ow much for pulling it down?' asks the young chap. 'I'll let you off with fifty,' I ses, and 'e takes it like a lamb."

"And did you?" I asked.

"Not as you might say fifty dead,"
Mr. Silvertop admitted, at last extracting a pure note from the loudspeaker,
"it come out nearer eighty by the time

we'd finished. I don't mind telling you, I was surprised myself 'ow solid we'd made that there gararge."

He closed one eye gravely.

"Corlumme! Borough Councils!"
ERIC.

# Monsieur Paul Narrates.

VIII.-The Illusionist.

"When my friend Adolphe fell in love with a girl called Hélène," said Monsieur Paul, "he found himself in the position of a man who has been invited to embarrass the Sphinx with a riddle or to astonish the Sibyl with a forecast of the weather.

'Adolphe was a conjuror. Through. out Paris his name was known as a noted contriver of illusions and maker of mysteries, and the crowds who thronged nightly to his performances at the Theatre Merlin agreed that since the retirement of Carlos le grand there had been in France no better magician than he. Unfortunately for Adolphe, however, this Carlos happened to be the father of Hélène, and in consequence the one person whom Adolphe most desired to impress by his skill remained consistently unmoved. When he ventured at last to propose marriage to her, Hélène rejected his offer with a mild contempt.

"It is not altogether, she said, raising her eyebrows with a faint superciliousness, 'that I am not fond of you, my Adolphe. You work hard, you mean well and your moustache is an adornment that any woman might admire. Your technique, so far as it goes, is not contemptible, but your répertoire is oldfashioned and elementary. You must remember that for several years I was my father's assistant, and that owing to his care I became an adept in mystery very early in life. I could swallow a billiard-ball almost before I could talk; the discovery of white mice or live pigeons in my nurse's apron pocket became a commonplace while I was still in my perambulator; and by the age of fourteen I could even vanish and reappear with facility and address. In your exhibition I find nothing that either astonishes or interests me, and it must be clear to you that it would be folly to contemplate a married life during the course of which the unexpected was never likely to occur.'

"There is reason in what you say, admitted Adolphe reluctantly, 'although it is a blow to me that you find my devices so threadbare. But if, by some happy chance, I could contrive a new illusion which would deceive even you, the case would be altered, n'est ce pas? For, clearly, if you could be astonished once, one might assume that you could be astonished again.'



THE CHINESE INFLUENCE.

"ME ALL-SAME LIKE-UM PIECEE PLENTY MUCHEE-DON'T YOU?"

"'If you could do this, which I do not expect,' said Hélène slowly, 'I might change my mind.'

"'Never fear!' cried Adolphe, striking his chest, 'I will find a way. To a lover no obstacle is insurmountable!'

"Adolphe racked his brains. He spent sleepless nights devising new mysteries of unparalleled ingenuity. But, although his reputation as a magician was notably enhanced and the people thronged to his performances in greater numbers, Hélène alone remained unsurprised. When Adolphe came to her eagerly after the first exhibition of a new illusion she would shake her head sadly.

"'No,' she would say, 'I was not deceived. The method you employed was such-and-such. My father often made use of a similiar contrivance.'

"At length Adolphe became desperate. His powers of invention were nearly exhausted and the solution of his problem seemed as remote as ever. But at this time he had a new assistant, personable young woman called Ninette, and one evening as he was thoughtfully impaling her with swords a new

idea occurred to him. 'If,' he thought to himself, 'I should seem to fall in love with this Ninette, that would be an illusion which would not only deceive Hélène but arouse her jealousy as well. I wonder that I did not think of it before.'

"Accordingly Adolphe set about creating this new illusion. He allowed a certain tenderness to creep into the manner in which he sawed Ninette in half. He permitted his hand to tremble visibly as he took from her any piece of apparatus which she was holding in readiness, and he spent undue periods in gazing soulfully into her eyes. As a final master-stroke he began, while Ninette was on the stage with him, to appear abstracted, to recall himself to his surroundings with an evident effort, even to make little errors in his performance.

"His audiences soon scented a romance, and it was not long before the rumour reached Hélène's ears that the great Adolphe was now so much in love with his new assistant that even the quality of his legerdemain was beginning to be affected. Surprised and not a little disturbed by this story, Hélène attended one of the performances in person. With her own eyes she studied the conduct of Adolphe towards Ninette, taking indignant note of each tender gesture, each yearning glance. She was surprised at last—and not surprised only, but very angry. After the performance she took Adolphe aside and reproached him most bitterly for his faithlessness.

Adolphe listened to her harangue with courtesy and patience, but although this was the climax to which he had been looking forward for weeks, the anticipated feelings of triumph and elation were strangely absent. illusion had certainly been a success Hélène's attitude left no doubt that she had been entirely deceived. But this particular illusion had accomplished a thing which none of his illusions had ever done before. It had deceived the illusionist himself. As he listened to the reproaches of Hélène, Adolphe discovered that he no longer loved her. He was in love with Ninette.

# "He Should have Been English!"

The favourite compliment of the Englishman to a foreigner who really rouses his esteem is, "Dash it all, he might almost be an Englishman!" And sometimes in daily life or in the study of history most of us come upon some foreign personality whose typically English charms or virtues strike us just that way.

Such a one was the late Monk Eastman, an American Jew born in Brooklyn in 1873. For what are the most typical and canonised English virtues? He-manliness, honour, courage, respect for women and, above all other, kindness to animals. All of these he possessed in marked and rare degree, as after a brief biographical sketch I will demonstrate.

His father was a respectable man who kept a restaurant, but the young lad Monk rose to far higher spheres, living to be known as "the Prince of Gangsters" in the good old pre-War days when gangsters were gangsters and gangs were indeed gangs. Twelve hundred thugs were proud to follow him, scorning the fancy soubriquets of their competitors, such as the Dead Rabbits and the Plug-Uglies, to call themselves simply Eastmans. He ruled from Monroe Street to Fourteenth Street, from the Bowery to the East River. Several lesser gangs operated under his suzerainty.

Monk Eastman never pandered to the dandified tastes of the majority of gang-leaders, who were chic and scented. He wore appalling clothes, shaggy hair, a billycock hat several sizes too small and a pair of cauliflower ears. He was of course a big man in politics. Tammany Hall regarded him as invaluable, especially at election times. His gangsters voted in droves and devotedly blackjacked citizens who thought to vote in opposition. Tammany Hall naturally arranged things for the loyal Mr. Eastman whenever he got arrested-which he often did, for he never shirked playing a personal part in battle.

"I likes to beat up a guy once in a while," he used to say; "it keeps me hand in."

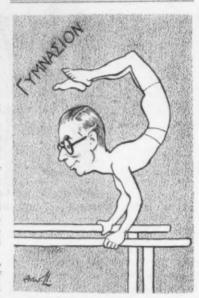
And he was indefatigable in the war of his gang against the Five-Pointers and their chieftain, Paul Kelly. He was a killer with no perhaps about it.

Monk was a real he-man. He was a fine boxer. He was a terror at roughand-tumble contests, though he was but five feet and five inches tall and never weighed more than a hundredand-fifty pounds. He was famous for

his fighting skill with brass knuckles, he was an artist with a beer-bottle or a bit of lead-piping, and his clubbings were the talk of the town. His nerve was never shaken, though he had about two dozen knife-scars, half of them upon his neck and face. He was so full of bullets that when he once had to strip for a doctors' examination they thought they were dealing with a veteran of every American battle since Gettysburg.

"What wars have you been in?" asked the doctor.

"Oh," grinned Mr. Eastman, "a lot of little wars around New York!"



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

In a circular issued by the President of the Board of Education there is a recommendation that every British school should possess a gymnasium—suggested, no doubt, by the practice of the fifth century B.C., when the youth of Greece went through a regular course of gymnastic training.

He was honourable. Once half-adozen Five-Pointers, armed to the teeth, attacked him when he was unarmed, and, after a tremendous battle, left him for dead. For weeks he lay in hospital in danger of death, but nothing would induce him to give the police the name of the man who had shot him. A week after his discharge from hospital the police found a Five-Pointer lying dead in a gutter.

He was fearless. It is solemn truth that he joined up directly America entered the World War, and served throughout with conspicuous courage and endurance. He ran away from hospital to get back to the Front. When his company was at last relieved

after holding a terribly hot part of the line, he stayed as a stretcher-bearer with the relieving troops. He was in the forefront of every charge. He was esteemed and trusted by both officers and men.

He was chivalrous. It was his proud boast that never under any provocation had he struck a woman with a club. Whenever he was obliged to show firmness with a lady, he simply used his fist to black her eyes.

"I only give her a little poke," he explained — "just enough to put a shanty in her glimmer. But I always takes off me brass knuckles first." In short, a gentleman.

But what shows this American Jew to have been a real Englishman at heart is most of all his devotion to if I may coin a phrase—his and our dumb friends. He was pre-eminently kind to animals.

It is a very interesting fact that his father set him up before he was twenty with a bird and animal store because of his ingrained passion for feathered and furry creatures. But then an exceedingly awkward situation arose. Monk grew so fond of his stock that he could hardly ever be induced to part with any of them. This was of course nothing short of an economic impasse. I attribute his startling alternative career entirely to this predicament.

At one time he owned as pets more than one hundred cats and five hundred pigeons. He often went out in his peaceful moments with his favourite pigeon perched on one shoulder, a cat under each arm, and several more following him. Cruelty to animals made his generous blood boil.

"I likes de kits and de boids," observed Mr. Monk Eastman. "I'll beat up any guy dat gets gay wit' a kit or a boid in my neck of de woods."

# Local Finance.

"It's about how I ought to present the details of my personal expenses as assistant secretary to the Social Committee, Sir. There's the stamps and stationery and the petrol for the motor-bike—I've got them O.K. to a halfpenny. It's all these fourpences that bother me."

"Fourpences?"

"It's like this, Sir. I don't know that the treasurer quite understands that it's difficult to be assistant secretary to a secretary like Roberts. Now, as you know, I don't get off duty till five o'clock, and by the time I 've had my tea and a bit of a wash and gone round to Roberts's house, he's started business already—gone on his rounds, as you might say."



Little Girl. "WELL, MY FATHER'S AN ENCHANTED ACCOUNTANT."

"Well?"

"It's not that anyone can call me near, but the fourpences do mount up in a place where there are so many houses, and Roberts may be in any one of them. If I look for him in 'The Bear' I've got to have one for the good of the house, and by the time I've drawn 'The Harrow' and 'The Crown' and 'The Queen's Head' there's another bob gone—probably two: it depends on the company. It wouldn't be so bad now if Roberts was a man of what you'd call regular habits, but he's so inconsistent—'The Bear' one night, 'The Queen's Head' another. The treasurer

would understand all right, same as you do, Sir, but when it comes to the treasurer's report having to be read out at the next Committee meeting and those Miss Scarboroughs—well, you see . . ."

"I see."

"It's not the time I grudge, but I do like to get my accounts made out in a business-like way. Items like 'Halfpints' or 'Drinks' might look queer on a balance-sheet—not that I've had one except for business or else paid for it out of my own pocket. But people get ideas into their heads in a place like this. Now what I came to see you about

is, I know there's some legal word that would look right. It's at the back of my head, but I just can't think of it."

"What about 'running expenses'?"
"No, the treasurer expects full details of them."

"'Lubrication,' then?"

"I've got down 'Oil and Petrol' already. It was on the tip of my tongue just then. Oh, excuse me a minute, Sir, there's Roberts just going into 'The Harrow'."

By next day the assistant secretary had solved his problem—"Overdraft: eleven shillings and fourpence," read out the treasurer.



SERVANTS' DANCE.

Housekeeper. "I think, Sir, begging your pardon, Sir, that you'd better lead off with Amelia. She's been a bit difficult lately."

# New Modes for Old Music.

[It has been announced in the papers that "a solo for tambourine" has recently been composed by a lady for broadcasting purposes.]

Though the justly-renowned Tam-BURINI

Neglected the gay tambourine, That it antedates ancient Mycenæ

From musical pundits I glean;
And hundreds of years before GLINKA
'Twas known in primeval Cathay
And Peru when the conquering Inca
Held permanent sway.

'Twas sounded by Israel's daughters
With MIRIAM's jubilant shout
As they came through the sundering

waters
That turned the Egyptians to rout;

But the staunch neo-Aryan critic Regards it, with pious disgust, As barbarous, vilely Semitic, And ban it he must. Most instruments framed for our pleasure

Can never be mastered with ease,
But the timbrel surrenders its treasure
Regardless of pitch or of keys.
With practice it wholly dispenses,
For truthfully may it be said
That the tambourine can in both
senses

Be played on your head.

Till this week I had met with no mention

Of any composer I know
Revealing the faintest intention
Of giving the timbrel a show;
But a lady, quite recently smitten
By zeal this neglect to repair,
A "tambourine solo" has written
For use on the air.

'Tis strange that so arch-orgiastic An emblem of Bacchic revolt Should be held to conform to the drastic Requirements of Adrian Boult; For if Pecksniff were summoned to mingle

With us by the psychical powers, He would surely consider his Jingle Less "Pagan" than ours.

And though, in the latest edition Of Grove, to the regular "Group Of Percussion" explicit admission Is granted the tambourine's hoop,

I recoil from the current opinion That tongs, bones and salt-box must win

The right to promote the dominion Of organised din. C. L. G.

Will the "Quads" turn out for Richmond?

"Quins seize their chances against Blackheath?"—Daily Paper.

" NEW TITLE.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister has taken the title of Viscount Swinton Eyres Monsell."

Colonial Paper.

Why he omitted the "and Macpherson" is not explained.

# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

# The League and its Future.

It is no light disappointment to discover Mr. Douglas JERROLD devoting a pettish, incoherent and (in details) ill-considered invective to the discomfiture of the League of Nations. Starting with the unexceptionable premise that European civilisation is a product of Christian morality and that this morality is neither upheld by the major part of Europe nor respected by the rest of the world, he accuses the collective efforts of the nations of being stultified in advance for lack of a common philosophy. His loathing for Russia, his dislike of Liberalismand therefore of representative government-both combine to render him less than just to an association whose general sense of righteousness is at least adequate to the problem of Italy and Abyssinia. This adequacy is something, if not everything; and while it is obvious (as Mr. JERROLD more usefully suggests) that the present world-situation cannot and should not be crystallised by Geneva, it is obvious that until international banditry is discouraged, international readjustments must wait. They that Take the Sword (LANE, 6/-) strikes me as a hasty piece of well-meant pamphleteering. The best of it has been said better elsewhere; the worst could hardly have been less adroitly insinuated.

# Journalism and Liberty.

The Twentieth Century Library sets out, it seems, to publish a series of books on "problems of to-day viewed in the light of the changing ideas and events of modern times." With this praiseworthy object in view it has already given us a score or so of volumes dealing in small compass and at a moderate price with a curious medley of subjects, ranging from the Jews to Architecture and from War to Women. The latest volume, by A. J. Cummings, handles that large and difficult subject, The Press (John Lane, 3/6),

which in this connection he takes to signify Journalism and nothing else. Mr. Cummings should know his subject, but he seems to have been rather daunted by the size of the task before him. Modestly he opens by admitting that a really first-class book on the subject has yet to be written. Your working journalist, we gather, has no leisure to devote to a comprehensive analysis of his business: in the present instance, after a few words on the Acta Diurna, the newssheets of the fifteenth century and the early English newspapers, such as the so-called Weekely Newes, he devotes most of his space to the evils of propaganda and the lurking danger of what he is pleased to call "political authoritarianism." (Phœbus, what a word!) This matter of the Freedom



Marine Superintendent. "Yes, we'll be shipping some horses soon. Know anything about looking after horses?"

Job-seeker. "No, Sah, but ah'm so strong dat if dey get fresh ah can easy chuck 'em overboard."

of the Press seems to have obsessed our author, who confesses on one page that he would like to fling a copy of *Areopagitica* into the face of every modern tyrant.

## Guardian of Kings.

The late Detective-Inspector Herbert Fitch was for many years employed in the unostentatious guardianship of members of our own Royal Family both at home and abroad, as well as those of other countries who were visiting these shores. Kings and Emperors, Princesses and Queens—there were few of the great ones with whom he was not brought into touch, and in Memoirs of a Royal Detective (Hurst and Blackett, 18/-) he has set down his experi-

ences of and with the various personages he had to look after. Like others of its kind, the book suffers from overenthusiasm. Every flower in the bouquet is without a flaw; there is not a court-card in the pack that shows the least imperfection. With those of foreign countries we are indifferently concerned, but we decline to believe, and have no wish to believe, that our own Royalties are inhumanly destitute of all endearing frailties, unless, like ourselves, they are on their best behaviour when under the eve of the police. Apart from this weakness (which may be a strength with the circulating libraries) the book has plenty of interest, and contains some quite good stories. The Grand Duke Boris and the taxicabs may be commended to the reader, and, especially, the tragic discomfiture of the

butler at Buckingham Palace on being informed that he was to be presented with the White Elephant of Siam. "How can I possibly keep an elephant, Mr. Fitch ? In the Palace here, too!

# Soldiers Three.

Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN writes with affection, sincerity and a quiet forcefulness of what he knows and loves-the life of his humbler fellow-countrymen seen squarely through neither rose-tinted glasses nor the more fashionable darkish blue. Old Soldier (COLLINS, 7/6) shows us the uneventful but by no means uninteresting routine in the porters' basement of a famous Edinburgh silversmith's and in the home of ex-cavalryman Stewart Reid-a friendly, humorous, honest, reflective -indeed moody-fellow, a bit of a lad potentially, but ridden tactfully on the curb by his competent Minnie: grateful, without subservience, to have a modest job with employers who haven't forgotten what they owe to the soldier. Down below the shop, with its displayed wealth and affluent custom-

ers, the humble porters and polishers work and talk, most duced, deserves the warmest of welcomes. of them friendly folk, one or two cantankerous or malicious. Reid's pals are his two ex-soldier companions —old Todd, a Boer-war warrior and kindly martinet in command of the basement, and Teddy Leng, who has seen better days, as they say, but, as he has the fine sense to recognise, not better fellows. An honest piece of significant modern life.

"A Yankee Ship Came Down the River."

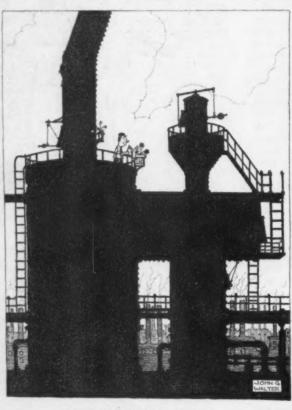
Miss Mary Ellen Chase, in her new book, Silas Crockett (COLLINS, 7/6), tells the story of four generations of Crocketts of Saturday Cove, beginning with a Silas who sailed in the Canton trade and filled his gracious white-porticoed house in the elm-shaded village street with the colour and romance of the East, and ending with his great-grandson and namesake, driven through stress of economic circum-

stance to stand-like many others whose forebears had been little monarchs in their own floating kingdoms-at the cutting-tables of the local cannery. In her opening chapters Miss Chase fairly revels in descriptions of the silks and satins, the china and furniture which the homecoming clipper captains of New England brought back during the heyday—as brief as it was resplendent—of American shipping; and although the latter part of the book inevitably lacks much of the colour and variety of its beginning, the portraits of these Maine seamen, and still more perhaps of their wise and patient womenfolk, are drawn with a real affection and knowledge. Not much of the action takes place at sea; but the clean salt air of the little New England seaport, in its prosperity and its decay.

blows constantly through its pages.

# Heritage.

Mr. F. H. CROSSLEY, in The English Abbey (BATS-FORD, 7/6), draws our attention to an inheritance which some of us perhaps are inclined to undervalue. and it is impossible to study his superb collection of photographs without realising the beauty and extent of our monastic possessions. Apart, however, from the numerous illustrations, Mr. Crossley writes so carefully and clearly of monastic life in mediæval times that it is easy to understand both its uses and abuses. To-day some of the ordinances laid down for lay brethren make quaint reading. For instance, if a brother injured himself by "indiscreet and immoderate labour" he was either put on a diet of bread and water, to chasten his over - zealous spirit, or was soundly beaten. Surely a severe ordinance, and more than a little discouraging to zealous workmen. This volume, which is excellently pro-



THE HORTICULTURIST.

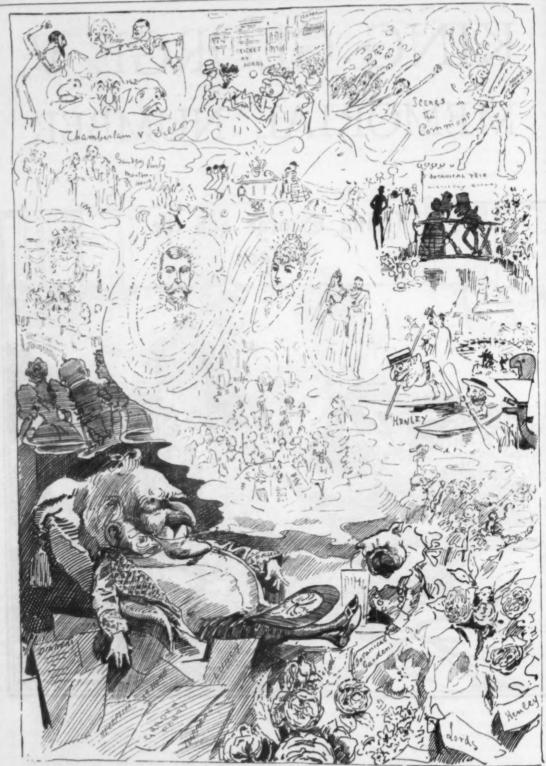
## Family Troubles.

Mr. Carter Dickson's fertile imagination shows no sign of exhaustion in The Red Widow Murders (HEINEMANN, 7/6), and once again he gives a remarkable exhibition of ingenuity. Elaborately staged, this tragedy of the unfortunate Brixhams moves without a check to its climax. And through the grim time when poison and madness were in the air, that wonderful man, Sir Henry Merivale, sucked his pipe and gradually solved the mystery. Admirer of H. M. as I am, I should feel on easier terms with him if his moon face had not on two occasions "split with fantastic jollity," and I also think that his creator might allot him a more melodious exclamation than "Uh-huh!" But these are trifles in a tale which, if at times almost too horrorprovoking, is admirably constructed.

# KING GEORGE V. MEMORIAL NUMBER

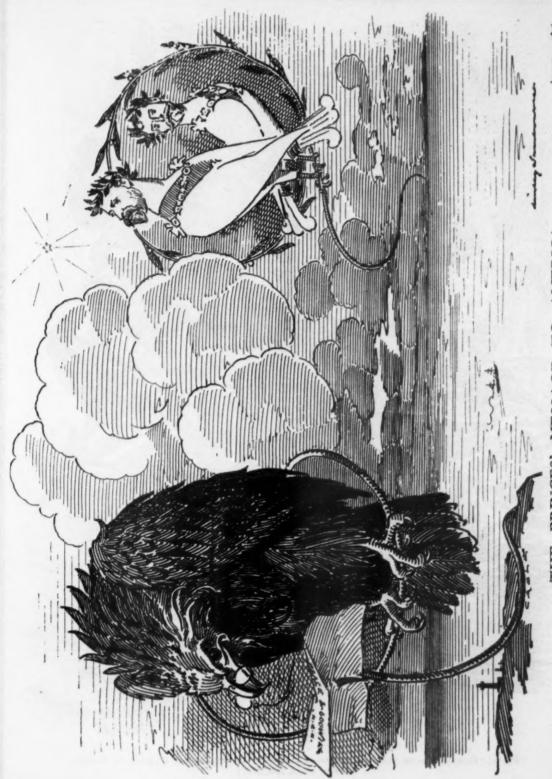


[In a speech delivered at the Guildhall on December 5th, 1901, King George V., then Prince of Wales, used the memorable phrase, "Wake Up, England!"]



THE WEEK OF THE YEAR

[The Duke of York (afterwards King George) was married on July 6th, 1893, to Princess Victoria Mary, daughter of the Duke of Teck.]



HE PRINCES' MESSAGE TO AMERICA



March 13, 1901

# THE MAGIC CARPET

[Wishing "Godspeed" to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their departure for Australia, Saturday, March 16th, 1901.]

"ROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN!"





# H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES

"I know, Sir, that you will maintain the prestige of the Title. It would be impossible to increase it."

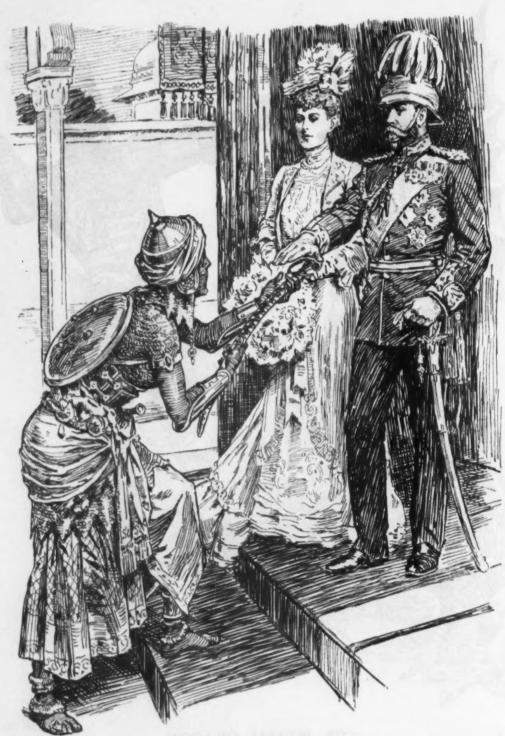


December 18, 1901

## THE WELSH DRAGON

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. "Come to my Arms!"

[The badge of the Red Dragon is now, by Royal command, added to the "achievement" of the PRINCE OF WALES.]



INDIA'S HOMAGE

November 15, 1905

[The Paince and Paincess of Wales landed at Bombay on November 9th, 1905, and received a very loyal welcome.]



July 22, 1908

# SALUT AUX MORTS

TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM

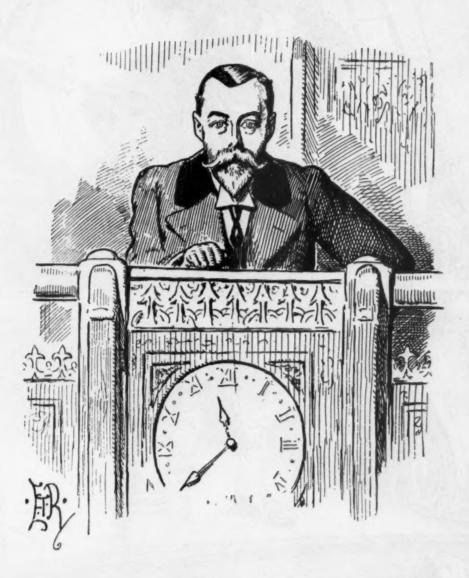
[The Plains of Abraham at Quebec, on which both Wolfe and Montcalm fell, were dedicated by the Prince of Wales as a National Memorial on July 24th, 1908.]



HAIL, KING!

May 18, 1910

[King Edward VII. died on May 6th, 1910, and the accession of King George was publicly proclaimed in Great Britain and throughout the Empire on May 9th.]

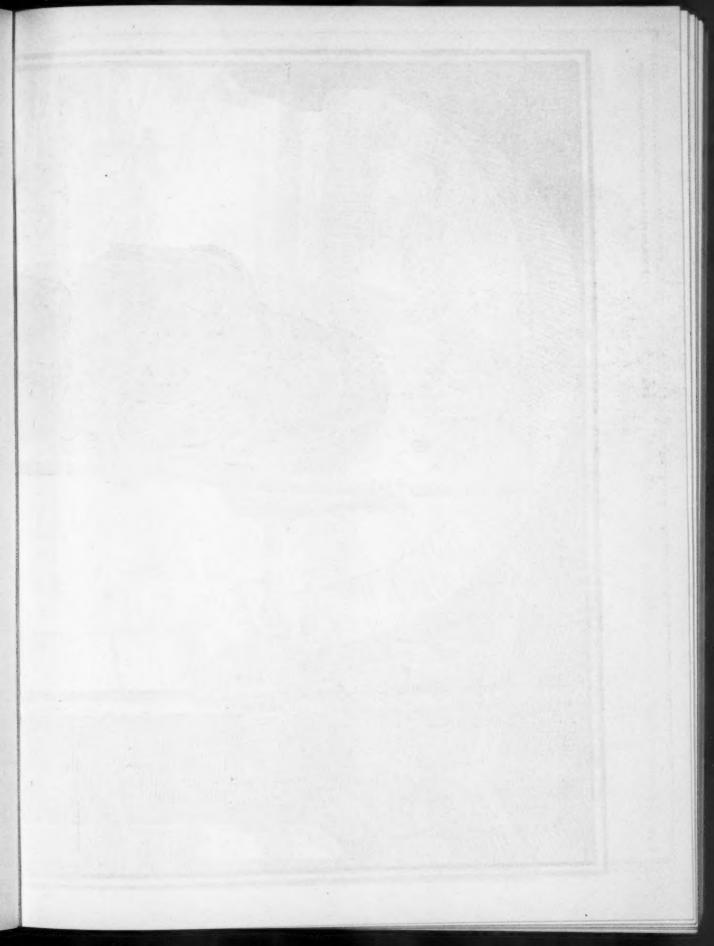


# "A VISITOR AS WELCOME AS HIS APPEARANCE WAS FREQUENT"

[His Majesty King George, when Prince of Wales, was a keen student of debate in the Peers' Gallery.]



THE SHIP OF STATE: A NEW EMPRISE





To the Memory of His Majesty King George.





# THE CAPTURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE

[On July 4th, 1912, a Grand Rally of Boy Scouts was held at Windsor in the presence of the King.]



December 13, 1911

THE KING-EMPEROR

Delhi Durbar, December 12th, 1911



## THE KING AT THE FRONT

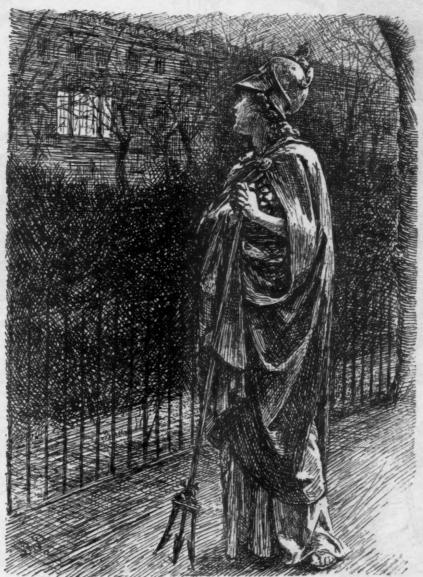
December 9, 1914

[King George paid a visit to the troops at the Front, November 29th—December 5th, the first such visit by a British Monarch since George II. fought at Dettingen in 1743.]



LONG LIVE THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR!

[On July 17th, 1917, a Proclamation was issued stating that henceforth the Royal House of Great Britain and Ireland would be known not as the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, but as the House of Windsor.]



December 19, 1928

# A NATION'S VIGIL

[The long strain of the War and his unremitting devotion to the service of his country were responsible for the Knnc's serious illness at the close of 1928. The nation had come to realise how much it owed to one of whom it has been truly said that he was not "a symbol but a very human being," and the anxiety with which the course of his illness was followed was not confined to the crowds who read the bulletins at Buckingham Palsoe, but was shared by all the great English-speaking family of which he was the head.]



THE KING SPEAKING

FATHER NEFTUNE (listening-in to the Inaugural Meeting of the Naval Conference, opened by KING GEORGE V. in January, 1930). "HEAR, HEAR! I'M WITH YOU, SIR."

#### Rudyard Kipling.

THERE is no need of excuse for including a tribute to RUDYARD KIPLING in this Memorial Number. KING GEORGE and he were of the same age, they were united by ties of personal friendship,

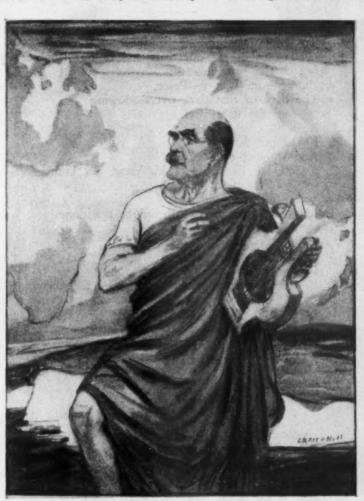
KING was the wise and unselfish ruler of his far-flung Dominions, whose labours in maintaining peace and stability in times of unprecedented stress have won world-wide recognition, KIPLING was the impassioned interpreter of Imperial sentiment for two generations of Englishmen.

It was the custom of reviewers on The Spectator under the rule of HUTTON and TOWNSEND to go to the office-the old house in Wellington Street, long since pulled down-on Tuesdays, look at the new books on the shelves and see if there was anything that appealed to their fancy. One of them, in the year 1889, picked up a paper-covered book entitled Soldiers Three, and did not take more than a minute or two to recognise that a new star had swum into our ken. He was allowed to carry it off, and had the privilege of infecting with his enthusiasm MEREDITH TOWNS-END, who himself had started his

This age as Kipling-seventeen. review led to an introduction to the author when he returned to England in 1891 and was installed in a rather poky flat in Villiers Street, and to a friendship that lasted till his death.

Others are better equipped to weigh and appraise his claims to enduring fame as a poet and story-teller. The writer's aim is to illustrate the qualities

correspondence. In company or with strangers he was shy and rather angular. When you were alone with him, he was the most exhilarating of companions, radiating vitality, goodwill and interest in the other man and his concerns. He would occasionally recite poems which he never published, but he was never and in their love for England and the egotistic. He never betrayed any their thoughts are not easily recon-Empire they were one. For while the jealousy of his contemporaries. Nothing



THE SINGER OF EMPIRE

journalistic career in India at the same | gave him greater pleasure than to | recognise the talent of young writers. He had a great admiration for the Green Days and Blue Days of Mr. PATRICK CHALMERS, and was delighted by a set of verses on the smell of breakfast bacon, which appeared during the War and of which he said that in no other country in the world could they have been written at such a time. His admiration of Punch as an institution he revealed in tête-à-tête talks and was unfailing, and he apparently read of I.

every copy from cover to cover. One never heard him discuss games, and it is perhaps remarkable that in this country his popularity was not seri-ously affected by his attack on "flan-nelled fools" and "muddied oafs." And his devotion to animals, wild or tame, and his genius for interpreting

> hunter or the follower of bloodsports. But he was emphatically no sentimentalist. His affection for his friends was genuine and deep, but void of effusion.

> Though he made no pretence to accurate knowledge of Latin or Greek, he had a great admiration for the classics, and during the blackest hours of the War found diversion and distraction in the production of a little volume purporting to be the Fifth Book of the Odes of HORACE. The idea was to write the Odes in English and then have them translated into Horatian Latin by A. D. GODLEY, RONALD KNOX, A. B. RAMSAY and J. U. POWELL. Anyhow, he was the guiding spirit of the conspiracy, and though his own contributions were few in number, he was full of helpful suggestions, and greatly delighted when a reviewer in The Scotsman treated this squib as a genuine work of HORACE.

> In his last letter to an old friend,

written only a fortnight before his death, he writes with high praise of the epigrams in RAMSAY's recentlypublished collection of Latin-English verses. From the same letter may be quoted the words in which, with characteristic modesty, he speaks of the tributes which he had received on his seventieth birthday: "The net result is to leave me scared—just plain scared! 'Lord ha' mercy on me. This is none

# George the Sifth

(On the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, May 6, 1935)

This is the King
To whom we bring
The tribute of our tears and of our laughter:
The slow increase
From War to Peace,
The days of that dark overshadowing
And the days after.

By banner flown
And trumpet tone
We tell the story of his years, yet knowing
What heart he hath
Who set the path
In perilous places, and the night not done
And no star showing.

Ridden by storm,
Earth had no form,
And the trees of the forest were fallen among
the grasses,
And still in the brake
There are whispers awake,
And who shall say what enemies swarm
On the hill passes?

But if to our sight
There comes a light,
To him, the steadfast guardian, who hath striven
And not despaired—
So calm he fared—
Of the safety of his Peoples and their might,
Our thanks be given.

This is the KING
We have risen to sing
Round all the world and prayed Godspeed to follow;
And all these years,
Part joy, part tears,
Never the words had a false ring
Nor the prayer seemed hollow.



THE HERITAGE

# the Light Burns On.

Among the winter woods by rain made dim

In his own lands the hour of resting fell;

The Shadow that comes to all men came to him

Who had toiled long and well.

So quick a change from summer of last year—

The flag-lined streets and the trumpet's shouting breath

To the slow steps of mourners moving here

And the pageantry of Death.

Duty and strife are ended: be who led

And, leading, served his Empire and his State,

Where the great names of England are written and read,

Shall be accounted great.

We knew his purpose and we knew his choice

And how he kept them swerveless to the end;

We knew his peoples listened to his voice

And loved him as their friend.

We knew these things and on their faith rely
For consolation in remembering
That the lit flame of service held on high
Passes from King to King.



VIVE LE ROI!

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### One Man in His Time.

THE multifarious career of Beaumarchais (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) is not only entertaining in itself, it is an illuminating sidelight on the French Revolution, with whose egalitarian approach it is closely identified. Pierre-AUGUSTIN CARON, a youthful watchmaker, set his heart on attaining to aristocratic office. The bourgeoisie under Louis XV. was coming to the fore; and Pierre-Augustin, adroit, amusing, unscrupulous, made himself agreeable to plain but influential ladies such as Mme. Franquet, wife of a high official, and a quartet of elderly unmarried royal princesses. At four-and-twenty he had wedded Franquer's widow and taken a title from her estates. This was in 1756. In 1799 Citoyen Beaumarchais quietly breathed his last with the expiring Directorate, having been Lieutenant-General of the Royal Hunt, part-financier of American Independence and author of The Barber of Seville and The Marriage of Figaro. Irrepressible adventurer, kindly though faithless husband, and exemplary brother to five sisters-witness his journey to Spain which combined big business with the coercion of a recalcitrant suitor-Beaumarchais has given Herr Paul Frischauer an admirable subject for biography. A scandalous chronicle undoubtedly; but what gaiety, verve and resource in both history and historian!

#### Pamela Unadorned.

The only drawback to reading Ann Cook and Friend (Oxford University Press, 7/6) to the sort of family circle that revelled in The Young Visiters is that the characteristic spelling of this new masterpiece of the absurd is necessarily lost. A pity this, for, thanks to the impeccable editorship of Miss REGULA BURNET, the artless story of a Georgian housekeeper which Mrs. Cook embedded Arabian-Nightsfashion in the third edition of her cookery-book is left spelt as it was written. Its authoress, who fed General WADE'S men in a Northumbrian inn, on their way to Culloden, recounts her own fortunes and those of a friend in previous situations. Her pictures of exemplary or termagant employers, of "endearing" husbands who build model accommodation for cowslip-wine and of "bargains" (domestic bullies) who beat their wives, is full of the genuine high life below-stairs that RICHARDSON so gracefully travestied. Perhaps the high-water-mark of an inimitable book is the proposal whose embarrassment sends its recipient "stepping into the Store-room"; but I can recommend every page of Mrs. Cook except her recipes, which, superbly competent. exhibit even more than the customary eighteenth-century lavishness with eggs and cream.

#### Berry in Sugar.

The absence of Berry, perhaps most silver-tongued of all the great masters of inactivity, from the fiction-lists since 1931 has been a grief to me and many. A loud and general cheer is likely to greet the publication of And Berry Came Too (WARD LOCK, 7/6), eight stories in which Mr. DORNFORD YATES describes as well as ever the hair-raising adventures and idiotic situations in which the Pleydell family are embroiled. Over those mettlesome steeds, excitement and humour, he has a rare control, switching from one to the about them for a very long time. I tire a little of the unre- was sorry to say good-bye to her.

lenting opulence in which Mr. YATES rather revels—the inhabitants of White Ladies travel exclusively in Rolls-Royces. and drink champagne even at their picnics-but though I can forgive this, I cannot so easily pardon the lush sentimentality which engulfs Mr. YATES whenever he contemplates his women-characters. This is a curious blind spot in a writer whose sense of humour is beyond question. In six out of the eight stories, and eleven times altogether, Boy, the narrator, likens his girl-friend with enthusiasm to a child (never explaining why, for her mental and physical development seem perfectly satisfactory); and when he gets going on the beauty, sweetness and virtue of the others I must admit that I shudder, for such glucose goes ill with Berry's magnificent asperity.

#### The Tale of a Town.

It has been said that to be able to make a convincing stage-crowd out of half-a-dozen people is the hall-mark of a good producer of drama. If a similiar test may be applied to the art of fiction, then Mr. EDWIN LANHAM must be accounted a very competent novelist. For by describing the inter-related lives of a handful of men and women, their actions and passions, their dreams and devices, he has suggested the entity and entirety of a not inconsiderable town and given it reality in time and space. The town is Rutherford, in Texas (which you will not find to the letter on any map), and The Wind Blew West (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is the story of the waxing and waning of its fortunes through halfa-decade which began some sixty years ago. As a matter of fact one gets the impression of a far longer period, so much is crowded into it; and Mr. LANHAM is very skilful in suggesting at once the slow progress of expectancy and the swift arrival of achievement or disaster. His skill is also manifest in the proportion which he has maintained between his characters and their all-important setting of locality and period. All are individual and self-supporting, yet the town remains the protagonist of their drama. Since this is a tale of the old frontier, there are many instances of violence and extravagant living in it. But if there is crudity in the matter, there is none in the treatment.

#### Gretchen-Columbus.

Fräulein Helene Scheu-Riesz rather surprises me by her sub-title, "a story of pre-War types in after-War life, because all the people in her book seem to me to be so very modern. But, after all, Gretchen Discovers America (DENT, 6/in her own way, and even if her dates are not always quite accurate and if she does make the mistake of thinking that the Washington Conference took place in an hotel, her letters to a girl-friend are prettier and wittier and naughtier than most authentic diaries. I want to quote all the time-"He sometimes gets up at six o'clock in the morning to bake bread. It is very bad bread but it makes him happy, and his wife is such a pacifist that she eats it," and, "Can you afford to marry? 'Not yet. But I can afford to get engaged. Can't you?" and, "Think of Achilles, who was brought up among girls in girls' clothes! Of course he had to wreck Troy to make up for that." The author has written an excellent skit on several crazes, and allows the girldiarist, who is half-shrewd and half-naïve, to be infected, other with admirable timing, and so long as the Pleydells are though never very badly, by Feminism, Pacifism, Free in danger or Berry in oratorical mood I could go on reading Love and Psycho-analysis. She ends as a Quaker, and I

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"DID I REALLY UNDERSTAND YOU, MISS WILSON, TO USE THE EXPRESSION, 'A COSY NOOK,' IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE YOU WISH ME TO DESIGN FOR YOU?

#### Moments.

"LOOKING back over a not uneventful life of sixty-odd years," said Colonel Hogg oracularly, "it is not the great moments of success or tragedy that stand out. One remembers rather the occasions-not to put too fine a point on it-when one made a darned fool of oneself. I once gave a lecture on 'Modern Humour,' and by the time I had been speaking for ten minutes the audience was almost hysterical with laughter. I lowered my eyes modestly and found that I was wearing only one spat.'

'The silliest thing I ever did," confessed Johnson-Clitheroe, "happened at a railway booking-office. 'Single to Liverpool Street,' I said with easy hauteur. 'Viâ where?' said the man. 'The quickest route, whichever it is,' I said. And then he pointed out that I was at Liverpool Street. Of course I'd meant to book somewhere else.'

Most of us have done that at some time or other, I should think," said Colonel Hogg; "but my own favourite way of making a fool of myself is to walk into the wrong shop when there are the entrances of two shops adjoining one another. Deuced awkward when

you want a pound of sausages to find a young lady glaring at you over a counter piled with lingerie and that sort of thing.

Stivvins blushed.

"The silliest thing I ever did," he admitted-"and I've never had the hardihood to mention it to anyone before-happened on top of a bus. I handed the conductor sixpence and said, 'Ten Yellow Perils, please.' . I always smoke Yellow Perils and I always buy them in tens, and I suppose my subconscious mind connected sixpence automatically with smokes.'

"One particular moment often comes back to me in the watches of the night," I said, "and I can never think of it without my blood running cold. It was after a theatre one night, and by desperate bravery I had secured a taxi. I seized Edith by the arm and lugged her inside . . . and then found it wasn't Edith. It took quite a lot of explaining, and I don't think even then anybody

really believed me.'

"And then of course there are the ordinary everyday slight mistakes that must have happened to all of us,"said Johnson-Clitheroe, "such as drinking somebody else's beer, discovering just as we finish lighting our pipes that we are in a Ladies Only Non-Smoking carriage, and getting the tubes mixed and smearing our faces with toothpaste intead of shaving-cream . . .

"And chatting to people we've not met for years about things we did together when the world was young, and suddenly remembering that the fellow we were talking to wasn't the fellow we thought he was, but another fellow belonging to an entirely different period of our golden youth.'

We mused thoughtfully, and a little fellow with a tooth-brush moustache

bustled into the room.

"May I ask what you gentlemen are doing here?" he asked, looking at us with disfavour. "You are not members of this club, are you?

No," said Colonel Hogg, ."but we are members of the New Radical, and we were told we could use the Red and White while our own is closed for re-

decorating.

'This is the Red and Black," said the man with the tooth-brush moustache; "the Red and White is across the street.'

#### Charivaria.

EVENTS in Egypt remind us that Pharaon had no experience of a plague of students.

\* \* \*

A Northampton motorist summoned for careless driving is alleged to have driven over a policeman's foot. A careful motorist always makes a detour round policemen's feet.

According to an expert more fish are caught when there is a full moon than at any other time. Romantic young men should remember this.

\* \* \*

In view of an eminent doctor's assertion that influenza

and alcohol produce the same effect, we are thinking of giving up influenza.

\* \* \*

The accidental discovery, which is to be tested in hospitals, that grass contains properties beneficial to human beings is regarded as throwing a new light on Nebuchadnezzar.

\* \* \*

Members of a newlyformed association for motorists with good records are to have a badge with the motto "Bene Merentibus." Their cars will be known as merentibuses.

\* \* \*

"What do you call a person who often speaks to total strangers?" asks a correspondent. A telephone-subscriber.

\* \* \*

A Florida, U.S.A., merchant who insisted on singing songs throughout

the night was shot at by a man-servant. Not every man can be a pierrot to his valet.

\* \* \*

"Improved Homes for Soldiers' Wives," runs a headline. Better quarters for better halves, so to speak.

\* \* \*

"There should be some sort of consolation prize for the losing team at the Cup Final," asserts a writer. How about a saucer?

A German writer expresses doubts as to whether the world was ever drowned. He seems to be one of those men who won't take NOAH for an answer.

\* \* \*

One of our judges has ruled that fowls have a right in the road. This confirms what fowls seem to have known all along.

A specimen has been published of the type of finger-print which indicates musical talent. This can easily be verified by glancing at the piano-keys.

\* \* \*

In view of a Russian inventor's claim that he has perfected a motor-cycle which travels over the snow on skis, it is expected that an attempt will be made to reach the Pole by pillion.

#### The Kneller?

Reading the other day in *The Times* a paragraph headed "A Kneller Worked by 80 Women," I was reminded—who would not be?—of myriad tapestries that I had seen, not least the Raphael cartoons at South Kensington, and, abroad, that vivid series at Aix-in-Provence of scenes from *Don Quixote*, and particularly of the Old Masters

which the famous Miss LINwood used to translate into needlework and which she displayed in her gallery in Leicester Square. To come to London a century ago and not visit Miss Linwood's Exhibition was shamefully to neglect the whole duty of the sight-seer. It was as important as the National Gallery and far more extraordinary. Old Masters in needlework! How many Old Masters in all Miss LINwood's busy patient hands reproduced, I cannot say, but a hundred used to be shown, of which the masterpiece was "Salvator Mundi," after Carlo Dolci-those being the days when CARLO Dolci was admired above his betters. I wonder where they are now, just as I wonder where the great canvases that we used to gaze at reverently in the Doré Gallery are now. The last of Miss Linwood's pictures was "The Judgment of Cain," upon which

QUEEN MARY.

"I trust that with God's help I may still be able to continue some part at least of the service which for forty-two years of happy married life we tried together to give to this great land and Empire."

The Queen's message to the Press, January 30.

If any voice of ours, if any song
Had made her seem in sorrow less alone
Whose sorrow stabbed more deeply than our own—
Widowed and mourning—if our love most strong
For him she helped and comforted so long
Had found an utterance worthy of the throne,
She listened to that grief: the words were known,
And all the tears of the uncounted throng:
And then, so great her kindliness of will,
Even amid her anguish bitter and keen
She turned to think about her people still.
She would not leave them lonely but be seen
Doing those tasks she only can fulfil.
Such was the gracious answer of the QUEEN.

she was engaged for ten years, finishing in 1829, in her seventy-fifth year. After this, I understand, she did no more, as her "eyesight failed."

Her "eyesight failed."

The words having no special message—not then—I fell to hoping again that Miss Linwood's pictures had not been allowed to perish, and wondered if some of the specimens that one occasionally sees in old curiosity-shops to-day were worked by her. But so much do they represent the activities of a time which seemed to be past for ever that it is not surprising that I was interested to read about the eighty women who have just reproduced a Kneller. An amazing revival, I thought. The wheel again come full circle.

And which Kneller? I asked myself; and was continuing to speculate when, looking again at *The Times* more closely for information, I realised that it ran, "A Kneeler Worked by 80 Women." So that's that.

Oculists, forward.

E. V. L.



# BETTER THAN NOWT.

"DON'T GO DOWN THE MINE, DADDY."

"AYE, I WILL AN' ALL, LASSIE. T'EXTRA MONEY WON'T GO FAR, BUT T'PAPERS SAY 'IT'S THE BEST ATTAINABLE AND ONLY MADE POSSIBLE BY A SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF PRACTICAL PUBLIC SYMPATHY.' SO NOW THA KNOWS!"



Eagle-eyed Mistress. "REBECCA, YOU HAVE OMITTED TO DUST 'A SOUVENIR FROM WORCESTERSHIRE'!"

# Mr. Silvertop, Prophet.

I MADE bold to ask Mr. Silvertop whether he ever felt the urge to invent.

"If I does I smothers it good and 'ard," he replied darkly. "Inventing's like this 'ere folk-dancing—once it gets into the blood it seems to turn a man 'arf barmy. Once worked for a gent in the Patent Office, I did, and you wouldn't believe the things 'e told me sane-looking blokes used to bring in there. Electric machines for making tripe smooth on both sides and windowpanes to make Camden Town look like the Alps was nothing. Inventing? No fear. I once 'ad a lesson I won't forget."

"What sort?" I asked.

"Well, some people I did odd jobs for moved out to a big 'ouse in the country, and every now and then they used to 'ave me down. Rich, they was.

'E was something posh in the City and weighed close on twenty stone, but always affable. About a year ago 'e gets 'old of me in Town, 'ands me the plans of a fire-escape 'e's invented, 'is wife being scared to bits of fire and on 'er way back from Australia, and tells me to get it made quick as I can and come down and put it up. I takes a look at them plans and I ses, 'See'ere, this ruddy sprocket's going to jam when you're about 'arf-way down the outside of the 'ouse. It ought to go the other side.' 'Poppycock!' 'e replies. 'E couldn't say I 'adn't warned 'im, could 'e?

"It took a few weeks to get the parts cast, and when I'd put them together according to instructions I took the 'ole caboodle down to 'is 'ouse. There was a great box full of gears what bolted on to the bedroom wall, and a steel cable with a sling on the end what caught you under the arm-pits

—all made double-strength, neither of them being what you might call feather-

"The next morning I gets everything fixed by about eleven, and nothing would satisfy the gent but 'e should try it straight away. 'Sure it's fixed in firm?' 'e asks. 'She'll pull the 'ouse down soon as give,' I answers, and with that 'e gets into the sling and pushes off. It was about forty foot to the ground, down a blind wall. 'E goes down a treat until 'arf-way, and then, just as 'ow I'd said, that perishing sprocket jams. 'Just free it, Silvertop, will you?' 'e calls up 'appily. I 'aves a shot, but of course it's 'opeless. Proper jammed, it was, with 'is weight on the end, and I 'ad to tell 'im so.

"I'll say this for 'im, 'e kept 'is temper something beautiful. 'What about a ladder?' I shouts down. 'It'll 'ave to be a sight longer than any we've got,' 'e ses. 'Phone the Fire

Brigade.' This I does, and I finds they're off somewhere on a farm-fire, so I leaves a message. When I comes back to the window and reports 'e ses, Crumbs! I've just remembered I've got to ring my stockbroker at eleven. It'll cost me five 'undred if I don't. You'll 'ave to put a longer wire on the phone without letting on to the P.M.G. and lower it down.' That takes a bit of time, but I manages it. Corlumme! 'E was a sight for sore eyes, swinging about on the end of that cable-for there was an 'ell of a wind blowingand yelling into the phone for all 'e was worth about them bulls and bears and debenchers and suchlike. I 'ad to go inside and 'ave one with the butler to keep a straight dial.

"After that 'e gets through to Paris on big business. I reckon it was just as well there wasn't no television, for if the Frenchie sitting snug in 'is office at the other end could 'ave seen 'im like a conker on a string, shouting 'Nong, nong' and 'Wee, wee,' 'e'd 'ave called the deal off.

"'Look 'ere, Silvertop,' 'e ses when 'e's finished, 'are you sure you can't

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'll ny ease that there something sprocket?' Done my best,' I tells 'im, 'it's waste of good time. But I've got 'arf-a-dozen of the gardeners up 'ere, and if you'll catch 'old of this rope we'll see what we can do.' Well, three times we pulls 'im up as far as the window-sill, but not an inch further can we get 'im, and 'e was getting such a narsty purple with the effort that we 'ad to give up and wait for the Fire Brigade. 'E was fairly comfortable in 'is sling, after we'd lowered 'im a rug and an 'at and The Times.

"The next thing to 'appen was the arrival of the Vicar and three other gents to 'old a committee-meeting of the British Legion, of which 'e was Chairman. 'E laughed just as 'earty as they did, and you 'ad to 'and it to 'im for that. 'Come on, chairs for these gentlemen out in the drive,' 'e shouts, 'and sherry. And you can let me down a double.' Which we did. 'Cheero, you chaps!' 'e cries, catching their eyes. 'Cheero, old boy!' they shouts up, craning their necks. ''Ere's to the Fire Brigade.' After that they sits down and, the Secretary not being present,

we lowers 'im down the minutes of the last meeting. 'E was just beginning to yell them out when at last the Fire Brigade arrives, bringing with them one of them concertina affairs on wheels. While they was fixing it my gent goes on reading the minutes to save time, though the rest of the Committee was too busy watching the firemen to listen much. It took some time to get everything ship-shape, then the 'ead fire-bloke 'e ses, 'Now, Sir, if you steps up we'll get you out of the 'arness.' And what do you think 'appened at that moment?"

"No idea," I said.

"That there sprocket, 'aving decided as 'ow it'd been jammed long enough, comes to life again, and about ten seconds afterwards my gent makes a perfect landing in the 'olly-bush underneath. Believe me,' Mr. Silvertop assured me gravely, "'oo-ever said invention was the mother of the devil knew a thing or two."

#### Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"You must go to Norfolk to see Norfolk."

Daily Paper.



"I LIKE THE 'AT IN THE MIDDLE BEST, BUT P'RAPS THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE THE LADY LOOKS MORE REFINED."

#### Interview with Gaffer.

"Can you tell me the way to Sluncombe?"

The aged gentleman sitting on the stile glanced up, took his short clay pipe out of his mouth, spat shrewdly and put the pipe back again, but otherwise gave no indication of having heard my question. I came a little closer.

"Can you tell me how to get to Sluncombe, please?" I

repeated.

Still he made no sign. I went right up to him and, putting my mouth within three inches of what I took to be his ear, addressed him again.

"I want to go to Sluncombe," I roared. "SLUNCOMBE. S for Stupid, L for Lumbering, U for—U for—"

"I've 'eerd a many questions in my time," said the old man suddenly, turning upon me a look of such extreme displeasure that I instinctively leapt back a couple of paces; "ah, many an' many's the question I've 'ad put to me one way or t'other since the day I were born, an' never a one on 'em was any the better for bein' spoke over an' over agin. Leastways," he added, with crushing deliberation, "not as I knows on."

"I'm sorry," I said humbly. "I thought you didn't hear me the first time.

He seemed genuinely surprised.

"Didn't 'eer you?" he repeated. "An' why shouldn't I 'eer you? 'Tis quiet enough 'ere, an't it?''

I looked back at the little path I had come along and the peaceful fields on either side.

"Very quiet indeed," I admitted. "But you see I-well, as a matter of fact I thought you might be just the slightest bit dea --- That is to say, I wondered whether perhaps

The old man had taken his pipe out of his mouth and

was staring at me in obvious bewilderment. "Deaf?" he said. "Me deaf? I an't n "Me deaf? I an't never been deaf in all me life. You arst anyone you likes, they'll tell 'ee the same. Toothache I've 'ad, and 'whiles I've 'ad doctor in along o' me knees an' me stummick, but I've kep' me ears to meself an' they an't none the worse for it neether. I kin 'eer me own shadow, time I'm walkin'. You look arter yer own ears, young fellermelad, an' I'll look arter

He pulled at his pipe for a moment and then a thought

seemed to strike him and he began to chuckle.

"So that's what you was a-hollerin' for, like an insterical wumman? I reckoned you was a mad chap-barmy-like, see ?-bein' you couldn't talk natural an' quiet. Well, I be danged! Wotever med you think I were a deaf 'un?

I explained with what dignity I could that his failure to answer my question promptly naturally led me to suppose he was rather hard of hearing. But it was obvious that the

old man had never listened to such nonsense.

"'Owever kin I answer 'ee straight off," he began, with the air of one who reasons with an unusually backward child, "when I don' know wot 'ee be goin' to arst me afore I 'eers 'ee speak? I got to 'ave time to think, an't I? I'm sittin' 'ere wi' me clay, resting me bones on this old stile, an' first I knows about it there's summon a-arstin' me 'ow 'e gotter go over to Slunkum. "Ullo,' I ses to meself. "ere's another o' these 'ere dratted young fellermelads lorst 'is way,' I ses. 'Dunno 'oo 'e is. Dunno where 'e come from. An' wants to go to Slunkum. Wot's 'e want to go to Slunkum for?' I arsts meself. 'Tis a tidy way to Slunkum, I thinks to meself; 'and then agin' tidn't so far neethernot fur a young 'un,' I thinks. 'Not that 'e'll get nuthin' for 'is pains, not when 'e do get to Slunkum,' I thinks; 'so wot do 'e want to get to Slunkum for, that's wot I want to know? 'Owsomever,' I ses to meself, 'if so be as 'e do want Isn't this carrying enthusiasm just a little too far?

to get to Slunkum,' I ses-an' you a-bellerin an' a-screamin' in me ear'ole, mind, so's I kin 'ardly foller meself think-'if so be as 'e do want to get to Slunkum,' I ses to meself. 'why, then, let 'im go to Slunkum, and be danged to 'im!'

"You don't think much of Sluncombe then?" I put in

mildly

Well, if 'e an't the 'astiest chap ever I see!" observed the old man to his pipe. "Never set eyes on me afore in 'is life, an' first 'e makes out I be deaf an' then 'e tells me I 'ates me own birthplace. Wotever will 'e-

"If you were born at Sluncombe," I said rather impatiently, "I should have thought you could tell me how

to get there without all this trouble."
"If I knowed what 'ee wanted to go to Slunkum for, mebbe I could tell 'ee 'ow to get there. It arl depends, There be Upper Slunkum an' there be Middle Slunkum an' there be Little Slunkum. Leastways there were, but they be arl Slunkum now.'

As a matter of fact I had seen Sluncombe on the map and thought it would be a good place to walk to from my hotel. But if I were to try to explain to this old fool that I merely wanted to walk there so as to be able to walk back again, I knew that his last doubts about my sanity would go. So on the spur of the moment I said that I wanted to see the church.

The information afforded the old man the utmost delight. "An't never been a church at Slunkum, not in my time," he chuckled. "You'll 'ave to go over to Marblesham, bein' you're set on a church. An' if so be as you wants to get to

Marblesham-

"I know," I said. "If so be as I wants to get to Marblesham, why, then, let me go to Marblesham and be danged to me, you say. But, as it happens, I don't want to go to Marblesham; I want to go to Sluncombe. And if I can't see the church I shall see something else. I shall probably see the oldest inhabitant."

That you won't," he said confidently.

"Why not?"

"'Cause 'e's dead."

"Oh," I said, somewhat dashed. "Then perhaps I shall permitted to see the next oldest. Or is he dead too?"

"No, 'e an't dead neether. But it an't no manner o' use your goin' to Slunkum to see 'im—not to-day, any'ow. An' I'll tell 'ee for why: 'cause 'e 'appens to be sittin' on this 'ere stile at this very minute a-talkin' to a young mad chap wot thinks 'e's deaf and don't like 'is own birthplace. An' there y 'are."

"I see," I said. "So it looks as if I needn't go to Slun-

combe after all?"

"Not if you wants to see the secon' oldest in'abitant, you needn't. Because I be the secon' oldest in'abitant o' Slunkum, an' if so be as you wants to see me, why, 'ere I be. But wot I arsts meself is, wot do 'ee want to see the secon' oldest in'abitant o' Slunkum for?"

"I don't," I said bitterly. "I'm cured." H. F. E.

#### O Tempora! O Mores!

"All table decorations tend to be low, just now, and there is a great liking for all forms of troughs."-Domestic Gossip.

"In February, 1929, the beach at Whitstable resembled the Arctic regions, and the natives have never ceased to speak with awe and wonder of the time."-Letter to Press.

Now we know what makes an oyster talk.

"I am so very pleased indeed with your £1 parcel of undergarments, I am showing them to everyone round . Extract from Testimonial.

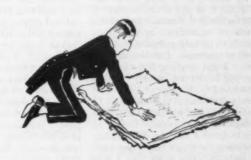
















THE CONTROVERSIAL NEWSPAPER.

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# Sportsman and King.

(Sandringham, January 20th.)

Now he has fallen asleep
Where he loved to be.
The high pines mourn on the heath,
The marsh reeds sigh to the sea;
A cock-pheasant calls from the woods,
A late thrush sings,
And the wild-duck flight at dusk
With the plaintive whisper of wings;
Over the bleak sea-wall
Their dark wings sweep.
In the lovely country he loved
He has fallen asleep.

### Sights.

I have twice visited Naples for a few hours, but have never seen Pompeii. "Is this a record?"

I have four times visited Ceylon but never travelled to Nuraliya. This, I

know, is a record.

I have had two half-days in Lisbon. but declined to dash out to Estoril, to inspect the old Coaches, or visit Cintra. This was naughty. I have spent many days in Gibraltar but never "did" the rock-galleries. I have just spent a week in Madeira and never left the hotelgrounds, except to swim and book my passage home; never climbed the mountains by funicular or car, never descended them in one of the celebrated baskets on sledges. I must have missed hundreds of cathedrals in my time. thousands of picture-galleries, millions of excellent museums. I am disgraceful. In Berlin I did nothing but the Zoo: in Egypt I darned nearly missed TUTANKHAMEN, though I did the Pyramids and desert thoroughly. Australia I wantonly avoided the Blue At Honolulu I was in Mountains. trouble because I cut the Naval Base and Canning Factories and went surfriding instead. The other day I was at Coruña for a few hours and they could not get me ashore to see Sir JOHN MOORE'S tomb; but I sat on deck in the sun and searched for it with magnifying-glasses.

In Jamaica I simply swam and swam and watched the humming-birds; and I never went for a Beautiful Drive if I could possibly avoid it. I don't think I saw many of the pictures at Madrid. I did Niagara Falls, but under duress. High mountains bore me. I am awful about "sights." What is the

matter with me?

Freud would know, I suppose.
It worries me. I feel that I do not deserve to travel about. Yet I enjoy myself travelling, and I work hard at my holidays. I will walk miles to find a famous café; I never miss an oppor-

tunity to plunge into a properlywarmed sea. I dance with vigour on the Equator and leap from my deckchair to look at flying-fish or see the porpoises enjoying themselves. But cathedrals, mountains, museums . . . Can it be that I have no sense of the sublime?

No, they shall not say I am lazy. In the delicious island of Ceylon I twice did the long tour through the jungle to see the Lost Cities; but even there it was more the monkeys and the freeflies and the elephants that drew me than the noble remnants of the Temples of Buddha and the admirable bits of ancient palaces. I went to see the Temple elephants bathing on a very hot day; I visited the jolly planters and studied the manufacture of tea; but they could not lure me up their lofty mountains to the enchanting Nuraliya of which they all talked so much.

They gave the oddest reasons for wanting me to go to Nuraliya. They said that up there it was blissfully cool, like England, and I should see nasturtiums and sweet peas growing. I said that I had not travelled to the tropics to be cool-I wanted to have a good sweat: nor had I sailed the seas for three weeks to see nasturtiums growing-we had them at Hammersmith. But I find this everywhere in the world. In Madeira the other day, when I was about to swim, they said that I ought to enter a motorcar and drive up through the clouds to the top of the mountains, where I should find that the air was sparkling-"like Scotland." I said "Good heavens!" and hurried into the sea.

I sympathize with our gallant exiles, who weary of being warm and, after years of palms, bananas and bougain-villea, delight to look upon a British pansy. But we swift visitors, who within a few weeks will be thawing our sponges again, are not to be attracted

thus.

Especially, in my case, if the inspection of nasturtiums, Superb Views or waterfalls involves motor-drives along the edge of circuitous precipices. And I find, outside these shores, that nearly all sights do involve this. It is a most extraordinary thing—no matter where I land, the first thing the residents want to do is to put me in a motor-car and send me up a mountain or along very high cliffs. And I do dislike it so.

I think it was those alarming Canadian Rockies that destroyed my nerve for motor-mountaineering. We used to lurch along in a charabane with one or two wheels over the edge of Dead Horse Canyon, many miles deep, and at all the hairpin—and unfenced—turns the driver would explain the statistics

of timber. In Ceylon, as you whizz along the cud (? kud) or cliff, your host explains about rubber or tea; but every few miles he says, "If you look down there you'll see the remains of a bus." You look down and you do. In Lisbon, forty yards of travel behind a Portuguese taxi-driver determined me to ignore Cintra (which I believe to be on a slight eminence); for the capital chap kept taking both hands off the wheel. lighting a cigarette, turning round, grinning radiantly and saying, "Inglees very good. Italiano no bon." It is my considered judgment that neither he nor the Jamaican driver (equally genial) has the smallest regard for the sanctity of human life. A man who deliberately goes to see a "sight" in their company is simply cheating the insurance companies.

I suppose the truth is that residents do not realize how dangerous it is to see their sights, because when the drivers are driving "locals" they do not think it necessary to discuss timber or politics or make gestures of inter-

national friendship.

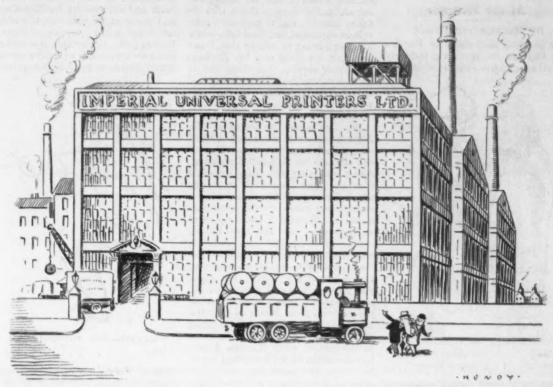
At all events, I always assume now that to see almost any foreign sight is tantamount to suicide by car; for it is sure to mean motoreering, and the guide will talk politics at Dead Bus Corner.

This, I admit, is seldom a very good excuse for missing cathedrals and museums, Blue Caves, mosques and

botanical gardens.

It worries me. I feel wicked, as we steam away, thinking that I have missed the Sight, though I know very well that next time, unless we stay much longer, I shall miss the Sight again and sit on deck in the sun. It worries me; for I know how it pains good people if you fail to see their favourite Sight. It is hard to say why this should be so; for if they have seen it that, one would say, should content them. But I understand; indeed I have this noble weakness too, and grieve bitterly if my friends fail to enjoy my Sights.

But then my Sights are the best. Was I not right to surf-ride at Honolulu (the only morning I was there) instead of goggling at a Pineapple Canning Factory? Was I not right to go and view those extraordinary "apartments" at that hotel in Lisbon, thus missing cathedrals (if any), palaces and casinos ? There are many of these in the world; but I never saw anything like those apartments. That spacious bathroom, with the Portuguese mosaic floor, and the Portuguese marble steps leading up to the sunken bath, crushed-strawberry in colour; concealed lights at the four corners, high up in ornate holders



"THEY LEFT OUT A PAIR OF INVERTED COMMAS IN MY LAST BOOK ON THUCYDIDES."

of, I presume, gold! It was more like an altar or a royal tomb. It was my idea of the Queen of Sheba's bath and the film-fan's idea of the bath of Marlene Dietrich. And the rest of the suite was to match. There is a Sight, boys, if ever you visit Libon; and, if you are rich, you may actually hire the apartment and wash your ears in the strawberry bath, though I did not feel that anything so vulgar as washing would there be suitable.

But I still worry, I confess, about the cathedrals, the museums and the mountains. I must, I fear, be singularly lacking in sense of the sublime. Or am I just an unusually honest and strongminded fellow?

A. P. H.

#### Anglophobia in the West Indies.

"Her husband, who came here from Canton five years ago, is not a British subject. He is regarded as a respectable man."

Jamaica Paper.

"WATERED MILK FINE."

Daily Paper.

## À chacun sa goutte.

"With all her frocks Mrs. — has a trunk full of the newest hats—little natural burnished stray sailors . . ."—Melbourne Paper. All handsome men are slightly sunburnt.

## Interesting Infants.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

Hear the voices of the Trips—
Pretty Trips!

What a strange cacophony of sound comes from their lips!

They're so merry and so bright
In the darkest hours of night.

Watch their parents walk the floor—
There they go;
Up and down, like Polar bears, from one till four,

To and fro,
Till they flop,
Till they drop.
For you never knew such rips,
Till you learn to come to grips
With the Trips, Trips, Trips,
With the Trips, Trips, Trips—
With the merciless and devastating
Trips.

See the pictures of the Quads—
Lucky Quads!
There they are, all four of them, alike
as peas in pods.
See, the quartet proudly sits,
On the front of Daily Bits—
Playing on the garden path,
Or perhaps
They are seated in the bath,

While their Nannie, tall and slender as a lath, Turns the taps. Life's a dream; Life's a scream.

They're the darlings of the gods, And Dame Fortune smiles and nods At the Quads, Quads, Quads, At the Quads, Quads, Quads— At the trusting upenhisticated

At the quads, quads, quads— At the trusting unsophisticated Quads.

Hear the story of the Quins. Hello, Quins!

They were born in Poland, though their parents both were Finns.

How they scream in sheer delight In the middle of the night From their tiny infant throats!

From their tiny infant throats!
And the sound
Of the penetrating notes

Can be heard throughout the dwelling,
where it floats

All around

All around.
How they moan,
How they groan
When they feel the safety-pins
Sticking in their little shins;
You can hear the shrieks of anguish
Of the Quins, Quins, Quins,
Of the Quins, Quins, Quins

Of the Quins, Quins, Quins—
The yelling and the screaming of the Quins.

## At the Pictures.

DU MAURIER AND DUMAS.

It is a long time since Mr. Punch's own GEORGE DU MAURIER, suddenly turned imaginative novelist after being



A CALF QUARREL.

Mimsey . . . . Virginia Weidler. Gogo . . . . . Dickie Moore.

for so many years merely a satirical draughtsman with a remarkable gift for trenchant legends under his drawings, contributed to Harper's Magazine a story called Peter Ibbetson and thus inaugurated his second reputation. When was it? As long ago, I fear, as

1890; and those whose memories go back so far will probably do wisely to avoid the film which has been made out of that romance, because they will find in it so little that they once treasured. For it has been Americanised. Gogo is a peevish American boy, Minsey a cantankerous American girl, neither of whom seems likely to grow into the devoted lover of the other; while Peter is the famous adventurous screenstar, GARY COOPER, of whom it has become difficult to think as a bruised convict living a dream life with Minsey the mature. Almost everything

that GEORGE DU MAURIER, the intangible capricious "KIKI," stood for, will be missed; but most of all that lovely dominating giantess, the Duchess of Towers, as she appeared in his illustrathe rather squat person of Ann Hard-ING never even approximates.

This is not to say that Peter Ibbetson

on the screen makes an uninteresting story, for there is much that we follow intently, and it contains a marvellous explosion and landslide, which it is bewildering to believe that GARY and Ann (or Peter and his Duchess) could ever survive; but those who in their loyalties keep a separate and special niche for George DU MAURIER will be disappointed.

The last screen treatment of The Three Musketeers that I saw was a silent one, played, among others, by "Doug," and devised by EDWARD KNOBLOCK. And I remember then being surprised that the road from Paris to Calais, which I always think of as rather a monotonous route, should have been so rich in hill and dale and forests and watercourses. At the new talking version which has just been produced, with WALTER ABEL as d'Artagnan, I felt the same surprise—the same except that there was more of it. But Mr. KNOBLOCK and Doug attempted more than the new adaptor, who has concentrated on the recovery from Miladi of the vital diamonds. In so doing he has simplified Dumas' magnificent story almost out of recognition, while WALTER ABEL'S impersonation of the roystering boastful Gascon seems curiously tame. The Athos of PAUL LUKAS and the Porthos of Moroni Olsen have far more personality and spice, and I think that the Musketeers' Chorus which they sing is the best thing in the film. M. de Tre-ville, played by LUMSDEN HARE, is an excellent character; and the Richelieu



d Artagnan (Walter Abel) to Richelieu (Nigel de Brulier). "Say, Card., get your hair waved."

of an actor named NIGEL DE BRULIER -not mentioned in the programme-is a scheming Cardinal indeed, but I doubt if his "men" were invariably spitted whenever they and the Musketeers tions-a type of grande dame to which came to sword-play. Surely a Cardinal's man now and then prevailed?

A gayer and more irresponsible

new picture is that called Coronado, a brisk and entertaining medley of song and dance and foolishness, in which a newcomer, or new to me, named JOHNNY Downs (who, in the film, is a millionaire's son pretending to be a vaudeville. artist) strives to combine the galvanic



MAKING HIS POINT CLEAR. Athos . . . . . . . . PAUL LUKAS.

steps of FRED ASTAIRE and the mellifluous if lugubrious notes of BING CROSBY and succeeds fairly well: and there is a jovial sailor named Chuck, played by JACK HALEY, who smiles and smiles and is a comfort. But the best thing in Coronado is Dad (played by LEON ERROL), a drunken old-timer

of the stage, who not only lures the millionaire to drive an ancient car into the sea but confuses a company of Beauties by his cannibalist gyrations. A really funny E. V. L. lunatic.

## So Differently in America.

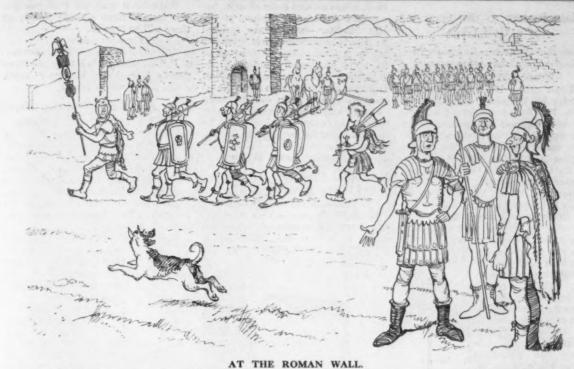
Attabois University. U.S.A.

January, 1936.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-We read your paper over here, but the flavour of the articles is sometimes too English for an American palate.

With this in mind, I submit the following synopsis of a short story of university life in America, which I am only too willing to enlarge on request. The episodes are authentic and the characters drawn from life, but the names have been altered to avoid giving pain to relatives.

I am, etc., CONSTANT WRITER.



Centurion. "Yes, I find these Scots prisoners very useful for speeding-up my troops on a forced march."

THE SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS.

Hiram P. Hookins is a husky sophomore, with a high "Z" (Zest) content, studying philosophy and military strategy at Brownville University. He is attacked by a gang of hoodlums for refusing to join in the college yell at the "Boo Gibbstown" meeting on the university campus on the eve of the football match against that great university.

Nosegay Wanamaker, a blonde co-ed freshette, with a high intelligence quotient, comes to the rescue and bangs the assailants over the heads with her half-finished thesis (ten thousand pages on "Emotional Values in Work Relief"). The cops hold the hoodlums.

"Thanks a great deal," says Hiram. "You're entirely welcome," replies Nosegay, and as she gazes into his starry eyes they recognise each other as the sharers of the lowest place for two years in Grade 8 at Jonesburgh High, way down Tennessee, their old home.

"I'd like to pursue this meeting further," says Hiram.

"There is a phonograph concert of BEETHOVEN'S Eighth Symphony in Room 5746 to-night," replies Nosegay. "Meet me there after the lecture on 'Sex Repressions in Seaweed."

Ed Schwartzbungler, editor of the

university magazine, big drum in the college band, and part-time barber at the university beauty-shop, sits behind them at the concert.

He has long admired Nosegay, and has often put extra pep into her perm.

To belittle Hiram and Nosegay in each other's eyes, he decides to report Hiram for smoking at the concert—a serious offence—and to accept no more of Nosegay's "Cosmetic Notes" for the university magazine.

The college authorities take a grave view of Hiram's breach, but, undaunted by Ed's action, Nosegay starts a university magazine of her own, *The Powder-Puff*.

In a colourful speech she rebukes the University President for his narrowminded treatment of Hiram.

A generous sum of ten thousand dollars has been donated to the University Improvement Scheme by the proprietors of the Wiskerwiltz Shaving Cream. Ed Schwartzbungler has been secretly negotiating to spend this sum, plus two half-backs, for the purchase of Farragut McSicker (a tough guy from the hick college of Jack and Jill)) for the forward line of the university football squad in time for the great clash. The practice of trading players is frowned on by the college authorities, a highbrow bunch of folks who disapprove of permitting athletic prowess

to count in scholarship examinations. Farragut McSicker has scored more touch-downs than any other player in years, but he has difficulty in satisfying his mathematical professors, and for two semesters he has not succeeded in getting a grade in long division.

in getting a grade in long division.

Hiram reveals Ed's plot to the authorities. At the great football match he saves the game for Brownville by leaping into the stadium and preventing the crowd from removing the goal-posts. Hiram is slated to appear in quiz before the College President, who rewards him for his public-spirited behaviour by okaying his pardon, and Hiram is made second cheer-leader to the university team.

It is decided to set aside part of the Wiskerwiltz appropriation for the purchase of a superhet radio for the university (thereby enabling the alumnito listen to ads. on eight different stations), and the rest for the building of a new entrance-gate to be known as the Psychiatric Approach.

After Nosegay has vainly tried to adjust him to his environment, Ed Schwartzbungler continues his career of jealousy-fanned crime, and is last heard of drinking himself to death on four-per-cent, port.

The lovers are married, but like all good Americans, they go back to school.

# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Miss Gwendoline Makepeace, Lovein-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Monday, 30th December, 1935.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—Something terrible has happened. While my cook (Mrs. MacStue) was taking the shortcut to Roughover this morning across the sixteenth fairway, her dog (Kelpie) was deliberately stoned from behind a gorse-bush by two juvenile members of the Club—Master Peter Little and Master Robin Badger.

Now, Mr. Whelk, this is a dreadful thing to happen and almost mediæval, for although the dog (it is like a son to her) was not hit, Cook comes of a very respectable Forfarshire family, and she

has told me that unless the boys apologise she will give me notice. And, Mr. Whelk, troubles never come singly, as I have my sister (the difficult one) coming to stay on the 17th of next month. So will you please do something about the apology immediately?

Yours in great trouble, GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary House, Roughover.

ise, Roughover.
Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has astounded me. Peter has just told me he wouldn't dream of doing any such thing as stone a poor dumb

may be cleared.

animal; and you will see how perfectly ridiculous your accusation is when I tell you that he has never lied to me or done anything unkind since the day he was born.

Under these circumstances it is Mrs. MacStue who should send me a letter of apology, so that my son's character

Yours faithfully, LUCINDA LITTLE.

P.S.—Peter's report from school arrived only this morning. His House-master says he "never does anything by halves, and will make good one day;" which only bears out what I have said.

From Robin Badger, 3, Links Road, Roughover.

3rd January, 1936.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—Daddy was very cross about your letter and has told me that I must reply myself.

Well, it was me and Peter all right, but we were not stoning Kelpie; it was Mrs. MacStue—because she sneaked to Peter's mother last hols. over our taking a few measly strawberries from Miss Makepeace's garden.

Hoping this letter will do; but Daddy says I am not to apologise as Miss Makepeace is an old busybody and only wants to get him into trouble because he once told her what he thought of her for keeping him waiting on one of the tees.

from ROBIN BADGER.

From Miss Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Monday, 6th January, 1936.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—Your most unsatisfactory letter received, telling me to try to induce Mrs. MacStue to

SORT G. MAIST KNOW I'M CETTING THE DIGHT ATMOSPHEDE FOR MY ARE

he wouldn't dream of 'IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M CETTING THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE FOR MY NEW doing any such thing BOOK, ACROSS THREE OCEANS IN A TEN FOOT BOAT."

"let bygones be bygones," as you can do nothing. But, Mr. Whelk, I have been trying to persuade her to look at it from this point of view ever since the stoning, and it is absolutely hopeless. I can't get a word out of her except that she wants an apology, and when I try to argue with her all she says is, "A shut mouth catches nae fleas," and stumps into her bedroom.

My sister comes on the 17th. Please hurry.

Yours sincerely, GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club. 6/1/36.

Dear Whelk,—I met a friend of Miss Makepeace's to-day, and she told me that two members of the Club had been stoning her cook. Was it Lionel Nutmeg and Sneyring-Stymie? I wouldn't put it past them.

Whoever it was, see that you put the matter right without delay, or there will be trouble.

Yours sincerely,

Armstrong Forcursue.

P.S.—I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, but very much doubt if you will have one.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary House, Roughover. Tuesday.

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of yesterday's date, and note that Robin Badger has told you that my Peter did actually throw stones. Robin Badger is a nasty little tell-tale and is a very wicked and dishonest boy; but in any case the matter must now be dropped as Peter has gone to stay with his uncle in Belfast.

Even if he had been throwing stones, I would not let

stones, I would not let him apologise. Miss Makepeace is an old cat, and you are something far worse.

Yours faithfully, LUCINDA LITTLE. P.S.—I met Mr. Badr (Robin's father) in

ger (Robin's father) in the street to-day, and you would be surprised at the things he said about you.

From Miss Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Wednesday, 8th January, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,— My sister is coming a day earlier, and Cook has been threatening to pack her trunk all

afternoon. Unless you can do something immediately I shall resign from the Club.

Yours sincerely, GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

SIR,—What the devil are you playing at? Miss Makepeace came round to my house before breakfast to-day about that dam cook of hers and, before she had done, called ME a dirty old fox and the Club a nest of vipers.

Kindly note that you will go to her house on receipt of this letter and apologise to Mrs. MacStue in person. The way you mismanage things is almost incredible.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.



"BEIGE IS KINDER TO MODOM THAN CERISE."

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

10/1/36.

SIR,—I have received your letter containing a point-blank refusal to do as I tell you in terms of my letter of the 8th.

You can therefore consider yourself sacked.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

Telegram from Mrs. Whelk (his mother), from London.

HAVE BEEN REGISTRY OFFICE AS REQUESTED ONLY ONE COOK AVAILABLE 16TH BUT CULINARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS APPEAR END AT BREAD AND MILK AND BOILED EGGS SHALL I DISPATCH FROM MOTHER.

From Mrs. MacStue, Cook to Miss Makepeace.

DEAR SIR,—Well, Sir, your letter give me a turn and no mistake, but Sir don't fash yourself about getting the

cook for mistress as you was writing about, for Sir it will be all right and I will not now be wanting an apology. My wanting one was all along of my rheumatiz which has been powerful bad along of these snell days, but Sir I have been taking salts recent and am feeling better.

In conclusion Sir no one knows more than me that Boys will be Boys having five grown sons all in good employment. Wishing you a Happy New Year.

I am, Yours Respectfully,
Aggie MacStue.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

MY DEAR WHELK,—I am glad that you fixed up the row, but am extremely annoyed to hear that you have actually had the audacity to take my giving you the sack seriously.

Kindly note that if you dare leave the Club there will be trouble. Surely you are not going to sacrifice your future happiness because a couple of boys

have flung a few pebbles at a disagreeable and witless old cook?

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—There are times when I am almost persuaded that you do not like being Secretary of Roughover.

P.S.2.—Come and have dinner with me this evening at 8 o'clock. My wife is up in Town and we can have a good "go"at the white port you like so much.

G. C. N.

"How can I add a round yoke to the low neck of a dress?"—Letter to Daily Paper. How about breaking an egg over it?

"Godwit in Garden."

Nature Column.

A lovesome thing, Godwot.

"It will be remembered, too, that I foretold that our hats would be smaller. They are.

Several milliners have flocked into half-measures and are making half-hats."

Daily Paper.

They will not, however, charge halfprices for them.



DOING THE HONOURS.

"OH, MRS. BROWNE, I FORGET-HAVE YOU MET MY BROTHER?"

## "I Have Before Me as I Write."

(With apologies to all autobiographers.)

When I went out in 1901
To fill a post in Cairo,
My Public Work had just begun
And I was but a tyro.
A rather sleek and oily sheikh,
Whom I'd annoyed a trifle,
Declared that he was tired of

And promptly raised his rifle; But, luckily, the wound was slight—

A graze upon my carcase . . . I have before me as I write
That metal-lined cigar-case.

When I went out in 1906
To quell a native riot,
The devils tried some dirty tricks
To keep the British quiet.
A stealthy black approached my
back
While I was taking tiffin

While I was taking tiffin And raised on high his assegai To "do big English stiff in;" But, luckily, Gillespie-White
Perceived the brute was near . . .
I have before me as I write
That nearly fatal spear.

When I went out in 1910
To ginger up Bermuda,
A score or so of angry men
Said, "Who is this intrudah?"
The hostile group put in my
soup

A deadly kind of venom
Designed to still and then to kill
The author (Major Denham);
But, luckily, my guest that night
Was Dr. Humphrey Purvis
I have before me as I write

When I went out in May, '19,
To tour remote Australia,
The P.M. said, "I'm more than
keen

That famous dinner-service.

Your trip won't be a faliah."

With grit and push I probed the Bush

And met the toughest rangers; My hearty laugh and witty chaff Soon made us far from strangers.

At last they said (as well they might),

"A parting gift we'll choose . . ."

I have before me as I write
That brace of kangaroos.

When I went out in '22
To dine with Lady Porter,
I fell in love (and so would you)
With Maud, her eldest daughter.
In '23 she married me

With awnings at Westminster;
But soon she said she wished instead
That she'd remained a spinster.
She found my house "a perfect

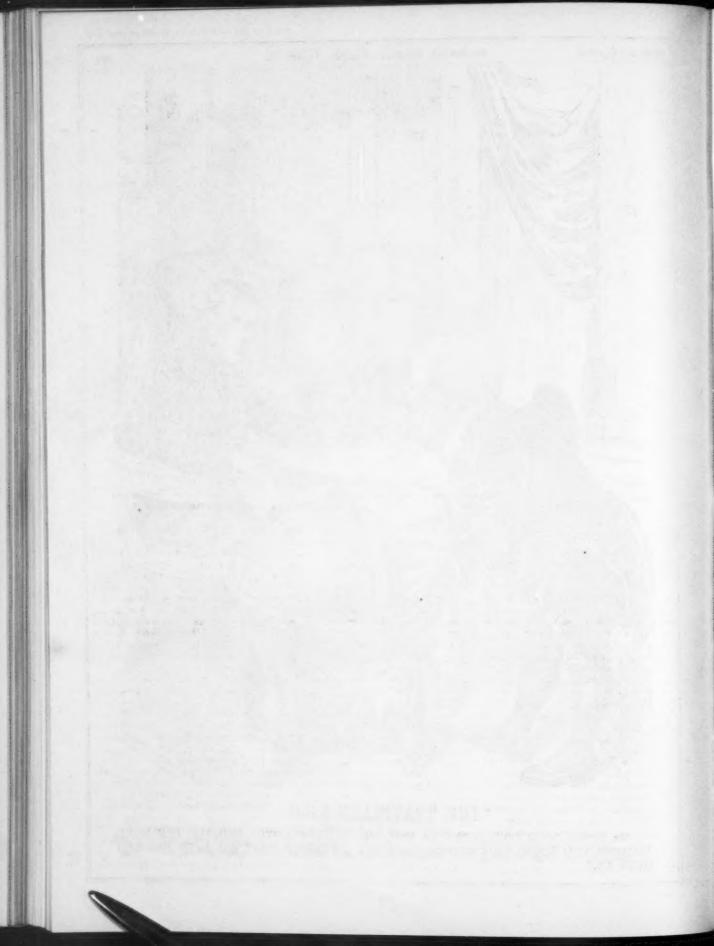
She found my house "a perfect sight!"

And full to overflowing . . . I have before me as I write A wife who'll soon be going.



# THE TRAVELLER-KING.

MR. Punch. "OUR CONFIDENCE IN YOU, SIR, IS UNBOUNDED: AND ALL THE MORE BECAUSE YOU KNOW THIS BETTER THAN ANY SOVEREIGN THAT HAS EVER REIGNED OVER US."





"OF COURSE, WHEN IT GETS REALLY COLD THEY 'LL BECOME TAMER."

# Mr. Porter Does the Filing.

Mr. Chudleigh pushed his pile of books through the door, steered it across the room and dropped it heavily on the table by the window.

"My own room's impossible to work in," he said, sitting down and spreading the books out in front of him, "what with some infernal workman hammering somewhere overhead and bits of plaster falling off the ceiling."

Sidney, taking all this to be a hint, banged his rubber-stamp twice more and stopped. For perhaps a minute we sat in an eerie silence. Then there was a clattering outside and the door burst open. It was Mr. Porter.

"I want some work," he began.

"I want some work," he began.
Mr. Chudleigh looked at him. His
lips moved.

"All right," Mr. Porter went on. "It isn't my idea. I was perfectly happy upstairs till old Harbottle told me to go and do something useful."
"Fourpence and carry nineteen,"

"Fourpence and carry nineteen," said Mr. Chudleigh, writing it on his blotting-paper. "Now you leave that chair alone. It's all right as it is."

"I wasn't going to mend it," said Mr. Porter, putting it down opposite

Mr. Chudleigh. "I'm going to file those papers in Sidney's tray. Mr. Harbottle's suggestion," he explained as he sat down and emptied the tray over the table.

Mr. Chudleigh brushed one of the papers off his sleeve and went on with his adding.

"What do I do now?" Mr. Porter asked Sidney. "I'm never certain what it means when you say you file a thing."

"You'd better just put them alphabetically, Mr. Porter," said Sidney. "You see, you take the name of the person the letter's from, Mr. Porter. First A, you see——"

"And then B. I know," said Mr. Porter. "Well, that's easy enough. I shall put all the papers in a tidy heap and grasp them in the left hand. Then with the other—or right—hand I shall take each letter, bill or whatnot out in alphabetical order. What a lot of bills, by the way. Months old, too."

Mr. Chudleigh started violently.

"Sorry," Mr. Porter said. "I was wrong. Receipts. They've got things stuck on at the bottom."

Mr. Chudleigh said nothing, but it was obvious that he had lost his place

and was beginning again at the top of the column.

"No," said Mr. Porter indistinctly. He was holding several letters in his teeth. "This is not the way. I haven't got anything like enough fingers." He shuffled all the papers together again. "Now, this is what I shall do. I shall still grasp them in the left hand, but I shall deal them out into different heaps. One for A—there. One for K—about there, I should think. Hullo! Here's someone called Smith Hastings. What shall I do about that?"

"It's perfectly simple," said Mr. Chudleigh. "In a case where a name is a double name with a hyphen one counts it as beginning with the first letter of the first name."

"But there isn't a hyphen and it's just printed across the top of the paper, so that it might be two people, Smith and Hastings, or it might be just one man called Hastings whose Christian name was Smith. Though that's not likely. Or it might be——"

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you to look at the signature?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"I thought of that," Mr. Porter said.
"But I can't read it."

Mr. Chudleigh ran his finger round



"Extraordinary thing; if there's anything within a mile of me, I always seem to hit it—doesn't matter WHAT IT IS.

his collar. "Sidney," he said, "this room is totally airless. Please open the window at the top."

Sidney fetched the boat-hook to pull the window down. "Sorry, Mr. Chudleigh," he said as he knocked some of the books on to the floor with the other end of the pole.

Mr. Chudleigh found his place again. There was a silence.
"Snap!" shouted Mr. Porter.

Mr. Chudleigh jumped and knocked another book off the table.

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. "But I've just got another Appleton. Three's my record so far. Three Joneses. Ihe stopped suddenly.

Mr. Chudleigh looked up. are you staring at me for?

"I'm not staring at you," Mr. Porter answered. "I'm gazing into the middledistance and wondering whether I'm going to sneeze or not.

Mr. Chudleigh stood up and shut the window with a jerk.

"I'm not," said Mr. Porter.

"Not what?"

"Not going to sneeze. I couldn't let you know sooner, or I'd have told you not to bother about the window." And he stood up and opened it again.

"Another Jones," he went on, picking up his papers. "Two at Potters Bar and two at Basingstoke. Do you know, until I was fourteen I thought Basingstoke was in Lincolnshire.'

Mr. Chudleigh put his pen down. "This is too much," he said. "Are you suggesting that Basingstoke is in Lincolnshire?"

"I didn't say that. I said I used to think it was. I know perfectly well it's in Hants. Why, you can't move anywhere in Hampshire without hitting up against Basingstoke. I was only mentioning it because it was rather funny that right up till when I was fourteen-

Mr. Chudleigh clutched at his hair. 'It may strike you as still funnier to hear that I'm just starting to add up this column yet again. This time I was at the bottom line but one. If you think of anything else funny, let me know."

There was another silence.

Here's something else funny," said Mr. Porter. "Here's a letter beginning 'Dear Mr. Hatbottle."

Mr. Chudleigh stood up. "Why do you think I came in here?" he asked. "I was wondering," said Mr. Porter.

"I mean, if you wanted to be quiet, why come in here? Why not stay in your own room?"

"Because there was someone making a deafening noise with a hammer exactly over my head."

"Could you hear it too?" asked Mr. Porter. "Old Harbottle said it deafened him. That's why he suggested I should do the filing. I was fixing a floorboard."

Mr. Chudleigh collected his books into a pile, steered himself across the room and opened the door. There was a sudden gust of wind.

'Oh, well," said Mr. Porter, collecting his papers from the floor and stuffing them back into the tray, "I was getting rather sick of filing, anyway. I don't suppose Harbottle would mind if I went upstairs again and finished that floorboard.'

## King's Custody?

"Burglars Take Silk."—Daily Paper. But only, they will say, in self-defence.

"The Mission will close with a Pie Supper, and we appeal to all our friends for their prayers and support."—Church Paper.

You never know with a pie, do you?

## Translations from the Ish.

XIX.—Unfortunate Juxtaposition. EVERY time I see the name of LES ALLEN,

Some disrespectful goblin Thrusts into my mind the title Of a gloomier, imaginary band-leader:

"Les Miserables And His Saxophone Seven."

XX.-LIBEL.

At the New Year The coal-merchant started afresh, With clean slate.

XXI .- A FANCY.

"Occasionally." Said the writer of leading articles, 'I cheer myself With the thought of BACON, to-day, Composing straight away on the type-

Five hundred words in twenty minutes,

With a boy sniffing at his side Ready to dash away with the result And bring back

In one hand a damp proof whereon Every punctuation-mark Has already been altered by the printer's reader.

And in the other hand a Memorandum From the Editor, Telling him to avoid words That send the housewife to the dictionarv.

XXII.—OF COURSE.

We may not be so presumptuous As to assume that we ourselves Are going to Heaven,

But our taste is impeccable: We know exactly who else is.

XXIII .- THE COST OF LIGHT.

After the installation in his house In a prominent position Of a new electricity meter Wherein a gleaming pocked disc Could be plainly seen turning, fast or slow,

According to the number of lights in use.

Mr. Smith,

he

88

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nd

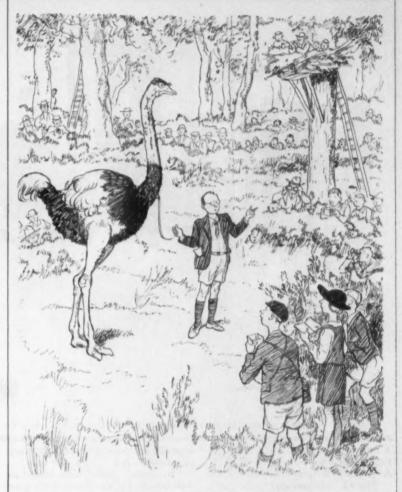
ed

Who had been suffering from lack of sleep, Became noticeably healthier.

XXIV.—PRETTY COOL.

What annoys many an average reader Of aphorisms

Is that they should be written Without any indication Of how clever he is to be understanding them.



EDUCATION NOTES. BIRD-WATCHING CLASS FOR BEGINNERS.

XXV.-OUT OF STEP.

I never yet bought a newspaper From a brisk street vendor But I had to shake it out And go to work on it all over again,

That just doesn't happen To be the way I fold my papers.

XXVI.—SPECIALITY.

"In the United States." Said the old gentleman sadly, "They probably think by now That exactitude or precision in speech Is a prerogative of butlers."

XXVII .- MANUFACTURED EVIDENCE. Late in life,

Wishing to provide himself with a lurid past He had his chest tattooed with

Various Regrettable Designs.

XXVIII.—Suspended Animation.

The Ish Traveller will see In English post-offices A notice:

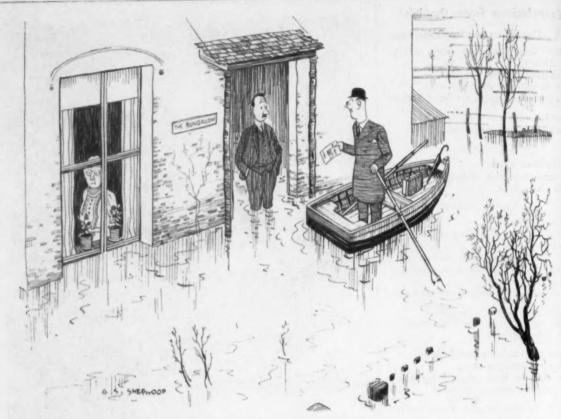
"The Postmaster is Neither Bound to Give Change,

Nor Authorised to Demand it."

I think with astonishment Of the Postmaster Stuck there motionless, silent, at his

counter. It always seems a kind of impasse to

XXIX .- CASE FOR THE EAGLE EYE. The subtlety of modern life Grows more oppressive. Constant vigilance is necessary.



"I REPRESENT THE 'ALL-DRY' BOAT AND PUNT COMPANY, SIR. MAY I TAKE YOU FOR A TRIAL ROW?"

A newspaper,
Explaining what to look for in
A "What's Wrong With This Picture?" competition,
Says:

"For instance,
A Crusader would not raise his helmet
to a lady.

Or wear tennis-shoes." R. M.

## As Others Hear Us.

#### The Sympathisers.

The Sympathisers

"The poor, poor Johnsons!"
"Frightful, isn't it? I've never heard of such a series of misfortunes. First one thing and then another. I couldn't stop thinking about them after I heard."

"I lay awake till one o'clock this morning wondering what I could do for them. In fact I heard the clock strike a quarter-past. Everyone says I worry far too much about my friends—but I'm afraid it's the way I'm made."

"Ah! worrying doesn't really help matters. Now I'm one of those tiresome practical people whose impulse is always to do something. Whenever I

hear of some dreadful tragedy my very first impulse is to dash to the spot."

"In a way, though one knows so well how deeply we all feel for the poor dear Johnsons, this is really almost worse for me than it is for them. You see, I know them so well—I've always been exactly like one of the family—so naturally it's all most terribly upsetting for me. I've been wondering if I oughtn't to leave everything and go to them for the next few days, just to cheer them up. If it wasn't for my wretched health I shouldn't hesitate. Nobody knows what my neuralgia's like"

"I always think neuralgia must be so dreadful. Rather like my recurrent influenza. It comes and it goes. and then it comes again and goes again, and then—if you'll believe me—it actually comes and goes again. The doctors think I'm a completely unique case. They simply can't understand why I'm up and about at all. 'You ought to be in bed,' they say."

Ah! that reminds me of what happened to me in Ceylon once. It was at a party, and some very distinguished French visitors were being entertained, and oddly enough nobody

except myself could speak a word of French. So that I simply had to entertain them the whole afternoon. It was too absurd. But there it was—nobody else seemed to know a word of anything but English. I mean, of course, I suppose they knew a few words here and there, but not to speak fluently."

"That's like the dancing-class I take the children to. My Betty happens to be the only child there who does the Irish jig properly. Just chance, of course. But I couldn't help being amused when I heard her being called out to show the rest of the class how it ought to be danced."

"I shall never forget a ridiculous thing that happened to me just the other day. A woman I scarcely know at all came straight up to me and asked me to tell her where I had my hair permanently waved. She really hardly believed me when I told her it was absolutely natural."

"People are so funny, aren't they? I was mistaken for GLADYS COOPER the other day. I distinctly heard some people say, 'Look, there's GLADYS COOPER!' just as I went past. As a matter of fact it's happened before, so

I suppose there must be some kind of ridiculous likeness."

"How difficult it is to account for things like likenesses! I'm rather interested in abstract questions of that kind; it's the contrast to my intensely practical life, I suppose. Someone said to me, not so very long ago, they couldn't think how I got through such quantities and quantities of work. Do you know what I answered? I simply said: 'Work,' I said, 'is work.'"

"Did you really? I always wish I could think of things like that. The only time I'm really amusing is when I write letters. So many people have begged and implored me to publish some of my letters in book form. I can't think why."

"Heaps of people have said exactly the same thing to me, oddly enough."

"I always envy people who can write. Of course I suppose I'm lucky in my music really. I was fearfully amused only last week when someone asked me if I wasn't a professional singer. I don't know what made me think of it just now, I'm sure."

"Talking about the poor Johnsons, I expect. I believe one of them used to sing once."

"That probably was it. One's mind is so full of them, poor dear things, one can't think of anything else."

E. M. D.

#### Hannibal.

HE is the ace of selfishness; He lives a life of gain and greed; He has no interest unless His own; Himself is all his creed.

With arrogance does he equip Conceit; he knows not gratitude Nor friendliness nor fellowship Nor gentler trait nor softer mood.

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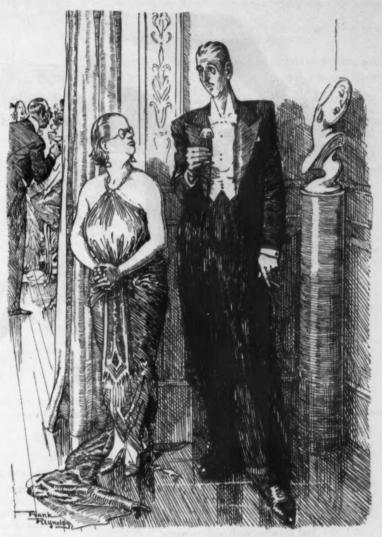
If his advantage be at stake, He can be courteous, he can play The charmer; if there's naught to make, He's distant as the nebulæ.

Frigid, contemptuous and blank, Aloof, sublime, at apogee; Ego and insolence and swank And super-selfishness is he.

And yet he gets away with it, Because his beauty is so rare Critics confounded can but sit With fulsome speech and doting stare.

He has the body of a god— Of silk and steel, of cord and spring, Lithe as a balanced salmon-rod, Poised as a sea-gull on the wing;

A whole wherein each burnished part Combines perfection to express; He has no soul, he has no heart, But, oh! but, oh! his handsomeness!



KEEPING THE PARTY CLEAN.

Intellectual Guest. "To appreciate the Scandinavian poets we should read them in the Nordic-Don't you agree?"

He gets away with it. . . . And I, By modes and manners edged about, Trained to exist unselfishly, Taught to give in, give up, give out,

Wonder chagrined, "Could I attain This rare and ruthless nonchalance, Neighbours ignore and peers disdain (And still in their esteem advance)

Were I as exquisitely planned, Were I as well-worth looking at, As godlike, beautiful and grand As Hannibal, this household cat?"

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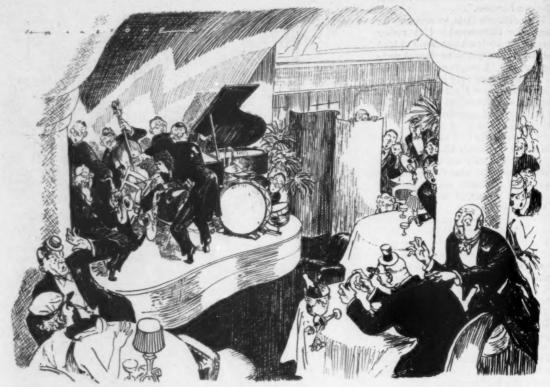
"SLEEPING BOY CONFOUNDS DOCTORS."
Sunday Paper,

Waking adults often use even stronger language.



"As the Star said in its news story: 'Than flowers, there was only one thing more of at the birthday party today of the 70-year-old Commerce Trust Company. 'That was first names.'"—From an American Journal.

That's English—that was.



"COME, SIR, EVEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE TUNE, YOU REALLY MUST NOT FLICK YOUR ICE-CREAM AT THE BAND."

# Modern Folk-Songs.

The Country Dance.

(To be sung to the tune of "Come, Lassies and Lads!")

"COME, lassies and lads, with your mothers and dads And away to the School-Room hie.

We've started a list of Things to assist

The funds of the W.I.

And we want each wife to come,
And bring her husband too,
And we hope that all will have a good time,
As we're sure they are bound to do;
And we hope that all will have a good time,
As we're sure they are bound to do."

I said to Elaine, "Our duty is plain,"

And Elaine she replied, "Right ho!
I'm quite all right for the Thursday night—
But I wonder who else will go?

And I don't know what to wear—

Well, it's only the Institute,
So I think I'd better go half-and-half,

And you in your best day-suit." So we went to the Hall, and I felt I was all

Correct in my old blue suit, And so did she, with a very small "V" And very long sleeves to boot;

But when we joined the throng We almost funked the test:

(Twice) The village was all figged up to the nines— We were horribly under-dressed. All thoughts, we knew, would be fastened like glue To the ignorant things we wore.

The disdainful girls had rows of pearls
And silks that swished the floor;
And every elegant man

Had tails and a perfect tie,

(Twice) While carnations scarlet and pink and white

Just walloped me in the eye.

The baker's boy would have graced the Savoy,
The butcher was dressed to kill,

And the gardener, Frank, from "Ivy Bank," Was a model of tailor's skill;

And Elaine she said to me, As we made for the darkest chairs,

(Twice) "I shall give Mrs. Toop a piece of my mind For taking us unawares."

So there we sat, as black as your hat, Like skeletons at the feast,

With valetas and tangoes and other fandangoes, Till the lunatic noises had ceased:

And suddenly came a rush

(Twice) Of many a friendly lynx
(Twice) With sausages, sandwiches, jellies and cakes,

And the corresponding drinks.

Then the jazz-band brayed and the dancers swayed, And, before we knew where we were,

We were prancing round to the charming sound Of everyone's long-lost air:

The dear little Dicky-Bird Who gave the Worm the Push,

(Twice) And "After the Ball" and "Daisy Bell"—And of course the "Bull and Bush."

J. C. S.

## Ho! Ho!

#### Englisch Humoristics for Nordic Students.

In England it is gratifying to obtain a sense of humour, for then you are taken for a cholly decent lad and for your lot it is "Hail, fellow!" and "Fanci seeing you some more, well I never!" in a contented tone.

Englisch humoristics are a bit rum and request careful planning-out beforehand. These are the typical brands:

I.—SLAPP-STICK, SLAPP-DASCH, BACK-SLAPP AND HIT-AND-RUN. (In fact, hearti boister, generally.)

Do have a care how you employ these ways for laughand-grow-fat. With the ladifolk, for an instance, never subscripe to hearti boister, whatever be your custom at home, as the dear things are apt to fall about in the roughand-tumble and receive a mischief.

No, I tell you, this sort of behaviorism is all very well and very risible too, but it is only for the masculines, and

even then should be restricted to times when all are gay, such as after meat.

Only so is it allowable to give the englisch best people a putsch or two and prank about generally.

## II.—SARCASTICISMUS, IRONICS AND WITTY TALKINESS.

These are harder to do than boister but can be very mirthy. Exemplars:

A .- For menfolk.

When one says "Really I am not myself to-day," then rapidly riposte somewhat of this model—"Well, then, let me know who you are instead, will you?" or "Gratulations dear old fellow, ho! ho!" Say it with chuckling, lest you put his back up. Should this happen, then add: "I say, keep your hair in!"

## B .- For ladifolk.

It is unwise to apply talk of such a description to shefriends, but it may be used to strangers who annoy. Thus when, in a crowd, a weighty dame overtreads you on the toes, say: "Dear me, my good girl, although I now perceive that you have not yet learned to stand on your own feet, it would be nice if you would vacate my toepieces."

In all cases, if it seems not clear whether they comprehend the nature of your remarques, disclose a resounding titter or giggle to get things going. Otherwise retain a grim outlook according to the more modest behaviorism, which the good englisch society so dotes on.



Informative Stranger. "IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT THAT IS WHAT IS CALLED AN 'AUTOGIRO.'"
Farmer. "YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THAT'S MY BOY PILOTING IT."

## Time Talks.

It is a peculiar thing, but nearly every fresh invention of Science seems to result in more noise. Scientists, it would almost seem, just go about looking for opportunities to introduce some up-to-date but ear-splitting way of carrying on a hitherto reasonably quiet occupation. And the more we poor quiet-loving fools protest, the more they go on doing it. For instance, though I see in my paper a column headed, "STEPS TO MAKE BRITAIN QUIET: MUTING ROAD-DRILLS," etc., the matter, as far as I can make out, is still only in the embryo stage. Societies

are formed and letters of complaint are written, and all that happens is that a church chime gets reduced (which one could only hear, anyway, when the trams weren't running), or an occasional road-drill is muted (never the one outside my window); and meanwhile the scientists go on, gleefully wholesale, with their work of modernising something else, originally fairly silent, by putting a noise in it. This is not just idle talk; for the adjacent headline to the one quoted above reads, TALKING CLOCKS NEARLY READY.

Talking clocks! Ye gods! A clock was a quiet enough thing in all conscience. A decor-

ousticking, an occasional strike or chime -and now look what's happening. True that at first it seems the only talking clocks will be in telephone-exchanges, and then all they will do is announce the time, whenever you ring them up. in a golden voice borrowed from the specially-chosen telephone-operator at Victoria; but how long do you suppose the matter will rest there? Pretty soon scientists will give those clocks voices of their own; next, an ability to add a cheery "Good-morning!" or "Mind you're not late!" or "Time for your glass of beer!" Nor, I feel certain, will the faculty of speech be confined to mere clocks in telephone-exchanges. All clocks will as a matter of course come to be made with the ability to sustain short conversations on subjects of topical interest; and since, as with human beings, the boundary between being

conversational and being garrulous is a narrow one, it won't be long before, instead of apologising for unpunctuality by saying your watch was slow, you'll be explaining that your clock was so talkative you couldn't get away.

Worsestill, all this will have a terribly bad effect on the clocks themselves. We all know the severe look on their faces even now when we discover that we ought to have been at some rendezvous ten minutes ago. Well, endowed with speech to back up their silent condemnation, clocks will be simply insufferable. They will adopt tones of conscious rectitude, and gradually will look upon themselves as guardians of our morals and habits. It displayed by those who are up when

-enforce silence by busting it a good one with a bedroom-slipper. No, instead there will occur, probably every morning, some such dramatic scene as

Clock (clearing throat). C-r-m-m-m-m —Ping -ping -ping-ping-ping-ping-Pong! Eight o'clock! Time to get up! (After a pause). I say, eight o'clock!

Sleeper. Wassarmatter? Clock. Eight o'clock's the matter, my lad! No! Something inside me tells me it's now one minute past. Get up!

Sleeper. Ermff! Clock. Get up, you lazy devil! (With that excessive early-morning brightness

> others are not). Show a leg there, my hearty! Show a leg!

Sleeper. Shurrup! Clock(annoyed). Get UP! My job is to get you up, isn't it? Well, I'm trying to do it. (A pause, then wheedlingly) Come on! There's a good chap! You'll be late at the office you know. (With affected surprise) Why, look, it's past eight!

Sleeper (stirring). I bet it isn't.

Clock. Look into my face and see if I 'm not speaking the truth.

Sleeper. You're fast. Clock (indignantly). Well, upon my soul! Fast! I've never been so insulted in my life. (Working up to it). What a thing to say to a respectable wellwound-up clock that

keeps good time! Me fast! Who are you to accuse me of dissipation, hey? What time did you come home the night before last, hey? Fast yourself! I'll have you know that my mother could actually chime, and my grand-father was the soul of correctness, even though he couldn't talk

Sleeper (with feeling). Wish I had him now!

Clock (very bitingly). I suppose you think it's funny to loll about in bed all morning taking cheap cuts at your betters? What you want is a thorough alarming about three times a morning, and for two pinions and an extra fitting I'd do it.

Sleeper. You haven't got it in you. Clock (stiffly). There's no need to harp on my disabilities. I'm quite conscious of them. Indeed, I wish I'd been able to strike you instead of a paltry

# In Memoriam

IT was with the profoundest regret that we learned of the death on Sunday, February 2nd, of Sir Owen Seaman, who for 26 years was so brilliantly successful an Editor of Punch. His inimitable light and satirical verse was an unfailing delight, and during the Great War his patriotic poems proved an inspiration to his countrymen. He was Knighted in 1914, and in 1933, the year after his retirement, was created a Baronet. No one who worked with him will ever forget his sympathy, geniality and tact.

> will be worse than having a nagging wife, and many a confirmed bachelor will be rushed into matrimony, preferring to face someone who is at least human and may even believe that he really has been kept late on business, than a coldly incredulous clock which, with smug hands pointing accusingly to 1.30 A.M., will open a tirade of righteous abuse the moment he crosses the threshold, only pausing now and then to chime the quarters.

At the beginning of the day too the presence of a loquacious clock with a self-imposed Mission will be quite unbearable. No longer will we be able to turn our faces to the pillow and refuse to see the time, or even-as those of us more deeply sunk in shame have often done, when the alarm which we have in a rash flood of optimism set the previous night goes off with a whirr!



Tea Steward. "INDIA OR CEYLON, MADAM?" She. "CERTAINLY NOT! SINGAPORE."

eight o'clock. . . Bless my jewels and main-spring, I don't know what's come over you young fellows! Time was when I was consulted every hour of the day and my advice was taken . . .

Sleeper (really angry). Will you shut up, or I'll bash your face in!

### A silence.

Clock (after several conciliatory ticking noises). Aw, c'mon now, don't be angry. After all, it's for your own good I'm doing this. I'm trying all I can to get you up! (Persuasively) It's a lovely day outside! . . . (Clears its throat again and, after trying out a note or two, breaks into song with marked attention to time but not much to tune). Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn, smiling morn! That tips the hills with goooold, that tips the-

(Sleeper sits up and reaches for a slipper and the song dies away into a diffident ticking.

Sleeper (sarcastically). Thank you! Clock (after a silence). Nearly had you up that time. Ah, well, if you're determined to lie in bed, I'll tell you a few stories. There was once an Irish clock, a Scotch clock and a Jewish clock.

Well, it seems the Scotch clock had only one hand, and-stop me if you've heard this-

[Sleeper leaps out of bed and does so.

Now will you come on, boys, before it's too late! "No Speech for Time-PIECES!" is the slogan. "WE WANT DUMB CLOCKS!" A. A.

"Agdid hummed softly to himself, in Berber, unintelligible to his companion."

From a Short Story.

The only answer to this kind of thing is to whistle back in Hindustani.



Difficult Customer. "Is the manager available? Perhaps he's got more sense."

Assistant. "He has, Madam. He went out just as you came in."

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### The Bully of Europe.

Sawdust Casar (BARKER, 12/6) does not strike me as being a particularly happy title for a book about Signor Musso-LINI. The DUCE has proved himself a man of metal, however base. He has at any rate had force enough to make himself a nuisance to Europe and a menace to civilisation. The historians, with whatever distaste, will be constrained to take note of him, although, it is to be hoped, they will be able to dismiss him as a transient if embarrassing phenomenon. The book which Mr. George Seldes has written they will use with caution; for Mr. Seldes, though he backs himself heavily with documents, quotes only such as will support his argument; or, if he grants the other side a hearing, it is but to deride it. Nevertheless, he must be allowed substantially to have proved his case. He stops short of the Abyssinian war, that disastrous climax, but all that he describes is its logical prelude. He portrays a man who from his earliest days has been a bully and a coward, who has always been ready to change his opinions for a fee and to double-cross his fellow-conspirators. Perhaps his colours are too uniformly dark, but it is true that, imagining himself the peer of CASAR and NAPOLEON, MUSSOLINI has shown little real creative genius to justify his methods. The abuses which he has set out to remedy have largely been cockshies of his own construction. The sad thing is that Europe has so lost its sense of values and of humour that-not only in his own country-he should have found

a measure of acceptance. Now that G. B. S. has let us down, we badly need a new Voltaire.

## A Letter-Writer of Parts.

CHARLES LAMB, who, despite an occasional jibe at Leadenhall Street, relied shrewdly on "the blest security of a counting-house," would, I feel, have welcomed John Freeman's Letters (Macmillan, 8/6) as the expression of a sympathetic mind delightfully functioning in oddly kindred circumstances. For Lamb's Islington read Freeman's Anerley, a few pence from town and still fewer from the country, where, with something of Ruskin's tenderness for an unfashionable South London suburb, FREEMAN produced his poems, his articles for The London Mercury and most of the highspirited, spontaneous and graceful letters which his widow and Sir John Squire have so generously given us. Perhaps it was a mistake to classify these under their recipients. We start with a FREEMAN of forty and retrieve a FREEMAN of twenty-five; while critical comments on topical episodes—the death of MAURICE HEWLETT, for instance—are too widely sundered for effectiveness. But how attractive a personality is revealed thus piecemeal! Deliberately keeping both the poet and the critic in him unspotted from the world, the letter-writer, with his mahogany office in the background, belongs-as Mr. DE LA MARE'S introduction so charmingly testifies—to the tradition of Elia and Trollope, Bagehot and Austin Dobson.

#### Tragedy of Two Cities.

The illegitimate sons of criminous clerks have always exercised a fascination for the novelist. One remembers—

if vaguely—The Gadfly, written by a Russian émigré's wife in Victorian London and dealing in the close-knit manner of its period with much the same theme as The Son of Marietta (GOLLANCZ, 9/6). This, the work of a Dutch writer of the FEUCHTWANGER. school, deals with an eighteenth-century Bishop of Todi who loses his heart to a maidservant with a lovely voice, herself the child of strolling players. Benedetto, putative child of the simple countryman to whom Marietta is married, becomes an open and exultant law-breaker where his parents have been furtive and unhappy ones; though a certain dignity and righteousness enter his life with a family of Venetian Jews, who entertain him after his criminal flight from Todi. A lighthearted irony-too little in evidenceplays over ecclesiastical accommodations with secular art. But the core of religious psychology is not Mynheer JOHAN FABRICIUS'S strong point; and though his episcopal palace and his convent exhibit a Byronic picturesqueness, the tragic concessions of dedicated lives to a dissolute age fail to sustain their claim to interest and sympathy.

### Here and There.

Mr. JERRARD TICKELL'S method of switching the readers' attention so frequently from one set of characters to another at the most exciting moments of the book may irritate some people, but personally I think the trick, as used in See How They Run (HEINE-MANN, 7/6), is very effective. I think too that the author may have discovered the mysterious formula for best-seller writing-so difficult to describe and so easy to recognise. His Nicola, who, as a child, leaves Vienna in a famine train to be educated in England and temporarily adopted by "Aunt Kathleen" (a model to all aunts), is a charming creature. And Peter, who later falls in love with her, is the perfect blend of idealism and cynicism. The political stuff is excellent; so are the descriptions of English country life

(including highbrows at breakfast) and Viennese life and American life. True, since the author is so romantic as to have included some heroics—even though these do come near to heroism—he might just as well have omitted certain crude phrases and expletives: his book is vivid enough without them. But the book (I believe it is a first novel) is a really excellent piece of work: all the characters are likeable, and their introducer's humour and humanity never fail.

#### The Whole Story of India.

From 3000 B.C., when a great civilisation was flourishing at Mohenjo Daro, down to 1935 A.D., when the Government of India Act began a new era, is a long stretch of time. Yet Sir George Dunbar, in his *History of India* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 12/6), has contrived to compress into six hundred pages a full account of the happenings during this period.



"REMINDS YOU OF THE SWELL LINER ADVERTISEMENTS, DON'T IT, SIR? 'RUNNIN' WATER IN EVERY CABIN."

It is a marvel of condensation. This volume will serve as a reference book for facts and dates, and is at the same time suitable for straightforward reading. The author somehow finds time to tell us a great deal about Asoka and Arbar, the high-lights among Indian monarchs, and he deals in some detail with modern political movements. Authorities are quoted and impartiality reigns throughout. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing this handsome volume at a bargain price. The illustrations are numerous and form an artistic entertainment in themselves. There are, further, no fewer than sixteen delightful maps.

## A Young Man's History

Michael and His Angels (Dent, 7/6), by Mr. Lewis Gibbs, is one of those novels that begin with the hero's birth and carry on till death or matrimony—in this case matrimony—

provides a suitable ending. Michael is the son of a curate who has lost an eye; and his father's infirmity-sympathetic, courageous and kind as that father is-produces inevitably (boys being what they are) a sense of inferiority in his son which does much to mould his character. Michael's career as teacher in a business-college; the sisters, Sybil and Antonia Grey, one of whom he loved while the other loved him; his experiences in the War; and the happiness which came to him at last are described by an author who knows his world and period, and draws human beings both alive and likeable. Mr. Gibbs has realised too that nobody accepts life at its surface-value; our relationship to something beyond ourselves and our fellows is, as it was with Michael, in some degree the preoccupation of every one of us. This recognition of values beyond the ephemeral makes Michael and His Angels an outstanding novel.

#### Virus.

The publishers (JARROLDS) of Dictator of Death (7/6) are not reticent in applying epithets to the work of Mr. FRANK KING, but after reading this tale of wholesale murder I

am convinced that most of them are justified. In almost less than no time Paul Grendon, Mr. KING'S "private investigator," gets into his stride and is dealing with a problem that may legitimately be called poisonous. Bad as the state of affairs was at the start, it soon becomes worse, and the first words of Chapter X. are, "This was the beginning of perhaps the most astounding period in the annals of New Scotland Yard, and of the British Medical Association." Such a state-ment seemed to me foolishly audacious, yet I am ready to admit that Mr. King was not un-

reasonable in making it, for his criminal-in-chief had found a deadly poison, by means of which he hoped to control the world. The story may be too lethal for all tastes, but it is packed with exciting incidents, and no private investigator, either in fact or fiction, can ever have been more industrious and lucky than Grendon.

#### Pilgrimage.

After reading Crusade (JARROLDS, 7/6) I am left wondering what Mr. RUPERT CROFT-COOKE means his remarkable story to imply, or whether he intends it to imply anything except perhaps the difficulty of trying to carry out CHRIST'S teaching in the world of to-day. Taken seriously, this is an indictment of what may be called conventional religion. But when Mr. CROFT-COOKE takes a totally visionary and ineffective man like Harry Wheelen to show the world how far it has strayed from Christianity, I confess myself puzzled. Anyhow Bert, who tramps for months with Harry, is, in spite of his flagrant breaches of various commandments, astoundingly kind at heart, and as they wander over England his philosophy and conversation are to me a perpetual delight. And it is Bert, with no religion that could be acceptable to the orthodox. who dies because Harry wished to reform the world.

Let me add that whatever view may be taken of it, this book will arouse discussion.

### A Cautionary Tale.

Mr. RICHARD HULL has refrained from overcrowding his stage in Murder Isn't Easy (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), for. if a bogus inventor and a busy Inspector are excepted, only five people play leading parts. As an act of grace I think that Mr. HULL might have made one at least of his five more human and attractive; but that is my sole grievance against a yarn which is unconventionally and often humorously told. Indeed I suspect Mr. HULL of enjoying several laughs within the boundaries of his capacious sleeve. You may, for instance, be considerably surprised if you begin this story by looking at its concluding words, but whatever the purists may think, this sentence is, under the conditions, absolutely correct and fitting.

## Jealousy.

In The Opperman Case (Chapman and Hall, 76) Mr. JOHN BENTLEY has set his skilful investigator, Sir Richard

Herrivell, to work on two extremely intricate problems. A hectic weekend party, given by Julian Opperman, was abruptly interrupted by the sudden death of his cousin and soon afterwards of the host himself. The cousin was shot and, until Sir Richard began his investigations, it was presumed that he had, either accidentally or intentionally, killed himself; but Julian's death was brought about by such an ingenious device that a bullet-headed Chief Inspector may easily be pardoned for his failure to discover it. Mr. BENTLEY maintains



"I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, WITHERS, BUT I CAN ONLY REPEAT-THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

a firm control over the leading characters of this twofold tragedy, and he ends it with a vividly spectacular scene.

## The Melomaniac's Lament.

[In a letter to *The Times* on the performances of musical dogs, Mr. CECIL Lewis records the fact that "Darwin played the trumpet to a row of runner-beans to see if music could affect their growth."]

From the days of early childhood, ere I entered on my 'teens, I found more inspiration in lyric kings and queens, And even in the efforts of would-be Chaliapines, Than in following the conflicts of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. I've studied bells and college-yells and Irish funeral keens, I've learned to play the chopstick waltz upon two soup-tureens, And probed the possibilities of hitting on a means To stop the peacock's shricking as his plumes he proudly preens And the buzzing of the Hoover as my furniture it cleans. I rejoice that Walford Davies has captivated Jeans, Though failing to conciliate the gloomiest of Deans, But, alas! I am unable to relate to the marines-Because I was not present—the devastating scenes When DARWIN played the trumpet to a row of runner-beans.

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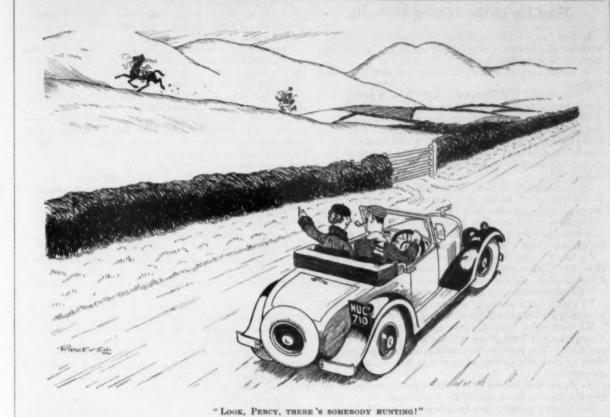
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Salute to St. Valentine.

When George the Second or Third held sway
And spring was in the air,
My great-great-grandmama, so they say,
Answered a whistle and hurried away
To Gretna Green in a posting-shay
With a kind of a clown from a Shakespeare play.
Though caught at last by a coach-and-pair,
Little did great-great-grandmama care;
There was nothing to do and nothing to say,
And she married her love on St. Valentine's
day.

When WILLIAM THE FOURTH was England's king
And buds were on the willow,
Her daughter Corinna received a ring
From a highly-respectable Colonel Byng,
With an offer of marriage in early spring.
Wasn't it, then, a remarkable thing
That little Corinna cried into her pillow,
And braved the battle and braved the billow
For a poor young ensign with nothing to bring
Save Valentine vows and an arm in a sling?

When QUEEN VICTORIA came to reign
And snowdrops came to flower,
Corinna's Amanda was sent from Spain
To learn deportment and form her brain
And her high little, spry little spirits to train.
But what can you wish? It is springtime again;
Amanda is weary of petticoat power;
Amanda is waiting till clocks strike the hour;
Amanda is running through February rain
With the boy from the crammer's down Vicarage
Lane . . .

The frigate's a ghostly ship to-day
That plies across the Styx;
No one travels by posting-shay,
And the cowslip-fields where the Vicarage lay
Are dark with mortar and deep with clay
And wholly unsuited to running away.
Sentimentality's certainly nix
In nineteen hundred and thirty-six—
But, "Bless you!" the ghostly grandmothers say,
"How those telephones ring on St. Valentine's day!"

VOL. CXC.

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# The Clue of the Missing Umbrella.

It was just a minute-and-a-quarter past four by Jones's wrist-watch. Smith, who sat opposite him in the first-class carriage, was smoking a cigar.

Robinson's watch said eight minutes to two, but it had

Enderbridge and Thropley train!" cried a porter with a red moustache called Macintyre, and they were off.

Of course it was the porter whose name was Macintyre. His moustache was known simply as Wilfred. I mention this apparently trivial fact because it was on such small details as this that the solution of the incredible and diabolically horrible tragedy about to be narrated eventually turned.

The train plunged without warning into Moleshott Tunnel. It was pitch-dark in the long tunnel, and when the train emerged again into the light Smith and Jones blinked in the sudden radiance. But Robinson did not blink. His face was quite black and his swollen tongue lolled against his distorted chin. His bowler-hat was awry

"I faney," said Jones nervously to Smith, "that that chap has been murdered." Automatically he glanced at his wrist-watch and saw that it was twelve minutes after four.

"We must inform the police," declared Smith.

"I hardly think it will be necessary," replied Jones, who possessed a wide knowledge of detective fiction.

He was right. At Enderbridge Hercule Poirot, Dr. Thorndyke and Lord Peter Wimsey stepped into the compartment. The inscrutable workings of fate had brought them to the scene of the crime within five minutes of its commission!

As the train pulled out of the station the great clock in the

General Waiting Room chimed the quarter-past.

Accustomed as they were to strange and terrible happenings, the three detectives were visibly affected by the sight which met their eyes. Dr. Thorndyke raised his eyebrows, Poirot shot out a startled "Mon Dieu!" and Wimsey took a hasty pull at the bottle of Cockburn '04, without which he never travelled.

"It is a bad business, this," said Poirot. "For the moment I am in charge. You permit me, ves?"

"No," said Thorndyke and Wimsey.

"Eh bien! And now, Sir, may I inquire what is your name?

"Jones," said Jones. "And yours, Monsieur?" "Smith," said Smith.

"Smith and Jones. It is odd, that. And what, pray, is the name of this poor gentleman?"

Robinson," said Jones. "It's on his attaché-case."

"So, Robinson!" cried Poirot, his eyes shining with a curious cat-like gleam. "Somewhere I have heard that name before! Mais where? I must think—think!" and flinging himself into a corner, the astute little Belgian detective buried his egg-shaped head in his hands.

Meanwhile Thorndyke had been making a careful examination of the carriage-floor. Already he had three envelopes full of dust, while in the special glass retort, which invariably formed a part of his equipment, lay three pieces of orange-peel, seven cigarette-ends, a tin-tack and a length of tarred twine of the type used by half-cast dock-hands in the Far East. Suddenly he gave a cry.

"I expected this," he said grimly. "There is another body

under the seat. Quick! We must get it out."

Willing hands came to his assistance, and a moment later the little group found themselves staring down at the body of a well-dressed man in the late thirties or early forties.

It was Lord Peter Wimsey!

"What were you doing under that seat?" demanded Thorndyke sternly, whipping out his sextant and taking several quick readings.

"Looking for a button, don't y'know," replied Wimsey ealmly, flicking a stray particle of dust from his tie into

the envelope which Thorndyke held ready.

Poirot's egg-like eyes began to gleam with excitement. "No buttons are missing from the attire of the poor Monsieur Robinson," he said softly.

'No, but one is missing from mine," replied Wimsey, holding up his sleeve, and the little Belgian detective sank back disappointedly to the cushions. It began to seem as if the mystery would never be solved.

Wimsey drew Dr. Thorndyke aside.
"You noticed his spats?" he asked quietly.
The doctor nodded. "Clearly of Indian workmanship,"

"Ah!" said Wimsey, "but there is something else-"

"You mean-

"Exactly. Why should a man who is going to be murdered

trouble to put on spats?

Thorndyke was about to reply when someone said in a rather hesitating voice, "It can't be right, it can't be. Spats and a bowler-hat, but no umbrella-it doesn't make

The speaker was a little round-faced Roman Catholic priest, who had been lying unnoticed on the luggage-rack.

What are you doing on that rack?" barked Thorndyke. Father Brown smiled rather a twisted smile.

"Undergoing the torture," he said mildly, and for a moment, as he lay stretched out on the rack, he really did look like a victim of the Inquisition. "Find the umbrella," he added, "and you'll find the weapon."

There was no weapon," replied Wimsey contemptuously. "The man was suffocated. Look at his face and the way

his tongue is hanging out.

("And his spats," put in Thorndyke, who was deep in

an intricate calculation.)

Oh, is that his tongue?" asked Father Brown foolishly as he scrambled down from the rack. "It looks to me much more like the handle of an umbrella."

The stunned silence of the little first-class carriage was

broken by Poirot.

"I have it!" he cried suddenly, his cat-shaped head gleaming with exhilaration. "Robinson—the great swordswallower!

"The whole thing was fairly clear from the start," began "Robinson was no doubt on his way to an exhibition of sword-swallowing-an art, by the way, of which used at one time-

'He unwisely decided to practise with his umbrella while passing through a tunnel," went on Thorndyke.

"Couldn't quite manage the crook," said Father Brown

"And so expired," concluded Lord Peter Wimsey, crack-

ing a bottle of Château Terfort St. Croix-du-Mont 1928 over his head.

"Nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom!" said Hercule Poirot. H. F. E.

#### Things We Should Never Have Dared To Say.

"Later he said 'You may go to the devil.' Plaintiff said he then went to his solicitor."-Police Court News.

"Here are some dress ideas from stage and screen. Charming ---, in 'Nina,' is fond of tomato, and wears it on a lovely soft green dinner gown."—Fashion Paper.

Egg can be worn in the same way on a nice black waistcoat.



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# SAYING IT WITH GUNS.

"I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF MY BOY-FRIENDS IT WAS-BUT IT'S NOT MY IDEA OF A LOVER'S VALENTINE."



"I won't be home to-night, mums, but everything's quite all right-I've been arrested."

# "Cedant Arma Togæ."

WHAT a hope!

We poor scribblers have been reading with envy and due humility about the painters (artistic) who are decorating the spacious walls of the many rooms of the *Queen Mary*.

Knowing two or three of them, I know that the work will be both good and gay. But what about the nation's poets and prose-writers?

In brief, I want to bring back literature into house-decoration. In books, in advertising, in the drama, on the films the scribbler and the draughtsman work hand-in-hand. Grand indeed are the pictorial artists who design the posters of to-day: but few indeed are the painted posters which seek no aid at all from the printed word.

But when the ship, restaurant, inn or hotel is to be decorated the word-monger is forgotten. Why is this? Surely, in the smoking-room—shall we say?—of the Queen Mary the works of the POET LAUREATE or the late RUD-

YARD KIPLING deserve to be displayed beside the finest painting of the day. And surely, considered purely as a decoration, they have an equal claimprovided always that they are set upon the wall in a legible and noble script. The fine picture, it is true, may be studied and enjoyed again and again. But the ordinary passenger, I fear, will seldom study a second time the paintings on the walls of the smoking-room. Once he has seen them he has seen them, and forgets their existence. But a scrap of good verse, grand or gay, or a piece of thunderous prose will frequently recapture his attention. He will want to remember exactly how the words went, and read them again; he will recite them aloud to his fellowpassengers, delighting in the sound of his voice. In the long rough mornings, when all the other passengers are sick below, he will sit alone in the smokingroom, sipping tomato-juice and getting the literary walls by heart. No painted wall, however well done, can hope to gain the same attention.

Moreover, the words on the literary wall can be changed frequently without much difficulty (for we poor authors never expect to be on show for long); but to get a painter to do something different—or worse, to get a new painter to do something new, will provoke appalling, and probably national, trouble.

I would not have all the decorations literary. I would mix the bowling, which is always wise. I would say, if I owned the Queen Mary or The Latest Restaurant, "Old boy, I want the North and South walls covered with delicious mural paintings, with Derby Day, with still life, with the arrival of the Mayflower, or what you will. But on the East and West walls I want wonderful words, cunningly selected and tastefully exhibited-inspiring poetry and spicy limericks, grand passages from Mr. Belloc and little bits of Sir W. S. GILBERT, extracts from essays, from leading articles and sermons, quotations from SHAKESPEARE, from Mr. BALDWIN, the Report of the Licensing Commission and the judgments of the King's Bench. Words on walls are, at least, always read, as the small boy knows.'

But there is a deeper matter in which

Art and Literature and Science and Journalism and all the Learned World

may speak as one.

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The theme is delicate and difficult. But, briefly, do we not have too much of the Armed Forces on State Occasions and too little of the Peaceful Brains of the Nation?

I love His Majesty's Navy and Army and admit, reluctantly, the necessity for an Air Force: I delight in their uniforms and bands and flags, and look with pleasure upon a fine Admiral or General in his Number Ones. But if I see nothing else in a National Procession I feel that I am seeing the nation in a rather queer way. I should like to see as well, for example, the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons. If uniforms are de rigueur, I would add that all these gentlemen can appear in raiment which would make a Field-Marshal feel small. And what a fine four these gentlemen would make!

I would like too to see the Lord

Mayors of Liverpool and Edinburgh and the other great cities of the North; and the Vice-Chancellors of a university or two; and some of the high doctors and scientists and kings of business (limited, if you will, to those who have honorary D.C.L.'s and can face the military in a gaudy gown); nor have I forgotten the T.U.C., the Editor of The Times and the Poet Laureate.

All this, no doubt, would be difficult and, in the working-out, might lead to envy, jealousy and disaffection. But that, I suggest, is the right line. For the Armed Forces, as all men know, are not the only loyal or useful subjects of the King. If one may respectfully say so, by the way, it would be a pleasing and a timely novelty if His Majesty could sometimes wear, instead of the uniform of an Admiral or Field-Marshal, the robes of a Judge or the gown of a Vice-Chancellor.

As for the poor Arts, they will never, I suppose, be recognised officially as an important section of the nation—except at charity matinées, meetings,

bazaars and dinners, where they are graciously permitted to act, sing, speak or give their works away for nothing to an extent not known in many other professions. Among all the special parties at the Royal Jubilee I cannot think of one at which the Arts were able to express their corporate loyalty and devotion, though everybody else had a "do" of some sort. But perhaps this is the fault of the Arts. They must get together next time: for if they do not express themselves, nobody else will.

Some of the Arts will say modestly that they would not look well in a procession. Well, give them some good clothes and I think the Art Forces would look no worse than some of the poor old warriors I saw tottering and shuffling along the other day. I think Sir Thomas Beecham would carry his baton as bravely as any Field-Marshal; and, to be quite frank, I thought that, uniforms apart, the Armed Forces were looking exceptionally plain. They have gone off since my day.

A. P. H.



WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

"THEY SAY IT'S NOT REALLY COMPLICATED."

## Mr. Porter Minds the Dog.

"HERE's an interesting problem," said Mr. Porter, walking into the general office. "A man puts a bowl of water on the floor and goes off to fetch the stamps stuck on to bits of envelopes that he's going to peel off in the bowl of water and use again if he can find any glue. Hardly is his back turned when he hears a glucking sort of noise, and on looking round he is horrified to see a wolf drinking out of the bowl. The wolf finishes the water and then lies down in front of the apology for a gasfire and goes to sleep. The wolf is twice the size of the man and half the size of the room. What does the man do ?"

Mr. Chudleigh looked up from The Times. "It's not a very likely situation, isit?" he asked rather impatiently.

But the rest of us were gazing at Mr. Porter. "Oo, Mr. Porter!" said Miss Lunn, "do you mean that you——?"

Here Miss Elkington came hurrying in. "Where's Mr. Porter?" she asked. "Oh, Mr. Porter, Mr. Harbottle dictated a note for you just before he went out." She opened her note-book. "He spoke awfully fast because he was in such a hurry," she went on, shutting the note-book," but I can remember it. He wants you to look after his dog until he comes back at half-past two to take it away for the week-end, and it's an Alsatian, so you've got to take it for a really good run at lunch-time. and buy it some dog-biscuits, because it needs a lot of exercise, but it will keep absolutely quiet if you give it something like an old sock to play with. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Porter. "It explains everything. An Alsatian, is it?"

"Someone open that door," said Mr. Chudleigh. "It will be scratched to pieces in a minute." I noticed that he moved well behind the table before he spoke.

"Well, it's friendly enough," said Mr. Porter as Sidney put his rubber-stamp back on his table and turned the waste-paper-basket the right way up. "Look at its tail. Good dog. Hi! Good dog,' I said. What's its name, Miss Elkington?"

"I forgot to ask," said Miss Elkington. "But I shouldn't think it would make any difference, would you?"

"You can't trust them, you know," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I should be careful. You never can trust Alsatians. They're never really tame. Here, shoo, will you? They may behave as if they're tame, perhaps for years, and then they break out without warning. Good dog.

So a cousin of mine told me, and he knew a man who had several. One of them bit a chauffeur. Here, go away. Right through his gaiters."

"I'm ever so fond of dogs," said Miss Lunn. "They always seem to know it, too. Isn't it funny how dogs always seem to know when you're fond of them? Good dog, then."

"I think you ought to take it up to your room, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh. "After all, it's your responsibility. An old sock; that's all it wants. Haven't you got an old sock anywhere?"

"I've got two," said Mr. Porter.
"And I'm going to hang on to them if I can. Where's the box of tennis-balls?
Now, you hold his collar, Sidney, and I shall show him the ball and dash upstairs, and when I call, you let go and he'll follow like a shot."

He did; just like a shot. Sidney picked his chair up, put his collar straight and sat down. "Now we can have a nice quiet morning," said Miss Elkington to Miss Lunn, taking out her knitting. "I haven't so much as touched this jumper for weeks."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Porter came back. "I want another ball," he said. "That last one went out of the window."

"I don't want to complain," said Mr. Chudleigh diffidently, "but if you could possibly stop those continual thudding and scuffling sounds in your room I should be glad."

"So should I," said Mr. Porter.
"The trouble is that I'm throwing the ball for the dog to fetch, and the wretched animal thinks he's throwing it for me to fetch. You know how the wallpaper in my room was beginning to peel off? Well, it's nearly finished peeling off now."

Three-quarters-of-an-hour later he was back again. "That one went up into the electric-light," he said.

into the electric-light," he said.
"You look hot," said Miss Elkington.
"Naturally," Mr. Porter said irritably. "I am hot. What's happened to that clock?" he asked, brightening suddenly. "Do you mean to say it's lunch-time already?"

"That reminds me," said Miss Elkington. "Here's his chain, and Mr. Harbottle says that some restaurants don't mind if you take him in with you, but some do."

"And don't forget to give him a really good run," she said, as Mr. Porter came downstairs with the dog and stood on the doorstep. We were all there to see him off.

"I shall have my lunch first," said Mr. Porter. "I shall try that place round to the left." His arm jerked out, and he disappeared down the steps and round to the right. "But didn't you have any lunch?" asked Miss Elkington, taking out her knitting again. "You just went round in a circle and came back, and you've been here ever since? It 'sten past two."

Mr. Porter climbed down from the table and dusted his hands. "I haven't got it, I tell you," he said to the dog. "It's up on that cupboard."

"It's up on that cupboard."
"The poor thing!" said Miss Elkington. "What about his run? You know what Mr. Harbottle said. And what about his dog-biscuits?"

Mr. Porter took the two paper bags that Sidney had just brought in. "One of these is dog-biscuits," he said shortly. "The other is my lunch. It's egg-sandwiches, or should be. It doesn't feel like egg-sandwiches."

"It's rock-cakes, Mr. Porter," said Sidney. "It's all they had."

"Go away, you wretched dog!" cried Miss Elkington. "Oh, Mr. Porter, he's eating my woo!! Stop him quickly."

"He's hungry, poor thing," said Miss Lunn, who had just come in. "Did he want his dinner, then? You see, he understands." And she emptied the bag on to the floor and stood with her head on one side and a sentimental smile on her face. "Who would have thought," she asked Mr. Porter, "that a great big dog like that would have been so fond of rock-cakes?"

Mr. Porter put his coat on. "There are some occasions," he said as he buttoned it up, "when a man can express himself adequately only by walking out of the room, slamming the door and going off to have an enormous lunch which will be paid for by the petty cash. This is one of them." He walked towards the door and swung it open. Then he stopped and felt in his pockets.

"Where's my other glove?" he asked angrily.

Mr. Harbottle came in. "Ah," he said, smiling vaguely. "So you've been looking after my dog? That's good. Come along, you lazy beast. Ah! I see you've given him an old glove, Porter. I said an old sock, but really he likes an old glove even better. He'll never drop an old glove once he gets hold of it. It will keep him amused in the train. It's wonderful how dogs can amuse themselves, isn't it?"

#### The Pantomime Season.

"WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN CLIMBING PLANTS." Gardening Firm's Advi.

## Especially beanstalks?

"Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, dropped a bombshell into the Senate Munitions Investigation."—Mallese Paper.

And then what?

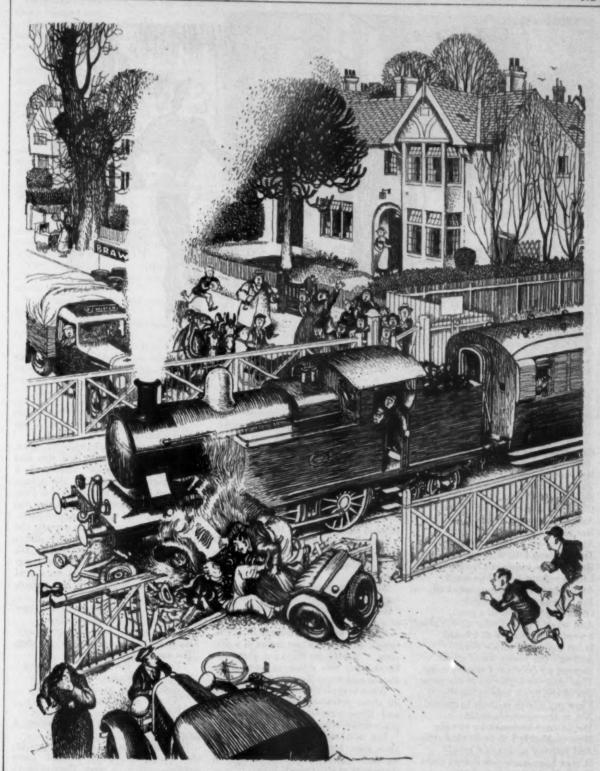
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"REMIND ME THAT THE BRAKES WANT ADJUSTING WHEN WE GET BACK, WILL YOU, OLD MAN?"



"CAN I CLEAR THIS SNOW AWAY, MUM?" "CERTAINLY NOT! AND JUST REMOVE YOUR UNSIGHTLY FOOTMARKS FROM FT!"

# The Sporting Golfer.

EMBITTERED golfers would have

eursed My brassie second at the first; To me its curve towards the right Epitomised the grace of flight. I watched it settle in a tree And fairly swooned with ecstasy; Nor was I even slightly vexed About my air-shot at the next. The swishing niblick to my ears Recalled the music of the spheres; I liked to hear my caddie laugh, And only boxed his ears for chaff. But I'm particularly fond Of fluffing tee-shots in a pond, And when I pulled mine at the third I wept with pleasure as I heard It hit the water with a clout And saw the pretty water spout. Beyond all question I should name That shot the high-spot of our game, Till at the tenth hole in the round I saw my fourth putt go to ground Not in the supercilious tin But in your heelmark by the pin. Most laughable I thought that stroke, And just my notion of a joke! It may have made you dormy eight. But I do not regret my fate: I broke my clubs across my knee With perfect equanimity,

And then I danced upon the green Until the secretary had seen. The fool reported the affair. In future I shall play elsewhere.

## Man's Place.

MANY years ago somebody-probable the PRINCE CONSORT—said that Woman's place was the Home.

Nearer to our own times somebody else-possibly Mussolini-said (practically) that Woman's place was the

At this stage you mutter to yourself quite mistakenly as it happens-"What! an article on the new freedom of women? I shan't read it!"

You are making the error of a lifetime. In fact, the two errors of a life-Firstly in thinking that you know what this article is going to be about, and secondly in not reading it.

What everybody ought to have said, all these years—the PRINCE CONSORT and Mussolini included—is: Man's place is the Home.

Let us at once proceed to consider your own family-circle, or mine, or, for that matter, almost anybody's in the whole of the British Isles.

How very, very familiar is the situation.

"The Braggs," I announce, "are giving a party.

Laura replies enthusiastically: "How splendid!" and I know that she, like myself, has instantly visualised a brilliant entertainment in the nature of a cross between the last Act of Cinderella and the first Christmas-tree she ever went to, at the age of four years.

The reactions of Charles are not the same. They are, in fact, entirely different. If he visualises anything at all, it is something more like the waitingroom at Fiddleton station on a cold afternoon combined with the parrothouse at the Zoo.

Nor does his response—if response can be called-come quickly.

"The Braggs?" he says distrustfully. Almost in the tone of somebody saying, The man-eating tigers?

- "Yes, dear, the Braggs. You know." "Oh. The Braggs. I know."
- "Well, they're having a party."
- "Why?" says Charles. "Why?"
- "Yes. Why are they having a party?"

If Charles can't see why people, the Braggs included, should have parties-and it is more than evident that he can't-one rather falters at the prospect of trying to make him see.

"Love's Labour's Lost," one thinks in one's literary way.

Laura-either less literary or more optimistic-embarks on the forlorn

"It's splendid of them!" she says gaily. "They can't possibly get more than six people into that drawingroom, and they 're sure to ask the whole neighbourhood, so it ought to be rather fun."

One feels that judgment here has perhaps been over-ridden by enthusi-The appeal, as worded, is obviously predoomed to failure.

"Welf, we can always say we can't go," says Charles. "I daresay you can think of some excuse."

No. I can't."

This is not literally true. What I mean is that I could easily think of some excuse, but neither wish nor intend to do so.

This Charles grasps without any difficulty at all. He now changes the whole venue of the case.

"What on earth do they want to ask us for?"

'So as to polish off everybody they know," says Laura.

"Because they feel," say I, with more tact, even if less accuracy, "that we should help to make the evening a success.'

"You don't want to go, do you?" Charles inquires in tones of utter incredulity. "Why, last time we went you said the room was like a furnace." 'So it was.

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"And Laura got stuck the whole time with that man she says she can't bear.'

"Yes, it was frightful!" says Laura. shuddering dramatically. never forget it. He kept on talking about steam-tractors. It was ghastly.

Not more ghastly than the woman I got stuck with, who told me about her boy's school report sixteen times running," I remarked bitterly.

'As for the food-" says Charles. Laura and I, with one voice-or, anyway, two voices and one set of wordsat once echo: "Oh, the food!" in tones that admit of no illusion about the frightfulness of the food.

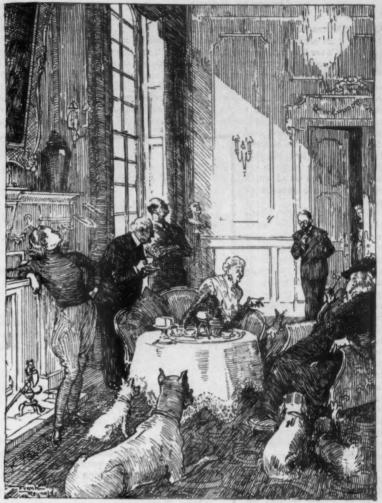
At this stage Charles shows his hand. (Not that it has ever been concealed so far as the experienced eye of his wife is concerned.)

"Then why in the name of heaven do you want to go to this beastly

party?"

"Because," says Laura in reasonable accents, "it is a party, after all."

But the real answer of course is that woman's place is anywhere but the home. Man's, on the other handbut you have guessed the rest for your-E. M. D. selves.



DISTINCTION.

Hostess (by way of introducing Author). "This is Mr. Wynrush-Jones. He DOESN'T HUNT

## " But."

If rivers were of mayonnaise, The seas of greenest cheese, Our vegetarians and such Might not be hard to please.

If all our cabbages were kings And cats adopted mice, The teetotalitarians Would find no drop of vice.

If politicians were as pure As little boys in blue, The pulpiteering parsons might Not preach as now they do.

If bankers had but hearts of gold And ledgers that decayed, Our bookmakers could draw the dole Or find some other trade.

If gongsters gong'd and then were gone, If gangsters gong'd then ganged. No law we'd need to stand before, Arraigned and then harangued.

If traffic jams were edible, If country belles were weddable, If bedtime tales were credible These tears would not be sheddable.

#### The Long and the Short of It.

"Two baby peccaries, or South American wild swine, born at the Zoo recently . . only about 10 in. long and correspondingly short."—Zoo Notes.

"The local Council of Nathanya, a Jewish colony on the coast north of Jaffa, has named one of their squares after Mr. Isaac Foot." Sunday Paper.

It is to be called, quite simply, Square Foot.

## Owen as Editor.



O readers of *Punch* he was known as "O. S.," but in earlier days he contributed to various journals over the pseudonym "NAUTICUS." The alias was happily chosen, for anyone not knowing who he was might well have guessed from his build and

countenance that he was a sailor. And he was happy either on or in the sea, for he was a good swimmer, and on recovering in 1932 from a long illness resumed his habit of diving from high spring-boards. And in this context one

should not forget his long and devoted services in connection with the training-ship *Implacable*, the appeals on behalf of which owed much of their success to his eloquent

pen.

Where charitable or philanthropic work was to be done, he was lavish of time and trouble-witness his work on the Board of the Putney Hospital for Incurables, where he took the utmost pains in considering the claims of applicants for assistance. Sinecure offices did not appeal to him. But these labours did not exhaust his benevolence. He was always ready to sacrifice his leisure to look after invalids or impecunious friends, and during the twenty-six years of his editorship he seldom, if ever, had a complete holiday. He loved the good things of this world, but he never forgot his lame ducks, and they were many and importunate. The amount of good he did by stealth was remarkable.

As an editor he had an exceptional capacity for continuous work; nor is it easy to forget the courage and endurance that enabled him, when he was suffering great discomfort and pain, to finish off the paper and go straight from the office to the nursing-home for an immediate and

severe operation. But his greatest and culminating achievement as Editor of Punch was reserved for the years of the War. It is an open secret that on its outbreak the question arose whether Mr. Punch would not have to put up his shutters. What room was there, it was asked, for a comic paper in the midst of this world convulsion? That the paper could go on and serve a helpful purpose was due mainly to the fortitude and inspiring example of Owen Seaman. When one thinks of all that it means, "He edited Punch in the Great War" is perhaps his greatest title to remembrance.

When he joined the staff of the paper as assistant-editor he at once made his influence felt by encouraging the outside contributor and thus enlarging the inner circle by enlisting fresh and young blood. In this sphere he was indefatigable in the task of revising and correcting contributions, writing endless letters with his own hand. His criticisms were occasionally resented by sensitive minds, but were in the main greatly appreciated; and in not a few instances young writers who have since attained distinction have frankly owned that he taught them all they know of the craft of verse-writing. He was well-equipped for the task by his brilliant achievements as a scholar at Shrewsbury, at Cambridge, and by his experience as a schoolmaster at Rossall and a professor at Newcastle and a University extension lecturer. And if there was a tinge of academicism in his love of logic and dislike of

"O. S."

ob. FEBRUARY 2, 1936.

OH, in our school-days, all those years ago,
Your dog-eared volumes decked their little shelf
With CALVERLEY and J. K. S.—I know
I speak not for myself

Only, but all a generation gone,
Who grew with books like those, and thought it
normal

A man should be a wag although a don And, though informed, informal.

That race of scholars, humorous and discerning,
I sometimes think they do not breed them now,
In days when wit's more cruel and cold, and
learning

Wears a more solemn brow.

In Cap and Bells and Borrowed Plumes your style Aped to perfection all the scribbling crowd; You wore your quiet inconspicuous smile And others laughed aloud.

And later, when the tide of battle rolled
In mimic war, you turned the neatest verse:
In neatest rhyme their quaintnesses you told—
And then came something worse.

Yes, when events became too grave for mirth,
Quite effortless you could dismiss the clown
And speak for all of us to half the earth
And never let us down.

Never vainglorious in victory,
Never hysterical in black distress,
A spokesman's voice commanding, calm and free,
Our thanks for all, "O. S."!

irrelevance, he was at any rate a master of technique, and in an age progressively inclined to claim poetic licence in form as well as matter, he maintained in his own work and demanded from his contributors a high standard of workmanship and decorum.

With regard to his own verse it may be enough to say that he was one of the first to raise the art of parody from mere verbal mimicry to an instrument of criticism. He held that it was compatible with admiration for the author parodied; but was very far from holding that all poems were fair game, and would never accept travesties of such pieces as Lycidas.

He was equally happy in light and in ceremonial verse, and it is worthy of record that of all modern poets the one whom he knew best was BROWNING. As a young man he gave a remarkable series of extension lectures on Browning, and after his retirement from Punch many hoped that he would recast and expand them into a volume to prepare for the revival, long overdue, of the great poet whose inveterate optimism is probably the chief cause of his total disregard by the fashionable critics of today. But while he was confident that the revival would

come, he was modestly doubtful of his ability to act as its pioneer. Though his recovery from his illness gave him a new lease of life, the only literary work undertaken after his retirement was the Prologue to Milton's masque of Comus, given in 1934 in Ludlow Castle, where it was first

performed three hundred years before.

The restoration of his health enabled him to resume many of his social activities and recreations, to visit his friends and take occasional trips abroad. He had earned this last holiday by many years of unremitting exertion, and he was happily able to enjoy it. He was himself and at his best till within a few days of the end, which came swiftly and peacefully. "He loved his life, though not of death afraid" is true of one whose memory will be an inspiration to those honoured by his friendship.



"What's the good of our 'aving come into money if I can't wear warm underclothes?"

# Rush-Hour Idyll.

THE Girl Who Rejected My Seat When I offered to stand In the bus Most probably thought me Effete The Girl Who Rejected My Seat-Her smile was appealingly (And didn't she know it, the puss!). She might have refused me With hate Or accepted with mincing She might have begun a debate On the theme of the Sexes' Equality; She might have been shy And aloof; She might have been coldly disdainful Or have uttered a Public Reproof That was studiedly,

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ch gh Stingingly Painful. She might have been looking elsewhere, Or sneezing, Or patting her hair; She might have been dreaming Of GABLE, and that, Or dozing, Or scheming to purchase a hat; She might have been brazen, She might have been coy, She might have been thinking of meeting her boy (And many young women think thus). But The Girl Who Rejected My Seat, Need her smile have been limpidly sweet? (Ah! such smiles are not really for us!) And need the dear creature Have stood on my feet When I offered to STAND in the bus?

# Podgy and the Farmer.

LITTLE Podgy McSumph and I had been overtaken by heavy rain and we had gladly accepted the kind offer of Mr. Sandy Neeps—commonly called "The Sea-lion" on account of his enormous dimensions—to drive us home in his car. I sat at the back. Podgy, because he is so small, was given the place of honour beside Mr. Neeps.

"An' is this the first time ye've been drove hame in a motor?" asked Mr. Neeps, squinting down quizzingly at

"Ay," responded Podgy, gaping in wide-eyed wonder at the great swarthy face of the farmer, not unlike that of

a large seal which had somehow managed to cultivate a strong black beard.

"An' whit's yer name?" asked Mr. Neeps.

"It's Podgy Mc-Sumph," still gaping. "Is that yer ain beard ye're wearin'?"

"Whit?" ejaculated the startled farmer. "Isit ver ain beard?"

repeated Podgy.

"My ain?—oh, I see," pulling himself together. "Ay, I can assure ye it's my ain. It's a' my ain growin', as ye might say," he added with a chuckle.

"An whit d' ye wear it for?" persisted Podgy.

"Whit dae I wear it for? Oh, just—just to make me look bonny. To make me look bonny," shouted Mr. Neeps, with a roar of laughter that shook the old touring-car from stem to stern. "Ye're a fair wee divert," he gasped, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Whit else would ye like to ken?"

"Is it a farm that ye keep?" asked

Podgy.
"Ay," shaking his head sadly and his face becoming suddenly overcast, "I keep a farm."

"An' d'ye get a lot o' money for keepin' a farm?"

Mr. Neeps let out a sort of bellow that made me jump, although Podgy kept remarkably calm. "Money?" echoed the farmer. "Whit like is money?" he demanded sarcastically, in his agitation plainly overlooking Podgy's youth and addressing him as a man of the world. "This mornin'," Mr. Neeps went on to relate, "I sold a

pig; an' whit dae ye think I got for

"A shillin'." suggested Podgy.

"The price," declaimed Mr. Neeps tragically, "worked oot at about five-pence a pound. Whit dae ye think o' that?"

"An' is yer pig deid noo?" queried Podgy. "Whit was its name?"

"Wee Grumpy," moaned Mr. Neeps.
"An' she's likely pork by this time, poor beast." He stared fiercely through the windscreen. "An' these bloodsuckers maybe gettin' as high as half-a-croon a pound for bits o' her. Bloodsuckers!" he snarled.

Podgy stared at him curiously. "D' ve no' like bein' a farmer?"

"I would rather be deid," asserted Mr. Neeps with feeling.

IT'S TOUGH LUCK ON EDDY. HE'S JUST HEARD HE'D HAVE WON A TWO THOUSAND POUND COMPETITION IF HIS ENTRY HADN'T BEEN THREE YEARS LATE.

"One time I was goin' to be a farmer," said Podgy. "But it's a pirate captain that I'm goin' to be noo."

"Pirates!" snorted Mr. Neeps. "That would be a good name for them that goes aboot cheatin' us poor farmers."

"An' d' ye no' like pirates either?" exclaimed Podgy, beginning to show signs of alarm.

"It's a' right, wee man," descending from the heights of indignation and giving Podgy a reassuring look; "I was thinkin' aboot anither kind o' pirate."

"The kind o' pirate I'm going to be," said Podgy, "is the kind that sails up an' doon the Spanish Main."

"That's the best kind. Ye'll have nae worry about paying yer rent, for instance?"

"Yedon't pay for nothing when ye're a pirate."

"An' ye'll no' need to sell pigs at fivepence a pound?"

"No. Ye just capture the rich

merchantmen," explained Podgy glibly, "an' bury the plunder in the pirates' lair."

"Good for you. But, tell me"—an idea apparently occurring to him—"whit dae ye dae wi' the folk that's on the ships ye capture?"

"Ye droon them," answered Podgy calmly. "They have to walk the plank."

"Walk the plank?" mused Mr. Neeps. "D' ye ken, Podgy, I wish I could come wi' you an' be a pirate."

could come wi' you an' be a pirate."
Podgy looked concerned. "But I'm
to be the captain," he pointed out.

"That would be weel kennt. I would only want to be the man whit makes them walk the plank."

"Mind, it's just the bad ones that ye droon," Podgy warned him.

"Oh, they would be terrible bad yins I would droon," declared Mr. Neeps. His voice tailed off into a murmur. He seemed to be going over an imaginary list. I fancied I caught the sound of words like "Foreign Dumpers" and "Politicians."

"They would a' walk the plank, Podgy," announced Mr. Neeps, speaking with emphasis, "under my personal supervision. An' whit's mair," the fierce look coming back into his face, "I would be glad to supply the plank at my ain expense."

We parted from Mr.

Neeps at my gate, thanking him for
his kindness, and stood looking after
him as he drove away.

"If he had just a red hanky on his heid," murmured Podgy reflectively, "I think he would look nearly the same as Captain Kidd." D.

## Miss Smith Adds Her Tribute.

"Kipling was a great writer. His books were nearly all successful except an early one called 'The Light,' which failed."

Schoolgirl's Essay.

"Miss G. — was smart in a grey twopiece suit, the coat finished with a collar and revers of grey Persian lamb. The postman's hat was black."—Report of Wedding.

Who cares what he wore?

"The failure of the company would appear to be due to its inability to achieve the object for which it was formed."—Daily Paper.

Of course that may have had something to do with it.



"GIVE OVER TEASIN' OF 'IM. YOU'LL ONLY DRIVE 'IM TO CRIME!"

## An Absolute Necessity.

This morning I saw a little red note-book in a stationer's. Note-books are my vice. When more abandoned or convivial beings drug or drink I slip out quietly and buy a note-book, but like most addicts I generally manage to persuade myself that I need it—in fact that I ought to have it; and so far I really can't manage to need that little red book.

It is faintly ruled and has letters like an address-book. Everyone needs an address-book, but then I've got one already, a rather nice little blue one, so I can't need another. A book for recipes is useful too, but I've got one of those, with a very good recipe for boiling an egg in it and another for making porridge. Then it's handy to have a book for writing down the names of books people recommend to you when you haven't got the book you write down books in on you . . . but I said that little yellow one I bought was for that. The fact is that I don't really use the books I've got

already. The engagement - book, for instance:

"TUESDAY. Dentist?
WEDNESDAY. Dentist?
THURSDAY. 2.30, Dentist."

And then the tooth stopped aching and I rang up and never went. Still, one has to have an engagement-book, and if I hadn't put it down I might have forgotten to ring up and cancel it. Then I've got a diary for putting down interesting things that happen, such as "To office, 9.30" and "Caught bus home, 5.0. Rain." And a little book for putting down amusing stories, if I hear anyonly I don't know where I put it; and another for jotting curious words in so that I can look them up when I get home. I have two which I bought for accounts-one for my handbag, for putting down things like bus-tickets as I buy them, and another at home for copying out the things I put down in the one in my handbag, so that if I lose that one I still know what I've spent. As a matter of fact I've used most of these for writing letters during

those days when I have not had the book I bought for writing letters in on me, but there's still a good bit of each left. I have one for copying out poems that please me too somewhere; and one for making notes of things I must buy; and another for lists of seeds or plants that would grow well in the garden (but I'm never quite certain which of these I meant for which); and I've several more in various places too. In fact I have so many that I don't know how many I have got, which is why I don't use them, I expect.

If I only had a list of them: "Diary (brown; dropped behind bureau). Recipes (pink; kitchen, inside Mrs. Beeton). Address-book (blue; in the proper place for a wonder)..." then I might use them more often. I really ought to make a list. I shall make it on a bit of paper and pin it on my bureau; or, better still, I shall make it in a little book that I can carry about with me—a little red book, with faint ruling and letters like an address-book, would really perhaps be best.



"DARLING! IT'S PERFECT. YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY BLOTTO."

# The One Among So Many.

["Nearly ninety thousand umbrellas are lost in London every year."—Statistical Report.]

(THE rain is pouring down like mad.)
Some ninety thousand, nearly,

Of London brollies good and bad Are lost in London yearly;

I don't care twopence for the rest; (There is no sun to shine;

The very sparrows look depressed.)
But, dash it, I've lost mine.

Some days agone it passed away, Whither I have no notion,

Whither I have no notion, And still I cannot but display

Some natural emotion; It had a splendour all its own; Naught but the highest craft

Naught but the highest craft
Could have produced such style and
tone:

It's that that makes me daft.

You think that all, but it is not; This was no mere umbrella;

It was a gift—the best I've got So far—from Arabella; I know exactly what it cost; It bore its maker's name

(Exceeding posh) and now it's lost, And mine, alas, the blame.

I told my loss to Scotland Yard,

The C.I.D. and that lot,
And did they, though I pressed them
hard,

Do any good? A fat lot.

One consolation yet remains; She thinks I've got it still,

And while I have my share of brains, With any luck, she will.

I will fare forth—to seek its peer Would be, no doubt, to flatter—

But I will find about as near Its twin as makes no matter;

My Bella shall be spared this woe,

Tough though the job may be; She'll never spot the change, and oh,

The difference to me. Dum-Dum.



# THE EXPANSIONISTS.

"COME ON, BOYS! LET'S ALL MAKE OURSELVES AS BIG AS BULLS."

## Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, February 4th.—If a Peer who was the Chairman of a public company happened to swindle his shareholders out of a million pounds,

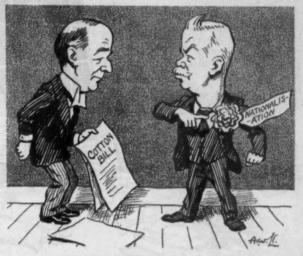
that might be a misdemeanour for which he would have to account at the Central Criminal Court: but if he were to succumb to his baser nature and steal a silver match-box, that would be a felony and so would set in motion the costly and complicated business of a trial before the House of Lords. The absurdity of this situation was pointed out this afternoon by Lord SANKEY, who, his memory refreshed only by half-a-glass of water, treated the House to a long and brilliant speech. There was nothing in the present system, he argued, to prevent a Peer acquitted by the Upper House of a felony from being tried subsequently at the Assizes for a misdemeanour, nor to prevent the 21 Dukes, 27 Marquesses, 125 Earls, 75 Vis-

counts and 461 Barons from turning up as judges at a trial; and no one wanted a criminal trial to be a pageant. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, he added, was in agreement with him.

Although there has not been a case of a Peer accused of treason for nearly two hundred years, Lord Rankellous seemed to think it still a reasonable contingency, and insisted that such a case should be reserved for trial by their Lordships. After some debate, in which Lord Halsbury rather delightfully asserted that at neither of the trials he had attended had he seen any trace of pageantry (but omitted to explain where his idea of pageantry began), and Lord Hallsham, in his judicial capacity, supported Lord Sankey, the motion was carried by 45 to 24. A Bill to abolish trial by Peers will therefore shortly be brought forward.

From the legal point of view this step is undoubtedly sound, for there is no longer any possibility of a hostile court; but it is a pity that a spectacle so rich in good "theatre" as the trial of Lord de Clifford de Cliffo

This afternoon the faithful Commons also had its share of spectacle, when Sir George Penny, as Treasurer of the Household, delivered the King's reply standing in full uniform at the Bar. This he did magnificently, never faltering in his recitation.



THE RED ROSE OF LANCASHIRE.

Mr. Clines (to the President of the Board of Trade). "I'd have you know, Sir, what Manchester fancies to day, West-

Briefly the Cotton Spinning Industry Bill, which Mr. RUNCIMAN commended to the House, outlines a scheme by which the number of spindles should be cut down, the redundant ones being paid for out of a levy on those which continue working. The debate showed a good deal of

MINSTER WILL JOLLY WELL HAVE TO PANCY TO-MORROW!



THE PARLIAMENTARY LUCKY DIP.

Mr. Lanssurf. "After all, there's something to be said for being a Private Member."

Conservative feeling that such a measure was too negative to arrest the Japanese attack, and brought from the Labour Benches the usual suggestions of a banker's ramp; but the Bill was read a Second Time by a comfortable majority, Mr. HEBBERT WILLIAMS'

motion to refer it to a Select Committee being not so easily defeated.

Wednesday, February 5th.— The leaders of the three Parties in the Upper House paid tribute this afternoon to the memory of Lord READING, whose mellow wisdom and marvellous clarity of thought had so often enriched their debates.

It is amusing to observe with what simple and undisguised pleasure the Commons, so apt to take a narrow view where other people's games of chance are concerned, indulges in its own little lotteries. Yesterday Mr. Lansbury won loud applause by winning the first place in the ballot for Private Members' motions; and as a result of this intrepid gambling he moved this

afternoon that the House should affirm its belief that war was futile, and that the Government should call a conference, through the League of Nations, to consider the question of redistribution of materials and peoples. In his own inimitable way he urged that at Geneva the nations should "give up the tomfoolery about guns, and get down to the bedrock problem of why nations wanted to pile up arms."

Supporting him, Dr. SALTER pleaded for a voluntary economic reorganisa-tion of a world where essential commodities were so ill-distributed. Mr. EMRYS-EVANS moved an amendment agreeing about the futility of war but expressing confidence in the Government's conduct of affairs; Mr. BERNAYS seconded this and argued that a strong League was better any day than giving away tit-bits of the Empire; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE demanded a world conference to reconsider the whole question of mandates; Mr. AMERY would not admit that war was futile, since it did settle matters, but failed to explain exactly what the Great War had settled; and in reply Lord CRANBORNE largely agreed with Mr. LANSBURY, except that in his view conditions were not yet more favourable to a World Economic Conference than they were in



QUICK WORK BY THE MERCURY STOP-PRESS REPORTERS.

### On Posting Leeches.

("Leeches, live, transmission by post of," is an entry in the "Post Office Guide." Regulations say that leeches must be enclosed in a box "so constructed as to avoid all danger and to allow the contents to be ascertained.")

OH, a Dracula's excesses
Make appalling crimson messes,
And the night's a horrid blend of rouge et noir;
But for sanguine sights and screeches
Fill a sorting-room with leeches,
And the place will soon be like an abattoir.

I have seen a sanguisuga
Which could puncture a beluga,
So of what avail the sorter's tender skin?
Insatiable suctorian,
'Twill drain him grey as Dorian
And leave him water-weak and wafer-thin.

It's a cause of endless trouble
When a leech gets swollen double;
It's a thing which every buyer must deplore;
For excessive blood is cloying,
And it's really most annoying
When you find your leeches full of postmen's gore.

Said my great-grandfather Jasper (What a wheezer, what a gasper! For with blood too rich by far was he accursed): "With my leeches on each ankle
I can smile." But it would rankle
If he thought a leech had bit a postman first.

We are more anæmic, surely,
Or perhaps our blood runs purely,
For to-day the leech is just a sort of pet.
There's the dragon-leech, the sand-leech
And the comic little land-leech
Who will make your house a shambles—if he's let.

Should your kindly inclination
Bid you cheer up some relation
With a handsome box of leeches, kindly see
That they're adequately muzzled
And yet visible. (If puzzled
It is up to you to write the P.M.G.)

If the Press is to be heeded
Richer blood is badly needed
In the British postal service. (Cries of "Shame!")
So be sure to wrap your leeches
In the way the guide-book teaches,
And Mount Pleasant need not then belie its name.

## Rake's Progress.

"You really must make a start on the garden this afternoon," said Edith; "and I'll lend you a hand. We ought to have swept up all the dead leaves when they fell in the autumn, and I expect it will take us the whole afternoon to rake them into piles and cart them away. It's no good trying to do anything else, because the whole place is covered by the beastly things, all sodden and squishy."

"But we've only got one rake," I said. "You can spend a jolly afternoon raking away to your heart's content, and I'll go off and play golf. Then tomorrow morning I'll do a bit of raking."

"Nonsense!" said Edith. "I'l borrow a rake from Colonel Hogg."

She borrowed a rake from Colonel Hogg and started work, but when I went to the tool-shed to get mine I suddenly remembered that I had lent it to the Vicar in the autumn. I explained to Edith that I must just pop along to the Vicarage to get my rake, and after looking in the tool-shed to find that it was missing, she told me to hurry up about it and went back to her work.

I found the Vicar in his garden, also using a rake.

"That's my rake, I think," I said, "that you borrowed in the autumn. Edith and I are to spend the afternoon leaf-removing, and I'd be glad to have it back."

"This isn't your rake," said the Vicar, showing it to me; "it's a new one I've just bought. I lent yours to Johnson-Clitheroe. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," I said. It was much pleasanter strolling about Little Wobbley smoking a pipe than standing knee-deep in mud and leaves.

I popped across the Common to Johnson-Clitheroe's house and found him alone except for a bottle of whisky and a siphon.

"Thanks," I said, "I will. Just popped in to collect my rake. I lent it to the Vicar in the autumn, and he says he passed it on to you."

"That's right," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "I remember borrowing a rake from the Vicar in November. I expect it's in the tool-shed."

We inspected the collection of exhibits in the tool-shed, but my rake wasn't there.

"Come back into the house," said Johnson-Clitheroe, "and we'll ponder for a bit. I have a faint recollection that somebody came here in December to borrow a rake when I was in bed with flu. My wife would probably



Proprietor of Village Stores. "Got everything there for Mrs. Brown? Couple o' Yarmouths, pound o' Cambridges, 'alf-a-dozen Baths an' a pot of Oxford,"

recollect who it was. She'll be in presently if you'd care to wait."

She didn't come in, as it happened, until half-an-hour had elapsed, but that wasn't my fault. We asked her if she remembered lending a rake to anybody.

"That's right," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "I remember lending it to somebody when George had flu."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"I can't just think for the moment," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, "but it'll come to me soon, I expect. You'd better stay and have a cup of tea with us."

We had finished tea when it came to her, and Edith was most unreasonably cross when I got back. "How could I find my rake," I said reproachfully, "when you were using it? The Vicar lent it to Johnson-Clitheroe, and Johnson-Clitheroe lent it to Colonel Hogg . . ."

#### Our Economical Old Boys.

". . . he was a frequent visitor to his old school. After his return from Australia the old tie was re-knit."—Daily Paper.

"A well-dressed man suddenly rose from his seat and threw a stone through one of the stained-glass windows.

Members of the congregation and officials rushed towards him and escorted him from the building, and the service continued without a break."—Daily Paper.

How fortunate that he choose an open window.

#### At the Revue.

"FOLLOW THE SUN" (ADELPHI).

we found ourselves wandering not only up and down the world but up and down the centuries. Wherever there is rich colour Mr. Cochran is eager to annex it, and his happiest effects are achieved with the help of our colourful ancestors, and resemble the more tasteful and expensive kind of Christmas-card. It was so with the scenes of "The Three Holy Kings," of Mozart playing in a salon. of a Dickensian Christmas, where our following of the sun left us in the end.

In this revue the eve is magnificently served; the Young Ladies, if they have had predecessors from whom they might not wrest the beauty prizes, have clothes to wear more splendid in their

variety and their voluminousness than any Chorus before, and make most effective play with them. The human figures appear and reappear in stage settings in which all colours are splendidly mobilised. There are deep rich effects with primary colours dominant, and

there are delicate groupings of grevs and greens. Sometimes, as in Mr. Os-BERT SITWELL'S ballet of an Edwardian shootingparty, which is perhaps the high-water-mark of , the evening, cartoon figures achieve a new charm through the skilful blending of individually grotesque suits of clothes.

The new world provides two banquets of colour, a Mississippi river - boat scene and the tropical luxuriance of the setting in which the Cuban musicians and dancers produce the Rumba and the Carioca and work up a frenzy of excitement. There is indeed a wealth of remarkably good dancing, and Miss CLAIRE LUCE,

whose many gifts are poured into the evening, received at one point such an ovation that non-stop revue had to pause until the audience had exhausted its enthusiasm.

Another pillar of the cast with many

with her songs: and Mr. NICK LONG, Junior, showed himself a most original kind of light acrobatic dancer. The eve was feasted and delighted not only When we went to Follow the Sun at by the large set-pieces but by a number the Adelphi with Mr. C. B. Cochran. of little vignettes, like the charming



SUN FOLLOWERS-SOUTHERN. CIRO RIMAC AND CARITO.

caravan song, "Akrobat." Where, of old, songs were just songs and were sung on their merits, they are now dramatised and mounted on decorative backgrounds, and they gain greatly from all this solicitude. The most immediately memorable song in Follow

dissolve. He knows-no man betterhow very soon the most splendid sight has been seen. But he does not take equal pains to make his audience laugh: and the mind is left envious of the lavish provision made for the eye and

ear. It is not that he has envisaged the show as a spectacle without laughter, for the evidence is patent that provision of a sort has been made.

There are sketches, very free from subtlety or fineness of wit, which make some broad satirical points. There is a contrast between the British and American Broadcasting systems which is content to make the obvious fun of British correctitude and American commercialism: and there is an attempt to satirise the films, which rests on the hoary jest that on the stage or screen people get through at once on the telephone. The parody of a crime-film bore no relation to any modern films and reproduced the char-

acters and styles of an old-world stock repertory company. A sketch of the stolid British home which nothing can arouse is deprived of its whole point by the substitution of "Rule, Britannia! which does not bring people to their feet-for the National Anthem.

Mr. VIC OLIVER, both inside and outside these sketches, has the chief duties of comedian, and handles very tenuous material with an engaging smile.

But. Shades of the Follies! what entertainment is this to set before a sophisticated audience wrought to a certain pitch of expectancy? Revue to-day has cut free from any moorings there ever were and has abandoned even the pretence of a connecting thread or theme.

In a surprise packet of this sort anything can be made to fit, and Mr. COCHRAN, who inserts mediæval religious art into his revue, has the field of

stage humour to draw on without having to fall back on seaside-entertainers' sketches about wives who talk or about twins and the income-tax collector. The past has proved a better quarry for coloured pictures than for D. W.



SUN FOLLOWERS-NORTHERN. MISS CLAIRE LUCE AND MR. NICK LONG, JUNE.

the Sun, called "How High Does A Little Bird Fly?" lent itself particularly to its carefully-studied setting.

Mr. Cochran gives colour and music and movement with a profuse hand. and lavishes pains on scenes which are triumphs was Miss IRENE EISINGER no sooner perfect than they begin to

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MISS VERONICA TURLEIGH.

has landed Society in the soup, that Fascism in its various forms is rapidly corrupting world-polities, that Nature cannot be expected to go on for ever being made a fool of by Science, and that money has somehow got mixed up with loyalties.

Parts of the commentary show great poetic feeling and a joint ability to attack with felicity of phrase and considerable wit (in view of this I found a recurring addiction to vile couplets and Cockney rhymes all the more distressing); but what is noticeably lacking is the humour which makes prolonged satire palatable. For this, wit alone is not

enough, and here the irony is so terribly in earnest that even when comic relief is attempted the audience has an embarrassing feeling that it would be rude to laugh. And it can hardly be blamed, when it is treated in rapid succession and with vivid realism to a brothel, a lunatic asylum and an operating-theatre where a major operation is in progress. It seemed to me that the audience was so stunned by the sheer weight of all this gloom that for that evening at any rate it had lost the capacity to laugh.

What about the dog? you ask—and with reason. Well, the thread connecting the episodes is the story of how every year a certain English village sent out one of its young men to search for the heir to their dead squire's

#### At the Play.

"THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN"
(WESTMINSTER).

As a theatrical experiment this is full of interest, but viewed as an entertainment, an edifier or a work of art (and I cannot decide into which of these categories its authors, Mr. W. H. AUDEN and Mr. C. ISHERWOOD, would most like it to fall) it must be set down

Dissatisfaction with the social and political re-orientation of post-War Europe is its motif, and its form is a series of satiric episodes enlarged upon by a male and female commentator, Mr. Gyles Isham and Miss Veronica Turleigh. These two had by far the best of the book, and spoke their lines most intelligently.

Mr. AUDEN and Mr. ISHERWOOD are pretty gloomy about things in general. I take it they think that mechanisation



THE DOG WITH INSIDE INFORMATION.

Alan Norman ... . Mr. John Moody.

The Dog . . . . . . Mr. Geoffrey Wincott.

baronetev (pure Young England!); the year in question the winner of the ballot and the five hundred pounds for expenses being a lad of unusual charm and unusual innocence—a regular Master Sanguine - to whom the everyday absurdities of modern life came newly. On his search he was accompanied by two extraordinarily cynical journalists, who were sometimes rather funny, and by a large hearthruggy dog out of which, when the search seemed hopeless, stepped the missing Bart, very hot and damp, who had adopted a dog'seye view in order to assay the integrity of his friends. His friends, I need hardly say, emerged from the ordeal with their reputations in tatters.

As Searcher and Bart-hound Mr. John Moody and Mr. Geoffrey Win-



MR. GYLES ISHAM.

COTT did very well, and the enunciation of the Chorus was much to the credit of the producer, Mr. Rupert Doone, Personally I do not share the Group Theatre's affection for masks; but I should like them better if there was more consistency in their use. Why, in the well-staged restaurant scene in this programme, were some diners in masks and others not? Eric.

### At the Ballet.

"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE"

(DUKE OF YORK'S).

Miss Wendy Toye has written a charming ballet round the well-known

mediæval romance of Aucassin and Nicolette.

The music by JOSEF HOLBROOKE is somewhat undistinguished, and Miss TOYE has done little more than justice to it. We feel that she has found discretion the better part of valour, and has treated the subject without originality of movement.

ALICIA MARKOVA, although surprisingly not "sur les pointes," danced deliciously the part of Nicolette. Anton Dolin "toyed" amiably with the part of Aucassin.

The attractive décor was by MOTLEY, also the costumes.

The programme was completed by the ever-welcome Les Sylphides and by David, with its striking drop-curtain designed by EPSTEIN.



"Now, Miss Adamson, if Jane 18 ever naughty while she's at your school, Please just do as we do-threaten to stop her smoking during meals."

# Uncle Joe and Democritus.

Mention detectives or clues to my Uncle Joe and you start him on the subject of the Insurance Assessor.

A thing he has always noticed (he will tell you) about detectives in fiction is that they see only what will eventually prove to be of use to them. No spent match, no bit of mud is wasted; by catching the detective's eye the tiniest circumstance proclaims its significance. "In real life," Uncle Joe says, "that's all my eye"; and his story of the Insurance Assessor, by which he illustrates this contention, is full of charm and the grateful clatter of domestic mishaps.

The house of Uncle Joe and Aunt Susannah was broken into while they were away. On their return they found that a chunk had been gouged out near the lock of the front-door, which opened at a touch; within, many small valuables were missing. One of the subsequent annoyances was the visit of this Insurance Assessor—"to see," Uncle Joe declares, "whether we really

had been burgled, which it appeared they didn't for a moment believe."

The Assessor was a lanky suspicious man with straw-coloured hair and rimless pince-nez which incessantly slid down and were pushed up his thin bony nose. The top of a slide-rule stuck out of his breast-pocket, and on the flap of his coat was an acid stain no bigger than a man's hand, but no smaller. Discussing this stain afterwards, Uncle Joe and Aunt Susannah decided that he had unsuccessfully claimed for it from his own company, and was now grimly wearing the suit until it fell to bits, just to learn 'em.

Uncle Joe believes that this man saw himself as a detective and would have gone to any lengths to detect. It was with a peculiarly cynical air that he wrote down details of the gold snuffbox, the gold lockets, the diamond ring and the other things that had been taken; and when he had them he was in no hurry to go. He began, Uncle Joe says, to snoop about. He found the gap in the wood of the door and scrutinised it; then he said, "What's this?"

"That's a hole," said Uncle Joe, with a frank open countenance.

"I mean the stain," the Insurance Assessor said icily. "There seems to be a curious dark stain not only beside the broken surface, but also in it. What is that?"

He appeared to think that this stain was at least evidence of some plot to defraud his company.

Uncle Joe cogitated for a little. He had no idea what the stain was. The Insurance Assessor's suspicions visibly increased.

"Hm!" he said dryly, "and perhaps you can explain these scratches on the linoleum beneath?"

Uncle Joe was still silent, puzzled.
"I daresay I could find out," he
suggested at last.

"Pray," said the Insurance Assessor,

Uncle Joe then went to consult Aunt Susannah, leaving the insurance man drawing his own conclusions, with intense energy, right and left. Presently Uncle Joe returned, and, assuming an anxious guilty air, he explained the position to the Insurance Assessor,

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who stood sternly waiting to hear how criminally significant his clues had been.

"Sit down," said Uncle Joe. "It's a longish story. You must know that my young nephew is staying here. He wears a belt. The other morning he got up very early to take out the bits of coke that were stuck between the teeth of the rake. Now, while he was getting dressed he happened to hit the iron frame of the mattress several times with the end of his belt, making a sound like the striking of a clock. Our maid—""

The Insurance Assessor got a bit restive and said this seemed to be irrelevant, but Uncle Joe said, No, it all fitted in.

"Our maid, hearing this," he went on, "thought she was late, and hurried on with housework she would otherwise have left till later. When my nephew had come downstairs and been out to the coal-shed, which is also the tool-shed, to take the bits of coke out of the rake, he came in again and picked up a small chipped cup full of waterstained brown. In this cup he had collected the drips from the brown hat he

had worn in the rain the day before. He was going to take the stuff up to his room and analyse it—he got a chemistry-set for Christmas. He had to go through the hall, where the maid, pressing ahead with the housework, had taken away the mat and opened the door. Well, he slipped on the linoleum and spilt the stain over the broken part of the door, and then he trod on the cup."

The Insurance Assessor opened his mouth and Uncle Joe proceeded instantly: "Of course you want to know how the bits of coke got stuck in the rake. Well, the day before, when his aunt found a splash of red paint on the bit of the old carpet-sweeper she uses to keep the scullery-door from hitting the mangle—"

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"Now in a story," Uncle Joe will conclude, "are you going to tell me that any detective would have seen the stain and overlooked the bulge? Huh!"

Those Were the Days.

"I have a picture of my great grandfather . . . who was born at Dover in 1785 reading the Weekly Dispatch."

Letter in Sunday Paper.
You can't start too young, can you?



OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

Master of Bobbery Pack (feeling effects of much festivity). "Hounds, Pleaset"



"Now, Miss Adamson, if Jane 18 ever naughty while she's at your school, please just do as we DO-THREATEN TO STOP HER SMOKING DURING MEALS.

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OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

Master of Bobbery Pack (feeling effects of much festivity). "HOUNDS, PLEASE!"

## Gallic Hay.

HAVING travelled a great many miles in France and called for tea both in the morning and in the afternoon, I have come to the conclusion that one of the things that that country needs is an instructress in tea-making. It is a bad time, I know, to suggest any addition to the responsibilities of the French, for they are dispirited and tired of life, they don't want to spend a bob, and few English, the natural moneyed teadrinkers (as distinguished from the Russians, who are not moneyed), now visit their shores; but all the same, they, the French, the cooks of the world, ought to know that the herb can be good and could be made as well worth drinking as any coffee; while as a beverage it might revive them and restore some of their old resilience.

But lessons would have to come first: lessons in how to buy tea, so that it was tea and not dried grass chopped up, as it now seems too often to be; lessons in warming the pot; lessons in how little rather than how much to put in; lessons in not warming the milk; and, simplest but most important of all, lessons in boiling the water so that it is still boiling while it is being poured on, instead of merely having boiled previously. Nothing difficult here, but a few practical demonstrations would be useful; and what better career for Englishwomen who want an occupation than to pass from town to town and village to village spreading the light?

I don't pretend that the great mass of tea-drinkers in England know much about preparing the infusion: the pot is almost always extravagantly overburdened with leaves, thus increasing our admiration for the wise American and Dutch habit of using little muslin bags with the right economical amount in them; but the water usually boils at the right moment, and the quality of the herb is uniformly better. We keep our hay for the cattle. Also we were always adepts at giving advice, even while not always practising what we preached.

The French need other things too, first and foremost some strict traffic regulations and the will to respect and obey them; for never have I been conscious of such rampant individualism as you now find among their motorists. But it is doubtful if at the moment any enactments would have effect. The nation, as I have said, is too disenchanted and too unwilling to expand in any way; besides, motorists everywhere rejoice in defying the law. In France their disregard of it may, however, be more noticeable. French motorists,

when they are asked to keep to a certain limit, at once exceed it, while the notice "RALENTIR" seems to call out their worst passions. Even in England, where a certain fear of authority prevails, motorists do very much as they wish: at any rate those—and they have become the great majority—who drive their own cars.

But I cannot harry the French just now. This is not the time. This is not the time even to urge that bicyclists over there should be forced to show lights. I will therefore merely repeat the wish that every car in the world should be made to carry mirrors which really reflect what is coming, and be made not only to have signals but to use them.

As to Gallic hay, however, something practical might be done?

E. V. L.

# The Kurdistan Lover Sings.

(Belles in Kurdistan covet secondhand motor-tyres, from which they make themselves shoes.)

Last night my love smiled joyous smiles;

Two fine new shoes she wore.

(The left should do two thousand miles,
The right looks good for more.)

On England's strident Watling Street
Their chequered days began—
Dear shoes which clothe my true love's
feet
In peaceful Kurdistan!

Henceforth my love need never frown, But, should she hide her head, How easily I'll track her down! You see, I know her tread.

Last night my love enchanted me, Her eyes so kindly shone. A non-skid nonpareil is she, A patchless paragon!

# The Leer of Pere Junot.

The leer of Père Junot has for ninety-six years been the most remarkable feature of Saisou—that is, if he wore it in his cradle, which seems reasonably likely when you regard the hideous face of his great-grandson. Were Saisou big enough for such fame, the entry in *Michelin* would read thus:

"Salsou (Chose). 357 h. [All of them, says Père Junot bitterly, liars of an imposing magnitude.] Circulation difficile tous les jours. [When you have driven through, you massage your backbone and know why.] Voir: L'œillade de Père Junot."

If M. MICHELIN will fix a suitable remuneration, I am prepared to reveal the whereabouts of Saisou. All the world will then rush to see this celebrated leer, and the 357 h. will make their 357 fortunes.

The leer of Père Junot used to come out strong, I am told, when he was ticking people off, but in the course of over ninety years the 357 h. were ticked off so often that they became callous. The leer is now only provoked by reminiscences of the past. Père Junot's memory is as elastic as those of most men of his age. It usually goes back to Louis Philippe, but it has been known to stretch to Waterloo. Thus, when M. le Curé in 1914 spoke admiringly of the Cossacks, Père Junot leered. The Cossacks who rode into Paris in 1815, he explained, were prodigious.

François is a frequent victim of the leer. François (eleven, and quick at figures) is the partner of his father, who keeps the Hôtel du Monde and deputes to him the touting branch. He steps on to the running-board of your car as you bump over the stones, and holds forth on the virtues of his father's cooking. If you had a hand to spare you would shove him off, but he knows the paving is too bad for that, and so gets a good innings. His father is very pleased with the touting, but Père Junot is not. He does not insinuate that the touting lacks verve, élan, or inspiration. He justs leers and observes that under the third Napoleon the touting was entirely phenomenal. François goes fishing sometimes, and he says Pere Junot has told him that prior to 1871 not only were the fish magnificent but even the worms were

A nephew of M. le Curé came to see him last month on short leave. He is an understrapper in a cavalry regiment, and his bright blue toggery and clinking spurs set male and female of Saisou by the ears. The women adored him, the men secretly admired him. All but Père Junot. He shook his head sadly, leered, and remarked that in his young days the military were incomparable. Pressed for details, he added that they were marvellously corseted. They say the young military would have tried this experiment in allure but his leave was up next day.

The paving of Saisou is of a kind which should be laid down on our blackest bits of road. To it Père Junot and many others of the 357 h. owe their longevity. Speed-limits are unnecessary and accidents never happen. It consists mainly of holes, with little holes between. Occasionally there is a large round stone like a Neanderthal

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"Do you go to Victoria?"

"OUTSIDE ONLY.

"AND WHERE DOES THE INSIDE GO TO?"

skull, but that is just to give you a bump up instead of a bump down. Of course if you live in Saisou you realise that this is as it should be, because you can thumb your nose at the wickedest of manslaughterers; but visitors have been heard to complain. Such a one was rebuked by Pere Junot. (Leer.) The paving now, said Père Junot, was a bagatelle. "Under Louis Philippe, monsieur, it was sinister." [Ministry of Transport, let us have some sinister paving on the Great West Road.]

The trousers of Père Junot might be called another feature of Saisou. They Saisou. The Rue Carnot, as the visitor's

are grotesque, fantastic, terrible, like the Notre Dame gargovles. The tradition is that he bought them in 1857 from a Crimean veteran, who had debagged the oldest inhabitant of Constantinople to obtain them. The date is fixed with precision, because Père Junot, being told by an English visitor (female) that his trousers were a disgrace, replied simply, albeit with a leer: In 1857, madame, these trousers were spectacular."

But his best adjective was reserved for the distinguishing characteristic of

nose informs him, is bounded on the north by two mixens and on the south by three mixens; and if you don't know what a mixen is you can go to Saisou and find out. It is the most mixenish village in a superbly mixenish Department. One year an artist ventured up the Rue Carnot and retired hastily. "Père Junot," he said angrily, "ça pue!" The old man drew himself up from the semi-circular to the seythe-blade shape. "Monsieur," he said with a dramatic leer, "in the time of the Second Empire the smell of the Rue Carnot was stupendous."



"Put on your hat, my good man. It is delightful to see such respectful manners in these days."

"OI WERE A-GOIN' TO SCRATCH MOI YED."

# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### India and Scotland: Old Style.

ALTHOUGH few, if any, of the letters which Miss URSULA Low has discovered among her family archives are to be regarded as masterpieces of the epistolary art, their cumulative effect, in her happy selection and skilful arrangement of them, is a very vivid picture of life as it was lived in two widely separated parts of the world a hundred years and thereabouts ago by the class of folk from which (then as now) we have mainly got our administrators. The principal writer and recipient of these letters was Sir John Low of Clatto, who, first in the army and later on the political side, served with great distinction for Fifty Years with John Company (MURRAY, 15/-). But a host of his relatives by blood and marriage come into the story, and John Low riding the storm of a palace revolution at Lucknow is no more memorable than RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR brilliantly negotiating between Khiva and St. Petersburg or ALECK Deas making a good end to a not very promising beginning on the fatal retreat from Kabul. There are glimpses too of a succession of Viceroys, of whom Dalhousie, writing perhaps the most appealing letters in the book, is brought nearest to us; while, at the other end of a leisurely and uncertain postal service, life goes on at Clatto

in the kingdom of Fife with an ancient dignity and serenity, not too tragically disturbed by anxiety for the absent or the delinquencies or unco' guidness of certain of the present.

#### "The Friend of the Oppressed."

When BIRRELL said that Sir Samuel Romilly (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 18/-) "stood out in the frieze of our Parliamentary history like the figure of Apollo amongst a herd of satyrs he was not so far out as regards that great lawyer's aspect in his own period. Champion of manacled slaves, of flogged sailors, of transported poachers and the innumerable victims of a criminal law that punished two hundred offences with death, this Georgian Solicitor-General merits the full-dress biography he has at last received at the hands of a legal admirer. Mr. C. G. Oakes has taken endless pains to assemble the facts of his hero's life and has sensitively stressed their bearing on problems of to-day. Reform, it is submitted, is not the work of organisations, still less of the proletariat, but of individual pioneers painfully educating colleagues and public. Romilly was especially alive to the danger of retaining penalties whose barbarity the jury declined to endorse, with the result that notorious criminals went unconvicted. Soundly pitted against Shelley and Byron, less fortunately implicated against QUEEN CAROLINE, his story has its sensational features. But this is a student's biography, not a pretext for historical gossip.

#### "Houyhnhnm."

From Country Life comes Everyhorse,
A book of gravity and mirth,
Which traces riding from its source
And driving from its birth.
Herein are prose and poetry
Enriched by real pictorial art,
And the exponent of these three
Is versatile Frank Hart.

Here, from a half-forgotten past
Ere Gilpin rode or Gilpin's sire,
We come, by stages slow or fast,
To petrol tank and tyre;
Wherefore you'd venture "Ichabod"
Of the high Houyhnhnms' old degree?
Nay, Pegasus remains a god
Above machinery.

Behold, with Mr. HART to aid,
Gymkhana and the County Show;
In pigtails and Jodhpurs arrayed,
Oh, see the babe Diana go
When the pack opens in the gorse
And Shetlands scuttle and career;
Nor fear this morning for the horse
Nor for his rider fear.

#### A Chinese Interpreter.

The spectacle of Europe wreaking havoc with scientific resources she has neither the conscience nor the wit to control will not have been wholly wasted if it deters the older civilisations from following in her footsteps. Something of this, I gather, has taken place in China. The advanced of the last generation envied and imitated Europeans. Modern Chinese youth is turning back to traditional ways as being admittedly more suited to the national character. What this character is and has been, what it is making for and what are the obstacles to its selfdetermination can all be vividly appreciated in My Country and My People (HEINEMANN, 15/-), a remarkable study by a young English-speaking Chinese patriot. Cosmopolitan enough to Americanise (slightly) his English, to survey his field with a humour resembling that of CAPEK and to know that you change at Bletchley for Oxford, Mr. LINYUTANG backs the racial instinct of his countrymen, with its simple cultured routine, to outlast Communism. Justice armed with a sword will end, he hopes, the present alliance of

with a sword will end, he hopes, the present alliance of bureaucrats and barbarians. The world must have patience with China and China must have faith in herself.

#### A Footnote to French History.

As a study of a prominent character in Anglo-French politics of the fifteenth century, Louis d'Orleans (MURRAY, 10/6) is both useful and attractive. As an effort to procure "the unmasking of that seductive phantom, the Middle Ages," it strikes me as ill-directed; for the prime of the Middle Ages was well over before the era of the Great Schism and the Hundred Years' War. Mr. F. D. S. Darwin has elected to study this decadent and troubled time in the person of one



"For 'eaven's sake take that 'appy grin off yer face, or you'll jigger up the 'ole show. It's an 'ang-dog look wot fetches the money in this bizniss."

of its more amiable figures; for although his Duke was the reputed lover of his mad sovereign's wife, the charge undoubtedly originated with the Burgundian faction which ultimately had him assassinated. On the other hand, his clever diplomacy built up a great bastion of estates on his country's north-eastern frontier, a feat as acceptable to France as it was distasteful to Burgundy. Finally the career of Joan of Arc—to which Mr. Darwin's book is an illuminating prelude—is almost incomprehensible without a knowledge of her Dauphin's father, the insane Charles VI., and the father of her companion-in-arms, Dunois, who was the able, cultivated and incontinent duke of this monograph.

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#### Dodging the Firing-Party.

Stories about and by spies are usually obviously untrue and very boring. Captain GEORGE A. HILL, D.S.O., however, now continues his account of his life during the War as a Secret Service agent in Russia, in Dreaded Hour (Cassell, 8/6), by telling of his experiences after the Revolution. His book is evidently true and is excellent reading. Few, after escaping from that dangerous country with such difficulty, would have so coolly returned to it by Foreign Office order; fewer still would have run such risks for so small a reward. He is amusingly sareastic about the conferences at Versailles, Genoa and other places of glorious memory, where thirty-two nations wrangled over the spoils of victory while Europe, wearying of statesmen's vacillations, starved, despaired and turned to revolution. I note with pleasure his gratitude to and liking for the Navy, especially in the Black Sea, where they even forgave his

wearing of white spats on board. I think the best chapter is on the evacuation of Odessa: gentle humour, grim tragedy and wailing mobs of refugees make up an enthralling story, through which one hears the roar of our Fleet's shells passing overhead. Yes, a good book and modestly written.

# England Under a Dictator?

Miss STORM JAMESON sets out to make our flesh creep in her new novel, In the Second Year (CASSELL, 7/6); for she draws a horrid picture (circa 1940) of England under a Dictator, rather unfortunately named Hillier, head of a "National State Party" which disposes of its opponents in "training

camps" that are purgatories, or, when pressed, with a gun. If it is intended as a tract for the times or cautionary tale, passages in her story are much too indefinite and un-English; and the moral seems to be that in such a period all decent people are imprisoned or buried. If her intention is merely to tell a story with this background, she has failed to make her people important enough to the reader to keep him from peering at it over their shoulders. She lets Andy Hillier, cousin of the Dictator, in telling the tale, describe things outside his possible knowledge—for instance, the feelings of a dying man—and win confidence where his mere name would have been a signal for silence. Not one of Miss Storm Jameson's best books, though her wide range of thought and gifts as a writer are both in evidence.

#### A Mixed Bag.

Mr. Roland Pertwee, in Four Winds, made an expert study of a queer character, and Paul Ascherer, the millionaire who is the central figure of Such an Enmity (Nicholson and Watson, 7/6), was assuredly too superstitious to be normal. Convinced by a gipsy's prophecy that he was in danger of

death, Ascherer engaged a doctor to come to his house on the Côte d'Azur. The doctor's job was no sinceure, for at a dinner-party given on the evening of his arrival it was obvious that the guests were neither agreeable to their host nor to each other. In fact hatred and suspicion were abroad, and in a few hours the doctor was one of the busiest men in the South of France. It would be unfair to reveal the outcome of this palpitating tale, but I can say that Mr. PERTWEE has relieved its tendency to become too grim by a pleasant love-story, and that his introduction of a simple and good-hearted Yorkshireman into the sophisticated atmosphere was a most happy idea.

#### Secret Service.

Mr. Francis Breding has gone to Geneva for the scene of The Eight Crooked Trenches (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), and has told a story that is almost bewildering in the intricacy of its plots and counterplots. The chief participants

in such yarns must needs have amazing physical endurance and very hard heads; but in this contest of wits and other weapons I did find myself wondering whether Colonel Granby and his understrapper, Peter Hamilton, could be extricated from some of the situations in which they found themselves. In spite, however, of the machinations of L.52 (a very crafty German, believe me), they live to serve another day -- a fact which those of us who find pleasure in spytales and hectic adventures will welcome with applause.



"No, no, hold it over yourself. I'm a shareholder in this hotel and I know what your uniform is worth."

# Detection Without Frills.

Inspector—nay, rather Chief Inspector French has been at it again.

Beginning with an inquiry into the disappearance of a private detective employed by an Insurance Company, he soon finds himself investigating The Loss of the "Jane Vosper" (Collins, 7/6). This unhappy ship had simply settled down in the Atlantic after a series of explosive noises in her interior -- a circumstance which her owners and others rightly considered suspicious. As for the development of the situation, what need one say except that it is in the best FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS tradition? For hair-raising thrills, diabolical monsters, or detectives who leap like gazelles from clues to conclusions one must go elsewhere; but those who like a good solid sensible story of detection find in Mr. CROFTS their unfailing ally. He is no great stylist, but his construction is so good that one does not mind the lack of ornament. The virtues of the amiable French, his perseverance, his cleverness, his lack of conceit have been sung often enough. Here I shall only (and most ungratefully) mention one very minor vice. I wish he would not spend so much of his time getting depressed over his lack of progress and telling himself that "he, French, must succeed." Surely he knows by this time that everything will be all right in another couple of hundred pages?

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THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

PREDILECTION FOR WEEK-END COTTAGES.

# Star - Gazing. From the Stalls.

I LOVE this girl. I'm not aware
Whether in life she's dark or fair;
Her eyes, for all I know or care,
Are yellow, pink or green;
Her charms, I'm told, in whole or part
Owe less to nature than to art,
But what of that? She has my heart,
My Lady of the Screen.

Oft, in the old pre-Movie age,
One loved the fairies of the Stage,
Material creatures—quite the rage—
Of simple flesh and blood;
They cast a spell, I'm bound to say,
But though attractive in their way
They are of grosser earth to-day
Which nips one in the bud.

Far lovelier is the girl I sing,
An aerie, unsubstantial thing
Of light and shadow, blithe as Spring,
And limber as an eel;
And, as she's twice life-size at least,
One's joy is by that much increased;
One has, in fact, a two-fold feast
And doubled sex-appeal.

O flawless figure, perfect face, Compact, as far as one can trace, In well-nigh more than mundane grace,

We shall remain unknown,
We shall not meet; but as they're good
At fakes, I learn, in Hollywood,
This has, if rightly understood,
A merit of its own.

The time will come, beyond all doubt, When some new star will knock you out; Your span is two short years (about)

Or at the utmost three;
But you'll have had a whacking screw
And, if your latest spouse be true,
The world may still be good for you
As change is good for me.

And, for the moment, there you are, My peerless photographic Star, Still to be worshipped from afar

As former Stars have been, Still to be honoured, still to shine Your little hour, and then decline To that dead galaxy of mine,

My Ladies of the Screen. Dum-Dum.

#### Charivaria.

"I want a book that is chock-full of different characters," says a film producer. How about the telephone directory?

At a private view a gossip-writer noticed that Lord and - spent some time looking at the pictures. Titled people of course can do these unconventional things.

'Nine out of every ten lectures submitted to the B.B.C. are never broadcast," says a writer. This is not enough.

The employees in an American tinned-fruit factory are encouraged to sing happily at their work. So they make merry while they can.

Officials estimate that if the cards of every person insured under the National Health scheme were stacked one above the other, a ladder ninety times the height of the Nelson Column would be required to reach the top one. The inconvenience of this arrangement will be at once apparent.

The Italian public is said to be given only such war news as Signor Mussolini chooses. Si non e vero e Benito.

"It is advisable," says a writer, "that before buying a house, one sees how the land lies." It would of course also be an advantage to see how the estate-agent lies.

\* \* \*

"Only foolish men whistle at their work," declares a business-magnate. This seems unduly hard on engine-

"Office mechanism can never take the place of the efficient typist," says a writer. That probably explains why you never see a business-man taking an adding-machine out to lunch.

An African missionary says cannibals never eat anyone over twenty years old. Youth will be served.

The Cambridge crew at practice throw their oars into the air, catch them and resume the stroke. A few repetitions of this accomplishment during the Boat Race itself would add to its interest.

Educationists consider the average schoolgirl of to-day cleverer than her mother. This is regarded as a triumph for Mind over Mater.

"Ex-telephone operator gives birth to triplets," announces a headline. Her husband, we understand, is of the opinion that she has given him the wrong number.

"In olden times," writes a novelist, "people couldn't put two and two together." He has evidently never heard about NOAH.

"Cigars," says a connoisseur, "should not be lighted There are even cigars that should not be lighted once.

'The fastest human sprinter," we are informed, "falls far behind a lion." But not if the lion sees him

#### Ho! Ho!

Englisch Humoristics for Nordic Students. PUN-FUN.

A MODICUM of the Best People assert that they eschew punning and deem it a social solecismus. They vilify the author of such and cry "O-pun the door!" in a manner to indicate resentment, and groan outwardly. So take care of yourself before putting forward a dictum couched in this

You may find, though, that along of the Very Best People that money can buy it is more of a dasched good proposition altogether indeed; but even here deprecation is sometimes of necessity, and it is wise to be slightly schame-

faced.

'Really, I talk away in puns and twos, sixteen to the dozen" might be a good thing to aver after releasing a remarque somewhat too far-flung in an attempt to be excusable; or, "Pardon my remarques, they slip out all too glibly for me!"

Puns, of course, are chokes in which the two main words are resembular. Owing to the menacing attitude adopted towards them, it is valuable to learn a set of phrases. Thus it would never do to shout, "Ho! Ho! what a delicious pun, I think!" only to hear the Best People complaining.

These dictums are fairly safe to use:

"He has punned! Ghastly! Does he indeed take us for not-wits?" (To be said in a confidential sideways to someone else.)

"Did you make that pun with aforethought or was it just a terrible accident?" (Await the riposte before deciding whether to guffaw or to sneer in the teeth of the responsible.)

"Never mind, so did Shakespeare." (This is a first-class thing to say as a consolation prize when all are stern. Also it is, of course, always popular to allude to the literature of the realm in which you are situated, and Shakespeare

will do for nearly everything.)

On the whole it is the action of he who is slier than his fellows to give the whole sorri business a wide berth. If you try the little game on yourself, you shall undoubtedly place your step on the wrong corn altogether or let slip something improprietorial. Englisch is oh! how an easy language to offend society in as innocently as just-tumbled snow. You chatter in all simple-mindedness and suddenly lo! what a blusching and hostilities, and no one will be explanatory. VOCABULAR.

He who puns . . . . Punster (fem. punstress), pundit.

In a manner of punning. Punningly, punfully. A pun which all repeat. A currant pun.

# The Gangster's Home-A Lullaby.

ROCK-A-BYE baby, in the tree-top; Your daddy's a Dago, your mammy's a Wop, Your uncle's the boss of a smuggling ring, Your grandpapa's resting (for life) in Sing-Sing. Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree-top, Your mammy's a gangster and so's your old pop.

Rest your wee head my arm upon, Sweet Public Enemy Number One. Close your tired eyes, my dear little son, And Santa shall bring you a sub-machine gun. Slumber so softly, my own little wee man, Or mammy will send for the nasty old G-man.

# A PENNY FOR HER THOUGHTS.

MR. PUNCH'S RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION FOR THE REVERSE OF A NEW COPPER COINAGE, IF THE MINT HAPPENS TO BE IN ANY KIND OF DOUBT.

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# The Truth About Keys.

THERE is a fortune and a knighthood for him who shall invent an Unlosable Key. Not until the Unlosable Key appears upon the market may mankind and love together laugh at locksmiths.

The chief fault of a key lies in its size. In mediæval times, when the drawbridge and the portcullis took the place of the Yale lock, the least important key was of the kind of which the country sexton says, "No, zur, the key be up at Parson's." Ask him to fetch it and he will trudge off to the Rectory, to return with a very considerable piece of ironmongery-the sort of key that none but Giant Despair could carry about in his trouser-pocket. In those leisurely times there was no harm in that; but nowadays when a man has to take his place in crowded carriages he cannot hope to go about his business, like a turnkey or a Dickensian housekeeper, with a row of iron implements clashing at his girdle.

The modern key, however, may be slipped into the trouser-pocket, and

anything that may be slipped into the trouser-pocket is a direct challenge to the malice of fate. The man who designed that pocket planned a masterpiece of insecurity. He had a vision of keys sliding into the cracks of sofas.

The terrible thing about a key is that it is unique. You cannot buy a pound of assorted keys from the grocer, or borrow a key from your next-door neighbour. You lose your wife and you may console yourself with the reflection that there are other women in the world; but who loses his latchkey suffers irreparable loss. Keys can be very cruel. Who has not been frozen to the heart, in the midst of a merry evening, by the vision of a latchkey lying in the centre of his dressing-table? Not the foolish virgins, disconsolate without the bridegroom's door, sustained more exquisite anguish than does the keyless reveller who stands in a following wind and attempts to knock up a short-tempered landlady in a quiet and tactful way at two o'clock in the morn-

The latchkey impasse is but one aspect of the subject. There is the Horror of the Locked Suitcase, which occurs most commonly when a man

arrives tired and worn at a strange hotel. For the motorist there is the Misery of the Lost Ignition-key, which comes at a time when he has an important assignation at the station. Every key that is made is potentially a lost key.

You may affirm that you do not lose your keys. If that be true then you are a remarkable man, for it is a scientific truth, based upon my own personal observations, that the number of keys lost in twelve months would provide enough iron to enter into the soul of every man, woman and child in the British Isles. "Then where do they go, these keys?" you may retort. "An occasional key might rust to nothing in the course of years, but the millions of keys of which you speak cannot all vanish into thin air. One would expect them, like leaves in autumn, to drift into gutters and clog the drains, but, to my knowledge, they present no problem to the local destructor works."

Know, then, that in every English home there is a box for Old Keys. The oldest and least honest member of the household is usually in charge of its mysteries. In this box are keys of all

imaginable shapes and sizes, ages and descriptions-keys that would have been small in fairyland and keys that might unlock warehouses, keys that have spent years buried in back-gardens and keys that look suspiciously new. You may well ask from whence they come! They come through holes in trouser-pockets, they come from highways and hedgerows, they are got by fair means and foul. I do not say that all are not the legitimate spoil of the scavenger, but I do contend that many a good key is smuggled by agents to the old witches of the Key Box, much as dead bodies (for a consideration) were brought by secret ways to Scottish medical students in the last century.

Sometimes I suspect these harpies of an even fouler traffic in keys. I can imagine them creeping from their lairs on dark and windy nights, when the racing clouds obscure the moon, and stealing upon the sleeping towns and villages to pry beneath door-mats for the latchkey hidden there against the return of the goodman of the house. In nightmare I have seen them stoop-

ing over still forms . . I cannot leave the subject of keys until I have touched upon the tortures of the Locked-In. In the bad old days, before our railways had attained to their present pitch of perfection, there was a peculiarly revolting form of this torment reserved for unwary travellers. More disconsolate ticketholders-I have it from a high official -have been carried on to Crewe, when they have wanted to go to Birmingham, through washing their hands behind an unopenable door than through any other known cause. I have an elderly relation, a man of choleric disposition, who, intending to alight at Salisbury, was whisked away into the wilds of Dorset because he had treated the locking arrangements of this compartment to more force than mechanical discretion. No abducted maiden, pinioned in the arms of her ravisher whilst the chaise sped swiftly towards his lonely manor, ever watched the towers of her papa's residence recede in the distance with such indignation and despair as possessed my peppery relation when carried captive into Dorset.

However, it is encouraging to remember that man's ingenuity can solve every problem. I have two proposals to put before you whereby the agony of the Lost Key may be placed for ever upon the list of archaic inconveniences.

Firstly, I should take steps to enforce such a standard of conduct as would render all bolts and bars superfluous, and I should inculcate in the



"No, Sir, we 'ave not got the evenin' paper you left in the 5.32 last Tuesday."

common mind such a nice respect for property that you might go for a holiday to the South of France and recollect without a qualm that you had left your front-door wide open, or cloak-room your suitcase between the paws of one of LANDSEER'S lions in the quiet confidence of finding it there when you had agreed upon lodgings for the night.

My second proposal is to borrow an idea from the Captain of the Forty Thieves and manufacture vocally-actuated locks that would "answer to 'Hi!' or any loud cry."

"Ye gates, lift up your heads!" the Squire would whisper at the entrance to his park, and the wrought-iron gates would at once swing back. "Open, d—m you!" he would hiss at the front-door, and so proceed, without let or stay and without the use of one key,

to the inmost parts of his manorial home.

I could have wished that such an invention were already on the market, for if "Open, you —— brute!" would have served my portable typewriter as a key this article would have been completed some hours ago.

"He stepped from his bath, and, glancing at his wrist, noticed the time. It was after eight. He called to his man to telephone the nearest florist. . . ."—From a Serial Story.

And not, as you might suppose, the nearest watchmaker.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Surrey probably regret bitterly the opportunity they threw away in their bootless endeavour in the rain."

Report of Rugby Football Match.

Their opponents, apparently, only gave them socks.

#### Wild Words.

You yourself, mooning or bustling along, may not have noticed much about the literary style of cinema-advertising except its tendency to exclamatory conjunctions, such as and! in the middle of an advertisement of a two-feature programme, or even and!!—which so often, for so many of us, ought to be But!!! For those who notice these things, however, it makes an interesting study quite apart from this percussive aspect. Some of us have watched it broaden down from precedent to precedent, and others of us find that it has been developing unnoticed like the Lily of Malud.

I found the other day an old newspaper, an evening paper of late 1931—this is none of your business, but, if you must know, it was lining a drawer I have not been allowing anyone to clean—containing a number of film advertisements, and with the help of this we can put on an instructive then-and-now act. In this short time precedents have been broadening something fierce. One phrase which lured you

into cinemas in 1931 was this:

A Picture You'll Love, Cheer and Weep Over!

Compare that simple-minded and cautious announcement with our local cinema's dashing deposition on behalf of what was called the best film of 1935:

A Blast of Searing Emotion that will Crumble the Walls of Your Heart!

Observe the technical advance. Note the added verve, the freer and more confident use of physiology. Many films are advertised like this to-day that I think ought to be in the pharmacopoeia, used and recommended on all occasions by medical men.

Furthermore, it seems to be recognised to-day that the effect of a film is by no means confined to the people who see it. Towards the end of last year there was a British film to which someone took a thermometer:

A Scintillating Musical-Comedy Romance that Sets the Mercury Bubbling,

and only a week or two ago we had one-

The Play that Rocked Broadway for Eight Months! which seems to demand a seismograph with attendants in four-hour shifts.

Back in 1931, before this rich vein was tapped, they used to get discouraged from time to time and rack their brains for peculiar, not to say dubious reasons for demanding your custom:

A Story so Lifelike, so Dramatically Perfect, We Urge You to See it!

This goes into the Doubtful Superlatives Department with the more celebrated effort of a year or so later:

So Unusual is this Picture that it has to be Seen from the Beginning.

These examples have all been simply pearls from the publicity-man's oyster, the precipitate resulting from the chemical action of the film on his emotions, or the mere vague label on the bottle. In the Recipe, Prescription, Engineer's Specification or Summary method of advertising there has, I believe, been less change. I can't find any example of this method in my 1931 paper, but my recollection is that

20 Stars, 200 Girls, Gaiety, Spectacle, Music, Laughter, Romance, Drama

might equally well have appeared then as when it did—a month or two ago. If the film piles it on, the advertising

piles it on. A technique good enough for XAVIER DE MAISTRE or an auctioneer's catalogue is good enough for us.

Another point I have failed to mention is the important one of local idiosyncrasy. It sometimes happens that for one reason (such as the manager's caligraphy) or another (such as his eyesight) the slogan attached to a film in Hollywood or London suffers a sea-change before it gets on to a provincial poster. Peculiarly rich and strange was our local cinema's adaptation of

The Champion of the Damned Defies the Law!

—at least I deduce it was the Law—about a year since, when, thanks to the writing of the person who communicated this ejaculation to the poster-artist, people crowded in to see a film which they were assured would narrate how

The Champion of the Damned Defies the Navy!

Probably the film thus summarised is pretty rich, but it did not happen to be the one that was here at the time.

Again, not so long ago I saw outside a local cinema the notice in red capitals

#### WHERE HERE AGAIN.

All great art admits of more than one interpretation, and this is one of those statements that open up enough lines of thought to keep you busy all the morning. These words might have been the vestiges of some larger, lightningblasted notice, even more obscure and even greater art, such as

"You Can't do What Where Here Again," was the Piano-Tuner's Cryptic Reply.

Or they might have been an insufficiently-punctuated bit of playfulness, meant to read "Where? Here Again!" to obviate the supposition that whatever it was wasn't there after all or had sneaked off somewhere else this time. Or they might have been, as they were (I think) intended to be, "We're Here Again." They referred to the Dionne quintuplets, or a film of them; and while we are thus in the midst of plenty I may mention another notice outside another cinema that was recently showing some pictures of the St. Neots quadruplets. This notice referred to the quadruplets as

England's Magnificent Reply to Canada's Medical Profession—which seems to me pretty good too.

But let us end on a more sombre and incomprehensible note. The best they could do in 1931, to judge from the paper I have, for what we may call the Serious Human Problem picture was—

Guilty !- of Telling the Truth to the Man She Loved!

But not so long ago we got this:

Sensation!!! One woman against 500 millions—fighting to keep her love aflame amid ten centuries of darkness—chasing a phantom happiness on the lost horizon of the veiled East—because the man who refused to love her needed her!

To-day, when the boys set out to produce a fog, believe me a fog is what the boys produce. R. M.

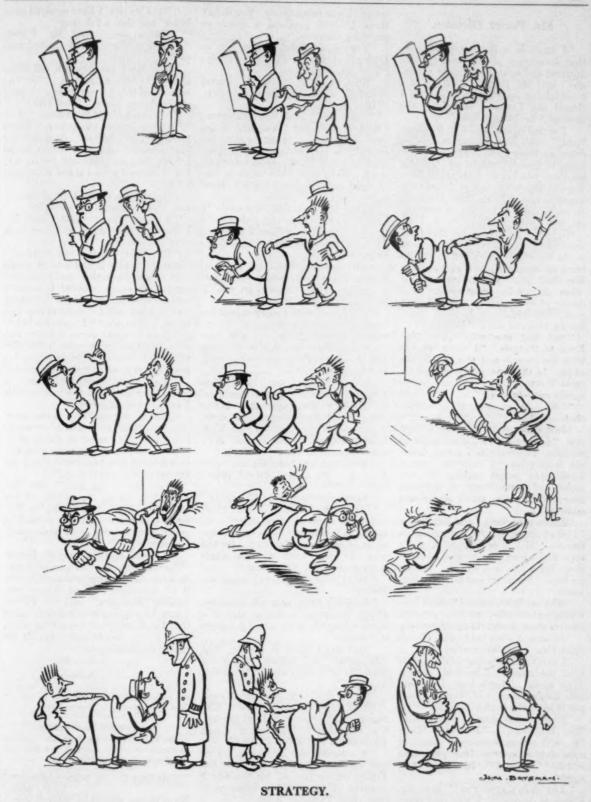
#### Zoological Note.

"Then, like a swarm of bees leaving a hive, the globe-trotting pachyderms suddenly zoomed off to pastures new."

From article on Wrestling in S. Africa.

#### Are You Bad At Figures?

"Now Mr. and Mrs. Lee were married in 1876 and unless you are bad at figures, you will find that that was fifty years ago." Local Magazine.



## Mr. Porter Dictates.

"I READ in a Sunday paper once that the average person speaks at two hundred and something words a min-ute." said Mr. Porter. "Or was it a ute," said Mr. Porter. hundred and something? Anyhow, I should say I was a bit above the

average. Is that too fast?"

"I'm not going to do it in shorthand," said Miss Elkington, sitting down at Sidney's typewriter. going to type it straight off. It's still tea-time, you know. I shouldn't have thought any letter was as desperately important as all that. Miss Lunn, be an angel and put the saucer over my tea, will you?

Mr. Porter put his own cup down and stood up. "And don't talk," he said to the rest of us. "It's bad enough to see a lot of people just sitting round a fire while other people are working. 'Dear Sir, with reference to your memo of even date re ours of 18th prox, and which we have to hand, having received same this A.M.-

"Not that one, silly," said Miss Lunn to Padgett. "I mean the one with the mouth and the hair. know. In that one with either FRAN-CHOT TONE OF GARY COOPER, and he hardly came in at all."

"'We beg to respectfully submit

"Just a moment," said Miss Elkington. "I haven't even got the paper in straight. This machine's utterly different from mine. I do wish someone would stop people making different makes of typewriters so different. Now, what's the man's name and address?"

"James something," said Mr. Porter. "I shall think of the surname in a minute. Hi! Miss Elkington, don't type that. I meant the film man. I don't know this man's name. It's on his letter. I'll go up and fetch it after-

"Why not fetch it now?" asked Miss Elkington sweetly, as she adjusted another sheet of paper in the typewriter.

"Because it's too cold . . . Oh, all right, then," said Mr. Porter.

"I can't actually put my hand on it at the moment," he said, coming down again. "Let's leave that part out. Can't you start at 'Dear Sir' and put it in at the bottom later?"

"That's what I was doing," said iss Elkington. "I've put 'Dear Miss Elkington. Sir, with reference to your memo of even date re ours of 18th prox, and which.' I couldn't remember any

"You didn't type that?" said Mr. Porter in horror. "I was just prac-

tising. I was being funny. You didn't think I'd call anything a memo re anything, did you?

"You don't think when you're typing," said Miss Elkington stiffly. You're not meant to."

"Now we're off," said Mr. Porter cheerfully when she was ready again.

""Dear Sir."

"'Dear Sir,'" said Miss Elkington. "Bother! I've put 'Deaf Sir.' I believe they make these typewriters specially so that when you do make a mistake you type the most ridiculous word. Well, that looks more or less all right now. You can tell it's meant to be 'Dear.'"

"'Dear Sir,'" said Mr. Porter. "'I

have received your letter of the—'"
"Of what?" said Miss Elkington. "I can't hear anything. This typewriter's deafening.

"'Of the'-whatever the date is. I don't know yet because I can't find his letter. You'd better just put 'I have received your letter.

"But I've put that you received his letter of. And I'm not going to try rubbing anything else out with this piece of pumice-stone. And if you think

I'm going to start again-oh, well,

perhaps I am.' "I noticed that too," said Miss Lunn. "I mean, the carbon paper being in the wrong way round. I was going to tell you when you put it in, but it went right out of my head. Well. look at ROBERT DONAT, stupid. He's got a moustache, hasn't he?

"Well, look at CLARK GABLE," said Padgett. "He shaved his off, didn't

"That's different," said Miss Lunn. "'Dear Sir," said Miss Elkington. "'I have received your letter.' course it's different. He had to because of the film. Full stop. By the way, do you want it with single spacing or double, Mr. Porter?"

"What's the difference?" asked Mr.

"Double's twice as much space between the lines as single, and if a letter's long it's single and if it's short

'You can't make it double. Miss Elkington," said Sidney, taking his head out of a cupboard. "It's stuck

"On the short side," said Mr. Porter. "Well, that's that," said Miss Elkington. "I've started right at the top. I'm not going to begin again. Can't you make it longer, Mr. Porter?

"Not much," said Mr. Porter. "I've just remembered I had his letter the Friday before last, so we can say I received his letter of the whenever it was. Last Thursday week."

"But I've put 'I have received your letter' and then a full stop.

"That's easy," said Mr. Porter.
"You've only got to rub the full stop out."

"You can't possibly rub full stops out," said Miss Elkington. "Not the ones on Sidney's typewriter. 'I have received your letter.' What else?"

"Not much," said Mr. Porter. "Just 'I will answer it to-morrow. Yours faithfully, Mr. Porter.' And now for his name and address. Where would I have put an important letter that I'd just found after I'd lost it for over a week?'

"In your tray marked 'Important." said Miss Elkington sarcastically.

"I believe you're right," said Mr. Porter, and he went off and came back with the letter.

"It's lucky I didn't lose it again," he said, "because it had a lot of points that needed answering, and I couldn't answer it before because I couldn't remember them. So I'd been thinking all last week that I'd write to him just to cheer him up until I found his letter. as I knew I should sooner or later. But of course I couldn't write before this afternoon because I hadn't got his name and address except on his letter."

"Well," said Miss Elkington, "if you'll give me the name and address

I can go back to my tea."
"But of course," Mr. Porter went on, "we needn't send that letter we've just done, now I come to think of it. We can start again and write properly, because now I've found his letter I can answer all the points in it.'

"You can if you like," said Miss Elkington, taking the saucer off her tea-cup-"if you like typing on Sidney's typewriter. If you think I'm going to waste any more time—well, I'm not."

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Porter. "The telephone number's on his letter. So I can ring him up, and I needn't do it till to-morrow. Grand things, telephones. And now," said Mr. Porter, taking his cup and sitting down, "after that I shall enjoy my tea all the more. Even if it is nearly cold. That's the best of those rush jobs."

#### Neck or Nothing.

"But Dene was holding out his wrist to the moonlight, craning his eyes to see the time by his watch."-From a Novel.

#### Forecast for Mem-sahibs.

"In hot weather we hear the forecast Temperature above average. Further outlook simla." -- Schoolgirl's Essay.

"COATS THAT CAN BE WORN INSIDE OUT." Daily Paper. No politician should be without one.



Publisher. "We are publishing your book. We shall announce it as 'Miss Smith's Great First Novel.'"

Author. "I had one published two years ago."

Publisher. "Ah! then we'll call it 'Miss Smith's First Great Novel.'"

Author. "And I had one published ten years ago."

Publisher. "I see. Well, we must call it 'Miss Smith's Greatest Novel.'"

## Variations on a Theme.

["Criticise and, if necessary, correct the following sentences:

 A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle. . . ." From a Civil Service examination paper.]

Why paint the lily?
Why scent the rose?
Twere no less silly
To think such prose
Requires refining.
Form so sublime
Deserves enshrining
(V. inf.) in rhyme.

"A young anaconda was found In a bunch of bananas

On Friday at Froyle." I'll be bound That in all GLORIANA'S

Great days, with their infinite range Of singers, no sweeter

A cadence was heard. Let us change To a different metre. "A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle."

When it's printed like this it possesses more punch and the rhymes demand rather less toil.

Its song booms along like the gong for one's lunch, yet as smooth and as soothing as oil.

(Chorus, please!)

Oh, a young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas on Friday at Froyle.

But, although the above has a lilt that is quite corybantic

And goes with a swing,
This arrangement gives fuller effect to
its richly romantic

Swinburnian ring.
It clings round the heart, written thus,
as the lissom lianas
Curl, clamber and coil—

"A young anaconda was found in a bunch of bananas On Friday at Froyle."

Why paint the lily?
Why scent the rose?
Twere no less silly
To think such prose
Requires refining.
Form so sublime
Deserves enshrining
(V. sup.) in ryhme.

"The Rumanian Government, it is reported, will levy a tax, payable in wind, on the Rumanian oil concerns,"—News Report.

And blow the expense?

"Shortly before the interval a Scottish passing movement broke down and Davey got permission and scored a try which Jenkins converted."

Football Report in Indian Paper.

Decent of him to ask.

#### At the Pictures.

CHARLIE.

LET me say at the start, in no uncertain terms, that any rumours which



A PRODUCT OF THE MACHINE AGE.

may have been current suggesting that CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been putting

sociology above humour are wrong. His interest in being a tramp, a hobo, the down-andouter, one against the world, the champion and exemplar of the under-dog, extends only to the comic possibilities that can emerge from this position. In Modern Times CHARLIE is more determinedly funny than ever, while some of his devices to keep us laughing are far more elaborate than anything that has gone before and not a whit less successful. To read about how uncontrollable was the laughter of ourselves and others, no matter what the provocation, is boring; and I will therefore merely say that I do not envy anyone who can keep unmoved while CHARLIE, in order to save time as a worker and enable his employer to make more money, is being fed by machinery. This probably is the crowning moment of the hour-and-a-half of nonsense that is spread before

us—nonsense of a genius.

Thinking it all calmly over, I realise that most of the more violent fun is associated with

food. First we have CHARLIE fed by

prison powdering his skilly with cocaine and going mad with the drug. Then we have a gamine (PAULETTE GOD-DARD) stealing bananas for her family. Then we have a mechanic (CHESTER CONKLIN) caught in the cogs, but with enough face on view for CHARLIE to feed it; while there are several other meals at which too much is eaten, or at which CHARLIE's chair sinks into the floor or the table is overturned; and finally, a roast duck is used in a café as a Rugby football. A marvellous climax to the most dexterous piece of waiting ever seen! The mention of these experiences alone should dispel false ideas as to CHARLIE'S serious bent towards Socialism. There is even a custard-pie.

I am not sure that Modern Times is as good as certain of its predecessorsit gets a little ragged and disjointed after a while, and there is one needlessly coarse episode-but I am sure that it is the most amusing film now being shown and that after the first few moments no one misses talk. As for CHARLIE he is the same as ever. Age has not staled nor custom withered him, and if in real life his hair is white, it is black in the picture; and if in real life he may be less active, he is active enough here even on roller-skates.



THE SINGING DISCOVERY. OUR FAN REGISTERS THE CORRECT REACTIONS. Annette . . . . . . . LILY PONS.

He is even a more gifted CHARLIE machinery, and his mouth wiped by than we have ever seen. We knew machinery and the machinery going about his fantastic freakish ways; we wrong. Then we have CHARLIE in knew that he could skate on rollers

with astounding skill; but we did not know that he could compose music or sing. But this film of Modern Times.



SOB RELIEF.

A Tramp . . . CHARLIE CHAPLIN. . . PAULETTE GODDARD. A Gamine . .

which is entirely of his invention, has occasional bursts of melody and one long comic song - all from CHARLIE's brain. I say "comic," but who shall say? For it was

gibberish. It was characteristic of this artist that he should break the silence only when he had no words. In PAULETTE GODDARD he

and as the picture ends without any more ending than CHARLIE and his gamine (whom he has not kissed) fading away side by side on the road that leads to the dawn, I hope-we must all hope

has, I think, a valuable ally,

-to meet them again.

It cannot be said that, as Annette, LILY Pons, the new singing star, is likely to outrival and silence GRACE MOORE, although I suspect she was brought from Grand Opera with that intention. She has none of the acceptable volume; in fact she seems to sing entirely from the roof of her mouth. Nor is the story of the film, I Dream Too Much (a meaningless title), good enough for her. Too little thought and pains were, I fear, given to it, so that she falls in

love and marries, amuses herself on a roundabout, becomes a star, loses her husband and regains him, all far too easily. E. V. L.

### Umgogumtshani.

"UMGOGUMTSHANI," said Edith thoughtfully.

"You really will have to see the

dentist about them," I said sympathetically. "Of all human trials, a wobbly plate is the worst—it curseth her that speaks and him that hears."

"'Umgogumtshani' is a genuine word, said Edith. "It means 'Grandmother of the grass' and is the name of a tribe or clan of stingless bees imported from Rhodesia. It says in The Times that stingless bees are going to be all the rage this season, and really, when you come to think of it, it is funny nobody ever thought of it before. I mean to say, when you think of all the thousands and thousands of people who get stung every year all over the place, stingless bees would be a distinct convenience. But I suppose people have got so used to sort of never seeing bees without stings that it hasn't occurred to them it might be done. Like people just went on getting wetter and wetter for years and years until somebody invented an umbrella.'

"I'm frightfully interested in Umgogumtshani, of course," I said, "but would you mind being quiet for just five minutes while I finish writing this

poem ?"

"Of course," said Edith. "When I married you I made a vow always to be as quiet as a mouse when you were at work. That nice Mr. Phelps who writes thrillers was saying only the other day that he wished his wife would realise that Art demands concentration. I shouldn't have spoken at all only that word 'Umgogumtshani' sort of caught my eye, and I said to myself, 'If stingless bees, why not buzzless flies?' and then it occurred to me that if nature could only be harnessed, as you might say, many of the minor inconveniences of life could be avoided. Of course there'd be no sense in barkless dogs, because, after all, that's what dogs are really for, but miaouless cats would certainly be an improvement. After all, a cat can catch mice perfectly well without miaouing all over the place. And cackleless hens. I assure you I didn't sleep a wink after four o'clock this morning because Colonel Hogg's hens were cackling and cackling. But perhaps that's their way of talking to one another, and, if so, of course it would be cruel to remove their cacklers. Though, with the marvellous things they can do nowadays, I don't see why each bird shouldn't be fitted with some sort of little attachment that could be switched on and off, so that they could be prevented



"MIND YOU, MEGGIE, MARRIED LIFE BAINT ALL LOVERS' LANE."

from cackling between, say, ten-thirty at night and eight in the morning-"I'm trying to think of a rhyme for

'thistle,'" I said rather pointedly. What about 'whistle'? And now I think of it, somebody certainly ought to invent errand-boys that don't whistle. If I 've spoken to our milkman once about his boy, right under the bedroom-window in the early mornings, I've spoken a thousand times, but it doesn't make the slightest difference; and it's always 'Annie Laurie.' I can't think why, with HENRY HALL churning out new songs within the reach of everybody night after night, that boy should go on sticking to 'Annie Laurie.'

As soon as I hear the gate clang every morning I say to myself, 'Now "Annie Laurie" is going to start,' and though I hope and hope that if he must whistle he'll try something else, it is always 'Annie Laurie'

"If you won't be quiet and let me think of a decent rhyme for 'thistle,'" I said, "I shall be forced to make a remark that has been trembling on my lips for the last ten minutes and suggest that if somebody invented tongueless wives-

"You should count your blessings," said Edith, "and be grateful that it is only 'thistle' you have to find a rhyme for, and not 'Umgogumtshani.'"

#### The Preamble.

CLOSING-TIME in the following districts is now as follows:—

Westminster (including
Knightsbridge) - 11.0 p.m.
Kensington (including
Hammersmith) - 10.0 p.m.
Chiswick - - 10.30 p.m.

And these districts are adjacent, the one to the other, respectively.

So, having been solemnly and loudly shepherded out of the "—— Arms" in Kensington at 10.0, the citizen can walk a few yards and continue his conversation for another hour at the "—— Arms" in Knightsbridge. Or, by strolling over the Western frontier

of Hammersmith at 10.0, he can have another half-hour in Chiswick. Or, again, another half-hour in Barnes, Paddington or Willesden.

The like of this, I think, is not to be found in Paris.

In either case this hypothetical gentleman will hear two "Last orders, please!" and probably have two lots of "final rounds." The Kensington Licensing Justices may not know it, for they are never at the "—— Arms"; but it is the Last Ten Minutes that most often does any mischief that is done. It follows mathematically that where there are two sets of Last Ten

Minutes twice as much mischief is done. The Kensington Licensing Justices, therefore, have a heavy load of responsibility: and it is a hard thing indeed that virile and impecunious Hammersmith should be under the regime of the royal and rich but namby-pamby Borough, whose citizens and justices, having fine houses and clubs and hotels in which to spend their leisure hours, do not wish to congregate in pubs.

In the old days, when we were writing plays at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, much damage was done to British Drama by the said Justices; for, since the bar was closed by their order at 10.0, it was important to finish the Second Act by 9.55 at latest, in order that some at least of the dejected audience might be able to console themselves and be persuaded to remain in the theatre. If the curtain

came down at 10.1 the Interval must be dry: and surely it is a hard thing for a dramatist to have to cut his Second Act about in order to fit the edicts of the old ladies and gentlemen of the Kensington Licensing Bench.

Now, I do not think that you will find the like of these things in Paris or any other French city. And that, we are authorized to say, is one answer to the question we have recently heard: What exactly is the point of the Public Refreshment Bill, 1936?

The answer does not satisfy us. The Bill reads well enough and looks well enough on the pale-green paper:—

A BILL TO ad the laws con

Amend the laws concerning public refreshment.

Whereas it appears that the laws concerning public refreshment are vexatious and unreasonable, and are not well fitted to the good sense of Englishmen and the conditions of the present time:

And whereas the said laws, as at present administered, are a hindrance to improvement in the resorts of the people, a cause of intemperance, a burden upon trade, a danger to the King's revenue, and a discouragement to foreign travellers proposing to visit this realm:

And whereas it is commonly accepted that England is now to be considered as a part of the continent of Europe, and should so conduct herself in all proper and peaceful affairs: and in this affair it is expedient that she should follow the good and civilized customs of France, which, by reason of the said laws, is now not possible:

Be it therefore enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same as follows:

ADDITION OF 1. The laws of England concern-THE LAWS OF ing the provision of public re-France. freshment, including the sale or supply of wine, beer, spirits, and the like, shall be made, mutatio mutandis, the same as the laws of France.

HOME

2. The Secretary of State shall Secretary's ascertain what are the laws of Powers.

France at the date of the passing of this Act, and shall, from time to time, make all such orders and regulations as are necessary to give effect to Section One of this

Act. Such orders and regulations shall be laid in draft before both Houses of Parliament, and when both Houses by resolution have approved the draft, either without modifications or with modifications and additions to which both Houses agree, they shall have the force of law:

Provided that the Secretary of State shall within six months of the passing of this Act make regulations for the protection of persons employed in the refreshment trades and for the restriction of their hours of labour.

REPEAL OF
LICENSING
ACTS, &c.

3. On the coming into operation
of any orders or regulations
made under Section Two of this
Act, any statutory or other provisions of the English law which
are inconsistent therewith shall
cease to have effect.

SHORT TITLE 4. (i.) This Act may be cited and as the Public Refreshment Act, APPLICATION. 1936.

(ii.) This Act shall not apply to Scotland, Northern Ireland or Wales.

At least His Majesty's Government cannot say, as they have said about all other attempts at Licensing reform, that it is a "piecemeal" measure. It is the most comprehensive Licensing Bill ever presented to Parliament. It covers everything, with a sheet-and-a-half of paper.

But its promoters, we feel, must be very young and inexperienced. What vagueness! Surely they know that in modern legislation every "i" and every "t" must be dotted or crossed respectively, as the case may be, by, with or from? Here all is nebulous. What is this extraordinary suggestion that the HOME SECRETARY should "ascertain what are the laws of France' and imitate them? It is true that if the Home Secretary should happen to visit France he would observe that in this department of life all is civilized and sane, that the citizen can get what he wants when he wants it, but does not cause Parliamentary debates and Bills by taking too much. It is true that Mr. BALDWIN has said that "our frontier is now the Rhine." It is true that at the time of Jubilee, when for a brief space the laws of London were almost like the laws of Paris, the people of England did not disgrace themselves. It is true that at that time many statesmen delightedly described the behaviour and gaiety of the people as "almost Continental." But is it seriously supposed that England is going to take lessons from the said Continent? A million times No!

The one feature of this deplorable document which we can commend is the revival of the Preamble. In most modern measures the preamble, if there is one, is a feeble and anæmic thing. But the legislators of the past knew how to use it. It rolled; it thundered; it said things. Consider, for example, the preamble of the Treasonable and Seditious Practices Act, 1795—

"We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, in this present Parliament assembled, duly considering the daring outrages offered to Your Majesty's most sacred person, in your passage to and from your Parliament at the opening of the present Session, and also the continued attempts of wicked and evil disposed persons to disturb the tranquillity of this Your Majesty's kingdom, particularly by the multitude of seditions pamphlets and speeches daily printed, published and dispersed, with unremitting industry and with a transcendant bold-

Or the cheery overture to the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, 1803—

"Whereas a treasonable and rebellious spirit of insurrection now unfortunately exists in Ireland . . ."

We like too the vigorous preamble to the English in the Law Courts Act, 1731—

"Whereas many and great mischiefs do frequently happen to the subjects of this kingdom from the proceedings in courts of justice being in an unknown language, those who are summoned and impleaded having no knowledge or understanding of what is alleged for or against them in the pleadings of their lawyers and attornies,



THE END OF A PERFECT COURSE.

Cheerful Host. "This last hole is cunningly devised—a drive, a pitch, and lo! the train terminus 1 "  $^{\circ}$ 

who use a character not legible to any but persons practising the law: to remedy these great mischiefs, and to protect the lives and fortunes of the subjects of that part of Great Britain called England more effectually than heretofore from the peril of being ensnared or brought in danger by forms and proceedings, in courts of justice, in an unknown language, be it enacted . . . "

One knows at once what PITT'S Militia Act is about, and is at once excited:—

"Whereas a well-ordered and well-disciplined militia is essentially necessary to the safety, peace and prosperity of this kingdom: and whereas the laws in being for the regulation of the militia are defective and ineffectual..."

But the purpose of most modern measures has to be explained by a long and extremely dull memorandum: and even then the purpose is not always plain, even to His Majesty's Judges. Let us, by all means, have more preambles. Why not, for a change, a preamble in verse?

A. P. H.

The Internal Congestion Engine.

"I should think it was a 1925 model. The bonnet was wide open and the February sun was shining upon the greasy engine. The driver was sitting inside speaking to his passenger."—Evening Paper.

An Impending Apology.

"Messrs. Scott & Sons, Bowling, Dumbartonshire, launched to-day the single-screw motor vessel Babinda for the Australasia United Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., London. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Mathers, wife of Captain Mathers. She is 175 feet long and has cargo capacity of 800 tons dead weight."—Scots Paper.



"AND LOOK HERE-DON'T FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BEHAVE LIKE A CHILD OF ONE."

#### The Raconteur.

I HAVE just been told by my Uncle Alfred a richly amusing story which seems to me to deserve a wider audience, if only for the pains he took in telling it-or rather acting it; for Uncle is a raconteur who believes in getting thoroughly into the skin of each character. It would be a pity if such an effort were to be wasted on an audience of one.

It appears, then, that there was once a fellow, an ordinary sort of fellow, who had a brother with a wife-a decent body, Uncle Alfred says; that would be the wife, I suppose, but the point is of no great consequence. Very well, then. This fellow one day called at his brother's house, a ramshackle sort of affair, and asked the wife if his brother was in. Whereupon the wife said, No; he was in the outhouse. And what, asked his wife's brother, was his brother doing in the outhouse? "Oh," replied his brother's wife, "he be a-päaentun'." (I cannot convey in print the broad blurred Yorkshire brogue that my Uncle Alfred gave to the word, but "painting" was what it meant )

outhouse where his brother was working-which was a biggish concern with a loft and a ladder leading up to it-and stood at the bottom and called up to his brother through the hole in the floor: "Maërnin', Bill"-or Harry or whatever his name may have been; and Bill replied, "Mäernin" (meaning "Morning": that is as near as I can get to Uncle Alfred's lazy whimsical

"Fwat be ye dewin' up thicky larft?" asked his brother. "Oh," replied the brother, "juist paäintin'."
"And wot do ye be paäaintun' of,
Bill?" "Oh, t'maëngle [mangle]," answered Bill laconically; and the conversation went on in the delightful Devonian-Irish burr which my Uncle Alfred has at command, until it transpired that the second of the two brothers let us call them, as it occurred to my Uncle to do at this stage, A and B) had lugged the whacking great mangle out of the scullery of the house, acrarst the yaird, and, by some herculean effort, up the ladder into the loft. Moun'n M'omet," commented my Well, off went the brother to the woun'n—what?" (an allusion, of

course, to the well-known saying that if Mahomet cannot go to the mountain the mountain has to come to Mahomet. or something; the mountain, as Uncle explained, being in this case the mangle and Mahomet the paint.

Having got thus far, it is essential for due enjoyment of the yarn to forget that last bit, which rather lets the cat out of the bag, and hark back for

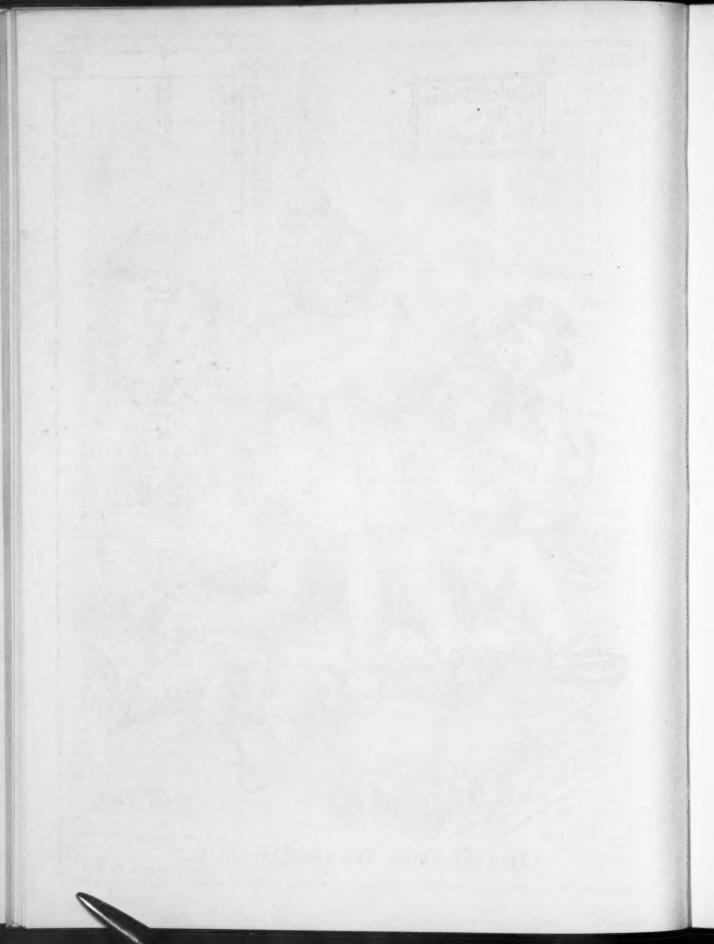
the cream of the joke.

"Well," brother A said, "but why did ye be goan' to all thicky trouble? Whereupon brother B replied: "Well, yer see, the paëunt wur 'eer!" The paint was there! As ifthere is no need to labour the obvious.

Such, then, was my Upcle's story, considerably condensed and with his racy idiom and mellow style no more than suggested; and I pass it on for other folk's delectation, because there is no reason why I should be the only lonely sufferer from his diverting anecdotes. In fact, dammit! if it were not that I have hopes of him in another direction I shouldn't have had to listen to this one. But a trouble shared is a trouble spared, don't they say?



TROUBLE AMONG THE LOCARNO "QUINS."

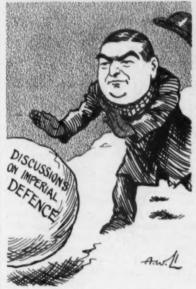


## Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, February 10th.—Commons: De-bate on Sugar Industry.

Tuesday, February 11th.—Lords: De-bates on Assyrians in Iraq and Com-



LORD STRABOLGI. "ANYHOW, I'VE STARTED THE BALL BOLLING!"

mission to inquire into expenditure on Forces.

Wednesday, February 12th .- Lords: Debate on Position of Peers.

Commons: Debate on Education.

Monday, February 10th .- Sir WIL-

LIAM DAVISON is still worried on the score of Soviet appropriations; and it does seem a little odd that the country whose leader's speeches at Geneva read so remarkably like those of Mr. GLADSTONE in their quiet dignity and respect for the sanctity of property and opinion should still be owing considerable sums of money for the various commodities belonging to other people which it collared during the Revolution. A small portion of a certain oil-well still pertains, so far as common decency goes, to Mr. P.'s R., but, unlike Sir WILLIAM, he has pretty well given up hope. Anyway, it wasn't a very good well.

("Hullo, Steward! We haven't had a crack for ages. How are your snowdrops?

'Feeling the frost cruel, Sir." "I see there's a question down about these Sunday wireless programmes from foreign parts. What do you think about them?

Well, Sir, I'm not one to rail at the B.B.C., but they're not what you might call gay of a Sunday.'

"So you tune in abroad?"

"I do, Sir, after I've had what you might call my whack of sacred music. How anyone can see any harm in the stuff the foreigners send out beats me; and them accordions are lovely. I always feel a better man after I've listened to them. But I can't say I hold with this advertising.

"It offends you?"
"Well, Sir, it isn't quite that, but I ask you—one moment they get you up in the clouds and the next they're telling you nasty things about your inside. It's crude, Sir, that's what it is."

"I entirely agree, Steward, but what can we do?

"That's for the B.B.C. to say Sir.")

When the Greene Committee investigated the sugar-beet industry they recommended that, since there was no hope that it would ever become selfsupporting, it should be closed down. But, as Mr. Elliot argued to-day, that was all very well, but how could the Government throw forty thousand men out of direct employment and a great many more out of indirect employment? He was asking the House to give a Second Reading to the Sugar Industry Reorganisation Bill (which it did), a measure which will arrange for the amalgamation of all the factories in a single Corporation and for a Sugar Commission to keep an eye on it.



PAPA RAMSAY TAKING MASTER MALCOLM TO THE HOUSE.

(After John Leech's cartoon in "Punch" in 1845.)

Tuesday, February 11th.—Their Lordships were in good form to-day. The PRIMATE, after emphasising the moral responsibility which this country still had for the welfare of the Assyrian refugees from Iraq, and explaining that the international contributions to their



"PITY THE POOR PEERS!" LORD PONSONBY CHAMPIONS THE CAUSE OF THE OPPRESSED CLASSES.

settlement in French Syria fell short by £180,000, told the House that he was prepared to sponsor a public appeal for funds provided that the Government could promise that the scheme was being actively carried out.

For the Government Lord STANHOPE accepted his offer of help, and after Lord CECIL had condemned this shifting of their responsibility, the PRIMATE admitted that he would be relieved if the Government would find the extra sum for them-

selves.

Lord STRABOLGI then proposed that an inquiry, something of the nature of the Esher Committee after the Boer War, should be set up to ensure that the Forces were being expanded along the most practical lines. But, in his first speech in the Upper House, Lord MONSELL was unable to accept the suggestion-on the grounds that such a Commission would be unable to prepare a report under two years, that the selection of its personnel would present insuperable difficulties, and that in any case these questions had been amply investigated already by the ex-



ANCIENT BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

Queen Boadicea. "I should like a few spare scythes, Mr. Jones. I expect to run into a tough crowd of Romans to-morrow,"

perts. This debate was only of course a ballon d'essai before the big debates on Defence which are coming.

In the Commons the Resolution to renew the tramp-shipping subsidy was passed after Mr. GREENWOOD had delivered a fiery speech attacking shipowners for allowing a state of things in which such a case as the La Crescenta affair could occur; other Labour Members had called-not, surely, without reason-for a clean-up of what they termed the slums of the sea; and Mr. RUNCIMAN had expressed his satisfaction at the way in which the subsidy had worked. Being an employer in a derelict industry is no fun, and several shipowners put their difficulties to a House which, though sympathetic, seems to feel that more might have been done for the men when shipping was booming

Wednesday, February 12th.—The disadvantages of being a member of the House of Lords are often forgotten. At election-time, if you are a Peer, you may work yourself to death for a candidate but you will not be allowed to vote for him; if you chance to be an unrepresentative Scottish Peer you may neither vote in elections nor sit in the House; and if you are a Peer's

eldest son and a keen young politician, the death of your father may suddenly translate you in the middle of a Ses-



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.
To have the noblest moustache in Opposition
Would satisfy many a politician,
And therefore plenty
Must envy Mr. McEnter.

sion (as happened recently to Lord MANSFIELD) to a House where ministerial rank is even more inaccessible. These points were put to their Lordships to-day by Lord Ponsonby, who suggested that Peers should not only be entitled to vote in elections but should also be given the right to offer themselves as candidates for the Lower House if they cared to sacrifice their right to sit in the Upper. These views found rather more support than opposition; but Lord HAILSHAM was unable to accept the Resolution or to promise any reform of the Lords during the life of the present Government.

On a day which the Commons devoted to education it was disappointing not to find the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery packed with critical children holding a watching brief. The first part of the debate, on the instigation of Mr. Short, was concerned with a suggestion that parents should be given State maintenance grants when their children were kept at school beyond the present leaving age, which, at the rate of five shillings a head, would cost the nation about £6,000,000. In an excellent maiden speech Mr. H. G. STRAUSS demolished the notion that the State should lose both ways.

#### As Others Hear Us.

#### The Backward Glance.

"DIDN'T you tell me you'd heard from Mary, my dear? What does she say?"

"She says that her boy likes school, Uncle Robert, and is getting on very well."

"Is he—is he? Have I ever told you about my first journey to school, when I was six years old?"

"Yes, Uncle Robert, I think you have."

"Ah, I couldn't have been a day over six years old. I walked eight miles to the station, with the snow three foot deep on the ground, I remember. Of course, things were very different in those days."

"They must have been."

"I don't know whether I've ever told you what a rough time they gave us. I remember being held upsidedown out of a sixth-story window by some of the bigger boys for nearly an hour on end. Raining, it was, too, at the time. There was a big fellow called H. L. Rampant—capital chap at heart, but a bit of a bully—— Have I ever told you what he did to me when I was seven years old?"

"Well, yes, Uncle—as a matter of fact, you have."

"Ah! then I mustn't tell you again. Seven years old, I was, I remember, when I was told Rampant wanted to see me. And what do you think he wanted me for? Why, to do his Latin con. for him; and what's more, he said, if I didn't do it right he'd gouge both my eyes out with his penknife. He'd have done it too. There was nothing soft about school in those days."

"No. It doesn't sound as if there

"Stop me if I've told you this before, my dear, but it may interest you to know about my first journey to school, when I was six years old. Walked to the station, I remember, carrying my playbox—a matter of nine or ten miles, it must have been, and the snow nearly five foot deep on the ground. And seven hours in the train—and mind you, there was nothing like heating in those days, or food either. Have I ever told you what was the only thing I had to eat on my way to school?"

"Yes, I think you have, Uncle Robert. Wasn't it just lemon-drops?"

"Lemon-drops, my dear? Good heavens, no! We weren't the pampered little creatures you see to-day—bless my soul, no! Lemon-drops, indeed! Why, I should have thought myself lucky if I'd so much as seen the outside of a lemon-drop through



"KINDLY SIGN AND BETURN TO BEARER."

a shop-window once in three years. Lemon-drops, indeed! No, no, no. We were brought up rough in those days—and none the worse for it either."

"Yes. I see."

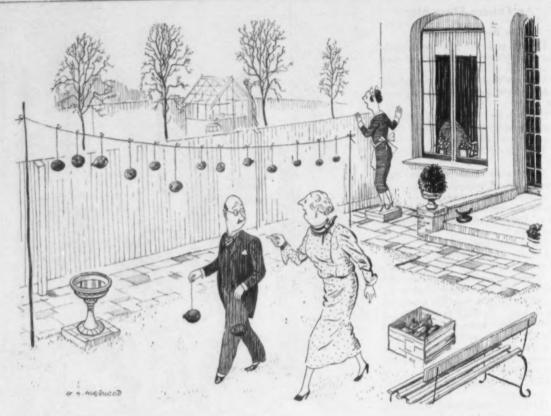
"Lemon-drops, by gad! I'd like to have seen my poor father's face if he'd caught me making a young hog of myself with a lemon-drop. By Jove! I believe the old gentleman would have had a fit—upon my soul I do. Haven't I ever told you what he said to me when I was four-and-a-half years old and came down late for family prayers?"

"Yes, I remember. You've told me."
"Ah! Well, stop me if you've heard
it before. I can remember it as if it
were yesterday. Two-and-a-half minutes late I was, by my great-uncle

William's gold repeater. And my father made me go without breakfast for a week and gave me a tremendous thrashing as well, because, as he said, 'Good Wine Needs No Bush.' He always had a saying to fit every occasion, had my dear father. We don't breed 'em like that nowadays, more's the pity."

"No, Uncle Robert."

"Mind you, I don't say that roughing it was all to the good. It may have done a certain amount of harm in certain cases even. I remember one of my sisters—she was only the seventh one, and no doubt the nurses were busy with the many younger ones at the time—she fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. One of those old-fashioned London houses, it was, six or seven stories high—I can see her now, as one



"Take all those buts down, Ernest, and decant the bird-bath. Lily has seen those ungrateful tom-tits eating bread-crumbs in Mrs. Stibbing's garden!"

of the elder brothers gave her a shove—there's always a certain amount of wholesome rough-and-tumble in a large family. Well, she landed on her head, as far as I remember, and the noise brought my dear father out of the parlour. He simply told her to get up and put brown paper and vinegar on the bump, and stop crying directly."

"And did she, Uncle Robert?"
"Bless me, yes, my dear. Children did as they were told in those days. It wasn't till years and years later that we found out she'd done her brain some permanent injury or other. My dear father never allowed any fuss over trifles—and quite right too. Nil desperandum, as he always used to say. Full of pithy sayings, he always was."

"I see, Uncle Robert. Would you like to hear what Mary writes about her boy?"

Very much indeed, my dear. Just started school, hasn't he? Let me see, have I ever told you about my first journey to school, when I walked ten miles to the station, carrying my own luggage, through a snowstorm? Stop me if you know what's coming.

## "Elijah" at the Albert Hall.

In 1884, seven years after WAGNER had conducted the historic series of concerts at the Albert Hall, Parsifal was given in that building, for the first time outside Bayreuth, under the late Sir Joseph Barnby, with a cast including leading Bayreuth singers but shorn of all scenic accessories. After fifty-two years the process has been inverted and we are treated to a "pageant production" of the Elijah, described in the bills as a "great spectacle" comprising "amazing ballets, costumes, scenes and music." The relegation of music to the last place in the order of importance is further emphasised by the fact that the smallest type is reserved for MENDELSSOHN. Still, his name does appear, though in very capitals - perhaps "minion" would have been even more appropriate in a performance including as its chief attractions volcanic eruptions in the wilderness of Sinai, fire from heaven and the final ascent of Elijah to heaven in a whirlwind of flames. But music has not been forgotten and

vocal and instrumental resources are provided on a lavish scale—a choir of one thousand voices, a full orchestra and a distinguished conductor in Mr. Albert Coates.

The Albert Hall has fulfilled many varied purposes since its opening in 1871 in the service of art, political propaganda of all sorts, and pugilism. When the Colonial Premiers visited England in 1907 dinner was served in the boxes before the speeches were delivered at a great demonstration of Imperial solidarity. But its suitability for spectacular pageantry has never been exploited so thoroughly as in this performance, and the producer, Mr. T. C. FAIRBAIRN, has turned his long experience as a pageantmaster to good account in the grouping and handling of crowds, the kaleidoscopic brilliance of Oriental costumes and the skilful use of the latest devices of stage machinery and lighting.

The Albert Hall is not an ideal place for sound. The acoustics are far from perfect. The only occasion on which I have found it perfectly satisfactory was a meeting of massed brass bands. In some of the seats there is a discon-

certing echo. It is not popular with all soloists, though many of them have appeared there, in their prime or at their farewells. But for broad effects and climaxes, as well as for seating capacity, it more than justifies its existence; and in spite of his "small-caps" and the inevitable liberties taken with his score, Mendelsonn's music seemed to me to dominate all the sensational appeals to the eye which threatened to submerge the spiritual

significance of the story. With regard to the cast of "famous principals" engaged for the fortnight's season, which opened on February 10th, none of the singers was successful in obliterating the memories of the great artists whose names are associated with the oratorio in the past. Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS, who appeared as the Prophet in the first performance, was replaced on the night I attended by Mr. HENRY GILL, who has a sonorous baritone but whose reading of the part was ultrasentimental. He had, however, the excuse that in the culminating scene in the Wilderness, ushered in by the chorus "Behold the Lord God Passed By," Elijah is instructed in the book of words to display "eestatic upliftment" (Phœbus! what a word!). Anything more unlike the fiery virile passion which Mr. SANTLEY infused into his delivery of the denunciations of Ahab and the words "Take all the prophets of Baal" it is impossible to conceive. Of the other soloists Miss STILES-ALLEN as the Widow and in the final scenequaintly described as taking place at a theological college founded by Elijah "-was conspicuous by the volume of her voice and the dignity of

The minor parts were well filled, and the trio of angels sang with delicacy and restraint. The Baal choruses have strength and passion, but MENDELSSOHN was much more at home with fairies (as in his Midsummer Night's Dream music) than in the exotic orgies of a ballet "of a bacchanalian order, provided for the amusement of potentates from the surrounding countries [I quote once more from the programme] to celebrate the completion of the Ivory Palace of King Ahab and Queen Jezebel,"and I seemed to recognise passages interpolated from his secular compositions to mitigate the austerity of his score as it stands.

her bearing.

It is only right to add that this curiously mixed entertainment—which may well have made MENDELSOHN turn in his grave—seemed very much to the taste of a large audience, and that the success of the venture seems to be assured. The programme states that it has been launched in aid of the



OUR VICARIOUS AGE.

"BY GAD, SIR, THE INSURANCE COMPANIES SHALL SMART FOR THIS!"

National Birthday Trust Fund, for the extension of Maternity Services and the Charity Productions Fund of the Fairbairn Pageant Choir, who share the profits equally.

C. L. G.

#### A Point of Contact.

I pon't like Brown,
He's not my sort;
I hate his manner
And I loathe his port;
But when he says, "Do
You remember 'Squibs,'
And 'Bulgy' Wilson,
And A. J. Gibbs,
And 'Dandy' Mathews,
And 'Slily' Poyntz,
And 'Flat-faced' Fisher,
Who'd double joints,

And Hogstitch major, Who slept in form And spun mad yarns In the Upper Dorm., And the 'Vulgar Fraction,' And 'Tiddler Tom,' And poor Geoff Mallard (Killed on the Somme), And that gorgeous day In July '04-The sickening pause And the mighty roar From the House when Geoff Held a catch, high up, From the last man in, And we snatched the Cup By a single run From Silverdown?" Then I like Brown's port And I quite like Brown.

## At the Play.

"STORM IN A TEACUP" (HAYMARKET).

"We go," say those anxious to disappear from our view, "to see a man about a dog"; and we shall

about a dog"; and we shall know for many months to come where to find them. They will be at the Haymarket Theatre, watching a Storm in a Teacup, which is all about a dog, and a highly mongrel one at that.

It seems that that sense of the theatre and of public interest which enabled Mr. Coward to be ready with his Cavalcade for the national crisis of 1931 has visited Dr. BRIDIE also, and made him come forward to greet the fiftieth anniversary of Cruft's Show with a play ideally suited to the taste of dog-fanciers. Patsy is a mongrel of "fortyseven varieties," and yet Patsy can check and perhaps blast the promising career of Provost Thomson of the little Scottish town of Baikie.

The R.S.P.C.A. should take hard - hearted and influential men to this play to show them what will too easily happen to them if they indulge their

Callousness towards the brute creation. But the play is hardly less a tribute to the enormous power of the Press. Frank Burdon (Mr. ROGER LIVESEY) does not think much of his job as a reporter on the little local paper. He is, nevertheless, able, by printing the story of the Provost's harsh dealing with a poor Irishwoman and her impounded dog, to turn Baikie upside-down.

Provost Thomson (Mr IAN MACLEAN) has had few checks so far in a career which has moved steadily forward from success in business to success in municipal politics. He is now on the eve of adoption as Parliamentary Candidate, and we see him preparing his great speech. Dr. BRIDIE-or perhaps it is the author of the original German whose comedy he has adapted to Scotland-makes very good play with the besetting failings of the liberal progressive type of public man, his failure to maintain in private and daily life the love of humanity which reverberates in his platform phrases.

Provost Thomson is a bad case, humorless and self-important, but he is fully punished. His wife (Miss Ivy DES VOEUX) abandons him for the more generous and uncalculating ardour of young Burdon—a desertion for which she is afforded a sound pretext; for the Provost, who wants no

half-hearted worshippers at his shrine, prefers in his dark moments the company of Lisbet Skirving (Miss ETHEL GLEND NNING), the wife of the editor of the local paper in whose columns the devas ating story of the dog appears.

Miss DES VOEUX has a singularly



HANDS UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

Sheriff Murgatroyd . . . . Mr. C. M. HALLARD.

Mr. McKellar . . . . . . Mr. Edgar K. Bruce.

difficult and rather thankless part to play, because nothing really happens to justify her sudden transfer of affection. Her growing friendship with young *Burdon*, a business of shy rushes on his part and of amused interest on



THE HERO (CANINE) WHO RODE OUT THE STORM.

Honoria Flanagan . Miss Sara Allgood. (and her dog)

hers, does not somehow lend itself very well to the stage. And these scenes drag a little. We see all their friendship from the very beginning, and their flirtation gets no time to grow naturally. But then the whole play, after looking as if it was going to become a drawing-

room, or character-comedy, becomes more and more a broadly humorous affair, and the last Act, in the Courts of Justice, is often farce.

Miss Sara Allgood (who is Queen of the Company), as Mrs. Flanagan, makes the transition with easy mastery. At the beginning she acts (in poverty and oppression) with impressive intensity and depth, and lifts the play to a very high level of tragi-comedy. At the end, resplendent with the clothes the owner of a famous dog can well afford, she enjoys the centre of the stage and the richest moments of a very amusing scene.

There is plenty to laugh at in this play—so much that the author or the producer might have used local colour with a little more restraint. The Scottish mannerisms are underlined lest the dull Sassenach should fail to find them funny. It is

all unnecessary, because here is a really funny plot, and although it is a small matter that *Provost Thomson* shall be disappointed, we are at the heart of everything on the critical days and watch with great interest the ups and downs.

Among the minor characters Horace Skirving (Mr. Norman MacOwan) and the jovial and obese Mr. McKellar (Mr. Edgar K. Bruce) made figures after the heart of comic black-and-white artists, and moved and talked as such figures should.

D. W.

"PRIVATE COMPANY" (EMBASSY).

It is now fourteen months since Mr. MICHAEL EGAN first asked which was the dominant sex in marriage, and the question is till being put nightly to argumentative audiences at the Aldwych. Small wonder, then, that he has decided in his new play to shift this fundamental though insoluble controversy into the world of business in the hope that the public will be prepared to discuss for the next year or so the relative efficiency of women in offices.

His First Act was promising. Scene One showed Margaret Grierson (Miss ENA BURRILL) running her own publicity agency with an all-female team and growing success. Big new accounts were in the offing; she was able to im-

ERIC.

press prospective clients with her charm and keenness, and subsequently she was able to deliver the goods. In this part Miss BURRILL was excellently cast, for in a period when so many stage actresses are content to act mainly with their bodies, her capacity for facial expression is very refreshing. (I am convinced that once a year dramatic schools should practise a one-Act play devoid of any movement, so that the students would have to depend entirely on inflections of voice and face. If they could only learn to do that their range would increase out of all knowledge.) Miss BURRILL is sometimes too stiff in action, too inclined to stand to attention, but here, sitting at her desk and acting into her perpetuallyringing telephone, her performance was a model.

The office of M.G. Publicity rang true, not smacking of the boudoir, but carefully decorated, and its staff, consisting of a Mayfair vamp, a saddish spinster and an adenoidal office-girl,

were credible characters.

Scene Two. Downstairs, in sharp contrast, the office of a prosperous engineering company subscribed de-pressingly to the Early Bog-Oak period of office-furnishing. This company was anxious to get control of M.G. Publicity, but Margaret Grierson, while eager to get a new account, had no intention of selling out. The preliminary overtures having been made by the vamp, whose personal goal was the affection of the Managing Director, Stephen Grant (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON),

we settled down to what seemed all set for an interesting exhibition of the differing methods of men and women in commercial diplomacy. A good subject,

surely.

But I am afraid we were disappointed in what followed, for the developments from this sound premise gradually lost our interest because we failed to believe in them. When Grant, in an interview upstairs which began well, produced his trump card and it turned out to be a clause in Margaret's lease by which his company could throw her out of the building, her anger was understandable but not her

consternation; for what - and this was never explained-was to prevent her moving round the corner in a London full of suitable offices? And when Margaret, having violently taken up her cudgels, discovered herself in love with Grant, one could sym-

pathise with her dismissal of her outrageous secretary, who was in any case better adapted to a shooting-stick than an office-stool, but one couldn't begin to believe that wild horses would have dragged so strong-minded a woman, on the very evening of Grant's



TWO "HEADS" SHOW SIGNS OF BECOMING ONE.

Margaret Grierson . MISS ENA BURRILL. Stephen Grant . . MR. S. J. WARMINGTON.

bullying proposal, to his flat to offer an amnesty and a loan of the five thousand pounds with which he was endeavouring to keep his blackmailing wife at bay. Such reckless imprudence and lack of dignity seemed not only a slander on the modern business-

pression of a tired business-man being at times just a little over-tired. Miss Helen Vane's smart harpy was well done; I liked very much Miss ALISON COLVIL'S melancholy typist, and to Mr. MICHAEL DYNE we were greatly indebted for his two splendid invasions as a blethering young artist.

# My First Play.

was the greater pity because Mr. Egan's

audible. In this respect Mr. WARMING-TON was an offender, his clever im-

The cast were not always perfectly

dialogue is attractive.

I WROTE it in a single week. When NOEL COWARD heard: "What cheek!

That's my prerogative," he said, And cast the typescript at my head.

Now, though it found no home at last, You can't deny my play was cast.)

My mother read it-gave a scream. "It has a most immoral theme!" Complaining thus, a hole she made-Interred it with our garden spade.

(Now, though the play was left to rot, You must admit it had a plot.)

I dragged it later from its tomb And locked it in my private room. So, as it was once more interred, A second funeral occurred.

(This made me happier than at first, Because my play had been rehearsed.)

> Years passed. Still anxious for renown.

> took the manuscript to town.

I never saw the thing again Because I left it in the train!

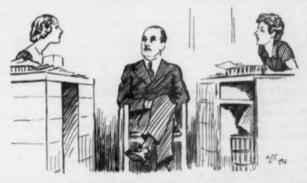
though rehearsals weren't begun,

It may have had a good long run.)

#### "... But those unheard are sweeter.

"Music was provided by the pipe-band of Queen Victoria School and the brass-band of the lat Battalion Gordon Highlanders. There was a complete absence of wind."

Glasgow Paper.



OVERHEADS IN A WOMEN'S OFFICE.

Margaret Grierson . . . . . . Miss Ena Burrill. Stephen Grant. . . . . . . . . Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON. . . . . . . . MISS HELEN VANE. Sybil Harding

> woman but also quite out of keeping with Margaret's character, which, up to that point, had been painted with firm strokes. In the final scene she and Grant debated for a little the abstract theory at issue, but went no distance. The gradual collapse of the interest

"Many blackmailing letters may have been written with Post Office pens."- Daily Paper. Is this possible?

"NEW TIP POR SHINY NOSES." Fashion Note.

With matt finish this time?

# Sugar and Spice.

NOTHING fills me with more dismay than a grocer's shop. This is a most distressing thing to have to say-and a most risky one. It is bound to lead to trouble. No one who has ever raised his voice, however mildly and inoffensively, against the morals, methods habitats, phraseology or what have you of any of those Trades, Guilds and Professions which supply the public with goods, cut off the public's hair, repair its watches and in general minister to its most indispensable needs, will dispute this assertion. You may say that the Army is incompetent, you may criticise the size of policemen's feet, you may even hint that railway-porters are at times brusque to the point of incivility, and probably no one will take the trouble to contradict you. But you must not say these things about grocers and brewers and spectacle-makers. Just try mentioning in print that bakers as a class are addicted to absinthe and see what a storm of protest will be raised. I don't know why they object to criticism, but they do. It's like a white shirt to a laundryman; it sends them into a frenzy.

I see now that I have alienated the laundrymen (a most sensitive body of men), and with these as well as the grocers against me it is going to be a stormy passage; but I don't greatly care. I feel sort of reckless.

As a matter of fact, when I have explained the reason for the distress or ague which overtakes me in grocers' shops it will be seen that no criticism of grocers, nor even of their shops, is implied, but rather a criticism of myself. But of course that won't make any difference at all. Few, if any, grocers are going to stop to read beyond my opening sentence before emerging from behind their sugar-crates, whipping off their white aprons and sitting down to write furious letters in defence of grocerdom to the popular Press. It seems a pity, but there it is.

I rather admire grocers really. I like them much better than ironmongers, for instance, who tend to have dark moustaches and persistently hang most of their stock on the ceiling—an unprofitable and callous device which simply leads the customer to crack his shins against the lawn-mowers left in the middle of the floor for that purpose. Grocers are generally fair men and they do keep their gangways clear. They are astonishingly quick with their hands too. A draper or haberdasher could probably give him points in the matter of tying things up with string, because

most of his goods are in ready-made packets and string is something of a stranger to him, but for sheer speed of assembly the grocer stands alone. "Pound of Indian, tin of tomato, half of butter, packet of breakfast-flakes, dozen eggs, cloves, chutney and two of gran," he echoes eagerly, and almost before the customer has finished reading out her list he has the whole lot neatly stacked up in front of her on the counter—and that, mind you, though the tomato-soups may be a dozen yards from the granulated sugar department and a journey right across the shop be necessary to get the butter.

necessary to get the butter. Another sublime thing about grocers is their aplomb. They never show their feelings. You may see a customer sometimes give an order that takes nearly half-an-hour, fast as the grocer works, to execute. At the end of it there is a heap of merchandise six feet high by four feet wide on the counter; soups and savouries, eggs, butter and cheese, bacon and soap and flour and sardines-all the riches of the shop have been tapped to make up that noble pile. "Come," you say to yourself, "this is something big. This is an order in a million. He will be able to retire from the business now," and you look at the grocer expeeting to see him rubbing his hands with delight and preparing to escort the lady to the door with bows and smiles and little murmurous sounds of gratitude. But does he do anything of the kind? He does not. He simply leans his knuckles on the counter and begins to indicate weak points in the structure. "We've some nice pickled walnuts in this morning," he says, and adds those and some anchovies and a pound of dried figs to the heap before the customer can think up a reasonable excuse for refusing them.

However, it was about grocers' shops rather than the men themselves that I proposed to speak. One gets led away, I suppose; and, really, grocers are a most fascinating subject. Think of the courage, I mean to say, of a man who can operate one of those terrible bacon-slicing machines and never turn a hair!

The root of my malaise in grocers' shops (because I do want to get this in before I have to stop) is simply that once I am inside I never can remember what I came in for. If I could walk straight up to the counter and say, "Half of tapioca," or whatever it is they have asked me to call in for, I daresay there wouldn't be any trouble. But there always seem to be two or three people waiting to be served when I come in, and listening to the immense lists they read out sends me into a

kind of daze. I lean patiently against the counter trying my best to concentrate, and have just got to the point of wondering what the large woman in the green hat wants so many nutmegs for when a voice says, "And for you, Sir?" and I realise my turn has arrived. Finding myself, at this crisis, entirely unable to remember wanting anything at all, far less what that something actually is, I simply say the first thing that comes into my head-generally preserved ginger. Having got it, I retire to the end of the queue and start over again. I have bought as many as four jars of preserved ginger before giving it up and going home.

Unpleasant people of the type who can always produce a cut-and-dried solution of any difficulty tell me I've only got to write down the name of the thing I want to remember on a piece of paper and there I shall be. But, of course, there are two obvious drawbacks to this plan. In the first place, it might not work, because it's no use writing down what you want to remember on a piece of paper unless you're the kind of person who remembers which pocket you put the piece of paper that you wrote the thing to be remembered on in; and secondly, even if you did remember which pocket you put the piece of paper with the thing to be remembered written on it in, what proof is there that you'd be able to read the name of the thing that you'd written on the piece of paper to remember it by?

Besides, supposing I could read the name of the thing I'd written on the piece of paper to help me to remember the name of the thing I wanted to remember to buy, what excuse should I have for buying all that preserved ginger?

Grocers ought to think of these things. H. F. E.



"Mayfield Council."
'Unsatisfactory Collection of Refuse.'
"Local Paper.

It seems rather a wholesale condemnation.

Geneva?

<sup>&</sup>quot;A Continental Combustion Chamber."

Motor Paper.



"Now, Billy, what did I tell you last time about birds?"
"Surely you ain't forgotten already, Teacher?"

### The Guest-Room.

OH! the Guest-room, the Guest-room,
It's always the best room—
The new room—the blue room,
The room with the chest-room . . .
It's a warm room, the new room,
The blue room, the Guest-room,
It surpasses the Lounge and it shows up the Rest-room
Disgraces the mode of the Reading- (or Smoke-) room,
Divests all enchantment from Closet and Cloakroom,
Diverts the attention from Office or Oak-room . . .
It shames the Divan-room, the room Oriental;
It's cushions are soft, it is more ornamental;
It's aspect is new, it's décor Continental

(If your guests number two, it might prove detrimental). But there's room in the Guest-room,
The blue room, the best room;
There's floor-room, there's drawer-room,
There's door-room—there's more room in this room,
Much more than the Store-room!
An idyll! A bliss room!
You'll find it a dry room . . .
What? . . . No /—this is my room!
You thought . . ! Oh, my darling! No!
No! I'm EMPHATIC!
The Guest-room?—the best room?

It's up in the attic



"Now don't get heated, witness. I will protect you if counsel goes too far."

"You'd best protect 'im, me Lord, when I gets 'im outside."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### A Poet's Intimations.

IT is not for nothing that Mr. S. R. LYSAGHT has borrowed a title from George Meredith. For in A Reading of Life (MACMILLAN, 6/-) there are not only several tributes of admiration to that for the moment neglected writer but a permeating accord with his cordial philosophy. Mr. LYSAGHT, who has been writing prose and verse with a quiet but authentic distinction for fifty years past, is concerned with such unfashionable matters as the true, the good and the beautiful. That there is an ultimate truth he is convinced, though he is doubtful that mortal vision, inevitably limited to the scope of an "island world," will ever penetrate the veil which hides it. He believes too in an absolute good-the quality, that is to say, which is beneficial to life, as evil is that which is harmful to it; and beauty, he holds, is the expression, comprehensible by the senses, of that good. This puts his "reading of poetry" on a very different plane from most contemporary criticism; and perhaps it is legitimate to complain that he confines poetic virtue too closely to Shakespeare. MILTON and the nineteenth-century romantics. But at least we may thank him for lifting us above the dust of "peevish" controversy and sterile cynicism. For the rest, touching and adorning all the larger issues, his book is full of memorable sentences. If it is to be regarded as its author's testament, it is, both in spirit and in phrase, a testament of beauty.

#### A Citizen of the World.

Professor R. B. Mowat's Life of Gibbon (Barker, 10/-) makes no attempt to handle the historian with his own brand of depreciation. Not infrequently I caught myself regretting a chance missed; for, to his latest biographer, GIBBON is "an admirable man" and his eighteenth century an age of reason whose recapture is urgently desirable. Given these tastes and a decision to reconstruct a personality and its setting rather than to appreciate or criticise an historian, Professor Mowat has written an eminently readable book, full of vivid contemporary detail cleverly interwoven with enthusiastic comment, and ampler, if less impartial, than the useful little Young volume of four years ago. It was odd to discover the English periodstigmatised by Young as the least happy of Gibbon's life-described as more enjoyable than Lausanne; for Lausanne gave GIBBON a charming if ill-requited sweetheart, a congenial friend and a mode of life which satisfied alike his conceit and his cosmopolitanism. His biographer, however, is soundly appreciative of the cosmopolitanism; and a scholarly sociability which fortified its possessor's Swiss friendships and maintained his French ones through an era of Anglo-French tension is a quality well worth salvaging.

### Brighthelmston into Brighton.

The prevailing influence of the film on the novel—a weakness for quick-change effects pictorially impressive but inadequately motived—is exhibited, I feel, in *Regency* 

(HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6). Here a vulgar rake's pretty daughter, originally christened in honour of "Prinny," is entered betimes for the Pavilion Stakes; and though the Prince Regent is neither her first nor her last lover, a lock of her hair is found among the docketed collection over which, in one of the book's most telling scenes, the royal debauchee rummages and ruminates. An illegitimate daughter, devoutly brought up by a converted father, betakes herself to a High-Anglican convent, but emerges to marry a fellow-ritualist, her career making perhaps rather tactlessly free with memories and ideals still held in reverence. The third, fourth and fifth generations proceed viâ a patched-up elopement to ferro-concrete beautyparlours and cocaine, the pattern relying for continuance on its background and the alternative streaks of piety and passion in Regency's descendants. The background is precise and cleverly indicated - Brighthelmston into Brighton has been well-documented of late; but Mr. D. L. MURRAY'S animated cast leads a rather twodimensional existence.

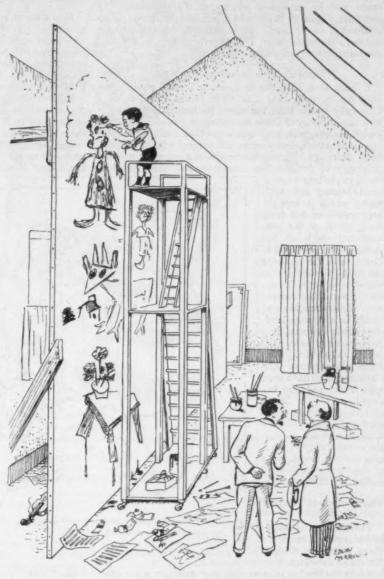
### This Business of Governing.

"There is always a sensible way of dealing with public matters if statesmen and peoples will be sensible enough to look for it." So says Professor Sir ALFRED ZIMMERN, most refreshingly, in The League of Nations and the Rule of Law, 1918-1935 (MACMILLAN, 12/6), a volume of cool analysis and critical appraisement. The business of the League is to help its member States to find their own practical solutions in an atmosphere actively kept free from the threat of war, through the exercise of an authority more akin to that of a constitutional monarchy than of a "Parliament of Man." In reaching this conclusion, after an elaborate study of the many and diverse elements that went to the shaping of the Covenant and after tracing much frenzied Genevan history, the author is not simply doing

his best to save something from a wreck, but rather anticipating a natural and even desirable development. At the least we are getting the world by degrees to think in terms of a single world community; and even though the principal impression that this volume conveys may be one of the appalling difficulties involved in that condition now irrevocably imposed on humanity, yet it is by no means the work of a pessimist. Incidentally it is a miracle of patient research.

### Poor Mother!

Life with Father (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), by the late Clarence Day, is the most attractive specimen of literary delikatessen which has come my way for a long time. It is a collection of small helpings which have been consumed by various American magazines, and the flavour, once you



"I THINK HE HAS FOUND HIS METIER NOW."

have decided that you like it, is unforgettable. Father was an eccentric but wealthy broker in New York about the beginning of the century, and these descriptions of his family life are written in the first person by his son, a master of telling simplicity and the unexpected phrase. Father's personality was preposterous but completely vivid; he was a large and lovable baby, endowed with no consideration for others, an infinite capacity for loud selfpity, a conviction that, unlike other men, he was not designed to withstand either pain or privation, and a sound knowledge of the art of good living. I will confess that the graph of my enjoyment started at a flattering angle, paused, and gradually ran down-hill for exactly half the book, as I registered a growing feeling that the joke of Father's odd behaviour was wearing thin; but then, with the section in which the little boy discovered that the Bible was not an

Anglo-Saxon monopoly and that "Behold now behemoth" could also be expressed by "Voici l'hippopotame!" I suddenly began to laugh and continued to do so, unrestrainedly, to the end. It is with all the warmth of a convert, therefore, that I beg my readers to try this exceedingly rare and amusing book.

### Portrait of a Missionary's Wife.

I fancy that Mrs. Pearl S. Buck herself would agree with me in describing The Exile (Methuen, 7/6) as a biography rather than the novel its format suggests. It tells the life-story of Carie, an American girl of French and Dutch descent, who, longing to know God, seeking to win a sign from heaven, dedicated herself to service in the mission-field. Marriage with another would-be missionary was her only way of fulfilling her intention, and that marriage

itself, in the long years of child - bearing and childlosing which it brought her, prevented her from doing much of the conventional work of her calling. But she lived in China, and the contacts she made, the tender care she showed for suffering. the homes she created where Americans, lost and lonely in a strange land, were made welcome, may perhaps have been even more valuable. Mrs. Buck's connection with Carie seems to have been very close, and she has drawn a lovely living picture of her and her setting; but the book fails a little because neither the novelist's gift of selection nor the biographer's of imparting historical reality has had full play.

# The Complete Theatre Fan.

There is little of design in Sir George Arthur's From Phelps to Gielgud (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 15/-),

but it is the kind of easy writing that does not make hard reading-for anyone of the many whose love for the threedimensional theatre makes them always avid of scraps of history and gossip and critical appreciations. Sir George, in a long life, has evidently not missed much of importance on the English stage, and, though a "fan" by temperament, makes his shrewd comments by the way as the great figures pass before us and the dead controversies are recalled. It is well to be reminded of SARAH BERNHARDT'S estimate of Irving—" not perhaps a great actor but the greatest artist in the world" (Sir George thinks Corporal Brewster the peak of his achievement); SARAH's "Altesse royale, je mourrai en scène: C'est mon champ de bataille "-a prophecy so nearly fulfilled to the letter; HAWTREY'S telephoning to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to complain about his income-tax exactions; TREE's jest about PINERO nervously awaiting his accolade-"He wants to know if he can have gas"; and the ROTHSCHILDS' graceful and generous handling of NELLIE FARREN'S annuity fund.

### Varied Expectations.

Bart Gleason left England as a wrong 'un but returned as a right 'un. This change was wrought by his relations, who believed that he was very rich. One sister had a son to educate and fancied Eton, another had ambitions about the expansion of her husband's business, a nephew needed money so that he could marry; and so Bart and his terrible wife were put up and put up with. I must not tell about the queer twist that Miss Audrey Lucas gives to her plot: it is worthy of O. Henry, though it comes in the middle of the book. I am afraid I must say that there are certain obstetric details which may make some people wince, though the book is moral and even has at least one moral. Friendly Relations (Collins, 7/6) proves again that Miss Lucas can tell a story well and easily.

that she can write of all manner and ages of people with warmth and humour (in fact, she is as good a mixer as I have ever met in print), and that she can produce a first-

rate plot.

### On the Trail.

I can advise anyone who is beguiled by stories of detection and adventure to Ask for Ronald Standish (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). "SAP-PER" may at times work a formula too drastically. but the fact remains that all of these twelve tales are readable, and to my mind two or three of them show a subtlety that is not invariably to be found in the work of Bull-Dog Drummond's creator. "Partial Salvage," for example, is an excellentlyconceived story, and both 'The Fourth Bottle' and "The Tenth Earl" give Standish ample opportunity to use his wits. In "The Missing

Borg.

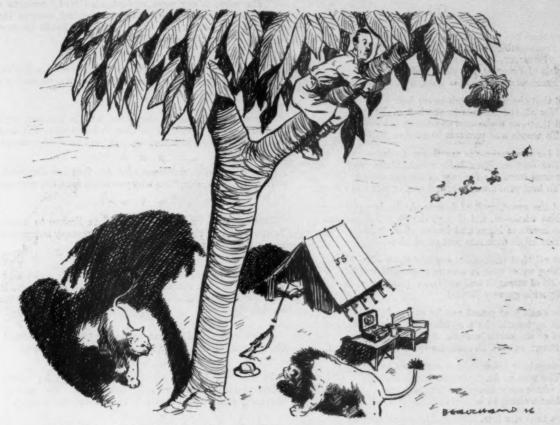
Foreman "'Ere, wot's the game?"

Aggrieved One. "If I've got to work like a blinkin' nigger
I'm goin' to look like one!"

Valve" and "The Music Room" mechanical contrivances play too important parts for my taste, but taken as a whole this collection can justly be called a good sound "SAPPER'S" dozen.

#### Vigil.

Detective-Sergeant P. D. Quint was summoned to the Haughton's house at the uncomfortable hour of 2.50 a.m., and for nearly two days and nights he bombarded the family and their staff with questions. No fewer than three people were killed in a very short time, and if Quint had not remained wide-awake he might also have been murdered by an exceedingly ruthless and ingenious criminal. American in tone and outlook, It Couldn't Be Murder (Heinemann, 7/6) is a neatly-woven yarn, and Mr. Hugh Austin gives his readers a fair chance to solve more than one intricate problem. This is, we are told, P. D. Q.'s first appearance as a detective in fiction, but I do not imagine that it will be his last.



The Wireless. "One more S.O.S.: 'Will Mr. John Smith, last heard of at Southampton, go at once to THE RESIDENCE OF HIS AUNT, LADY EMMA MILLIONS, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL?

## XXX.—THE FAR-OFF HILLS.

I WEARY from time to time Of being a poet, And long for sterner, More picturesque, Less usual duties.

In such moments I should like to be A livestock-transporter, A maker of acetylene-welding and metal-cutting equipment, A wharfinger Or a sundriesman.

### XXXI.—STERN REALISTS.

"Tout comprendre C'est tout pardonner . . ."

One often finds people Who obviously think this an argument Against "tout comprendre."

XXXII.—SIMILE: UNWIELDY.

Unwieldy As an amateur 'cellist's Double-stopped cadenza.

### Translations from the Ish.

XXXIII.—PROUD DEMONSTRATION.

This well-to-do young authoress Writes perseveringly of squalor.

The youthful rich, writing fiction, Like to show that they can plumb with ease

The intimate feelings Of the elderly poor.

### XXXIV.—LUCK OR CUNNING?

In life, as in cinemas, There are fortunate souls Who sneak into their seats just as the limelit organ,

Applauded, sinks, in a jelly of chords, And contrive to sneak out again just as,

Limelit, applauded, It inexorably rises.

Sad that the times of the items in life Are not displayed outside.

#### XXXV.-A LITTLE LEARNING.

The Ish traveller Who knew a little English Felt a glow of pride when, Confronted with the word "undignified,

He discovered its meaning By looking in his dictionary for "dignified";

But he had a hell of a time with "underwent,"

Another compound word For which, also, he naturally looked

Among the D's. XXXVI.—TURNED MUCH COLDER AGAIN.

The Englishman Cannot be surprised by his weather. Whatever it does, It is doing (As he will remark)

Again.

XXXVII.—SELFISH HOPE.

I trust they will soon film Hamlet, If only to give me the joy Of overhearing some lavishly soignée Cockney maiden

Telling a friend The plot.

R.M.

### Oil.

"OIL that has never gained the meed of song From Albion's bards, from Keats or even Shelley,

Spirit of Progress, beautiful and strong, Precious as much fine gold, and far more smelly,

"Oil that the flying angels never had
Nor all the demons in the hell of Milton—
Oil that can make our wandering suburbs gad
To woods and pastures heretofore unbuilt on,

"Oil (as you gather) is my theme to-day—
Not that emollient balm which, like a river,
Streams from the fruitage of the olive-spray
To heal men's wounds; not castor, not cod's liver;

"Not the sweet spoil of flowers the barber gleans, Not whale-oil, not (I say) the oil which hallows The heads of kings and bodies of sardines, Not oil of coconuts, not oil of aloes,

"But oil that makes the engines chug—Oh, Muse, Sing we of that in solemn tones and weighty, Spirit of strength and swiftness, product whose Specific gravity is '680.

"The quality of petrol can be strained;
It springeth like a sudden lark to heaven
Out of the earth beneath, and it has gained
Power to pull charabanes from here to Devon.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose in Anglo-Persia or the Balkans
As where some hidden oil unmarketed
Lies waiting to be put in large or small cans.

"This that can hurl through the astonished air
The race of man which, when it had no culture,
Stayed upon terra firma like the bear
But now can laugh to scorn the hovering vulture—

"This is the stuff we sing of, this the prize;
I seldom see a tanker on the ocean
But tear-drops start and tremble in my eyes,
Nor muse on petrol-pumps without emotion.

"Life-blood of twenty million little cars
Wedged in a jam, divider of opinions,
Milk of the she-wolf, beverage of Mars
When Musso moves against the Abyssinians,

"Love, peace, war, what not put into a tin, Saver, destroyer, Rama, Vishnu, Siva, Cleanser of dirty garments, bright as gin And far too lucrative to fear Geneva."

This (and much more) concerning oil sang I
At Hyde Park Corner, having vainly sprinted
After a bus. The people standing by
Told me to write it down, and get it printed.

EVOE.

### Charivaria.

A FAMOUS millionaire mentions that money does not make for happiness. Still, it does enable a man to be miserable in comfort.

A beauty-specialist suggests slimming exercises before breakfast. Early writhing, as the non-Aryans say.

"The robin is our most sophisticated bird," remarks a naturalist. But we print with the greatest reserve the story of a robin in Maida Vale that has built its nest entirely of discarded cocktail sticks.

\* \* \*

Higher rank for Army pipers is advocated. In English regiments of course every bandsman carries a conductor's baton in his knapsack.

Lajos Pap, a Magyar carpenter, who is credited with psychic powers, is said to be able to bring wine and beer from outside into a locked room. He will be widely envied.

\* \* \*

A woman writer mentions that fox furs are absolutely waterproof. This explains why you never see a fox carrying an umbrella.

The Colorado beetle has advanced in France to within fourteen miles of the German frontier. Germany is expected to demand its immediate withdrawal.

\* \* \*

In order to get more practice, a woman swimming-champion has left the bank where she was employed. It is of course very difficult to practise swimming without leaving the bank.

Nero, we are reminded, was a martyr to cold-in-the-head. On the other hand, there were many bartyrs to Dero.

\* \* \*

In a recent book a writer explained that he waited thirty years for the woman of his choice. Men who go shopping with their wives will understand the feeling.

\* \* \*

"The Cambridge crew," says a sporting critic, "have again a strong backing for this year's Boat-race." True to tradition, Oxford will most probably be solidly behind them.

Natives of a certain part of South America gnaw a crude kind of rubber to allay the pangs of hunger. In this country cooks call it Welsh rarebit.

\* \* \*

"A man could easily throw a stone a distance of two miles on the moon," said a professor in a lecture recently. What a Paradise for estate-agents!

\* \* \*

"The man whose sight is blurred," says a physician, "needs glasses." Or fewer glasses.

\* \* \*

In America a negro all-in wrestler was hurled from the ring and landed on top of a Press representative. Describing the incident later, the journalist said that suddenly everything seemed to go black.

\* \* \*

"Is the giraffe troubled with indigestion after eating anything that disagrees?" inquires a reader. Yes, but not until the following week.

\* \* \*

Now that a teed ball can be accurately hit with a club swung by a regulated driving-machine, the elimination of the human factor from golf is thought to be merely a question of time.



# THE SUPER-PATRIOT.

LORD ROTHERMERE (to the British Lion). "GO AWAY AND HIDE! YOU MUST SEE THAT YOU ARE ONLY ANNOYING THIS KIND GENTLEMAN."



"Would the secretary mind coming forward just a shade more, please?"

# Mr. Porter's Day Off.

"Do you mean that you've never asked for a day off before?" said Miss Elkington. Never, all the time

you've been here?

"Never," said Mr. Porter. "I know it sounds funny. I'm not counting that time when I said I might be an hour or two late on the Monday because the trains were so rotten, and then I didn't find out till Monday just how rotten they were. That was different. No, I've never actually asked for one."

"How are you going to put it to him?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Concisely and to the point," said Mr. Porter. "I shall say, 'Mr. Harbottle. A friend of mine who's going to stay at the same place as me for the week-end and has a car, and the place is right down in Devonshire and he's going down on Friday-to-morrow morning, that is-and he's asked me to go with him, which is obviously much better than those rotten trains, so can I have the day off?' I should think that would do.

"It would not," said Miss Elkington.
"It's hopeless asking Mr. Harbottle anything directly. You have to be tremendously subtle, haven't you, Miss Lunn?

"Oo, tremendously," said Miss Lunn. "Of course, Mr. Porter, if you're a woman it's different. You know how to manage them by instinct.

"The last time I wanted a perm, said Miss Elkington, "I was awfully afraid that he wouldn't let me go. had an absolute premonition that he'd say why couldn't I have it done on a Saturday, because he'd said that the time before. So what do you think I

"I can't think," said Mr. Porter.

"I damped my hair and I combed it nearly straight. Absolutely as straight as it would go. It looked perfectly terrible, but I was determined. I went into Mr. Harbottle's room and I said, 'Mr. Harbottle, will it be all right if I have an hour or two off for having my hair waved to-morrow?' And he said, 'All right, Miss Elkington.' Just like that, without even looking up.

"But I don't want an hour or two.

said Mr. Porter. "I want a whole day."
"That's only the way you begin,"
said Miss Elkington. "It's all part of the being subtle. Then later in the day you tell him that you ought to have told him that it might take longer, but you'll be back as soon as you can.

Then it doesn't matter how long you

stay out."
"That's not how I do it," said Miss Lunn. "I think it's much better to ask him straight out, but to take some flowers with you. I've only asked for the day off once. It was for my married sister's baby being christened at Letchworth, and I brought him a lovely bunch of daffoldils, and then when I was in the middle of asking him I remembered that I'd left them in the train. And he said I couldn't go, so it just shows.

"What does it just show?" said Mr. Chudleigh, who had been asleep earlier in the afternoon and was still only

half awake.

Why, that it would have been all right if I'd taken the flowers.

That Miss whatever her name was who was here before you," said Mr. Chudleigh, "she went off to a christening once. We had some of the cake."

What!" said Miss Lunn. "Do you mean that Mr. Harbottle let her go to a christening and not me?

"It was twins," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Oh!" said Miss Lunn. "That's different."

"Do you remember when I had to get these glasses?" said Padgett. Well, I went into Mr. Harbottle's room and blinked very hard. 'What are you blinking at?' he said. 'It's my eyes,' I said. 'I've got to see an oculist about glasses. Can I go and see him this morning?' and I blinked some more. And he said 'Yes.' It was

"I remember," said Mr. Chudleigh. "What's more, you didn't come back

the entire day.

"That's right," said Padgett. "The oculist said I oughtn't to do much reading until I had the glasses. So I rang you up. Then I went to a flick. and I got in just before one o'clock. It was lucky.

"Well," said Mr. Porter. "You're all being very helpful. I go in with my hair damped down straight and blinking very hard. 'Mr. Harbottle,' I

"Do you remember that time I wanted to do some Christmas shopping?" said Miss Elkington to Miss Lunn. "I never thought he'd let me. I know it was because I took him in some of those chocolate biscuits with brown squashy insides for his tea."

"Blinking very hard," Mr. Porter went on, "with my hair damped down straight and a bunch of daffodils in one hand and a paper bag in the other. 'Mr. Harbottle,' I say, 'I have a married sister with twins about to be christened, and I have brought you these daffodils and this bag. Open it carefully, because they're the kind with brown squashy insides. Now can I have an hour off to go to the pictures so that I can do some early Christmas shopping?' That's only leading up to it, of course. Then, when he says Yes,' I shall-

"Well, you see what I mean," said Miss Elkington. "Only of course you won't say it quite like that, will you?"

"Not quite," said Mr. Porter. "I think I'd better make some rough notes, if people will stop talking for five minutes.

"Well?" said Miss Elkington some time later. She had been up in Mr. Harbottle's room. "How are you getting on? You seem to have written

pages."
"I got quite carried away," said Mr.
Porter. "I start off with a few general remarks on either motoring or the weather, or perhaps Devonshire; I'm not sure. If I start with motoring I say, 'Mr. Harbottle, you do a lot of motoring, don't you?' 'Yes,' he says. 'Oh,' I say, 'I thought you did.' Then he says

"I'd better warn you," said Miss Elkington. "He's not in an awfully good temper. That very deaf man's been to see him again, and you know what he's like after that.'

"SAME HOSTILE LOT AS LAST YEAR."

"Oh," said Mr. Porter. "Well, perhaps I'd better not ask him just yet.'

But he's going in five minutes. "Oh," said Mr. Porter again, picking up his notes. "Well, perhaps I'd better not say all this.

"Perhaps not," said Miss Elkington.
"But don't forget to be subtle."

"I'll be subtle all right," said Mr. Porter as he went upstairs.

He came down again about ten seconds later. "Well," he said cheerfully, "that's that. It's perfectly easy if you know how.

What happened?" we asked.

"It was rather extraordinary. I got in, and I opened my mouth to say, 'Can I have to-morrow off?' And then I sneezed. A terrific and quite accidental sneeze. And old Harbottle jumped a mile and told me not to show my face in here until Monday, because he wasn't going to have colds like that in his office."

Of course we didn't believe for a

moment that Mr. Porter's sneeze had been accidental. Until Monday, when we asked him how he had enjoyed his week-end. He gave a hoarse croak.

"Frightful," he said. "I was in bed the whole time. I had a ghastly cold coming on when we started out. If you ever have a ghastly cold coming and you want to bring it on quickly you should try motoring two hundred miles in a draughty car.

#### Great Expectations.

"La -- Française prépare une édition des œvres complétes de Kipling. Premiers volumes à paraitre: 'David Copperfield,'
'Pickwick,' Bombey et fils.'"

Advt. of French Publishing Firm.

#### Is This a Record?

"Bradford . . . 0 Tottenham H. 24,053." Daily Paper Football Result.

#### For Hard-Boiled Dames.

"Lady Cook Housekeeper for small school; prepared for some rough work in emerg-encies."-"Wanted" Advt.

### The Chadwicks.

THERE was a wooden seat at the top of the hill, and on it a small brass tablet which read:

Presented for the Use of the Public

bu

JAMES EDWARD CHADWICK, ESQ., Jan. 12th, 1929.

"And who," said Ann as we sat down, "do you suppose James Edward Chadwick, Esquire, might be?

I leant back with my hands in my pockets and gazed into the middle distance.

"Thomas Emanuel Bristowe," I said thoughtfully, "was one of those typically-

It says 'James Chadwick' here."

"Thomas Bristowe," I repeated firmly, "was one of those typically successful Calvinist merchants who managed to combine the maximum of God-fearing righteousness with an extraordinarily shrewd and relentless sense of business. Brought up as he was in an atmosphere of the most intense commercial activity, and by parents to whom worldly success represented perhaps the most certain passport to heavenly bliss, he very early-

"All this is extremely interesting and well-phrased," interrupted Ann, stretching out a shapely foot and eyeing it with obvious approval, "but what exactly has it got to

do with our James?

"Thomas Emanuel Bristowe," I said patiently, "married a certain Mary Wantage, the daughter of a poor but honest Godalming tallow-chandler, and in the fulness of time there was born to them a little girl, Emily.'

"What does 'in the fulness of time' mean?" asked Ann

sweetly.

"It means about a year, usually," I said shortly; "and please don't interrupt. Now this Emily, living-

"As she did."

"-living, as I say, a carefree life in the open air, grew up into a handsome young woman with full red lips and glorious flashing eyes, and soon attracted the attention of young Richard Chadwick, the son of the neighbouring squire.

"Richard Chadwick?"

"Certainly. Richard Chadwick."

"Well, at least he had the right surname," said Ann with a sigh. "But why do we have to bother about him? I

want to hear about James.'

"Surely," I said, "you realise that one cannot really know anything about a man unless one understands something about his antecedents. He is what they have made him. You can't have read much of the literature of to-day if you haven't grasped that fact."
"Oh, all right. So Richard Chadwick was James's

father, then?

"He was the father of James-yes; but not of course the James to whose generosity we are at the moment so much indebted. James Albert Chadwick, son of Richard Chadwick and of that Emily Bristowe, who, as I was telling you just now, was the daughter of the wealthy Thomas Bristowe and honest Mary Wantage, inherited ample fortunes both through his own parents and those of his wife; for she, having neither brother nor sister, brought him upon her father's death a legacy greatly in excess

"Stop!" she cried—"stop, or I shall go mad! What date was all this going on?"

I did a little rapid calculation.

"Richard Chadwick," I said, "was born in 1791, when What are our policemen coming to?

his father, William Chadwick, from whom he inherited much of that quick insight into character and gift for spontaneous friendship which distinguished nearly all his descendants. was 32, and his mother, Elizabeth, a grand-daughter of the heroic Captain Tanner, who fought so gallantly in the War of the Spanish Succession, was but three-and-twenty. Both by birth and training-

"Let me know when you get back to the Crusades," said

Ann, closing her eyes.

"I'm surprised at you," I said. "I thought you would be interested in tracing the development of a man's character. I thought it would thrill you to watch the gradual concentration of different family characteristics into a single harmonious whole, to see how the courage of the Tanners, the business ability and deep religious feeling of the Bristowes, the honest simplicity of the Wantages and the fire and intuition of the Chadwicks found their fullest and most splendid expression in the character of James Edward Chadwick, the donor of this seat."

"But we haven't got to James Edward Chadwick," she said plaintively. "We keep getting further and further

"Listen," I said. "It's all quite simple really. J. A. Chadwick married, in 1843, a Miss Claribel Attwill, the youngest daughter-"No," said Ann.

"All right, then," I said regretfully. "I'll write the rest of it down for you"-

James Albert Chadwick = Claribel Attwill

Richard Solomon Peter Horatio Philip = Enid Foster Paul Stephen

JAMES EDWARD CHADWICK b. Aug. 15, 1876. e.s. Jan. 12, 1929.

Ann studied it for a long time in silence.

"Thank you," she said at last; "but you might have

spared me Solomon and Peter and all that lot.

"You forget," I said, "the relationship in which they stood to James Edward. From the very earliest days his uncles exerted a quite definite influence upon the development of the growing boy. His Uncle Richard, for ex-

"No," said Ann again. "What does 'e.s' stand for?

'Evasit spiritus' or something?

"Look at the date," I told her. "It means 'Erected

"Oh," she said, "but you can't put that in. Why, that's true!"

I looked at her coldly.

"You surely don't mean to imply that I have invented all this?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I'm just naturally sceptical. I suppose I get it from my grandmother. She was a Miss Fearnley, you know, before her marriage, and a great-grand-daughter-on her mother's side, of course-of that same Cardinal Plesney whose Uncle Hildebrand-

I got up and looked at my watch.

"I think we ought to be getting back to the car now," H. F. E.

"I am therefore, and probably you are, torn between two stools."— $Indian\ Paper$ . He shouldn't try to do tricks in the drawing-room.

"Dozens of pretty theatre-goers in the West End of London last night saw their dresses splashed with mud, flung up by 50 m.p.h. gusts of wind. Their escorts were in little better case, and urchins spent a profitable evening retrieving silk hats for coppers.

Sunday Gossip.

# A Question of Luck.

Lying in this little white bed gazing at the screens, I have been wondering about Luck.

'Lucky I was driving slowly yesterday," said Alfred, "or I'd have been killed."

Gripping the seat beside him, I wondered at the time if it had been altogether luck. I wonder still.

"Curse it!" said Alfred as we skidded to the left and steadied up against a lorry. "Those fools at the garage must have adjusted the brakes without telling me. Lucky I was going carefully or we'd have smashed something.'

I agreed that time. It had been luck and luck only. As we slipped, literally, past two motor-cycles and a bus, Alfred explained: "She used to pull over to the right when one braked, so of course I'm used to holding her to the left.

"They're always doing things like that," he went on, aggrieved. "You see this flipper thing? Well, that used to stick, so I rigged up a bit of string that pulled it up, and it worked splendidly; and then one day I put out my hand to pull it and it wasn't there, so of course I thought it had fallen off, and turned down the window and shoved my arm out-only by that time I'd pretty well turned the corner, you know. Lucky no one was coming. And then I found those idiots of garage-men had gone and adjusted the flipper so that it worked, and of course I never knew."

'You know," he continued, when the voice of a lorry-driver we just had not hit died away behind, "it's amazing the luck I've had with this car. You see, she's quite old really, and before I had the steering-column renewed I daren't take her over forty. I mean, it wouldn't have been safe, because sometimes, when she came unscrewed, you could twist and twist and nothing happened, but now"-we did an S across the road and he beamed down on me-"she answers at once."

I agreed with that too. So did the car just behind.

"He couldn't pass on this road, anyway, so I don't know why he's hoot-'said Alfred, looking back over his shoulder. "I mean, with blind corners like this no one ought to go over fifty. There!" He brought the car to a standstill behind three cows who were wandering moodily across the road. "See what I mean? Lucky we weren't doing more or I couldn't have stopped. That's what I said the other day. I was on the Great West Road, and a couple of men in a car kept trying to pass me, so I let her go a bit-but not much, of course-and then a boy dashed out of



"Somehow the holes here never seem to be where you want 'em."

a turning and I simply put on every brake I had and the car behind ran into me. And then I saw they were speed-cops. I was pretty wild, I can tell you. I said, You jolly well oughtn't to follow so closely if your brakes aren't good enough,' but they were simply mad about it.'

My eyes caught the speedometer. The needle flickered around sixty.

'It doesn't work," Alfred assured me. "I never do more than thirty on a road like this, because I think one ought always to be able to stop-

And at that moment, rounding a corner on to a hay-cart, we stopped.

Lucky I wasn't going faster," said Alfred gently, as he laid a bunch of violets on my little white bed, "or you might have been killed."

But I'm not so sure. I have a feeling that with any real luck it would have been Alfred.

# La Donna è Mobile.

I LATELY sent my love a rose, That it might softly speak My praises of the hue that glows Upon her velvet cheek.

I sent my love a lily too, That it might whisper how I think no flower that ever blew

So white as is her brow. But, ah! my pretty plan misfired;

My love, since last we met, Of lilies and of roses tired, Was changed to a brunette! W. K. H.

# The White Gloves.

For some years it has been the regretful opinion of the people of Rathberry that "D. J. O'Shea has some great animosity agen bistycles."

These initials do not stand for Mr. O'Shea's Christian name but for his rank of District Justice. In this capacity he visits Rathberry on the last Monday of the month, and, having listened to a good deal of conflicting evidence, he metes out punishments for the minor offences reported so uncompromisingly by an accusing Civic Guard, and denied or explained at so great length by the accused.

"There were the two of them arguin' away," an onlooker said once of the

bewildered D.J. and a particularly talkative and elusive witness, "an' they didn't understand one another no more nor if they was two Frenchmen."

This Petty Court is held in the small and comparatively new building known in the proud village as "the chronic Town Hall." There the cases vary slightly with the changing season of the year. In winter, however, the Guards seem to concentrate upon cyclists, with the result that by the end of January Mr. O'Shea feels that he has heard as much about them as he can bear. To quote one smarting victim of his irritable cross-questioning on the

sabject of a missing lamp, "He put crabbed conversation towards me about nothin' at all only that I rode down the holla at the dickens of a canther right enough, an' the Sergeant seen me an' med a parable out of it on account of me havin' no illumination at the time." Then, just as the Rathberry cyclists had realised at last that their machines must be equipped with lamps, the law decreed that as well as this the rear mudguard must display a red reflector.

The result of this was such a deluge of summonses that the District Justice called on high heaven to witness that the next cyclist who failed to provide himself with the small danger-signal would have his machine taken from him for a week. At the same time he mentioned, very sarcastically, the custom of the white gloves. "In a Criminal

Court," he said coldly, "they give the Judge a pair of white gloves whenever there is no serious case at the Assizes." He leaned across the desk. "If no case about a red reflector comes up here at the February court," he said, "you can give me a pair of white gloves yourselves, and so the name of Rathberry's District Court will go down to posterity as the only one in Ireland where such a thing ever took place."

To a self-important community this idea appealed immediately, and such a rush was made upon the only hardware shop in the village that its stock of red reflectors was very soon exhausted.

"Nothin' will do these times only them little ould red reflections," the harassed proprietor said helplessly; "an' me sthrivin' to sell the punctured outfits

And the first amount of the formula of the control of the control

"MISS TURTLE JUST PHONED TO SAY SHE CAN'T POSE FOR THE 'ANTI-KOLD' ADVERT. TO-DAY."

"WHY NOT?"

"ER-SHE'S GOT FLU."

instead, but they wouldn't touch them wid a tongs. 'There's only the wan solution,' says Michael Mooney, 'an' that's a red reflection'; an' off wid them to Thracy's of Ballykealy on the minute."

As the last Monday of February drew nearer the utmost care was taken to give the guardians of the law no loophole through which to attack a cyclist. Machines that usually waited at the kerb were now wheeled into a gateway until their owners claimed them again; while the dreams of nervous children became nightmares in which numberless red eyes peered from every entry or passed unblinking from one end of the street to the other.

No one in Rathberry knew who was responsible for the providing of the white gloves in an Assize town; but in the village the talkative Michael Mooney was the inevitable choice for that distinction. Being a superstitious soul, he delayed the purchase until the Saturday for fear of tempting Fate by taking it for granted that all was well. Then, having accepted the fact that there were no white gloves for sale in Rathberry, he set out for the larger emporiums of Ballykealy, only to find that they did not stock men's white gloves either.

It was then that Michael Mooney saw, at the highly dangerous junction of the four streets, Guard Horan, who, on recent market days, has stood there upon a specially provided rubber mat and has done his best to persuade drivers of oncoming cars to "hold on a minute" until something has passed at right-angles to their line of approach.

This controller of Ballykealy's traffic had removed the white gloves

provided with the mat and had pushed them under the shoulder-strap of his greatcoat. Michael Mooney walked across and stood just behind him for some time. Then he went back to Rathberry. "I got them all right," he told his friends.

On the last Monday of February the Court-room in the small but permanent Town Hall was packed with Rathberry people. Among the few comparative strangers there was Guard Horan of Ballykealy. The business of the Court was amazingly slight and was soon finished. "Do you mean to say,"Mr. O'Shea demanded, "that there is nothing whatever about red reflectors?"

and the Sergeant said "No."

Then Michael Mooney stepped forward and laid the white gloves on the desk, and the applause, so often repressed, broke out unchecked, while on the rather grim face of the Ballykealy Guard the light of complete understanding broke suddenly.

Overwhelmed as he was by this literal translation of an idle suggestion, the District Justice pulled himself together. "Is there anything else, Sergeant?" he wanted to know.

"There was notice of a case of petty larceny," the Sergeant said uncertainty, "but Guard Horan says now that very likely he lost them after all."

Every official restriction forgotten, the D.J. leaned forward eagerly. "Lost what?" he wanted to know.

The Sergeant cleared his throat. "His white traffic-gloves," he said. D. M. L.

# The Yarn of the Oxford Crew.

A Gilbertian Story.

'Twas on the winding towpath that From Oxford to Iffley ran

That I found alone on a piece of stone A miserable rowing-man.

His bags were seedy, his locks were long,

And seedy and long was he,

And he clutched his hair as in wild despair

He addressed himself to me:

"Oh! I am the stroke and the seven and five

And the six and the four and two And the bow and three; so it seems to me

I'm the whole of the Oxford crew."

"Young man," I said "it's little I know Of the ways of rowing-men,

But strike me pink if I really think You are telling me truly when

You claim to be stroke and seven and five

And the six and the four and two And the bow and three—well, it seems to me

You can't be the whole of the crew."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which

Is a way of Oxford men;

In a doleful wail he began this tale Which I now proceed to pen:—

"We started off with some sixteen

(Which doesn't include the cox), And we left the raft in a couple of craft For a journey between the locks.

When we first pushed off I was bow in 'A,'

But the coach he says, says he,
'A little change we will now arrange
'Tween the bows of "A" and "B."

So I moved to 'B'; but at Iffley Lock The coach says, 'This won't do. Go back to "A" for the rest of the day

And take your seat at two.'

Then, when we turned for the journey back,

Says coach, 'I clearly see We have placed you wrong, so

We have placed you wrong, so come along

And try your luck at three.'

Now this went on for days and days—
To cut a long story short—

Till I didn't know where I had to row, For I'd occupied every thwart.

They moved me about from side to side

Till I didn't know left from right;



SURPRISE.

Very Inexperienced Bride. "Hide eyes, darling, and guess what postie's brought."

I was losing weight, for my cruel fate Had kept me awake at night.

I was twelve-stone-three when we started out

For the journey between the locks, But I'm eight stone now, and so that is how

I've been given my blue as cox.

So I never eat and I never drink, And I'm wasting day by day;

But I go for a run, and then for fun I think of the past and say:

Oh! I am the stroke and the seven and five

And the six and the four and two And the bow and three; so it seems to

I'm the whole of the Oxford crew!""



The Mailed Fist.

"A youth of 20 has been arrested at New Brighton (Connecticut) on a charge of threatening to shoot President Roosevelt by letter."—Daily Paper.

"Editor Everybody's Column: If King George was the Fifth, why isn't King Edward the Sixth, instead of the Eighth?—A.S.S." Correspondent in U.S. Paper.

The initials are significant.

## The Olive Branch.

Miss Budge does not care about Mrs. Walsingham-Wild. If I've heard this once I've heard it a hundred times.

A hundred-and-one, counting last Tuesday.

"No," said Miss Budge, "I can't say I like her. I don't know what it is. I daresay she's a very nice woman, but there's something about her looks, and her manner, and the kind of clothes she wears, and that voice of hers, and the way she brings up her children, and her whole personality that just seems to me to be utterly revolting from start to finish. No, I can't say I like her.

One quite felt that she couldn't, after that. Nor could anybody have been expected to believe her if she had.

Rather like Dr. Fell," I suggested.

It was left to Charles to ask: "Who's Dr. FELL?" He seemed relieved when it was explained to him that Dr. FELL wasn't a newcomer in the neighbourhood. He said that one deadly feud in a small parish was enough.

"What deadly feud?" cried Miss Budge and I as one.
"Is there a deadly feud? How frightfully exciting! Tell

us all about it.

"You and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild," said Charles, looking at Miss Budge-whose face fell at once.

'Oh!" she said in a disappointed voice, "is that all?" "We thought," I explained, "that you meant some terrifically thrilling quarrel that we hadn't heard about."
"Besides," said Miss Budge, "ours isn't a feud. I mean,

me and that woman. We're absolutely good friends.'

"What?" said Charles-not civilly.

I told him that there'd never been any quarrel between Miss Budge and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild, and that I knew exactly what she meant.

Charles, it was evident, didn't.

He had further opportunities for enlightenment the following afternoon at tea at the Rectory

"Miss Budge is going to be there," I said as we drove up.

'And Mrs. Fell?"

"Mrs. F-Oh, Charles, that's rather witty of you!you mean Mrs. Walsingham-Wild."

"Do I? I thought you said her name was Fell, and that she and Miss Budge had had a row or something."

The errors contained in this speech were too numerous and of too fundamental a character for me to attempt the gigantic task of correcting them between the Rectory gate and the Rectory front-door step.

In the drawing-room was a circle of not unfamiliar faces. I distinctly saw Charles give a gimlet glance all roundevidently in search of some unknown Mrs. Fell; but when Mrs. Walsingham-Wild did arrive, late—("I think unpunctuality is worse than wicked!" hissed Miss Budge in

my ear)-Charles and the Admiral were deep in one of those rather unsatisfactory conversations about the League of Nations, and the Rector was saying how fortunate it was that we didn't all think alike on every topic.

"That woman!" said Miss Budge.

Immediately afterwards she began to tell me of her plans for a cruise to South Africa. One had perhaps heard them once or twice before, and doubtless it was for that reason that a kind of coma presently overtook one.

Emerging from it-just as Miss Budge triumphantly reached Capetown-I was startled to see that Charles was deep in earnest conversation with Mrs. Walsingham-Wild. From time to time he glanced towards Miss Budge. He looked grave-too grave-and Mrs. Walsingham-Wild, on the other hand, looked sparkling-too sparkling.

Could it be that Charles had adopted the rôle of a peace-

maker?

One had lived in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green too many years not to know what an extraordinarily sinister thought

There was nothing for it but to drink-(one's tea)-and forget. But I did-while discussing psycho-analysis with the Rector-see out of the corner of one eye that Charles had moved away from Mrs. Walsingham-Wild and that Miss Budge-by what agency?-had taken his place.

"That Mrs. Fell isn't such a bad sort, after all," Charles said as we drove homewards with Miss Budge, to whom we had offered a lift. "I was telling her about your plans for South Africa and she was quite interested."

"Yes," said Miss Budge, "she asked me to let her hear from me."

"Good!" said Charles heartily.

"She asked me to send her a line from any port at which we touched.'

"Splendid!"

"Ha ha ha!" said Miss Budge-just like that. E. M. D. little boy collects stamps."

### Translation.

When she began Mademoiselle Jeanne Couldn't speak English at all. She shouted: "Tant pis!" And "Ah, c'est la vie!" And "Hélas! Je ne peux pas Comprendre, mes petits,' As she stood with her trunks in the hall. She raced us And chased us. And then when she faced us She called us a lot of French names and embraced us. She'd never heard "Don't" And she couldn't say "Yes"; When she told us to do things We just had to guess. And that's why we said to her, "Mademoiselle Jeanne. Try to learn English As fast as you can.' Mademoiselle Jeanne, According to plan, Spoke nothing but English for days. She learnt to say "Please," And "Pass me ze cheese," And "Henri, my cabbage,

Your hand when you sneeze," And many another such phrase. She'd stick it At cricket On quite a fast wicket,

And often she'd take out a football and kick it; And soon it was clear She would falter and blench (By the end of the year) At a whisper of French. And that is the reason why Mademoiselle Jeanne Is totally diff'rent From when she began.

# Pigskin.

"Somebody rang up for you while you were out," said Edith-"a man named Pigskin. He said he wanted you to ring him as soon as you came in.

"Pigskin?"

"It sounded like Pigskin, but just in case there was any mistake I asked him his number. I hadn't got a pencil. but it was one of those numbers that just goes up and up. 1234. Or was it 2345? I know it went up and up, and if the name wasn't Pigskin it was something very like it, so you ought not to have much difficulty in thinking who it is. All you've got to do is to write down a list of all the people you know with names like Pigskin and look them up in the book one by one until you find a number that goes up

"That shouldn't take me more than a couple of hours," I said sarcastically. "You don't happen to have any fur-

ther clues, do you?

"I believe he said something about a man named George Blenkinsop. Or was it Wilkinson? I always mix up Blenkinsop and Wilkinson, because when we lived at Golder's Green there were two men in the tennis club named Wilkinson and Blenkinsop who were exactly alike, except that one was tall and dark and the other was short and fair. So far as I could tell, this Blenkinsop or Wilkinson told this man Pigskin that you would be able to help him in some way."

I pondered.

"Then it's not much use my making a list of friends named Pigskin or anything like that," I said; "because if this Blenkinsop or Wilkinson told him about me, then Pigskin obviously hasn't met me, and I don't know him. It seems to me that my best plan will be to ring up Blenkinsop or Wilkinson and ask him whether he has told a man named Pigskin to ring me up."

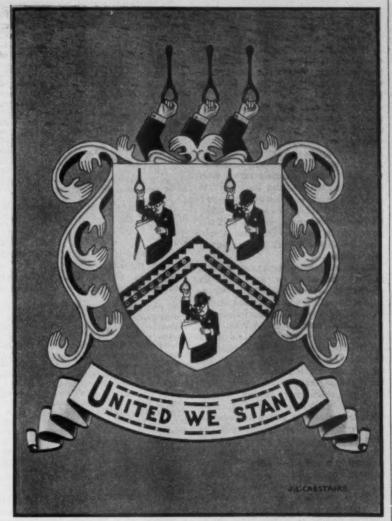
Edith smiled.

"To make absolutely certain there should be no confusion," she said proudly, "I asked this Pigskin man to give me Blenkinsop's number-or Wilkinson's number. It was Pottifer 3922.

"You're quite sure it was Pottifer 3922? Pottifer is a fourpenny call, and in the present state of our finances we can't go splashing fourpences about on calls to wrong numbers.

"I'm certain it was Pottifer 3229." "You said 3922 just now!"

"I'm sure I didn't. I'll tell you how I remembered it. I said to myself, 3.2.29. The third of March, 1929. Just



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON. THE PURPOSEFUL COMPANY OF STRAP-HANGERS.

five days before our fifth wedding anniversary.

"But 3.2.29 would be the third of February, 1929," I protested.

"It doesn't make any difference. Now I come to think of it, I remembered that it was just a month and five days before our fifth wedding anniversary. I'm sure I'm right about the number being Pottifer 3229, and if I'm wrong I'll pay the fourpence.'

So I rang Pottifer 3229, and asked if I could speak to Mr. Wilkinson or Mr.

Blenkinsop. 'Never heard of either of them." said a voice. "This is Pottifer 3922. My name is Higginbotham."

"Is Higginbotham any good?" I asked Edith.

"Of course," she said. "How stupid We are holding for a further fall.

of me! It was Higginbotham. It's lucky you've found him, because he'll be able to put you on to the mysterious

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Higginbotham," I said, "but did you ask a man named Pigskin to ring me? My name is Conkleshill: Little Wobbley

"There must be some mistake," said Higginbotham. "I asked a fellow named Frisken to ring up a friend of mine at Little Wobbley 214 about some leaf-mould . . ."

So Edith owes me fourpence.

"The shares, which had been 40s., slipped back to 57s. They should not be sold." Financial Column.

### "The Runciman."

SINCE the laugh is on us, and since in some quarters we have received credit which was not our due, let us tell the strange tale of our first Parliamentary Question and the Spitway

Buoy

Long ago, and many a time, while roaring down the Swin or brought up off Brightlingsea, we have heard the skippers of London River sailingbarges complain about the Spitway Buoy. The Swin, lubbers, is one of the East Coast channels much used by coasting vessels; and the Wallet is another. And the Spitway is a narrow and shifting channel between sandbanks connecting the Wallet and the Swin. It is on the main road northward for all small craft coming out of the Thames.

At the seaward entrance to the Spitway there is (or was) only an unlighted bell-buoy, and the bargemen's complaint was that there should be a light-buoy. They said that the Royal Navy, in the Great War, with powerful engines, could not do without a light-buoy; they said that only the big ships were properly provided for by Trinity House, and the barges, because they were small and humble, were not considered, though, relying only on their sails and skill, they deserved more, not less, consideration than certain others. They told us lively tales of barges caught out in the Swin in heavy weather, and wishing to make the shelter of Brightlingsea; how, listening vainly for the bell and unable to find the Spitway in the dark, they were compelled to struggle on to Harwich and often were in danger of being driven on to the sands. They said that it was a shame; and what was Parliament doing?

These tales moved us, justly; and when we became a legislator we thought that this would be a noble theme for our first Parliamentary Question. We met a famous friend of the barges, and he agreed that it was good. We met Skipper Charlie at the "Ship and Sea-gull," who applauded our design and gave us

some technical terms.

Some doubt was expressed among our colleagues about the possibility of reaching Trinity House with a Question. It was thought that that illustrious House might be one of the Great Untouchables, like the London Passenger Transport Board, the Port of London Authority, or the B.B.C. But they agreed that it was worth trying.

So, trembling a little, we approached the Clerk at the Table and handed in our Question-Not for Oral Answer (how very fortunate!):-

"To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether he is aware that there is now no light-buoy at the eastern entrance to the Wallet Spitway: that this is the cause of needless difficulty and danger to numerous coasting vessels, and especially to London river sailing-barges bound North out of London river in thick or heavy weather: that during the Great War a light-buoy was found necessary for the safe navigation of His Majesty's ships; what would be the annual cost of maintaining such a buoy: and will he, by consultation with Trinity House or otherwise, secure that a light-buoy be at this point provided?"

A few days later we met a high official of the Board of Trade. We said: "What about the Spitway Buoy?" He said "Ah, yes, we're looking into that," and we felt that we were moving mountains.

The next day, February 11th, we received our answer :-

"I assume that my hon. Friend refers to the southern entrance "-(well, say southeastern)-"to the Spitway, which is at present marked by the Swin Spitway unlighted bell-buoy. Following on "—(Oh, dear!)—"the receipt in September last of an extensively signed petition in favour of the lighting of this buoy, the Trinity House proposed the replacement of the buoy by a lighted bell-buoy, and this proposal having been sanctioned by the Board of Trade, arrangements have been made for the replacement to be effected on or about the 12th February. A Notice to Mariners to this effect was issued on the 10th January. This substitution of a lighted buoy for an unlighted buoy involves a capital expense of £615, and an increase in maintenance cost of £25 per annum."

Heavens! February 12th! And to-day was February 11th! Never can a request to a Minister for vigorous action have received so prompt a response. But the laugh was surely on us. We had asked him to do something, without knowing that he had arranged to do it already. But then neither had the friend of the barges known, nor Skipper Charlie, nor the high official of the Board of Trade.

All these had failed to perceive the Notice to Mariners of January 10th; and Skipper Charlie had been working

in the Thames.

Then more disturbing thoughts arrived. Maybe men would think that we had known-and popped in a Question in order to obtain credit. Maybe, reading the thing carelessly, men would give us credit undeserved. And this has happened, so we now reveal the truth.

Let us all be more careful about blaming writers for inventing wild coincidences.

But the great and good thing is that at last the buoy (we assume) is there. and at least one hazard of the bargemen's life is diminished.

Therefore, hail, Trinity House! and hail, the Board of Trade! We do not know what official, what Brother of Trinity House it was who heard at last the bargemen's plaint and said: "This shall be done." We should like to know and publish his name, that the buoy might bear that name for ever. And, indeed, what finer monument could a man have than a lighted bell-buoy, guiding the brown-sailed barges through the night and comforting the hearts of those incomparable mariners? But, after all, the PRESIDENT himself is responsible and, until the contrary is shown, he shall have the credit from us. And if ever again it is our fortune to sail "down Swin" with Skipper Charlie or another, we shall hope to hear him cry to his mate, "Albert, I perceive the Runciman. God bless the Board of Trade!" But I am, I fear, more likely to hear him say: "Picked up the gas-buoy, Bert. . A. P. H.

### More Odd Names.

Some remarks that I recently made on DICKENS' names in real life have brought me examples of other strange nomenclature. Those that follow have all been found by a student while engaged in the otherwise unexciting task of indexing mental defectives in the West Countree. If the two counties of Devon and Cornwall can yield such a harvest, what about the rest of the United Kingdom? I append the most outstanding names, male and female, none of which is too incredible to be genuine. Daisy Goose, for example, and Daisy Duckling, though they sound like inventions of the author of Peter Rabbit, are real. Bentley Blagg and Roslyn Gosling are real; and I must confess for Roslyn Gosling a special tenderness. But here are the best of them, all ready to the hand of the grotesque novelist: Plato Smith, Ariel Smith, Titch Bottomley, Magnus Pugchow, Abe Goldworm, Temperance Musselwhite. Willie Wooley, Vera Yells, Louisa Screech, Bloemfontein Bennett (we can guess his age, as we can guess Dardanelles Jellicoe Johnson's), Roma Dunchy, Jabez Mudge, Mignonne Twentyman, Leander Gooch, Doris Lambken, Parthenia Beech, Ptolemy Pardy, Abigail Napper, Amelia Hatfull, Edith Balaam, Deborah Darm, Pearl Pharoah, Roslyn Gosling (I gave him twice before, but he deserves repetition), Jarvis Negus, Eli Butt and, at the other



Instructor. "Now please remember all I hap told you. Last year my class on zie run had two collarbonse and one laig. Not goot for me—yes?"

extreme, Ivy Victoria Alexandra Popjoy, who surely ought to be paired off with Romeo Augustus Rogerson in the hopes of a new Dictator resulting? Herbert Foundhere, I should guess, was a pure Stepney offspring or enfant trouvé. Most alarming of all I have kept to the last: Solomon Specter.

There is hardly a name there that could be improved by deliberate concoction, and should any of them be ingeniously blended and served up in a forthcoming novel, I am sure that no one will be offended. But I must protest against any tampering with Solomon Specter. He must remain, wise but terrifying, as he is.

The same correspondent, who has been a collector for several years, sends me also a variety of curious Christian names assembled also in Devon and Cornwall. Among these I find Antelope (possibly a faulty memory of Penelope), Ferelith, Derina, Sephora, Lutena, Easter, Carmine and Vivaldia. Fine names to call! "Vivaldia, where are you?" "Sephora, come quickly!" "Antelope, make haste!" There are

also two which must have imposed a weight upon their bearers: Mars and Cosmos. Let us hope that Mars did not grow up to be a weakling, Cosmos a nit-wit.

As to place-names, I have some examples from a Welsh correspondent, all of them good and all derivations through misunderstanding or mishearing. Thus "Tinny Heaven" was really Ty Mehefin, and "Tim Ellen" was Ty Melyn, and "Snails' Bones" came from two words meaning Lower Bridgeway. A crossway called "Old Albert" was Heol Hulbert or Hulberts' Road; while a hamlet in Herefordshire which precise topographers know as Bach y Llidiart or Little Gateway is, very naturally, in common local speech, "Bag of Idiots."

More vans and lorries with good names are continually swimming into my ken, such as John Lusty, who purveys turtle soup; while the other day in Ashdown Forest a carrier bore down upon me with the alarming legend on his front, "Here comes Savage of Bexhill." And I constantly observe the business notice-board of a firm called Speedy and Eynon, which I like because it should represent an ideal for any practical man.

Although, as I said, the London telephone book knows not the magic name of Pickwick, it has Pickword and Pickworth. But what are they? Merely leather and prunella. It's "wick" that makes the fellow. Tupman, Snodgrass, Winkle and Weller can, however, be rung up. Guppy too. But there is no Fagin, although there are many Fagans. But when in my recent notes on words I suggested that the descriptive name of Lord Frederick Verisopht was on loan to DICKENS from THACKERAY, I was very wrong; for when Nicholas Nickleby was written, in 1838-9, THACKERAY had hardly begun. Dickens, of course, was in no need of assistance. He could do it all. But he would have liked my list. Even if Solomon Specter were a little too direct for him, he would have smiled on Abigail Napper and Parthenia Beech.

E. V. L.



"DO YOU MIND IF I BROOD OVER THIS A LITTLE?"

# The People that Write to the Press.

I've come across people whose livelihood springs

From the stage to episcopal missions; I've dined with M.P.'s and I've shot with old things Who have held diplomatic positions;

I've chatted with bankers, stood drinks to bargees And commingled with artists and drapers-

But I've never yet met (and I speak with regret) Any people who write to the papers.

Who are the people that write to the Press And relate of a cuckoo at Reigate,

Who let themselves go on Cromwellian dress And the housing conditions at Highgate, An epitaph seen on a tombstone at York,

The phenomenal rise of the river, Who tender their views on imperial news And a shocking disease of the liver?

Who are the people that hit on the nest Of a thrush on a shelf in their study, Who ramble at length on the foot-and-mouth pest And American slang such as "buddy,"

The way to make coffee, a Devonshire ghost, An elusive Tibetan quotation,

Anonymous verse, an old family curse And the birth-rate's decline in the nation?

Who are the people that point out the sins Of the virtuous youth of the 'thirties,

Who crack up the food at unreachable inns And deplore what the length of the skirt is, Who claim that an epigram thought to be WILDE'S, As it happened, was said by DISRAELI,

Who write with despair on the danger of glare And the haphazard ways of the "daily"

Who are the people---? But what is the good Of repeating this difficult query?

I'd like it, however, to be understood

That I've formed this remarkable theory: The people that hang on my well-informed words-Hypocritical flattering gapers!-

Go home and assume some absurd nom-de-plume And submit them as theirs to the papers.



# THE CAUTIOUS COWMAN.

THE CHILD. "ANOTHER MUGFUL, PLEASE, MISTER."

MR. WALTER ELLIOT. "YOU WAIT, MY LAD; MY LADY FRIEND HERE AND I NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME FOR RUMINATION."

["If we try to advance milk consumption in schools merely on the ground that children are so many receptacles we shall defeat ourselves."—The Minister of Agriculture in the House of Commons.]

# Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, February 17th.—To-day Mr. Eden announced that a White Paper containing the report of the experts on the supply of oil to Italy would be issued to-morrow, after



Mr. Hacking. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the word 'Pact,' that has been arranged for us by our worthy friend, is purely commercial and not in any sense political—(aside)—at least, not for the present."

which the House turned, with its customary adaptability, from oil to milk.

The Ministry of Agriculture is a Department flowing with milk and money; but cornucopias of all kinds need subsidy, and this afternoon Mr. Ramsbotham moved a resolution to extend the period of assistance to the milk industry until the long-term policy was ready. The plan initiated by the Act of 1934, he said, was working well, for the price of liquid milk remained steady, there was an abundance of milk products at a low price, and the idea of distributing cheap milk to school-children had gripped the imagination of the country.

For the Labour Party, Mr. Johnston insisted that too much of the surplus was used in factories, objecting particularly that it should be doomed to become umbrella-handles; and for the I.L.P. Mr. McGovern complained that the stomach of his small son had been seriously deranged as a result of the school milk being served too cold in winter. Mild criticism of the Milk Marketing Board and of piecemeal assistance generally came from other benches, and Mr. Bernays suggested very sensibly that the Special Areas

should be used for more experiments in social improvement; but the MINISTER managed to convince most of the House that on the whole milk was flowing in the right directions.

Tuesday, February 18th.—The debate in the Lords this afternoon on the Italo-Abyssinian situation indicated considerable anxiety, for different reasons, all over the House, but a conviction on the part of the Government that the time was not yet ripe for further efforts at conciliation. According to Lord STANHOPE, Sanctions are working more effectively than their opponents admit.

The motion was Lord Phillimore's, asking what steps the Government were taking towards a peaceful settlement and an end to the danger now run by this country of being involved in war. Lord Noel-Buxton agreed in demanding the earliest possible settlement, because he felt that a knock-out either way would have most unfortunate consequences; but he asked that it should be a settlement which vindicated the principles of collective peace and ensured a stable Abyssinia.

To Lord Cecil, Lord Phillimore's suggestions followed an intelligible but a dishonourable policy, which would mean tearing up the Kellogg Pact and ignoring all the promises made to Abyssinia to respect her territorial integrity. Lord Mansfield viewed our disagreement with Italy very gravely, calling for a Conference between the two interested countries in some fairly neutral capital, such as Brussels.



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. WILL THORNE
Was a Member before some of us were born,
And is the oldest Grand Old Man
In the Labour van.

It would be difficult to explain to an intelligent foreigner how Lord MOTTISTONE continues to utter rampantly Tory sentiments from the Liberal benches. Choosing to ignore the extraordinary degree to which British public opinion is, for once, mobilised on a



"I AM SIR ORACLE."

[Lord MOTTISTONE would have Sanctions consigned to the W. P. B.]

matter of foreign policy, he described the British attitude towards Sanctions as savouring of sanctimonious humbug.

After Lord Ponsonby had asked that Mr. Lansbury's principles should be given a trial in the international field, Lord Stanhope reminded the House that Italy, by tearing up four treaties, had placed herself in a position in which the League had no alternative but to take action. It must be shown that aggression did not pay, and once that had been proved there would be no more war.

In a debate entirely devoid of sparkle the Commons gave a Second Reading to the Bill to extend the school-age in Scotland.

"Victor Gilpin and H. G. Fergusson have been granted licences to train nuder National Hunt Rules."—Daily Paper

A privilege they will hardly make use of until the summer.

"I am very happy, and though we may differ a bit, we stick together and are still married after three years."

From an interview with a Film Star.

Isn't that just too marvellously faithful of them!



"I AM VEREE SORREE, PROFESSOR, BUT THERE HAS BEEN A REVOLUTION, AND THE NEW PRESIDENT, WHO HAS NO TASTE FOR ARCHÆOLOGEE, COMMANDS THAT YOU COVER UP THIS BURIED CITY AND TO LEAVE IT AS YOU FOUND IT.

### Sea Wrack.

Jane and I lay in our beds on board the Berentania and pondered deeply on the various manifestations of roughness we were experiencing. Jane, I must confess, was not very disturbed, as she had already crossed the Atlantic many times and knew all the ropeswith the possible exception of the one on the promenade deck, which she fell over on the second day out.

I, on the other hand, was a newcomer to ship life, and though in spirit I was all agog to use the swimming-pool and play ping-pong with Croats in the saloon, my flesh bade me stay where I was, prone in my cabin.

"You'll find your legs soon," said Mrs. Pearce, our stewardess, cheerfully, as she laid a bowl of broth on my chest. "People often starts bad, and by the time they reaches New York they're bright as young buttons. You'll be skipping about to-morrow, I don't doubt.

"Oh, I'm all right," I said. just resting.

"Oh," grinned Mrs. Pearce, "late nights, I suppose?" And with that she lurched away

Jane sat up in bed and looked at me. "Very soon, I think," she said, "I tired of lying here, and it seems to be a

"Oh, don't get up," I urged. "You're just as happy where you are. Think how lonely I shall be when you're gone. Stay and read me bits of Romeo and Juliet or, better still, Gertrude the Governess.

"No," said Jane firmly, putting one leg over the edge of the bed.

But it's so rough," I sighed. "Oh, well, I don't mind that. I'm quite a good sailor. There's never been a day when I haven't hit the deck some

With which proud words Jane rose from her couch and began to dress, singing meanwhile in a rather forced way.

You can't like it as much as that, said crossly as she reeled yodelling across the floor with her tooth-brush in her hand; "you're just showing off!"

"You forget," replied Jane haughtily, "there's brine in the blood. My mother's first cousin is Admiral Bains-

While Jane continued her ablutions, a mixture of Grand Opera and gargling, I lay silent, wondering how best I could stop this terrible display of maritime heartiness. I was all for Jane, Britannia-like, ruling the waves, but she should, I felt, rule them less jovially, with less of that "yo-ho-ho and a bottle shall get up and take exercise. I'm of rum!" feeling and with more of the

dignity and quiet strength befitting a queen. Waves, I think, tend to get a little uppish if treated with too much

"Incidentally," I asked, "how are the waves? As you're up, look out of the loop-hole and tell me.

"The port-hole," corrected Jane, peering happily out. "The waves are beige-coloured, dear," she explained, "capped with white, and they're simply all over the place!"

"D' you mean they re simply all over the place or that they're all over the place?" I asked querulously, as I drew the blankets closer to my chin.

"Both," said Jane, stepping back from the port with strangely glazed

"Funny," she added, "it's quite hypnotic, isn't it? The sea, I mean.' She began to hum again.

"Jane," I said, "could you possibly take that dressing-gown off its hook? The way it swings backwards and forwards and backwards and forwards and backwards and for-

Certainly!" cried Jane quickly, as she lurched across the cabin. "It does sway a bit, doesn't it?"

Jane then sat down on her bed and began to put on her stockings. She was still humming, only it was more softly

"Can you tell me," I asked, "why

the whole mattress, and, incidentally, myself as well, rises out of its sockets, as it were, and goes up, up, up as the boat pitches, and then immediately goes right down, so that my spine hits the floor?

Jane was silent for a moment, holding a stocking poised ready against her toes.

"What?" she said simply and a little stupidly.

"Well, doesn't yours?" I asked. look! There you go—you and the mattress soaring up to the ceiling while the rest of the bed stays behind. There! And now you're going down. Isn't it odd?

"Um . . ." Jane smiled wanly at me. "It's a queer sensation, isn't it?" "Can you see the waves from there?"

I inquired. Jane looked.

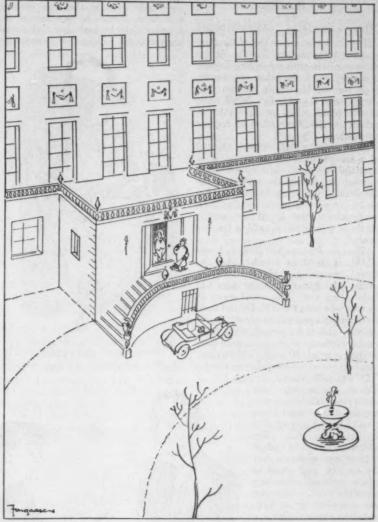
"Yes." she said, quickly shutting her eyes.

"I bet," I continued, determined to do the job properly-"I bet when you get on deck the sea will look like coffee covered with thick rich dollops of cream. And through this cream will swim all the fish you like best-haddocks, kippers and very oily sardines, and beautiful luscious lobsters à la Newberg. Oh, think, Jane, think," I cried, "of the wonderful smell of those fish, added to the odour of hot linoleum, mixed with the smoke from the funnels and from the cigars of our fellow-passengers! Ah," I sighed, "would that I were strong enough to come with you to breathe such enchantment on these heaving decks!"

Feeling none too well myself by now, I rose upon one elbow and surveyed my friend. Quietly, unreproachfully and with a certain dignity she was removing her clothes. With a sad expressionless face she drew off her stockings, cast her undergarments from her, put on her nightdress and returned to bed.

Not a word was spoken for half-anhour, and only the creaking of the boat broke the dreary silence. I began to be sorry for what I'd done. After all, although Jane's singing was a bit loud, I hadn't meant her to take a vow of perpetual silence.

Perhaps I had been rather unkind. Yes, definitely. Perhaps I had murdered something fine in her-her hope, her faith, her self-confidence. And all because I wanted her to stay and do the crossword-puzzle in the Ocean Times with me. I grudged her her first walk round the promenade deck, her first view of the Latvians in the Library, and the first thrill of seeing the notice-board outside the Smoking-Room imploring her to enter for the



"OH-ER-

"YES, SIR, BOTH THE YOUNG LADIES ARE AT HOME, BUT SO, SIR, IS HER LADYSHIP.

deck-tennis tournament. What had I done? Heavens! Had I killed her very youth itself?

'Jane!" I cried. "Speak to me! Sing! For pity's sake make some noise, however small it may be!

Jane opened her eyes a very little way and gave me an uncomfortably knowing look.

"Hush!" she said, "I'm saying my prayers, and I'll thank you to be a little quieter, please!" V. G.

"Dante, the national poet of Italy, and Robert Browning, the latter made famous by the 'Barretts of Wimpole Street.' N.Z. Paper.

They don't tell us what put DANTE Jersey cow, back quarter in right ear in the news.



The Inescapable Legacy.

"It was alleged that the testator did not intend to leave anything to relatives, except his widow."-News Report.

This is the Cow with the Crumpled Haunch.

"STRAYED from Waimana cream springing Advt. in N.Z. Paper.

# At the Play.

"OUT OF THE DARK" (AMBASSADORS).

THE man who comes Out of the Dark at the Ambassadors Theatre is no sinister villain with strangling fingers. It is very much the other way round. It is the world, which to him had always been a gentle Dr. Jekyll while he was blind, which changes into an unbearable Mr. Hyde when he regains

Derek Huntley (Mr. HENRY OSCAR) is a successful novelist, living in a beautiful house at Leatherhead and married to a famous actress. has been blind from birth, and his books are very popular because they communicate the imaginary world, gentle and refreshing, which he has

created.

When we first see the Huntley home all this is about to vanish under the skilful treatment of the great Dutch oculist (Mr. FELIX AYLMER), who can make Derek see. The world, even at its best-as seen from Richmond Hill, for example-proves not up to expectations; and as for people, when their hard and greedy faces can be seen they produce a great bitterness in the writer. who had hoped for much better things.

It was difficult for Mr. HENRY OSCAR, who was admirable while he was portraying a contented blind man, to keep our sympathy in the Second Act. The bitterness had to be violent or there was no drama, but the ranting and sense of injury could not come very plausibly from a man who was supposed to be wellknown as a person of exceptionally sensitive intuition and understanding. were forced to conclude that his blind world was one of pretty make-believe; and, when we had realised that, a voluntary return to a congenitally blind man's fancies could not but appear for what it was-a cowardly attempt at running away.

If we had not been assured by his appearance and talk that John Duncan. the publisher and life-long friend, was above such baseness we should have been nauseated to hear him recommending his author to choose blindness again and with it the power to write books that sold.

No one, said the Greek philosopher, can bathe twice in the same stream, and there could be no return for Huntley once he had seen. His relations with his wife and everybody else



THE MAN WHO WAS SLOW AT SEEING ANYTHING.

The Hon. Bill Felton . MR. ERIC COWLEY.



"BUT WHEN HIS EYES WERE OPENED THUS HE WISHED THEM DARK AGAIN."-Hood.

Derek Huntley . . . . MR. HENRY OSCAR. Diana Huntley . . . . Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

would have been quite different and impossible if he was no longer the victim of a terrible affliction, lightly and courageously borne, but an escapist of the most degenerate type, voluntarily shutting his eyes to facts because they upset him. But if the main question set out by the play admitted of but one answer, and if false sentimentality had to be dragged in to make matter for intense scenes, the setting of the dilemma was skilful and colourful.

As the wife, Miss GWEN FFRANG-CON - DAVIES was full of subtleties which let us see an immensely real person-an actress whose idealism was mingled with a shrewd sense of the importance of money, a woman slightly annoying in her plaintive devotion and self-conscious building of a beautiful married life. For nothing do author and actress deserve more credit than for the cunning way in which they show an actress not ceasing to think in dramatic terms because she has left the stage.

But her friends and neighbours are straightforward and simple, and her sister Eve (Miss BARBARA FRANCIS), if not very straightforward, is reasonably so and is starkly simple as the exponent of the philosophy of having a good time

without worrying about the poor. Miss Francis was, I thought, too effective and attractive for the balance of the play. She had the harshest and most caddish things to say, but she left the impression that Eve was always at her worst with these particular relations.

Her lover, Maurice Armstrong (Mr. ANTHONY IRE-LAND), the famous producer, conducted himself very well in the trying scenes which he had to witness; but pride of place for this went to the Hon. Bill Felton, a simple and good-hearted lover of horse-flesh, whose slow mind worked in public to the delight of an audience which was never so happy and at its ease as when he was on the stage. I am not sure that this part does not act itself, but, if so, it receives the fullest and most intelligent co-operation from Mr. ERIC COWLEY. As Jill, the little niece, Miss PAMELA STANDISH Was a breath of fresh wind, and she proves of deserved importance at the very end.

D. W.

"No Exit" (St. Martin's).

This is a crime play, not falling exactly into either the "Who did it?" or the "Will he be caught?" categories, limping in places, interesting in others, on the whole tolerably well constructed but lacking material for three full Acts, competently performed and boasting an ingenious though a slightly incredible twist in its tail. More than this should not perhaps be said about any crime play worth seeing, but I will try to go a little further without giving away the nature of this last trump card which Mr. GEORGE GOODCHILD and Mr. FRANK WITTY bang on to the table just before their final Curtain. depends-I can decently say this-on questions of sporting ballistics and haresplitting about which no urban critic is entitled to be superior.

Bets about hoodwinking the police are rash at all times, but rasher now that needle-brained members of the Force snoop about in club-ties and drop in guilelessly to have one in a sociable sort of way. When Philip West (Mr. RONALD SIMPSON) betted Peter Wilding (Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS). as the result of their seeing a detectionplay together, that if he were to dropout of life and hand himself over entirely to Peter, Peter would not be able to hide him successfully for a month, it was Philip who had a childish faith in the omniscience of the police, Peter who dismissed them with some scorn.

Philip's sudden disappearance was perfectly timed. Their great friend, Laura (Miss GILLIAN LIND), and her disagreeable new husband (Mr. EDWARD ASHLEY) had just left Peter's flat with Philip and had last seen him walking resolutely towards the garage where he had left his car. Nobody had seen him return to the flat for his hat, where, over a final drink with Peter, the bet was made; and during his brief absence Peter's ancient maid had stumbled home in a late stage of intoxication, given herself the sack and borne her bulging suitcase off into the night. So the stage was all set.

For Philip the lurking proved a boring business—and a stuffy one when visitors came and he had to retire into the cupboard; for Peter it proved increasingly nervy work, as the police, represented by the charming Hendon graduate, Beeston (Mr. Cyrll Raymond), asked more and more pertinent questions. At the end of nine days the conspirators decided that hide-and-seek could

be played more comfortably in the country, and *Peter* packed *Philip* into the largest trunk ever seen and motored him down to his Surrey cottage. It was a good moment when, the trunk having just been closed over its protesting con-



FROM CHELSEA TO SURREY BY TRUNK—A DISPIRITING PROSPECT. Philip West . . Mr. RONALD SIMPSON.

tents, Beeston marched into the flat and said: "I forgot to ask you, Wilding—did your friend seem worried about anything when you last saw him?"

Here I shall virtuously break off my account. You see the kind of play it is, and after this point come two neat surprises which must not be unveiled. I think it should be put on the list, for its theme is worked out with considerable skill; but please don't say I didn't warn you that between its dramatic moments it is inclined to sag. It needs more humour or another brace or so of red herrings to keep it going at a safe pace. Peter, Laura and Beeston carry most of the burden, and they are the usual honest straightforward pawns in the crime game. Philip has a nice humour, and Miss Edie Martin's portrait of the elderly Cockney maid is very funny; but poor Philip is handicapped and Bunty's irruptions from the kitchen are only occasional.

The acting throughout is unexceptionable, no part giving scope for brilliance. I question Beeston's demeanour in the Third Act, but the fault lies rather in the lines than with Mr. RAYMOND. The play is yet another of the Embassy's contributions to the West End, and its production bears all Mr. John Fernald's polish. Eric.

"RICHARD II.," O.U.D.S. (NEW THEATRE, OXFORD).

Richard II. is an intimate analysis of the reaction of a sensitive mind, presented against a background of court and battlefield, which can only be indicated in outline. The O.U.D.S. producers, Mr. GIELGUD and Mr. BYAM SHAW, have successfully resolved these elements, with a strong accent on the formal and symbolic.

By a masterly use of lighting, the main décor, a façade of mixed Gothic style, serves for the whole succession of scenes. The chorus-like masked attendants crowding the ramparts add effective pageantry, but should have been more careful of their choice of remarks in the "confused murmur" scenes, as these were plainly audible in the theatre. At the same time ample scope was given for a sympathetic and realistic treatment of Richard and his opponents.

Miss VIVIEN LEIGH and Miss FLORENCE KAHN acted with charm and dignity; Mr. WITTY, as Bolingbroke, was authoritative, if simple. Mr. KING-WOOD spoke his lines with beauty and precision, but towards the end his interpretation dissolved almost completely into that of Mr. GIEL-GUD'S Richard of Bordeaux. The shadow of this play hangs very heavily over the O.U.D.S. production, especially as its original costumes are being used for Richard II., with an effect which is magnificent but reminiscent.



REFRESHMENT: PSEUDO-MURDERING IS SO EXHAUSTING.

Bunty . . . . . . MISS EDIE MARTIN.
Peter Wilding . . . . . MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS.



"I'M SORRY, JONES, BUT YOU'RE NOT ENOUGH OF A LIVE WIRE FOR OUR ORGANISATION. I FEAR YOU'RE THE TYPE OF MAN WHO WAITS TILL HIS HOUSE IS ON FIRE BEFORE SUMMONING THE FIRE BRIGADE."

## Half-Term Visit.

(Preparatory School.)

His mother said, "But do you sleep?
And do you eat? And are they kind?
Does Matron show you how to keep
Your clothes? And do you wash
behind

Your ears?" He gave a grunt, and then Said he required a fountain-pen.

"How," said his father, "do you stand In Form? If you could lick these chaps And win a prize, would that be grand Or would it not?" He said, "Perhaps,"

And passed to indicate the arts Of making ink-and-paper darts.

They plied him with a sumptuous tea Collated in the Grand Hotel; They put him through the Third

Degree,

But he, content to stodge and swell, Rebuffed their earnest search for truth With anecdotes of careless youth.

Tales of the dormitory feud, The class-room caper and the like Confounded their solicitude

The while he turned aside to strike A vein of humour rich and pure But quite tormentingly obscure.

No sense could they extract from him; He mentioned odd expressions used By Sergeant Tucker in the Gym;

How Cottle snored; how Fitchett oozed

With hair-oil; how, last Tuesday week, Smithers gave Matron frightful cheek;

How Grimshaw's people lived in Spain; How Todd wore woollies underneath;

How Briggs possessed a Hornby train; How Dickson never cleaned his teeth; How he and certain daring bloods Hid all the other fellows' studs:

How so-and-so, how such-and-such, Clouded with incoherent zest,

With phrases from the Double-Dutch, With hopelessly recondite jest; But resolute he remained to shirk Such themes as health, behaviour, work.

So when at last the hour expired
When schools their exeats reclaim,
His parents haltingly retired,

Perceiving less than when they came— Ay, less than they had ever done— The brave new world of this their son.

H.B.

# No Parking.

HE was a little man who wore a pair of postman's trousers, a cap which bore the initials of the local gas company, and a butcher's smock. When I stopped my car outside the "Red Lion" he was leaning against the bar window.

"Can't leave car 'ere, mister," he said, removing a clumsy cherrywood pipe from his mouth.

"But it's doing no harm," I said.
"'Olding up traffic," the little man explained.

"But there isn't any traffic," I protested. Indeed the whole place was as peaceful as any market town which is

not having a market day.
"You don't know," he observed
judicially. "Might be lots of cars 'long
any time. Charrybangs even. Besides,"
he added, "if bobby catches 'ee leaving
it 'e'll lock 'ee up."

I was shaken by this threat. "Then tell me," I said, "what am I supposed to do with it?"

"Ah!" The little man raised his cap and scratched his bald head, as though anxious to do me a personal favour. "This 'ere square," he said, "be Council car-park. I be attendant like."

"So I must leave my car there?"
"That's right, mister."

I got back into the driving-seat and bumped painfully onto the cobbled market square. "There!" I said. "Will that do?"

"Av," the attendant said, "so be as

you be not stopping longer than two hours."

"Rubbish!" I exclaimed impatiently.
"I shall be stopping here all afternoon.
I've come to see a friend of mine who's staying at the 'Red Lion.'"

"Can't stay 'ere all day, mister," the little man protested. "Two hours is Council's limit."

"But, confound it, man," I cried, "nobody else is going to use your car park! There's room here for a dozen cars, anyway."

"Council's orders, mister," he repeated. "If bobby catches 'ee 'e'll lock 'ee up."

It occurred to me that a stupid country constable and an old-fashioned country Bench might indeed enforce these superfluous restrictions. "Then what am I to do with my car?" I asked.

The little man put his hand on my sleeve and pointed to a spot twenty yards down the road. "See that petrolpump, mister?" he said.

"Yes."
"That's a garridge, that is," he told
me in confidence. "Leave car in there
long as 'ee likes."

I thanked him, gave him a sixpence, and bumped off over the cobbles again.

The garage was open, so I left my car there and walked back to the "Red Lion." As I reached the door I remembered that I had left in the car a parcel which I had meant to bring with me. I turned and went back to the garage again.

As I entered I saw the little man just leaving; he was pocketing what looked and sounded rather like another sixpence.

I stopped him. "What would your bobby say," I asked, "if he saw you taking that tanner?"

The little man smiled shamelessly. "Nothing," he said. "'E's my son."

# "The Bard."

### A Ballad of Reincarnation.

[A correspondent of The Sunday Times is anxious to know what became of "The Bard," a horse which carried all before him fifty years ago, was never beaten as a two-year-old, but was never heard of afterwards.]

Of horses, high-bred and high-mettled,

Though scant be the lore I possess, This problem is speedily settled,

This riddle is easy to guess;
And my hat shall be cheerfully eaten
If, when the whole story is told,
The truth why "The Bard" was

unbeaten
I fail to unfold.

Not his, in the land of the living, The fame of the "maker of news," Not his the gratuitous giving Of servile home-made interviews. Or delighted in "spewing his scunners"
Against the illustrious dead;
Freespoken, but never malicious,
By prudes and by pedants ignored,
In the spite of the mean and capricious
He reaps his reward.
They may shine by their gloomy invective,

But fail when they enter the lists

No fanatics flocked to his lodging,

dodging-

He never was fêted or screened,

The camera-fiend.

He did not revile his forerunners, He seldom, if ever, saw red

was troubled by courting-or

With the greatest of all the prospective Prophetical plagiarists;

For, though coterie critics adore them
And boom their abundance of brains,
One bard has been always before them,
And there he remains.

He was more than a man many-sided, All nature he claimed for his kin, For he welcomed the comfort provided

By mermaids, half-flesh and half-fin: And death, though remorseless in rifling

The sweets of the days that are gone, Has never succeeded in stifling

The voice of our Swan.

C. L. G.



"I THINK WE HAD BETTER START ON THE BACK WITH THOSE."

# Results of an Accident.

I have two motor cars, legally speaking. Not because I can afford it and think that the industry should be encouraged. Nor even for choice, for I would willingly exchange both the dull, slow, lumbering, uninteresting little beasts for one real car. But when you live at Potterswold there is no choice. A car is the sole means of contact with the outside world, and if you have only one and somebody goes out in it, the rest of the family is as completely marooned as the Swiss Family Robinson.

It is useless, therefore, for me to sigh for large numbers of cylinders and carburettors. I am condemned to these two worthy but unexciting means of transport, Ermyntrude and Alfred. Ermytrude has an R.A.C. rating of 8 h.p., and she goes. There is nothing else to be said in favour of Ermyntrude. She is old. She shackles. She is uncomfortable. Her appearance is disreputable. But she goes. Alfred is of 12 h.p. and he also goes. One can only be enthusiastic about Alfred by comparison with Ermyntrude. In all major matters he is just slightly better. But only slightly.

Nevertheless there is a definite tendency in the family to regard Alfred as the car, and to speak patronisingly or even humorously of Ermyntrude. This, I suspect, may have led to bad blood between them. Anyhow, a few weeks ago, when Alfred was standing harmlessly outside the garage, Ermyntrude, inspired by blind jealousy (and aided by some rather L driving by Rachel), emerged from the garage and made a violent and unprovoked attack on him. When the combatants were separated Ermyntrude was found to have a buckled wheel and smashed-up wing, whilst Alfred had sustained a bad dent in one of his body-panels.

Now it so happens that Alfred and Ermyntrude (together with my combustible effects, my life and John's education) are insured with the same company. I therefore rang up the company and notified them that I wished to make a claim. By the next post there arrived a claims form, and it was here that the trouble started. For though the claims form was a fearsome document and asked a vast number of detailed questions, it hardly seemed designed to fit my particular case. After wrestling vainly with it for a while I wrote back saying:—

"Dear Sirs,—I don't think this is quite the sort of claims form I want. I haven't been run into by anybody.

I have simply run into myself. Both Alfred and Ermyntrude belong to me. I wasn't actually there myself. The contracting parties were Alfred and Ermyntrude—and Rachel. And Rachel refuses to admit any liability whatever. Anyhow, Rachel is my daughter, and I resent your suggestion that she may have smelt of alcohol. Personally I should think it was Ermyntrude's (PLA 146's) fault; PXW 933 (Alfred) was just standing there.

Yours faithfully, A. Arbottle."

To this they merely replied help-fully:-

"DEAR SIR,—We should be obliged if you would answer the questions on the claims form.

Yours faithfully . . ."

This, I confess, irritated me. I wrote back:—

"DEAR SIRS,—All right. Here goes. But it's very silly.

(1) Place of accident.—Outside my garage.

(2) Cause.—Doubtful. Jealousy on Ermyntrude's part? Incompetence of Rachel?

(3) Other traffic.—Simpson wheeling barrow. He was down by the cucumber-frames and had nothing whatever to do with it.

(4) Speed.—Ermyntrude too fast. Alfred, nil.

(5) Rough sketch plan.—Find enclosed.

(6) No, I didn't admit liability. How could I? I wasn't there.

(7) I suppose Rachel was my authorised driver.

(8) No, nobody smelt of alcohol. Alfred smelt of oil, but he always does.

(9) Responsibility.—I've already told you. PLA 146 (Ermyntrude). PXW 933 (Alfred) didn't do a thing.

Do you mind paying soon?
Yours faithfully,
A. Arbottle."

They wrote back :--

"Dear Sir,—Reference your claim, in accordance with your statement we are repudiating liability on your behalf. We should be glad if you would give us the name, address and insurance company of the car PLA 146, to the driver of whom you attribute blame for the accident."

I replied:-

"Dear Sirs,—PLA 146 is my car Ermyntrude, and she is insured with you. I want to make a claim on her

behalf too. I still don't think you quite see."

Two days later they wrote to me again:-

"Dear Sir,—With reference to an accident in which your car PLA 146 was involved on the 19th instant, we learn from our assured that the sole blame for the accident must be attributed to you, and we give notice that we shall hold you responsible for the damage done to the car of our assured, PXW 933. Perhaps you would be good enough to give us the name of your insurer?

Yours faithfully . . . "

My reply was curt:-

"Dear Sirs,—Don't be obtuse. You are my insurers and I am your assured. Anyhow, Rachel now says that it was PXW 933's (Alfred's) fault for being there.

Yours faithfully . . . "

They replied by return of post: -

"Dear Sir,—With reference to an accident in which your car PXW 933 was involved on the 19th inst., we learn from our assured that the sole blame for the accident must be attributed to you, and we give notice that we shall hold you responsible for the damage done to the car of our assured, PLA 146. Perhaps you would be good enough to give us the name of your insurer?

Yours faithfully . . . "

This, I felt, was going too far. Obviously a statement was called for which would clear the whole matter up. After considering the position carefully I therefore replied:—

"Dear Sirs,—With reference to an accident on the 19th inst. in which our cars PXW 933 and PLA 146 were involved, we, the undersigned, owners of the cars in question, wish to make it quite clear that blame cannot be attributed to either party. And in any case we are both insured by you, so what's the odds?

We are

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED ARBOTTLE.
ALFRED ARBOTTLE."

After that there was a pause. Clearly they were thinking it over. Then at last came a brief note:—

" Messrs. Alfred Arbottle.

Dear Sirs,—As there seems to be some little confusion over your recent claim we are sending our Mr. Tonks down to clear the matter up with you.

We are, gentlemen, Yours faithfully . . ."



First Charlady, "You don't 'ARF LOOK 'OT, YOU DO!"
Second Charlady, "Who do?"
First Charlady, "You don't."

In due course the man Tonks arrived. He was quite a sane cove—surprisingly so, in fact. I gave him a drink and we had a hearty laugh over the whole business. I pointed out that it obviously didn't matter a hoot whose fault it was, and he agreed heartily. Finally, we decided to put the blame on to poor old Alfred. They paid up and the whole matter was settled.

Life is a funny thing. I have just renewed the insurance on Alfred and Ermyntrude. Ermyntrude is very low this year. I get a "no claims" rebate on her. But Alfred of course had a

claim—the one above. Alfred's insurance is much higher than Ermyntrude's. If we had put the blame on to Ermyntrude Alfred would have had a "no claims" rebate, which would have been much more. . . .

I disliked that man Tonks from the outset.

### "FOOD RESEARCH.

A Commission are already studying the subject of nutrition by purely national foodstuffs. A number of Royal Academicians are taking part, and the first fruits of their labours are to be circulated in booklet form."

Daily Paper.

It sounds rather meagre fare.

#### A Serious Split.

"The Mail adds that Neville Chamberlain, Hail-Baldwin, Monsell, Runciman and Hoare are supporting Baldwin, while Eden, Elliot, Stanley, Duff-Cooper, Ormsby and Gore are against him."—Brazilian Paper.

What about Ramsay and MacDonald?

"Mr. —, hon secretary of the Thames Valley Canine Society, informs us that the dinner and dance arranged for February 28 has been cancelled. The batter will, however, come up for consideration in the autumn."

Pets' Paper.

Won't it be a bit off-colour by then?



"The boune where I was born stood on this site. I think I'll step inside and revive old memories."
"Yes, Sir. Was you born in the ninepennies, the one-and-threes or the half-crowns?"

# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Danton, Distributist.

A CHAIR of French Revolution History having been created at the Sorbonne, it is interesting to find its holders and their disciples devoting themselves largely to exalting or attacking the reputation of Danton (Constable, 15/-). Herr HERMANN WENDEL, entering into the labours of all and the enthusiasm of the enthusiasts, has written an excitable, partisan, but in some respects extremely discerning history of the hero of the September massacres. He makes little pretence of holding the scales even. A bishop is necessarily a dotard, a royalist heroine a fanatic; MARIE ANTOINETTE is stripped of every vestige of glamour, while her husband figures as "a tough sponge, which even the hammering of fate could not mould." As may be gathered from this extraordinary metaphor, the book has few pretensions to literary charm. Its most attractive aspect is a well-considered portrayal of Danton's peasant proclivities: his attachment to his native Champagne and the family virtues which actually led him to orthodox marriage by a proscribed priest to satisfy his second wife. Most noteworthy of all is the consideration for modest ownership—his own and other people's—which allies him, as a dictator, to Mussolini rather than to Lenin.

### A Critic's War Journals.

The late Mr. F. S. OLIVER, Cambridge graduate and harrister, broke away from the Victorian convention by

entering a retail business, thereupon piling up a fortune and gaining the means and leisure to exercise both a splendid hospitality and a fine literary craftsmanship. His advocacy of compulsory military service having won him an entry to Army and political circles, he became during the Great War the confidant and adviser of many men much better known than himself; and to his brother in Canada he wrote letters saying in the frankest terms just what he thought of them all. Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN, editing these letters in The Anvil of War (MACMILLAN, 12/6), is hard pressed at times to sustain Mr. OLIVER's reputation for sound judgment of the forthcoming event, while his principal's estimates of the national leaders—always excepting his affectionate appreciation of Earl Halo—have not on the whole been endorsed by later critics. The claim of this book to a place in the sun rests on its felicity in vituperation. The writer's chosen targets were President WILSON, Mr. BONAR LAW, Lord NORTHCLIFFE and, most of all, Lord Asquith; but few of the politicians-"too ineffective even to ruin their country" range of his arrogant intolerance.

### Meet the Dalcarrys!

The plot of *The Skies are Falling* (Faber and Faber, 7/6) is good enough, the happy ending only unlikely, not impossible (and so gratifying to the reader that no one will cavil at it), but where Mrs. Winiffed Peck's latest book is quite outside the ordinary is in its delightful characterisation. The *Dalcarrys*, who own a big untidy house in Wigtownshire, are a family that it does one good to meet—all alive, all different, yet unmistakably all of one

stock. Mrs. Peck tells a tale of jarring temperaments and financial embarrassments, of difficulties caused by a will in one case and none in another, and of a sudden volte-face on both sides of a quarrel which cleared the marriage of two true and charming young minds of all impediment; but any story would have done, for me at least, had it been about the Dalcarrys. Shameless old Mrs. Dalcarry, with her wig and her pugdogs; Helen, her highbrow daughterin-law; Naomi, her imp of a granddaughter; Nigel, her priggish son, and Wattie, her easy-going son—one and all they are delicious. I should like another book about them immediately.

### Olympic Games.

Mr. PHILLPOTTS, deserting Dartmoor
For a brief (let us hope) change of air,
Has leapt to the heights
Of Olympus, and writes

Of Old Zeus and his gods in their lair.

And we're offered a sight of the floor
Of their house, while the heavenly
throng

Debate whether Earth
Is a wash-out or worth
The trouble of helping along.

The rescuers win, and they brew
A scheme to place us in the sun;
But they're leisurely chaps,
And ages may lapse
Before there can be any fun.
But those who can take the long view
And who wish to get wise on the job
Should give a good look
To this HUTCHINSON book.

### Mr. Wolfe Goes South.

The Owl of Athene (five bob).

Very ill, very deaf, very unpleasant, is the author's own despiteful description of his sad condition in the Southern Railway carriage on his way through Kent to Folkestone and the South of France. To his jaundiced eye the hops seemed to enfold the meadows in enormous green cages, the oast-houses looked like melancholy thimbles, and his fellow-travellers were even more un-

pleasant than himself. But this, you understand, was only at the start—and perhaps it is as well for Mr. HUMBERT Wolfe to set off in something like a bad temper. It gives an extra edge to his remarks (indeed he can hardly be acquitted of rudeness to the lady douanière at Calais, who retorted by detaining his big valise containing all his summer clothes). But in due course, as Mr. Wolfe approaches his spiritual home, which we take to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cagnes, the excess acidity passes out of his system and he begins to enjoy himself. True, he has a few harsh words to say of bouillabaisse, which he regards less as a dish than as a marine disaster, but his travellings become a joy and the strange folk he contrives to meet are unforgettable. Who but a poet would have come across the two Painters of St. Paul, or the Bankers of Briancon, or even that remarkable



"No, no, excuse me, it is not so. Splendid officer is talking through his honourable helmet."

horse at Dijon station? Who but Mr. Wolfe could have described them all with such gusto? He calls his little book P.L.M. (Cassell, 7/6), which serves equally for the line on which he travels and for the Peoples, Landfalls, Mountains, to which it leads. A thoroughly amusing book—perhaps a little consciously clever in parts; but Mr. Wolfe is yet young.

#### Victoria R.I.

What woman worthy of the name would give away another woman before an audience counting many mere males among its members? Contrary to what appears from the dust-cover to have been her publishers' expectation, Miss EDITH SITWELL is both too loyal and too wise to attempt any such revelation. Instead, Miss SITWELL depicts Victoria of England (FABER, 15/-) against the

crowded background of her long reign. Although her subject is less the woman than the Queen, VICTORIA'S personality baffles Miss SITWELL'S descriptive and indeed intuitive powers: it is a regal shade rather than a woman of flesh and blood that moves to and fro amidst the many supers. Miss Sitwell would have been better advised to have ignored Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY'S memorable portrait and to have devoted her own considerable literary gifts to drawing one wholly after her own notions of VICTORIA'S real self. She seems to have been conscious during her writing of his shade standing behind her and casting quizzical glances across her shoulder at every sentence. Nevertheless Miss SITWELL shows such skill in bringing the Victorians-if not VICTORIA herself-back to life again that she has little cause to fear the shade's censure. After all, VICTORIA baffled him!

Skating and Ice-Hockey.

In Skating (SEELEY, SERVICE AND Co., 2/6), Captain DUFF TAYLOR has contrived within the compass of 70 pages to give an admirable account of the history and development of this beautiful pastime. The historical outline is a masterpiece of condensation. Scotland had the first skating club in 1784; metal skates screwed to the boots date from 1869;

the English style which still survives, though superseded by the International, was first challenged by JACKSON HAYNES, an American, who visited England in 1864-5. Subsequent developments, in Captain DUFF TAYLOR'S words, have changed a stiff ceremonial drill into a dance. He renders justice to the old school of tophatted performers at the London Club and on Wimbledon lake. They skated with de-

corum and dignity; but the new style has gained immensely by being allied with music and acrobatics. The chapters on training and equipment, figures, tests and competitions, and fancy skating are fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams. The adverse effect of the English climate on the development of ice hockey is judiciously dealt with. "To see this game in perfection," Captain Duff Taylor observes, "we have to turn to Canada. There it is the national sport, and there the finest players in the world are produced." This may be taken as the text of Mr. Foster Hewitt's book, Down the Ice (Philip Allan, 6/-), an exuberant and wholehearted panegyric of the exploits of his compatriots. From it we learn "this is the one game that must begin in childhood": that youthful players must be "courageous, aggressive and just saturated with the will to win"; and a good deal of space is devoted to the coaching of juniors, "the training of potential big-time stars," and the earning of "big money."

A Sassenach at Large.

Small municipal undertakings are a mine of humour which will never run dry, and when Scotland is their background they are not likely to be less funny. In Scots Wha Hae (Jenkins, 7/6), Mr. Storer Clouston tells with great effect what happened when a Scottish County Council, encouraged by the commercial success of the Loch Ness Monster, endeavoured to bring fortune to its population

by going out for notoriety. I do not promise that those fastidious creatures, the Scottish Nationalists, will like this novel, for it takes their ambitions somewhat lightly and includes a vivid sketch of the type of ultra-Nationalist (common to all countries) who, as the train crosses the Border, pours synthetic r's into his accent and changes trousers for a kilt; but others will enjoy its delightful tilting at gentility in castle and villa, the appalling complications which dogged the efforts of the strong man of the Council, and the sad story of an English canon's discovery of Scotland. There is much in that long-suffering country and in the characters of its inhabitants of which Mr. Storke Clouston approves, and his humour rarely lacks kindness.

#### In Seclusion.

It seems to become increasingly obvious that our sensational novelists have less difficulty in writing clever and mysterious stories than in finding happy names for them. Even Mr. R. A. J. Walling, who is, we are told, "ingenious," has encumbered his latest tale with the title of Mr. Tolefree's Reluctant Witnesses (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6). But, having made this minor complaint, I am glad to say that Mr. Walling's ingenuity does not fail him while Detective-Inspector Pierce and Philip Tolefree

investigate a crime that interrupted what they had intended to be a Puzzled not holiday. by lack of clues but by the abundance of them, Tolefree, quiet as ever, remains in the background and deduces. Indeed he is one of the most attractive of fiction's detectives, because he is without mannerisms or conceit. I can recommend this tale of queer and clandestine people, though I wish that Mr. WAL-



"B-but I tell you I m not a fireman. I m going to a fancy-dress ball."

LING had not made one of them "ingurgitate" two pints of beer. Surely too big a word for so simple a deed.

### Pleasant Recollections.

Mr. A. J. Boger may not have anything startling or very important to record in *The Road I Travelled* (Arrowsmith, 18/-), but those who read his chronicle of sport and games will find him a most amiable and modest companion. The earlier chapters—and I wish there were more of them—take us back to the world of cricket as it was some forty years or more ago. In 1891 Mr. Boger was a member of a weak Oxford XI, which nearly gained a sensational victory over one of the strongest sides Cambridge have ever put into the field, but having previously announced that "there are no lies in this book" he adds that he "was not really good enough in that class." Anyhow he thoroughly enjoyed his cricket, and that is the main thing. And when on shooting bent he started on travels which took him here, there and everywhere, he is as candid about his failures as he is legitimately pleased by the successes that came his way. In fact a book of happy memories and written by a man of wide sympathies and interests.

A Farseeing Statesman.

"France Looks East.
M. Flandin sees M. Litvinoff."

Daily Paper Headlines.



"I cannot put it too strongly, Ralph, but the moment you put on a bowler-hat with a dinner-jacket your social standing totters to the dust. After all, people don't grow that you are a sanitary inspector."

#### Charivaria.

It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand Swedish people have a weekly gamble on the results of British football matches. Which recalls the heavy losses over Swedish matches.

"Aspidistras," says the writer of a letter to a daily newspaper, "benefit greatly if the leaves are washed with milk." Has the Milk Marketing Board given this matter the consideration it deserves?

\* \* \*

Signor Mussolini has burnt much midnight oil over Machiavelli, we are told. But not, we fancy, since the threat of an embargo.

A scientist's idea of smoke-screens for towns as a protection from aircraft is believed to have been suggested by a bird's-eye view of Manchester.

\* \* \*

One of the Nazi leaders is said to take the precaution of spending every night in a different house. General Goering of course spends every day in a different uniform.

"I have found that the poorest people are often the proudest," says an author. It is quite the usual thing for them to ask the wolf to go round to the back-door.

A convict who had served ten years was released on his birthday. It is to be hoped that the warders had more tact than to wish him many happy returns.

Somebody mentions the belief that the ghosts of Charles I. and Nell Gwyn perambulate arm-in-arm. To the annoyance, one imagines, of the ghost of Charles II.

"Owing to the popularity of other forms of entertainment," says a manufacturer, "the piano is fighting for its very existence." With its back to the wall?

A commercial traveller says that he met a most attractive girl in the revolving doors of a restaurant. Since when of course they have started going around together.

"Plumber sees ghost in half-built house," announces a newspaper headline. He says it made him go h. and c. all over.

A professional illusionist is quoted as complaining that his wife won't regard him as a serious business man because he doesn't go into the City and sell stocks and shares. As many illusionists do.

# So Refreshing!

(Being an entirely fictitious extract from the proceedings of the Commission on International Traffic in Arms.)

... Mr. Dennis Dynamite, Chairman and Managing Director of the Instant Quietus Co., then gave evidence and was questioned by members of the Commission.

Sir Paul Kolynos. In view of the evidence of previous witnesses, Mr. Dynamite, I suppose we may assume that the manufacture of war materials is only a tiny fragment of your business?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, no. As a matter of fact it's the only thing we make any money out of. We make tractionengines and glue as well, but only as

A Commissioner. What do you conceive to be the great object of your firm?

Mr. Dynamite. To make money. Several Commissioners. What? Mr. Dynamite. To make money.

A Commissioner. But—don't you feel that your firm is a Great Instrument for Peace or—or a Means of Promoting International Understanding, or anything like that?

Mr. Dynamite. Certainly not! We haven't a penny in either of them.

Dame Nelly Bly. I have here a letter, Mr. Dynamite, written by you to the President of the Boom Bomb Corporation. It contains the phrase: "I have squared Simpson." I suppose the Commission may assume that this is a typist's error for "I have approached Simpson"? Or perhaps purely a private joke?

Mr. Dynamite. No. It means what

Mr. Dynamite. Well, have it your own way. But that deal cost me six hundred sterling and three dinners at the Savitz, so I ought to know.

Sir Paul Kolynos. I take it, Mr. Dynamite, that you consider the existence of your firm absolutely necessary to national safety?

Mr. Dynamite. I don't know. I haven't really thought about it like that.

Sir Paul Kolynos. Are your agents in foreign countries given any instructions with regard to bribes?

Mr. Dynamite (proudly). You don't have to instruct our men about a thing

like that. It's an ordinary selling expense.

Dame Nelly Bly. I presume, Mr. Dynamite, that you follow the example of other firms in this—er—industry in having no hand at all in the policy of other firms in which you have an interest? You are not responsible of course for the activities of the Boom Bomb Corporation?

Mr. Dynamite. Responsible for it? I own the darned outfit! Do you think I'd let them go messing about without consulting me?

Sir Paul Kolynos. Is it a fact that the Boom Bomb Corporation has evolved and sold a bomb specially suitable for bombing London?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, yes. Our London Special is a big Seller. (Producing paper) Look at that sales curve! There's a line for you!

A Commissioner. In view of all the previous evidence, I suppose we may assume that all exports of arms are under the closest government supervision?

Mr. Dynamite. Oh, I wouldn't say that. We slip one across occasionally.

Dame Nelly Bly. Mr. Dynamite, I should of course be right in classing you as a supporter of the League of Nations?

Mr. Dynamite (doubtfully). H'm—well, you know, I'm not really sure. Of course if the cat jumps one way the League might be the finest thing for the trade that's ever happened. At the moment we subscribe a couple of hundred towards the League and another couple of hundred for Anti-League propaganda, so as not to have all our eggs in one basket.

A Commissioner. Would you now give us your views on the way in which the horrors of the next war have been exaggerated?

Mr. Dynamite. Well, I don't know. I should think myself that it will be pretty messy. After all, our new aerial torpedo—

A Commissioner. But—but don't you want to say anything about sloppy sentimentalism, Mr. Dynamite?

Mr. Dynamite (after a few minutes' hard thought). I don't think so. Why should I!

A Commissioner. Then you agree that war is indescribably horrible? Mr. Dynamite. I should think so.

I've never actually been in one, but . . . A Commissioner. Then what justification can you find for continuing to trade in war materials?

Mr. Dynamite (in surprise). Well, it's my business, isn't it? There's money in it.

Here several Commissioners faint. The Commission adjourns for a few moments in confusion. On resumption:

The Chairman. I think that will be all, thank you, Mr. Dynamite. We—we find you a little upsetting.

Mr. Dynamite (apologetically). I'm sorry. I didn't realise that I was boring you. But you know how it is—when a man's honestly proud of his business he likes talking about it.

Sir Bludyer Brisket, Managing Director of United Tanks, next gave evidence.

Sir Paul Kolynos (rather nervously). Should we be right in assuming. Sir Bludyer, that the greater part of the profits of your company come from the manufacture of materials of war?

Sir Bludyer (blandly). On the contrary, we are not an armament firm at all. It is conceivable that in certain circumstances armour-plate, which is a very small side-line of ours, might be used for purely defensive purposes. But that is all.

[A great sigh passes over the Commission.

Dame Nelly Bly (grimly). I have here a letter to the Chairman of Incorporated Detonators, in which you say . . .

[SLOW CURTAIN.]

# A Love-Song.

I MET you first at Harrogate,
At dinner with the Sidneys;
Before the soup and fish were done
We were comparing one by one
The symptoms of our kidneys.

Next year we met again at Bath, And, strolling by the river, You may remember we discussed The arteries and also just Touched lightly on the liver.

At Buxton, Droitwich, Malvern Wells We've shared without curtailment Each stab of pain, each smallest twitch And every sign of weakness which Marked out the latest ailment.

From spa to spa, from cure to cure, We've lived our lives together; We know each other part by part; Now one alone remains—the heart. My dear, I wonder whether—?

Overcrowding in the House.
"M.P.'s LIKE CANNED PILCHARDS."
West-Country Paper.

### An Earful for Somebody.

"If the ink stain has not been on the freek for very long, try placing that part of the freek over a large lng, and pouring a good quantity of boiling water, straight from the kettle, through it."

Domestic Hint in Australian Paper.



# TROUBLED WATERS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "BLESS MY SOUL! I ALMOST WISH I COULD THROW A LINE HERE MYSELF."

# Speed.

Mr. Chudleigh put his newspaper down. "Modern commerce is a wonderful thing," he said reflectively as he stirred his tea and handed the pencil on to Mr. Porter. It's rather inconvenient having only one silver pencil in our office. Mr. Porter did once suggest that we should get another. But Miss Elkington pointed out that you can buy a perfectly good spoon for less money than that, and so nothing was done about it.

"Wonderful," said Mr. Porter, cutting himself a slice of cake.

"If you mean that new card index," said Miss Elkington, "I just don't see how it works."

"I had nothing definite in mind," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I was thinking of the speed of modern commerce generally, and the facilities for business transactions which we are, all of us, too apt to take for granted. Do we ever pause to imagine, for instance, how the business man of 1836, wishing, let us say, to make an appointment to see another business man at the other end of London. got into communication with that man?'

We paused to imagine it. "Rang him up," said Mr. Porter through his

"Ah!" said Mr. Chudleigh triumphantly,

"I expect he'd have sent a letter by messenger," said Miss Elkington, "and the messenger would have struggled through the snow for three days and then been picked up dead by a St. Bernard within a hundred yards of his destination, with the letter in his teeth, like DICKENS OF HARRISON AINSWORTH. It always snowed then."

It's dangerous to mention snow to Mr. Chudleigh. I think he remembers more snow than anyone I have ever met. He was still telling us about Christmas at Market Harborough, when Mr. Porter, who had been sitting with a fixed stare on his face, suddenly put down his cup and his cake and began feeling in his pockets.

"It's funny you should be talking of that," he said. "I don't mean snow. I mean letters to people at the other end of London. Because, now I come to think of it, old Harbottle . . ."

He brought an envelope out of his pocket and turned it over slowly.

"What on earth's that?" asked Miss Elkington.

"It's a very important letter," said Mr. Porter. "At least it was on Friday. It's asking some man to come and see him on either Friday or Monday. That's to-day, isn't it?"

"Do you mean to say that it's been in that pocket ever since Friday?" said Miss Elkington.

"Not actually," said Mr. Porter. "I know I had another suit on last Friday, so I must have automatically changed it from one coat to the other. That's the trained business mind. Well, it isn't too late to take it. If I knew where to take it I could take it now and it would be all right. If."



"Good-bye, Mrs. Wurzel. We shall probably meet again on the Côte d'Azur!"

"I'M AFRAID NOT, DEAR-WE'RE GOING TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."

"Surely there's a name and address on the envelope?" asked Mr. Chudleigh

"There's a name," said Mr. Porter.
"If you can call it a name. Two wavy lines. The first would be Mr. The second might be anything ending in y or g. He did say it as he was writing it, but I haven't an idea now what it was." He turned the envelope upside-down.
"It's just as good this way round."

"Didn't he give you the address to take it to?" asked Mr. Chudleigh, when we had all had a look at it and decided that it was probably something foreign.

"Of course he did," said Mr. Porter, who was looking through his pockets again. "I've got it here somewhere on the back of something. Yes, here it is." He frowned at it.

"Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"I know it's one of these," said Mr. Porter. "One's Moorgate and the other's London Wall. It was like this: he had the address he wanted me to take this letter to in his diary, and he read it out to me, and he read out another one as well."

"Can't you remember which address he read out first?" asked Mr. Chudleigh

"Of course I can," said Mr. Porter.
"He read out the Moorgate one first, because I took it down first. But that doesn't necessarily mean that that's the address he wanted me to take this letter to, does it?"

"I mean," said Mr. Chudleigh patiently, "which address was which? Why did he give you the other address?"

"He said I'd asked him for it some weeks ago," said Mr. Porter. "I remember thinking at the time that I'd better humour him, so I took it down as if I had. You know what old Harbottle's like when he gets ideas about things."

"Let's straightenthis out," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"He asked you to take a letter somewhere in the City for him. Well, to begin with, why did he ask you and not Sidney?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Porter,
"I can answer that. He
told me to give it to
Sidney, and I said, in a
burst of eager helpfulness, that I'd take it
with me at lunch-time

because I was going to have lunch absolutely next-door to it with a man who works in the City."

"Ah!" said Mr. Chudleigh triumphantly. "Now we're getting on. You remember where you had lunch, I suppose?"

"I remember that," said Mr. Porter.
"I'm not likely to forget a ghastly hole like that."

"Well," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Was this ghastly hole next-door to the Moorgate address or the London Wall address?"

"I don't mean absolutely next-door," said Mr. Porter. "I mean somewhere near. It was just about between the two. I remember thinking that when I was writing the other address down. Whichever the other one was. And I remember that I remembered which address was the right one while I was waiting in the restaurant, because I



"HALLO, OLD MAN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MAKE AN ELEVENTH AT BRIDGE."

remember wondering how I could go on remembering it without a pencil; and I remember there was something in the menu that I found I could remember it by. Until I forgot it."

"You seem to have done a lot of remembering," said Mr. Chudleigh. "If you could only remember the name we could find his firm's number in the directory and ring him up."

"I tell you I can't remember it," said Mr. Porter. "And even if I could, we couldn't, because his name isn't the name of the firm. I remember that. I can remember his name too, now I come to think of it. That proves what I said about the trained business mind. Wallingford."

Mr. Chudleigh thought this over. "You'd better go down to the City," he said, "and ask at both the addresses for a Mr. Wallingford. And if there is any method of transport which gets you through the City reasonably quickly at this time of day you'd better take it if you want to be in time."

"I'll go, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney. "I've got my bicycle."

"What was I saying before all that?" asked Mr. Chudleigh when

Sidney had gone. "I don't mean snow. Something before that."

Miss Elkington was sitting staring glassily at nothing. "You did say Wallingford, didn't you?" she said slowly.

"That was it," said Mr. Porter.

"Because there was a Mr. Wallingford who came here to see Mr. Harbottle on Friday afternoon when Sidney was out. He told me Mr. Harbottle had rung him up and made the appointment on Friday morning."

"That's what I was saying," said Mr. Chudleigh. "The speed of modern commerce and our taking modern business facilities for granted. And I think it would be a good idea, Porter, if you and Padgett were to start doing the post, because I don't imagine that Sidney will get back much before it's time to go."

#### Good News for the Defendant.

"Mr. Justice — reserved judgment. Forecast: Fair to fine."—East Anglian Paper.

"Mussolini talks of the Pax Romanum."

From a Periodical.

Closing, as usual, with the solemn adjuration: "Delendus est Abyssinia."

#### The Measured Muse.

["We can use poems to fill a space  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  (approx.)."—Magazine editor's note in an authors' handbook.]

It seems to me quite out of place
To wait till inspiration knocks
And volunteers to fill a space
6½ × 3 (approx.).

For shall the Muse of Fire ascend
(It's not the same as knitting socks)
To yield a final dividend

 $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3 \text{ (approx.)}$ ?

What, after all, is in a name,
My own or Blunden's or Belloc's,
If everybody gets the same—
6½ × 3 (approx.)?

I said: "We go from bad to worse.

O populi, where is thy vox;

Shall a man write immortal verse

6½ × 3 (approx.)?"

But all the same, to call their bluff (And being somewhat on the rocks), I typed a portion of my stuff  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  (approx.)

And sent it to the lucky dip.

It came back through the letter-box,
And with it a rejection-slip—  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  (approx.).

# Thoughts on the Drammer.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE'S recent remarks-animadversions, if you prefer it, on modern plays and players have filled me with a vague disquiet. He thinks acting has become too tame, too polite, too spineless; he wants there to be more go and gusto about the thing. He would like, I take it, to see a good deal more of the outstretched finger and

the passionate cry.

Well of course one can see what he means, and, as far as Art goes, I dare say he is absolutely right. You can't very well have great acting without ginger, any more than you can have a great pianist who doesn't sometimes get into a kind of frenzy with his instrument. But my trouble is that you can easily have ginger without great acting, and that is a thing I cannot bear. Because if there is one thing in the world that makes me really miserable it is to see a man making an ass of himself on the stage. My hands go hot, my face begins to prickle, I do not know where to look; and all the time the misguided man goes on and on and on. People tell me that this feeling indicates a very noble and compassionate strain in my character, and I sometimes think that perhaps there may be something in what they say. But if so, I do not believe that I am alone in my compassion and nobility. I believe that all around me in the theatre, on such occasions as this, hands are growing hot, faces beginning to prickle and eyes glaring desperately down at programmes. We are an easily discomfited nation.

In the old days, when acting was acting, we were, I suppose, a much robuster lot. If an actor had a fit of histrionics on the stage, that was his look-out; the audience might applaud or they might throw a brick at him, but I don't believe they ever went into agonies of self-conscious-

ness on the fellow's account.

The modern theatre has attuned itself to this national sensitivity. Where nobody acts at all, in the sense in which Sir CEDRIC uses the word, it is practically impossible for anyone to make a glaring buffoon of himself. Of course, now and again you get an actor who lacks the ease and accomplishment of the others in his down-sittings and uprisings, his nose-blowings and other necessary activities. and once I remember being caused a moment's awkwardness by a character (I think it must have been in one of Mr. PRIESTLEY's plays) who failed to get his pipe going properly; but these are only minor inconveniences. A performer may be bad, but he can't very well be conspicuous. Which is why I, and people like me, can troop into the pit with minds as nearly as possible at rest.

And Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE wants to change all this. He wants to reintroduce the vibrant tones and the wealth of gesture of an earlier age. He wants to see women fling themselves in floods of tears on the divan and men point their quivering forefingers at the door. Frankly, I don't believe it can be done. I doubt if the public would stand for such immoderate exhibitions. Certainly one person at

least would have to give up the theatre. Unless, it has suddenly struck me, the whole play was in blank verse-I mean the kind of thing that SHAKESPEARE does so well. For some reason the most extraordinary things can be said and done in blank verse. Arms can be thrown wide, fists clenched, gages flung down and even such absurd remarks made as "O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!" without anybody in the audience feeling the slightest embarrassment. There is a play performed regularly to this day on the English stage in which one of the characters has to say, "Stand back, thou manifest conspirator!" I don't believe there is an actor

in the world who would dare to make a remark like that

Occasionally, I admit, on going to a Shakespeare play, after a long interval of ordinary play-going, I have experienced moments of unease. When Rumour enters, painted full of tongues, or the Duke of Bedford, coming on in company with two other dukes, an earl and a bishop (all in dressing-gowns), begins:

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night! Comets, importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky

-I have felt perhaps not quite so good. "Come, come, my good man," I have thought, "you are making yourself ridiculous. Where is your reserve?" But the mood passes. One remembers that of course this is one of those blank verse affairs, and all is well.

The crucial question is now, obviously: Can a modern play about modern people be written in blank verse?

I don't know yet, but I suppose one can try:-

Scene—The office of a wealthy City Magnate in Thread-needle Street or somewhere. It is luxuriously appointed. There is a Persian carpet, a number of comfortable chairs and a solid silver telephone-also a divan large enough for people to throw themselves on in floods of tears. Pictures of Bottomley, Kreuger, etc., adorn the walls. At a walnut desk sits a Secretary, drawing faces, in a passionate manner, on the blotting-paper.

Enter a City Magnate, rolling his eyes and beating his breast,

City Magnate.

Perish the day on which these wretched orbs, Unspectacled as yet, first saw the light, And these poor hands with childish eagerness Seized The United Stockbrokers' Review! Better had I been forcibly dissolved, Wound up at birth and written off the books, Than lived to see this woeful Settling Day. Ah, me, I am undone!

Secretary. What is it, Boss?

City Magnate.

The End! Or precious near it, anyhow.

(He gives a low moan and strikes his fist against a mother-of-pearl filing-cabinet.)

Butter is hardening, Peppermints are weak, Consolidated Indian Elephants

Have fall'n to ninety-three. My faithful band Of Calicos is scattered.

Secretary (wildly). Sell, man, sell!

[The City Magnate throws himself full-length on the divan and buries his head in his hands. His Secretary crosses to him and offers him a handkerchief with a shy gesture of compassion.

Secretary.

Come, come, Sir Harry! All may not be lost. Tramways are up-

City Magnate (with unutterable pathos).

The bottom has dropped out

Of margarine.

[The telephone rings, madly, passionately.

Secretary (raising clenched fists to heaven).

Curse that damn'd instrument!

-and so on. I don't know how this kind of thing would work out in practice; but I'm sure it would bring back more gusto to the stage.

Perhaps Sir CEDRIC will let me know what he thinks?

H. F. E.



DIGNITY UNDER NOTICE.

# Scully's Scales.

In the lean-to shed behind the modern business premises known in Mullinabeg as The N'United Stores stands the gaunt erection that has determined the true weight of so many things in the village. Operated by Wadey Scully with patient skill from his seat on an upturned box, and complete with dangling chains and huge tin scoop, the old-fashioned scales successfully combat all more up-to-date innovations in the shop itself-even the enamelled machine in which an illuminated and figured cylinder rushes frantically away from the closest observer when goods are placed on the glass ledge, only to return at equally break-neck speed as soon as anything is removed.

"Didn't I do me best endeavours to keep a watch upon them little red lines," an indignant customer said lately, "until me two eyes was gone into a sort of an obliquity? Then I took out the flour to Wadey Scully's scales, an' he wasn't long puttin' a name to it; he had the two bags an' he had the big weight, an' they were the very

same as three twins."

The name by which the guardian of the scales is known to his neighbours is the natural outcome of the crooning undertone with which he accompanies his weighing operations—an undertone that rises to a shout at the critical moment. The words have always been accepted by his clients as "Wadey Bucketty," and the louder they are the nearer has he come to a perfect balance.

"He do make a woeful furore whensomever he comes to th'ounces," admirers say. "The minute Wadey puts annything into that scoop you'd see for yourself that he's very apprehensive about a scales, for he'll balance it to the very veins of nicety."

"He was like never to come to an agreement wid the side of bacon," another weary but appreciative shopper said. "It might seem a raysonable length for a man that'd have a seat, but he wadey buckettied till I very near fell out of me standin', an' himself there upon his little box as snug as a thrush."

At no time of year do Scully's scales play a more important part in the life of Mullinabeg than during the month of February, with the local point-to-point only a few weeks ahead and the annual struggle in progress between Andy Maher and Kevin Foley for the privilege of guiding to his inevitable victory the doctor's hunter. Seated in the tin scoop, each in his turn, they have watched with growing

horror the removal from the wooden platform opposite of any of the weights that were necessary last time, or have hailed with delight the addition of a few ounces.

According to Mr. Scully, the doctor's instructions are definite, and the amateur riders have listened many times to his own account of the conversation. "'I'll go be what you say, Wadey,' says the docthor," he tells them, "'for 'tis aiqually simultaneous to me which of them boyos rides Fairy Feet, so long as he's weightier nor the other. But if there's one thing upon this earth that's able to frusthrate that horse over leps', he says, 'it's to carry dead weight; an' that's what he'll have to do if he has a lightsome rider. It'd be far betther,' says he, to put a man upon him that had fallen into mate itself than to dhrape Fairy Feet wid lead, the willin' creature.'

Last week the doctor made a brilliant suggestion. Realising the amount of work entailed by this weekly weighing-in, with all the readjusting of weights necessary for the double operation, he advised the balancing of the two men one against the other—one to be perched on the wooden platform, the second to be seated in the tin scoop. "Let them toss for it," he said airily.

There was a large crowd at last night's final weighing, which from the beginning was an extraordinarily close affair. By the time boots and outside coats were removed there was very little in the difference. As the doctor's handy-man said when he came, "It'd put you in mind of the war that's goin' on at the present time: there's the two of them fightin' it out, an' seemin'ly the two of them is winnin'."

In the dimly-lighted shed the excitement mounted. As always happens in Mullinabeg, the onlookers were sharply divided in their sympathies, but for once the inevitable battle-cry that begins with the word "Up!" was entirely out of place. If Maher went up, Foley came down—and that was exactly what Maher's friends did not want him to do—and vice versă.

At his rival's request, Kevin Foley struggled from the scoop in order to empty his pockets of loose change, and again the doctor's man—of whom his neighbours say "Tis too well read he is"—was reminded of an item of world news. "Look at Maher lettin' on to be th' Aga Khan," he shouted in the ear of the man next to him. "He thinks there should be nothin' but gold in the scoop, an' all Kevin has is a few coppers."

Then, having risen to a yell, Wadey Scully's voice ceased altogether, for

without the addition of a single weight, the two men balanced perfectly, and cheer after cheer rose to the galvanised roof. "Run on down for the docthor," someone suggested, "till he sees them for hisself." But the student of the newspapers raised his hand for silence. "The masther sent a message be me," he said importantly, "an' I hadn't a chanct to tell it anny sooner. "Tell them,' he says, 'that Fairy Feet won't be runnin' at all this year, for he gev himself a slight twisht at the Hunt to-day."

Andy Maher stepped so suddenly from the platform that the tin scoop struck the ground with some violence and shot young Foley forward. But the doctor's messenger had gone home,

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ D. M. L.

# An Office Vignette.

This little story, though it's true, may haply tickle one or two. The scene, you must believe to be a City office known to me. One night the typist had a date—a dance to start at half-past eight, where she expected, as I guess, to meet a boy whom she'd impress. She therefore planned with special care—and who can blame her? -to prepare. That day, betimes, she asked her boss, "Sir, would you be extremely cross if I should beg to get away a little earlier to-day? Say fivefifteen and not half-past?" He glared at her, and then at last barked in the place of a reply a crude unsympathetic "Why?" She, in the confidence of youth, responded with the simple truth, and even, in her girlish guile, concluded, with a charming smile designed to melt a heart of ice, "I want to make myself look nice!" Whereat he growled, as I'm alive, "I think you'd better go at five!"

And now she can't make up her mind if he intended to be kind, or if he tried, as some brutes would, to be as beastly as he could! W. K. H.

# More About the Equality of the Sexes.

"If you were to say nowadays that there was one law for the man and another for the woman, what would happen?" Laura earnestly inquired.

I saw at once that this was one of those tiresome questions that are meant to be answered by the speaker instead of by the spoken-to—a completely unjust arrangement and one that has led to many an evening of utter boredom. So I spoke instantly.

"It would be a complete flop (a) because it's already been said by PINERO or somebody 'way, 'way back in the nineties; and (b) because nobody cares. Besides, it isn't true."

"I thought you'd say that," Laura replied—very maddeningly.

"Because you know it's true."
"You've just said it wasn't true."

"I meant," I said, speaking quietly on purpose to make myself absolutely clear, "when I said it was true, simply that it was true when I said that what you said wasn't true, about one law for each of them. I'm sure you understand what I mean."

"Well, I do," she admitted. "But not everybody would. What put it into my head was Charles saying he wouldn't want any dinner to-night."

"I thought he was looking rather green at lunch. I hope it isn't flu."

"Oh, no; it's only a British Legion supper."
"I don't see why that should make

"I don't see why that should make you think about the equality of the sexes. Come to that, I've got a Women's Institute meeting myself to-morrow night. Seven o'clock, as usual."

"It's our turn to see about the refreshments," said Laura, "Rock-cakes or potted meat?"

Laura is inclined to get into a groove. I pointed out that fish-paste would make a pleasant change, and we were still discussing it when Charles came in.

"I often wonder," he said, "what you two find to talk about all day."

"Fish-paste," said Laura, without sufficient thought.

"We are discussing the arrangements for the Women's Institute meeting to-morrow night," I replied with greater dignity.

"You'll have to have dinner alone," Laura told Charles. "It'll just do for the snipe."

"You mean that the snipe will just do for me. Well, it seems rather a shame. . . . Still, I suppose you'll be having one of the pheasants to-night. They should be just ready by now."

"The pheasants can perfectly well wait till Saturday," I said. "Naturally, Laura and I can't have roast pheasant and bread-crumbs on a tray over the

"On a tray over the fire!" echoed Charles—and he looked quite as green as he'd looked at lunch, if not greener. "You don't honestly mean to tell me—"

"But, Charles, we *like* it. Eggs and things, on the little tiny yellow tables over the fire."

The ejaculation with which Charles received this—which could not, after all, have been completely new to him—was one quite unsuited to the home-circle.

I reminded him that nobody was



"VULTURES."

suggesting that he should take to the egg-and-tray life. The snipe should, on the contrary, have every adjunct that civilisation could bestow (and from what I remembered of its minute corpse hanging up in the larder, it was going to need them).

Then I noticed that Laura was looking at me with a most peculiar expression.

"There!" she said. "You see what I nean."

"No."

"It's the perfect example of what I was saying. You do know what an example is, don't you?"

"Certainly. Genou, hibou-"

"Joujou, caillou-

"Something, something, and Pou!" shouted Charles.

"Yes. Well, there you are. One law for the man and another for the woman, just as I was saying. Charles has his snipe and so on in the dining-room, with Ethel handing the potatoes and changing the plates, just like a dinner-party—and you and I have eggs and trays over the drawing-room fire."

I couldn't help being rather carried away by the theme myself.

"And every woman in the world, practically, whenever she gets the chance—"

"Yes."

Charles said that he'd never heard of such a thing in his life—which was to my certain knowledge untrue—and that if he didn't go at once he'd be late.

"So shall we," said Laura, "if we don't go and dress."

"Dress?" said Charles. "What

"For the eggs-on-trays," said Laura.
"Naturally we dress." E. M. D.

#### At the Pictures.

THE FUTURE.

MR. H. G. WELLS is a remarkable man with an acute and fearless mind, and when the news came that he was turning his attention seriously to the films we were naturally excited and



THE BAZRA BONNET. John Cabal . . RAYMOND MASSEY.

prepared for something extraordinary. But I am doubtful if it has emerged. Not even with all the lavish expenditure and support of Mr. KORDA do we get more than the familiar WELLS forecast, with a few details thrown in that might be Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S. It has all been done with stupendous magnificence; but it is not new.

During the first half we have the battle—the air against the earth—the air winning. Then, all aeroplanes mysteriously disappearing, we have a Dictator (speaking much too loudly) who is able to claim the earth and own it, so long as no one can fly; but who directly aviators return is vanquished; and then, as the future grows, the age of engineering is with us and we see machines until we are dizzy.

It is all too amazing for the spectator to absorb-much less to understandin one visit; and I must go again. But I hope I shall have more luck than when I went again to Modern Times, also associated with the might of mechanism. H. G., having much to say, may improve on closer acquaintance, but CHARLIE, depending wholly on surprise, does not. It is a pity, for deprived of shock one can coldly dissect

any aspersion on our comic friend; I merely wish to emphasise the value of unexpectedness. But there is one of the scenes in Modern Times that I am sure ought to have been thought out a little longer. It is when CHARLIE knocks away the wedge in the shipbuilders' yard. The ship that he then inadvertently launches should, I am certain, be seen to sink

Mr. Wells has, I think, been better served by his property-men and his crowds than by his principals, who all seemed to me in doubt as to what effect the future should have on them. Should they be normal, or would human nature change too? Personally, I guess that it will never change, no matter what the wire-pullers are doing.

There is no doubt that Things to Come is an interesting experiment, both in philosophy and in practical staging; but I resent profoundly the culmination of this vision. That the flying-machine will become more and more powerful I feel assured, and that it will drop bombs and destroy seems more than likely. But what then? Some of us think that in whatever brave new world may result there will be time and opportunity for the perfection of the arts of peace. Not so Mr. Wells, who, foreseeing no period when the young and adventurous are not starting out on new and dangerous



AN ARTIST'S AGONY. Theotocopulos . . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

enterprises, which, if not war, are the next thing to it-for war can never utterly vanish-brings his fantasy to a close by packing the young hero and heroine into a projectile and sending them off to the moon. I should say round the moon rather than to it; for his devices. I do not intend this for the moon, being dead, can do them no

good. They are to be shot round it and then fall into the sea in the Pacific and be picked up and brought back. All very futile; but the courage of the effort is superb!

At least so says the Director of Mankind, and he therefore gives them every assistance, and, in shorts, with very odd shoulders like a gunman's, he



TWO CHINS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, Jack Warrender . JACK HULBERT. Lionel Fitch . . . J. ROBERTSON HARE.

is still haranguing and extolling their merits when the curtain comes. Meanwhile the young people, also in shorts -for in 2036 everyone will wear shorts, are on their way, the preliminary explosion killing, we gather, all those so foolhardy as to try to stop them. But why the Utopians, having won through to their ideal civilisation, should worry about the dead old moon at all, is anything but clear to me.

When I saw a Viennese comedy called Youth at the Helm, in which OWEN NARES was so persuasive as an impudent young impostor of twenty that we forgot his real age, I was delighted and accepted the improbable satire as fact, or at any rate as a possibility of modern finance, where there can be so much delegation that no single official knows all. But when I heard that JACK HULBERT had been turning the same story into a picture called Jack of All Trades I was (much as I love him) doubtful; for I knew that the part of the hero needed concentration, and I knew also that, excellent actor as JACK HULBERT used to be in the slices of life that in the good old days varied his revues, he had fallen a prey to the easy laughter that besets the films. And I fear I was right. The new picture so long as it follows the story is, if not convincing, as con-



"JUST LOOK AT THAT BLOKE, BILL. AND TO THINK 'E COULD BE SITTIN' COMFORTABLE AT 'OME DRINKIN' BEER!"

vincing as such a steady performer as ATHOLE STEWART in a credible part can make it, with the assistance of some co-directors all doing their best; but you can see all the while that JACK (with his public behind him) is becoming more and more restless; and at last he dances, at a night-club, and all is well. Or ill. Thenceforth the plot fades out and there is nothing but farcical wildness with a fire-hose, and more dancing, and an end. It is a pity, because into the débâcle is dragged poor Robertson Hare. From Jack HULBERT we have come to expect nothing but inconsequential tom-foolery; but ROBERTSON HARE, in a really good little play like Youth at the Helm, might have been allowed to persuade. Another pity is that Jack of All Trades marks a declension in the standard of British films, and British films are not in need of that.

\_ E. V. L.

"Cook-General wanted, for Aylesbury, one lady, mid-day dinner. Every other evening out. Good wages to capable maid. Highest wages essential."—Local Paper.

Mistress and maid will certainly be in complete accord on this point.

# "Clean Fish." A Spring Salmon Song.

In the birks the East wind blows, Round the bend the river flows, Overhead the wild-goose goes— Musical goes she. Step across the whale-backed gravel, Hear the falls in foam unravel Chaos and, unharnessed, travel

Storming to the sea.

Here's the Fish his pathway proud, Swift with sun and dark with cloud; Here he runs his course avowed, Urgent, headalong

To those far beds, gold as guinea, Where, long since, a little skinny Atom of an alevin, he Learnt his ripple-song.

Give, to-day, old Arctic thanks For the silver on his flanks, For the breath of rose that pranks There, aurora-wise,

There, aurora-wise,
For the green of sea remaining
His tremendous shoulder staining,
For the tide-louse appertaining
But to fighting-guise.

Shall, my son, I ask of you,
Domesticity undo
One so warrior to view—
Shall he come to redd?
Come to kelthood, lank and hideous
In the eyes of the fastidious?
Such a verdict were invidious—
Never be it said!

So, then, let your light lure hang Busy where the rapids clang, Let him take it with a bang Matching his degree, Let him fight, no inch conceding, Let him die as fits his breeding, Let his end be cutlets, needing Naught but his own "bree."

Now the winds of Springtime blow, Northward now the wild-geese go, Down, in ply, dark rivers flow, Shot with showers and gleams; Songs of winds and woods shall mingle As we cross that sounding shingle, Till all songs become the single Song of running streams. P. R. C.

# "I Was Wrong."

AND why not?

The PRIME MINISTER of our land has been chided because within a year he has twice stood at the Table in Parliament and frankly confessed that he has been wrong. The first time he had been misinformed by those who should have known better, and the second time, he said, he had himself formed a view which was mistaken.

Well, no doubt, the PRIME MINISTER is one of those who should, more than the rest of 'he human race, take care to see that they are generally right. But it seems to me a dangerous thing to rebuke severely anyone, even a Prime Minister, who confesses that he has been wrong. I thought myself that Mr. Baldwin's frank admission was, in itself, one of the most encouraging things that has happened for a long time; though no doubt it would have had a happier appearance in a

less important context.

Certainly, for an Opposition to blame a Government for confessing that it has been wrong is crazy-and almost suicidal. For it is the whole purpose of an Opposition to convince a Government that it is wrong and to induce the Government to change its course. The heart and core of all our boasts about Parliamentary government is that under this system the right must ultimately prevail; because it is not enough, as in certain other countries, for the ruler to say it with machine-guns-"This is what I say. Do it!"-he has to say it with argument and reason and persuade both Parliament and people to agree. And, what is more, he must listen to the arguments of the other side.

But what becomes of all this boasting if the moment the ruler says "I was wrong. You were right. And I will change my course accordingly," he is assailed with harsh abuse? What temptation will he have to confess that he was wrong again? He is entitled to reply, "Well, if you don't like my saying 'I was wrong' I will continue to say 'I am right'." It will then become quite useless for Oppositions to bombard him with arguments and amendments, and the basis of Parliamentary government will become as a bog or swamp.

The same reasoning applies to all those gallant constituents who Wrote to Their M.P. About It a little before Christmas. They may be pardoned for preening themselves and saying, "Ha. We were right. We 'Wrote to Our M.P. About It,' and the Government had to confess that they were wrong." But if they are going to add: "What a

scandalous thing for the Government to confess that they were wrong!" it must be obvious that it will be useless for them to Write to Their M.P. About It again. For his answer will be, "You are an ungrateful collection of cows."

How noble and delightful is that scene which occurs each day in millions of English homes:

Husband. You can't do that, dear.
Wife. But I want to.
Husband. You are not to.
Wife. Well, I shall.

Husband. All right, dear. I suppose you know best.

Wife. Darling! how sweet you are to me!

But suppose that it went like this:

Husband. You can't do that, dear.
Wife. But I want to.
Husband. You are not to.
Wife. Well, I shall.

Husband. All right, dear. I suppose you know best.

Wife. What a fool you are! What an incompetent mutt! Don't you know your own mind? You are not fit to be my husband at all.

How much satisfaction would Wife

get next time?

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. At least he should be blessed in a community which acclaims the supremacy of reason and constantly asserts that the times are changing. And yet how many pillars of our Parliamentary system are founded on the notion that it is wrong for anyone to say one thing this year and another thing the next! Nothing delights Parliament so keenly as a series of quotations dug out of some Minister's past orations, the point of which is to show that five years ago he said something different from what he is saying to-day. What wagging of forefingers-what ironical cheers! The fact that five years ago all the relevant circumstances were completely different does little to restrain them.

Then there is the notion that the man who crosses the floor or changes his Party is an indescribable toad. In all other walks of life, if a man confesses that as conditions change and wisdom grows he sees the same problems in a new and perhaps a contrary way, he is hailed as a broadminded, generous, bold and sensible fellow. But in the political world he is a time-server, a trimmer, a turn-coat, a place-seeker, a traitor, an opportunist and heaven knows what. Only in that world is the man accounted noble and excellent who persists in saying the same thing years after events have proved it to be wrong.

From the same peg hangs the odd notion that the Government must never be defeated, however small the question. Except on cardinal measures and questions of policy, I cannot see why a Government should not often, and cheerfully, be defeated, without having to suffer those ironical cries of "Resign!" Parliament would then be more of a debating society and less a registry for the decisions of Whitehall. There would be more trouble for the Departments and the draftsmen, no doubt, but less anxiety for the Whips (how sweet!); and speakers would sometimes feel that their speeches might turn a vote or two.

When the Issue is Grave, the theory is, I am aware, that a defeated Government has ceased to represent the electorate and so ought to resign; but on Minor Issues nobody knows what the electorate thinks and nobody in particular represents them: so that

cock won't fight.

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. It would be easier to admit that if the other fellow would not so often reply so offensively, "I told you so!" I am not one of those who believe that "I told you so" should never be said: for the remark does at least provide some evidence that the speaker may be believed or trusted on a future occasion. But it should be said delicately, thus:—

"Darling, I fancy I murmured something to that effect myself. Perhaps in future you will pay some small attention to this humble person's advice"

and not in this way :-

"You lop-eared loon! Didn't I tell you so?"

How little gratitude and praise do Borough Councils receive when it is announced that they propose to do something! And what joy irradiates the Borough when it is announced that they have bowed to public opinion and changed their mind! It is astonishing that County and Borough Councils do not advertise still more appalling plans, simply to experience this joy, and to distribute happiness by calling them off. Perhaps some of them do. If my dear L.C.C., for example, were now to proclaim that they never really meant to drive that barbarous road through our vitals-what a gala night there would be through all West London! And I, at least, promise not to say, "I told you so!"

Blessed is he who can admit that he was wrong. I should at once, if ever I had the chance. A. P. H.

# Weeding.

Now I do not dislike weeding—I may even like it—but I must start when I want and finish when I have done enough. All the best weeders do that. Your mental picture of a professional weeder is, sitting on a barrow, wiping his head or hat-lining, filling or lighting a pipe, one foot on a spade surveying future work or, at nearest, scowling or snarling at a weed. You see, there is more in weeding than actual weeding.

To be told that the centre bed needs weeding upsets me. It crowds the smooth unhurried approach I should have made towards weeding the centre bed. To weed then is to become a slave-weeder. The lash cracks in the air, and a split second before one's back is flayed the illusion is shaken off—you are free and defiant.

Of course you cannot then weed the centre bed.

But unless harried, hounded and nagged I frequently weed. Several weeds. I can recollect more occurences than I will recount.

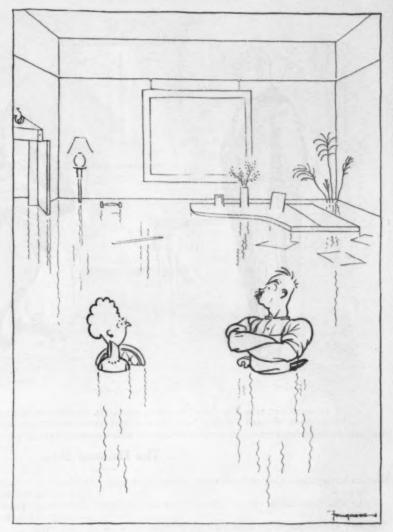
And it is silly for people to jeer about pulling up the wrong things. This will never happen if you let them grow sufficiently to be clearly distinguishable. If I am in any doubt I leave them another week or so—sometimes whole beds have to be left—then you know that you are not making a mistake due to hastiness.

Last year I saw a friend stamping small weeds into a bald patch of lawn. I calculated after a thorough inspection that such a transference would just about square up our beds and the bald patch of the lawn—the other half is quite good. But before I had gone very far I decided that it was a mistake; it did not match the lawn well. I think seeds and things must blow and the birds carry them. So I reweeded it.

Dandelions look pretty in a lawn, and they have the deuce of a root; but those flat green things are weeds, as I have not yet thought of any reasons otherwise, so cannot be spared.

It is quite impossible to get the roots out, so I often pluck them, which lasts quite a time and, after all, is quite as sensible as getting your hair cut. A more drastic method is to get a sharp knife (the carving-knife does well, if your wife carves) and slice obliquely at the earth near the root with a sort of thrust. The top comes off and it bleeds in its own way, which would not appear to do it much good at the time.

Young weeds look like all sorts of things, and all sorts of things look like young weeds. A tree is known by its



"And I tell you, young man, for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-winth time, that it is the thaw that bursts them!"

fruit, and we sometimes have to wait to decide about a weed. Think it over, if in doubt; take a spell off and have a quiet pipe. The late summer or fall will tell its tale, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that haste has not brought regret into your garden.

not brought regret into your garden.

Your work will have followed your
plan.

# Cloh-Sing Time.

Though others sigh That China soon to London bids

good-bye, Yet do not I; And this the reason why.

I do not feel at ease

Among the phantoms of those old Chinese: They seem to laugh at me and say, "Friend, what about that 'cycle of Cathay,'

Those 'fifty years of Europe'? Do you find

That you are still inclined

To be so patronising? For to us Your Western world seems very barbarous:

You have no dignity, no calm, no poise; You can't keep still, your lives are full of noise;

And, to be quite sincere, We do not want you here.

You'd look far better singing a Te Deum In your Imperial Museum.

Tah-Tah, Soh-Long!"

And then the question haunts me: Are they wrong? H. C. B.



"I AM GOING OUT THIS AFTERNOON, SMITHERS, AND SHALL REQUIRE LUNCH HALF-AN-HOUR EARLIER THAN USUAL."

"VERY GOOD, MY LADY. AND AT WHAT HOUR WOULD LITTLE WONG WISH TO DINE?"

# The Haunted Ship.

discontinued.

have-

Folks that have lived within their walls in the bygone days;

And why should not ships have their ghosts also, even as they have-

Men that have hated or loved them, served them and gone their ways.

Sweated and shivered, known hunger and thirst and been

Slept, waked, worked their traverses well or ill? I know one that walks in the old barque Kashmiri, If she's floating still.

Here and there on the familiar decks he lingers, Watching the crowd at their work, making or furling

Pausing now and then to touch with remembering fingers Wheel-spoke and capstan-bar, or handle rope and rail. He stands at the half-deck door awhile, smiling to see

The notehed table, the bunk where he used to lie-Nothing changed at all since the time he used to be there But the old faces he knew in the years gone by.

In tropic dog-watches he stays a little to hearken The hands lounging and yarning as of old on the forehatch:

Houses have ghosts, they say; well, like enough they may He hears the "one-two, one-two" of the bells and, as evening darkens,

The hoarse voice of the bosun rousing out the watch; He catches the whiff of the mate's pipe, he hears him tramping

Fore and aft, fore and aft, steady and slow; He sees the warm yellow of the binnacle light lamping The intent face of the steersman over its glow.

He stands at his elbow, hearing the night-wind singing Up aloft, far aloft in the sheave-blocks and spars, Watching the lift of the royal leech and the high trucks

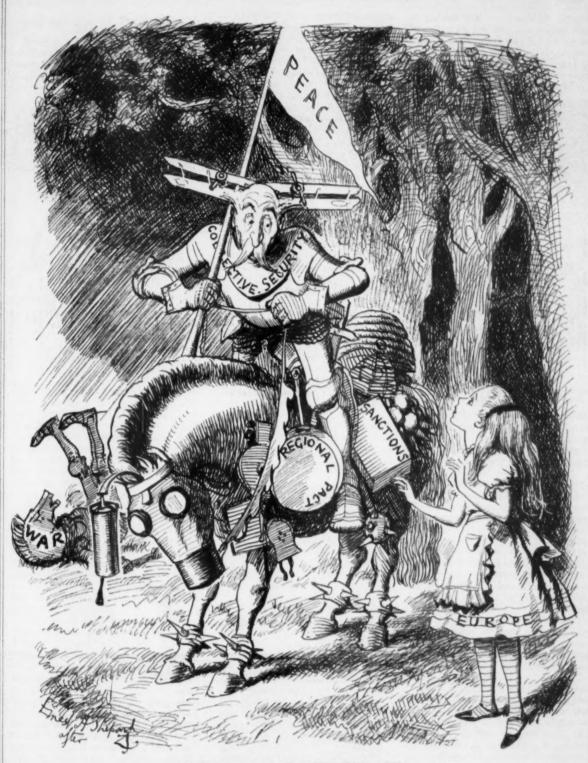
swinging, Swaying their ceaseless are against the sky and the

North, South, East, West-sunny weather or dreary, Cold in the high South latitudes, steamy-hot on the Line-There's a ghost walks, I know, in the old barque Kashmiri-And that ghost's mine. . . .

"The whole scheme is rotten from end to end and will not work. We are being smothered in our own bacon."-Report of Speech.

Dare we suggest dieting?

"The figure skaters will be in action to-day when compulsory figures for men will be continued."—Newspaper Report. Compulsory figures for women have of course long been



EUROPA IN THUNDERLAND.

THE WHITE KNIGHT. "IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY, WASN'T IT?"



### Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, February 24th.—That a confidential document belonging to the British Government could fall into the possession of an Italian newspaper is serious, but the publication in the



THE BULLDOG BREED.
MR. LEES-SMITH.

Giornale d'Italia of the report of Sir John Maffey's Committee has not really mattered at all. In fact, as Lord Cranborne said to-day, the world knew now that what Great Britain said in public it thought in private, and for that unsolicited and possibly unintentional testimonial we owed the Italian Press heartfelt thanks.

Mr. Thurtle has a notion that the work of the Foreign Office might be a little more scintillating if its members were not so exclusively educated. In the last four years, Mr. Eden told him, Eton, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough and Repton (in that order, the last two bracketed) have contributed most to its staff. Narkover is of course still too young a foundation to have arrived in diplomacy.

The debate on Foreign Affairs was interesting but got nobody very much further. Speaking for the Labour Party, Mr. Lees-Smith urged that the oil embargo must be applied if the League was to show the dictators that in future war was not going to pay. The present sanctions, he said, were directed only against Italy's internal life; oil was the only sanction which would bear directly on the military operations, and so far this issue had been handled with vacillating ineptitude. When Mr. Eden went to Geneva next week, would he please take a strong line?

The Foreign Secretary, who spoke (or read) next, began by denying that any charge of dilatoriness could be made out either against the Government or against the League. As for the sanctions already enforced, he reminded the House that, of the three methods of paying for imports, Italy's payment by exports and by capital transactions had been largely eliminated, while her domestic collection of gold showed how hard-pressed she was in that direction. In his view the oil sanction should be judged on its efficacy to stop the war, and on that point he could say no more until the Governments had fully considered the Experts' Report. machinery of the Committee of Five was still available for conciliation.

In the subsequent debate the biggest Parliamentary artillery held their fire. Through Sir Archibald Sinclair the Liberals demanded absolute loyalty to the League and sanctions; Mr. Amery spoke slightingly of the "blind alley of sanctions"; and Mr. Attlee spoke slightingly of Mr. Amery and of the Foreign Secretary, remarking that he seemed to see the old Adam in Eden.

Tuesday, February 25th.—A dainty little measure entitled "The Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Traction Bill" was aired in the Lords this afternoon, after which Lord ZETLAND spoke kindly about India for a few minutes. And so to tea.

It was a Supply Day, and the Foreign Office Vote, which included an item for telephones for the Naval Conference and another for telephone-calls to diplomatic representatives abroad, gave



"MARK TIME!"
PRIVATE EDEN INDICATES WHAT STEPS
HE MAY TAKE AT GENEVA.

the Labour Party a chance to criticise the Government for not telling the House exactly what was happening at the Conference, and several private Members a chance to suggest that if the Continental telephone were used more often a better liaison might be



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO. D.C.M.s

Are rare at Talkville-on-Thames, Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD won this ribbon, who Holds the Distinguished Collar Medal too.

established between the Government and their emissaries—it was not good enough if these were to retort that they didn't know the PRIME MINISTER's number or that they hadn't the right currency on them at the moment.

Mr. EDEN, who handles Committeework with admirable dispatch, explained that to divulge the proceedings of the Naval Conference at this stage would be to let down the other Governments; and after Mr. Beverley Baxter had been warned by the CHAIRMAN for irrelevant riding on his hobby-horse of isolation, Miss WILKINson had quite unsuccessfully clashed swords with Sir Dennis Herbert over another little extraneous matter and Mr. Maxton had pleased the House by suggesting that the next war might be financed by the sale of the film-rights, the Vote was agreed to and the Assyrians and the Milk Bill engaged Members' attention.

The fact that after the Government has made its contribution towards the settlement of the Assyrians in the Levant there will still be a deficit—for which, as Mr. Dalton said, the Primate was going to take round his hat—has raised a good deal of criticism, but despite the recent debate on the subject in the Lords, the Government still disclaim any further responsibility.



"I WISH THE BASEMENT PEOPLE WOULD NOT HANG OUT THE WASHING THERE! IT GIVES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD SUCH A

# Lizards and Looking-Glasses.

Do you ever think much about lizards? Probably not. But you should; we all should. Before the dawn of history, I have read, the lizard tribe was man's chief rival for the lordship of the earth. And but for our chance possession of a reversible thumb, not we but lizards might have ruled the world and sailed the seven seas, keeping perhaps a few mangy specimens of Homo sapiens behind the bars in Regent's Park. Yes, it would be a good thing for the human soul, I feel, to pause now and again in its busy triumphant progress and devote a few minutes' silent thought to lizards and reversible thumbs.

There are plenty of opportunities in the West Indies for studying these fallen angels. I have only to sit at a window and croon a few soft sentimental bars for lizards to come crawling slowly towards me from all directions, heads slightly on one side the better to absorb the sweet sad music. They will often approach within arm's reach, gazing rapturously into my face, the pulse in their throats beating with emotion. If things had not worked out quite as they have—if, say, that reversible thumb of ours had not proved the

success it has and fate had doomed me to the wrong side of the bars in Regent's Park, I feel sure that I could have relied on my voice to win for me an endless supply of buns from such musicloving masters.

Next to music, lizards like fighting best. Take Benjamin, for instance. Every morning Benjamin's six inches of vivid green crawl through my window on to the dressing-table, where he turns to a drab brown-his best imitation of mahogany. Then he makes straight for my circular shaving-mirror, climbs on to the top and peers over the rim. He starts back in anger. Zounds! That infernal fellow is still there! In spite of being soundly thrashed every morning for a month! Benjamin's tail stiffens and he does press-ups angrily on top of the mirror. And as his rage grows, so also does the yellow bladder under his chin, which he imagines strikes terror into the hearts of his foes and fascinates his lady-friends. When he is satisfied with its dimensions Benjamin peers into the mirror again. Holy smoke! Benjamin can hardly believe his eyes. That bumptious coxcomb has actually worked up his yellow bladder too! Without more ado Benjamin hurls himself at the glass in a frenzy of rage, biting and scratching until he loses his footing and falls to

the dressing-table. Undaunted by this reverse, and after a moment's surprised consideration, he climbs back on to the mirror and the whole pantomime is repeated; and continues to be repeated until the arrival of tea sends him scuttling in retreat through the window.

Such was the daily programme until a week ago. But that is all over now. Benjamin's morning battle is off. He comes, indeed, as usual, but he does not go near the shaving-mirror. Instead he takes cover behind a hair-brush and stares at it through the bristles with ill-concealed anxiety. For a week ago Benjamin received a severe shock, as a result of which his nerves are all to pieces.

He arrived that fatal dawn at the run, all eagerness for the fray. And the mere sight of his enemy's round chromium-plated lurking-place drove the hot blood to his head. Standing on a tube of shaving-soap he lashed himself into a fury, the veins on his forehead standing out like cords, until, carried away in a whirlwind of ungovernable rage, he rushed towards the mirror.

Now I never use the magnifying side of the mirror myself, so I really cannot be held to blame for what follows. My face a normal size I can bear. I have grown up with it, and long familiarity with its carelessly assembled assortment of plebeian features has bred in me a beautiful resignation to the inevitable. The fierce feelings of revolt of my early years against an unjust fate have gradually softened and mellowed into a quiet dignified melancholy, not unmixed with the pride of one especially singled out for affliction by an inscrutable Providence. I am speaking of course of my attitude to my face reflected in its true dimensions. That, I say, I have learned to tolerate, if not to love.

But my face in a magnifying mirror! My face some four feet by three! With great jagged teeth inches square, and red veins sprawling on half-a-yard of nose. With the merest suspicion of a pimple swollen to an angry boil, and great straggling unshaven porcupine quills sprouting from the deeply pocked flesh. That is a very different affair. One glimpse of it in the early morning is enough to cast a gloom over the rest of my day.

Therefore, I say, I never use the magnifying side of the mirror and cannot have been responsible for the fact that this side was to the front as Benjamin approached. So it was no lizard that he saw rushing to meet him, but a veritable dragon. A vast green scaly creature, with deadly talons and great gaping fire-belching jaws took giant bounds towards him. This was much more than Benjamin had bargained for-and who shall blame him? He swerved violently to the right and took cover behind a stiff collar. No lizard alive could scare him, but dragons now---! And he had always thought the damn things were extinct! He backed nervously to the edge of the dressing-table and has never since approached the shaving-mirror.

And when I think about that reversible thumb I mentioned and realise that but for that Benjamin might be lying here in bed and I might be crawling about on his dressing-table, angered and bewildered by his shaving-mirror—well, it makes me feel very humble.

#### Names of Good Omen.

[The Times of Friday, Feb. 21, records the success achieved at a pianoforte recital by a pianist rejoicing in the salubrious name of NINA MILKINA.]

The names of the minstrels harmonious
Who shine by their genius or skill
For the most part are apt and
euphonious

Reminders of Helicon's hill:



"SO YOU ARE A POET TOO?"

"NOTHING TO SPEAK OF, SIR, BEYOND AN ODD ODE OR TWO INSPIRED BY THE OVERWHELMIN' BEAUTY OF THESE 'ERE SURROUNDIN'S—IF YOU FOLLER ME."

Thus Totl dal Monte arrides us— We greet her with "Bravo!" and "Bis!"

And an instinct infallible guides us To Gluck and to Bliss.

"Tis needful to make reservations
For artists who "put it across"
In spite of their strange appellations,
Like Schnabel or Krish or Van
Oss:

And yet one is safe in propounding
The view that of passports to fame
None betters a nobly-resounding
Mellifluous name.

Adelina was made for Zerlina,
As Patti gave proof long ago,
And the glamorous name Guilhermina
Lends magic to Suggia's bow;

Well-named too was tragic Ternina,
Once queen of the lyrical throne;
And now clever Nina Milkina
Comes into her own.

She might have excelled as a dairymaid,

Or pined as a maiden forlorn:
She may be a fairy or airy maid
To earth from the Galaxy borne,
But whether authentic or fabled

The tales of her origin are, For her name she deserves to be labelled

An alpha plus star. C. L. G.

"In the Far East, Japan continues to absorb China chunk by chunk."

Ecclesiastical Paper.

Surely, if at all, Chink by Chink? \*



"No, John, we'll turn back here. I'm not coming another inch."

# One Reader's Report.

[Among the other peculiar activities of my friend Elkin Doggerel the poet, who is still away, was—I have just discovered—that of publisher's reader. The job does not appear to have lasted long; but he submitted a report on at least one novel, because I have found a copy of the report stuffed in a hole beside his fireplace. I never hope to see a reader's report that would make a better hole-stopper, and probably the publishers never hope they will too. Anyway, here it is.]

This novel, Nervous People Catered For, by Anon, seems to be all about the proprietor of a swimming-bath, or if it isn't all about one, I never read any book that was more nearly all about one. I read a book once about one of those fellows they call life-savers-a chap by the name of Clump, or Glump, who used to go to work puffing and blowing like a steam-roller, but he was mostly in the sea. The man in this book is never in the sea. I get the impression that the sea would dismay him, as the heavens did PASCAL, "the infinite silence of these vast spaces," and so on, you know. This man, apparently, likes to stick to a small circumscribed expanse of water with quant. suff. of chlorine in it and the flags of all the nations strung from a pole on the top of the peanut-kiosk. You can't deny too that a swimming-bath is far more convenient to pull people out of, if you feel that way. As in the old story of the man who asked a yokel the way to somewhere: "If I wanted to go there," the yokel said after thought, "I wouldn't start from

here." Well, if I were going to pull anyone out of the sea I'd start from an entirely different set of premises and make sure that he fell into a swimming-bath instead. The man who has learnt to live controls his life, not vice versâ.

This man's first name is given as Colin, which I can't say I consider a suitable name for a swimming-bath proprietor. Undoubtedly there are suitable names for everyone, and parents often inadvertently provide them, but sometimes the intention, good or bad, comes unstuck. Tristram Shandy's father wanted to call him Trismegistus; possibly this man's father had a stab at Columbus or something, or even Cortez, and was attacked by a swallow in the middle. (I speak not ornithologically but tonsillarically.) Cortez would have been a particularly good choice, I think, for a man who spends most of the day having people swim into his ken and out. However, the name we have to stand for is Colin—unless you think it worth while asking the author to dig up another.

The whole book is one of those I've-been-here-man-and-boy affairs, and this fellow Colin is shown cherishing his swimming-bath for years and years, thinking up improvements for it and pulling people out of it until what I suppose you might call the big scene near the end, when he lets all the water out and defends it against a siege. I take this to be a good and quite unusual notion. After all, it can't be very often that a man is beleaguered in his own swimming-bath, or anyone else's either, in spite of the fact that (as our friend Anon points out) a swimming-bath with all the water let out, squared by rows of concrete huts, is one of our nearest approaches in the twentieth century to a

mediæval fortified castle. What I mean is, look at it the other way round. Why should anyone want to besiege a swimming-bath? It's not one of the great natural instincts, or even the answer to a perpetually recurrent demand, like the manufacture of cotton-wool snow. No; just the result of peculiar circumstances or of a moment's madness (a circumstance no less peculiar than most). Oh, certainly an original scene.

Less original is the general theme of the book, the old youth-and-age stuff. Colin has an enterprising son who keeps suggesting revolutionary changes of policy, such as the insertion in the bath of bits of synthetic seaweed and small rubber clockwork fish. He refuses to consider these innovations, and the son taunts him with being behind the times. There are ominous rumblings here of an impending sequel to the book in which this son's son will want to introduce small rubber electric fish against his father's wishes; and then possibly another sequel in which the generations are estranged over the question of small rubber electric radio-controlled fish; but if the thought of a swimming-bath saga doesn't give you pause, okay. It would give me pause if I were a publisher, which just shows how fortunate it is that I'm not, because a publisher seems to be a man who is never given pause at all.

I don't say this book is worth publishing, but it's at least as good as that pretentious stack of maudlin aneedotes you brought out the other day under the title of —\_\_.\*

Judiciously advertised it might have a certain sale—or

borrow—among the less enlightened swimming-bath lovers. Some telling phrase, such as "A powerful swimming-bath novel," or "A disturbingly real contribution to the swimming-bath problem," or even "An exquisite and tenderly pellucid vignette of swimming-bath life" would attract some readers; and "How a swimming-bath proprietor fought and won, is the theme of this rattling yarn," or "H<sub>2</sub>O! The symbol burned itself into his brain!" would attract others. The book itself would scare them all away again, but you can't have everything in this life. On the whole I advise you to send the manuscript back. If the author says he doesn't believe anyone's read it, tell him to look at the beer-stains and think again.

[Literary Executor's Note.—I sympathise with the publisher in this instance, who evidently had to choose between publishing the novel and taking my friend's advice. For all I know, the book may have come out, but I don't remember it. If you remember it I sympathise with you too.]

R. M.

#### Little Ned.

FATHER came on little Ned Smoking in the potting-shed. As he put away the cane He said, "I warn you once again: Leave my cigarettes alone. Next time take Ma's or buy your own."

• With the utmost regret I delete this name.—R. M.



"I'M AFRAID THAT THE OLD MAN HAS BECOME A CHANGED PERSON SINCE HE WENT TO SEE 'MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY."

# At the Play.

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE" (WYNDHAM'S).

To book-making circles it has long Erwin-pronounced "Oywin"-him-

been a source of comfort that those endowed with the gift of second sight should show a strange incapacity, or it may be an even stranger unwillingness, to foretell which horse on a given day will run faster than its fellows. Friends and relations of crystal. gazers may resent this defect in the art of prophecy, but if it were ever overcome racing would end abruptly.

The case of Erwin Trowbridge was, therefore, of the greatest interest. Amild little man. unable to distinguish one end of a horse from the other, he was in the habit of playing a private game with himself each evening as he sped home in the bus from New York to his suburb. He would read through the list of horses running the next day, throw himself into an unobtrusive

trance and leave the rest to the helpful rhythm of the bus. Before he alighted a queer filter would come into action in his head and leave him next afternoon's winners sitting high and dry. And these were really winners; they never failed to romp home, to Erwin's amazement and delight, for it pleased his simple mind to see the score of imaginary dollars, which he kept at the end of his notebook, daily mounting up.

No bushel could long conceal a light of such dazzling possibilities. The discovery of his notebook by his wife, and the fanning of her suspicions by her mercenary brother, led Erwin to unwonted rebellion, and he shortly found himself, not ie his office at the Greeting-Card Corporation (he was a poet), but getting rapidly drunk in a bar frequented by gentlemen of the Turf. His secret was soon out; and long before he was sober he had been adopted as Advisor-in-Chief by three tough and unsuccessful punters.

Out of his adventures in this position Mr. JOHN CECIL HOLM and Mr. GEORGE ABBOTT have fashioned one of the most amusing farcical comedies to which London has been treated for a long time, one which will be fully intelligible

extract hearty laughter, I could almost verses demanded by his employers; guarantee, even from the Elders of the Anti-Gambling League.

The main delight is the character of



"MOTHERS' DAY" AMONGST THE HORSES.

Frankie .					×	*	*			Mn.	DAVID BURNS,
Patsy		8					*		š.	MR.	BERNARD NEDELL.
Erwin Tro	wb	rie	lge		×		×		*	MR.	ROMNEY BRENT.
Charlie .											EDMOND PRAN

self, made infinitely appealing and path- rarely found in this kind of setting. etic by Mr. ROMNEY BRENT. All Erwin



A DRAG ON THE POET.

Frankie	×	Mn.	DAVID BURNS.
Erwin Troubridge		MR.	ROMNEY BRENT.
Audrey Trowbridge		MISS	TUCKER MCGUIRE

to the most unequine audience and up the bundles of Mother's-greeting and the wads of notes which represented his ten-per-cent. commission on the winnings of his punter-friends seemed hopelessly unreal to his artless soul

beside the solid fifty dollars which he earned weekly as a poet. It was a sublime sight to see these undoubtedly hard guys treating his idlest word with reverence lest it contained a hint of a winner, and having even to stand for actual flights into verse for fear of throwing his other precious powers out of gear. Full advantage of this excellent situation is taken by the authors, who introduce sufficient complications to hold our interest while we laugh. The pace of the First Act was so hot that it was not surprising when Act Two slowed up noticeably; but the piece regained its speed, and the Third Act was won at a gallop.

BRENT'S per-Mr. formance was a gem of a depth and polish

As the three men-on-a-horse Mr. wanted was peace in which to think BERNARD NEDELL, Mr. DAVID BURNS and Mr. EDMOND RYAN were each in a different way arresting examples of what man's best friend can do to man; as the ex-Follies lady who played mascot to them Miss CLAIRE CARLETON gave a fine exhibition of ingenuous gold-digging; and as *Erwin's* silly little wife Miss TUCKER MCGUIRE added generously to our entertainment. The rest of the cast all played up well, and under Mr. ALEX YOKEL's direction the timing of the whole piece was

> My only disappointment lay in the glossary of racing terms at the end of the programme. I had hoped to add both to my slender knowledge of the American tongue and to my still slimmer knowledge of the Turf; but I learned nothing of the first and, as for the second, had already a rough notion that a "win" is when a horse comes in first and is not disqualified. Surely the Turf on the other side of the Atlantic has something richer than this to offer us seekers after etymo-ERIC. logical truth?

## "CATILINE" (ROYALTY).

The name of STEIN BUGGE has been a memorable one ever since he showed, at the Croydon Repertory Theatre, what skilful production could do with simple settings for plays of heroic action like this Catiline, by IBSEN. At the Royalty Theatre London audiences have had a chance to see it, with Mr. DONALD WOLFIT as Catiline. It was written by IBSEN in his earliest phase, and much of it is declamatory in the approved Elizabethan manner. In this translation from the Norwegian the lines are constantly too flowing and too versified for the thought they carry. Thus "I sense but vaguely what I fail to grasp," or "A silent scorn is also a revenge," or "An aim in life my soul no longer feels," are absurd enough and put a heavy burden on the actors, who are continually betrayed by the translator into peril of sing-song.

If SHAKESPEARE had written a play called Catiline we can be sure CICERO would have figured in the dramatis personæ. The play would have been full of history as well as of struggle inside the soul. But IBSEN'S Catiline is only concerned with Catiline at the final crisis of his life. His fellow-conspirators are the most trivial of men who rise from their debauches to set Rome on fire with no plausible prospect of even temporary success. That does not matter to IBSEN, because he is not interested in the politics of the Roman Republic. A futile revolt to him is just as good for his purposes as a dangerous one. What he is looking at is the soul of Catiline being fought for by his good angel, Aurelia, and his

bad angel, Furia.

It is, like Peer Gynt, a morality play. Aurelia, the wife, is not a person so much as the good side of Catiline himself—like Good Deeds in the Everyman morality play or Solveig in Peer Gynt. As Miss Gabrielle Casartelle acted the part, Aurelia was gentle and infinitely patient, and at the end, after being stabbed—rather clumsily off the stage and with a dry dagger—she triumphs without effort by the power of the love for which she stands. Miss Casartelle made the most of a part which gave few easy opportunities.

How many actresses, by contrast, would like to act the part of Furia, one of the most remarkable parts which can ever come the way of any actress? Miss ELAINE WODSON gave a very fine performance, making us feel the sustained hate which lay behind the quiet insistent speech. She conveyed too that here was somebody for whom life was

over—a creature whose body might have been rescued from the tomb but whose soul had finished with the earth from the moment when she found her-



HIS BETTER HALF.

Catiline. . Mr. Donald Wolfit.

Aurelia . . Miss Gabrielle Casartelli.

self falling in love with the betrayer of her sister. Moving calmly in her black, and never swerving from the pursuit of



HIS WORSER PART.

(How happy I can't be with either!)

Furia . . . . Miss Elaine Wodson.

Catiline . . . . Mr. Donald Wolfit.

her revenge, she held the stage whenever she appeared on it. She made an excellent contrast to the stormy Catiline, whose vehement indecision Mr. Wolfit developed to the full. The play, from its absorption in the fate of Catiline himself, is not generous in its opportunities to those entrusted with the smaller parts. It is rather the sort of play an actormanager and his actress wife might choose for themselves. The friends of Catiline are meant to be rather uninteresting and feeble. As young Curius Mr. Patrick Boxill gave a good picture of a young man shaken by troubles that are too much for him; and Mr. Mark Dignam played the warrior who has seen many fields with a convincing gravity.

The Ambassadors of the Allobroges arouse expectations which are never fulfilled, and are in a sense symbolical of IBSEN's failure to set Catiline in a sufficiently convincing setting of intrigue and desperate conspiracy. He isolates his hero too much, and the dramatic intensity of the spiritual conflict suffers from the casual and faint way in which the background is put in. D. W.

WE regret that in our notice of the Elijah, at the Albert Hall, in the issue of February 19th, it was erroneously stated that the title rôle was taken by Mr. HENRY GILL, who, in fact, was absent through indisposition.

# To Peggy,

Aged five, on her beginning lessons with her mother.

To-day you set unwary feet
On learning's dusty track,
Ordained for some a one-way street,
For some a cul-de-sac.

And whether smooth or rough your way,

Your pace a plod or sprint, You shall acknowledge from to-day The tryanny of print.

Perchance 'twill lead to giddy heights

Where lesser spirits faint And scholarship's austere delights— Perhaps, again, it mayn't.

More sapient pedagogues you'll meet,

No doubt, in your career, But no preceptress half so sweet Or such a perfect dear.

And gladly would I cast aside
My crudition's load
And with so capital a guide
Tread once again that road.

A dunce's cap I'd gladly wear And own myself a fool If so I might your lessons share And learn in such a school.

# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Admiral Sneyring-Stymic, C.B., The Bents, Roughover. 22/1/36.

SIR,—In case you have never taken the trouble to read through the Club Rules, etc., I am bringing to your attention By-law No. 9, which states that: "No Dog shall be allowed in the Club House or on the Course."

In view of this rule I have no option but to report General Sir Armstrong Forcursue for allowing his dog (Vulcan) to roam about the 15th, 16th and 17th fairways yesterday A.M.; and further, I wish to bring to your notice the fact that the brute actually had the audacity to sniff at my right leg while I was putting on the 16th green.

Unless you take immediate action there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYBING-STYMIE.

P.S.—The animal also sniffed at several of the tee-boxes—a habit he probably gets from his master.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

25th Jan., 1936.

SIR,—Yours to hand; but how the devil, Sir, do you expect me to keep my dog at home when you allow the rabbits to breed in the way you do? It would be as difficult to keep Vulcan from having a good snuff round after a bit of sport on the links as it would be to keep you from having a good snuff round after a free drink in the Club Bar. If you fully appreciate this latter remark you will see I can do nothing.

Granted the rule says what it does, but you should take matters like this with a pinch of salt. Surely you realise by now that Roughover is not quite like any other golf club.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

SIR,—Again I have to complain about dogs on the course. Mrs. True-love was exercising her Pekinese on the 7th fairway at 9.46–10.01 a.m. to-day. Naturally you would know nothing about this, as you were, I suppose, still hogging it in bed; but even if you had, you would, I feel certain, have connived at her action owing to the fact that she is the donor of the Ladies' Autumn Vase.

Surely you have sufficient intelligence

left to see that the women in the Club are getting more out of hand as each week goes by, and that a time will come when they will demand the right to vote at the Annual General Meeting. It is up to you to keep the women in their proper place. Kindly, therefore, report Mrs. Truelove to the Committee and have her instructed not to take her dog on the course in future.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ichneumon, Roughover. Wed. 29th, Jan., 1936.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—I am so sorry you have had to write to me about Peking Wu having a little scamper on the links in the mornings, but I really cannot see what harm the poor little fellow does, for I never take him unleashed near any of the greens or bunkers, and as soon as a golfer comes near us I walk him down to the seashore.

As I only use my membership for Peking Wu's sake I shall be forced to resign if you insist on keeping us off the course.

Yours sincerely, M. TRUELOVE.

From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

SIR,—Things are going from bad to worse. While going out to play a round with Tom Bunkerly, M.P., this afternoon, I foolishly agreed to allow his wife to accompany us (as a spectator); and, believe it or not, when I was in the middle of my swing on the second tee I heard the yapping of a dog within a few yards of me.

You can imagine my feelings, Sir, when I traced the noise to Mrs. B.'s muff, in which she was carrying one of those — miniature something-or-orthers.

Naturally I spoke very strongly to Mrs. B., at which both she and her husband, without even answering me back, walked straight off to the Club House.

Unless you can do something regarding By-law No. 9, I shall take matters into my own hands.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE

P.S.—What about Forcursue and Mrs. Truelove?

From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

SIR,—This morning I lost my ball at the blind 12th, and I am quite convinced that it was stolen by a dog belonging to one of the roughs in the town; for I hear on the best authority

that this man has trained his pet to run out on to the fairways and bring players' balls to him at the "Bunker Arms."

As you seem powerless to cope with dogs on the course I am now going to deal with the matter myself.

Yours faithfully.

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Julian Square, Roughover. Wed., 5th February, 1936.

DEAR PAT,—I think it only fair to warn you that the Admiral has recently bought up a lot of savage-looking dogs, which include three mongrels (Alsatiancollies), two bloodhounds and the bull-terrier that killed the butcher's dog in the High Street last June.

As you know, his house is next to mine, and I have seen him for the last three mornings putting the pack through a very intensive training on his tennis-court—rather on military lines, advancing by rushes, etc.

According to our parlourmaid, who has the news from Stymie's cook, it's because of his having some grudge or other against the Club.

Perhaps the information may be

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

P.S.—The pack is being fed on next to nothing.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover.

Mr. Whelk, Dear Sir,—This is to

MR. WHELK, DEAR SIR,—Inis is to tell you Sir, that there was terrible goings-on on the course this A.M., the first I seen of it being that there admiral Stymie riding a bicycle up the 2nd fairway with a pack of dogs all tugging and baying, and him with them all leashed to his handle-bars and carrying a hunting crop between his teeth.

Well Sir, as soon as he seen General Forcursue's dog on the links he got off and undid his ones and away they went. And Sir with good success, for Vulcan near come to grief afore he reached home, and immediately after they run against Mr. Nutmeg's dachshund so as it had to go to ground in a culvert.

But Sir after a time trouble came on the Admiral and with them all leashed again he lost control of his pedals going down the hill at the 6th, and his brakes seemingly not acting, he over ran himself and landed in the middle of the pack. And what a turn up—the Admiral falling off head over heels and the dogs all leaping on him and him letting out with his whip and everything nothing but barks and bites and swear words—and, as I found out later even



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE DEAN HANGS OUT?" "THE DEAN DOESN'T 'ANG OUT, SIR; HE RESOIDES."

the bicycle tyres bitten here and there. But to cap all Sir, didn't General Forcursue come along at that very moment and rescue him, and Sir there was terrible words between them both. some of which I never heard afore, and by your leave Sir, no place for me, so I went back to my weeding on the 4th tee.

Your obedient servt., F. PLANTAIN.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

Sir,-Kindly note that Admiral

Charles Sneyring-Stymie will come before the next Committee Meeting in person for deliberately taking several dogs on the links contrary to By-law No. 9.

Please see that he is instructed to be present.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I ought perhaps to add that Sneyring-Stymie is now in the Cottage Hospital under observation for hydrophobia. If he contracts it I may not insist on his being brought before the G. C. N. Meeting.

# Our Pleasure-Loving Cricketers.

"Barber, of Yorkshire, visited relatives at Tanranga. A. D. Baxter went to see a dentist at Auckland. Other relaxations of the team were swimming and golfing."

Report of M.C.C. Tour.

"Once inside the docks, his ship tied up at an inaccessible berth."—Daily Paper.

You can't beat a sailor, can you?

" Directions how to use this bottle: When the baby is done drinking it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."—Extract from Leaflet. And serve it right.



"Th's DAMP WEATHER BRINGS OUT YOUR RHEUMATISM, EH?"

"Wao's GOT RHEUMATISM! DAMME, THIS IS MY FOOTBALL-KNEE!"

#### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Crabbed Age and Youth.

MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG is perhaps a little inclined to crowd his canvas. But he has thoughtfully provided, on the page following the title, a list of the dramatis persona, so that the careful reader who does not happen to miss this aid to memory should not be too much confused by the numerous couples introduced to his notice in the opening chapter of Venus over Lannery (Gollancz, 7/6). Lannery, it may be premised, is the name of Mrs. Dryden's country house, where some dozen guests, old and young. are gathered together, and to which they return at intervals whenever they find that their love-affairs are beginning to get out of hand. The scene opens with the four elders indulging in reminiscence and a spice of criticism. These young people, thinks George Elsdon (over sixty and happily separated from his wife), are tiring; if not actually hostile, they are at any rate on the defensive. His friend, the Colonel, backs him up. It's no good pretending to be their contemporaries; they are a different race, speaking a different language. But Mr. ARMSTRONG shows that the two may in time come together after all. He has made a very competent novel spring from this opening chapter. though one might be inclined to think at first that the start was a trifle slow. He works almost entirely in dialogue, and very good dialogue but rather diffuse-one begins to wonder if anything is ever going to happen. Plenty does

happen in the end. There is even a murder—very unlike the ordinary novelist's murder. It comes unexpectedly, out of the blue and, to tell the truth, strikes one as rather a blot on the quiet landscape of Lannery. But it has the merit of removing the two least pleasant characters in the book.

#### A Great South African.

No man to-day stands higher in the esteem of men of goodwill than General Smuts (FABER AND FABER, 18/-), and none has been more violently nor for more various reasons execrated. And that dual fate would seem, on a superficial view, to be matched by a duality of character. For this great worker in the cause of peace, who looks back on days of desperate fighting as the happiest in his life, can be both tender and ruthless, conciliatory and arbitrary -not only by turns but simultaneously. With the tastes of a dreamer and a solitary, he must always be in the thick of affairs. An idealist, he plants his feet firmly on reality. Yet though these antagonisms (self-admitted) are difficult to reconcile, they are not fundamental. The student who wrote a treatise which anticipated not only his own "holism" but the psycho-analysis of Vienna, the young admirer of Rhodes who changed his nationality in disgust at the fruits of Rhodes's policy, was the true father of the man we know. It is a fine tribute both to the skill and to the judgment of Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN (who knows her hero and has had the free run of his papers) that, while she sets down the facts dispassionately and even stresses those apparent anomalies, a coherent personality emerges from her vivid pages. This first volume of her absorbing story—the story not only of a great man but of a great country—ends with the conquest of German Africa: to read it is to be impatient for the sequel.

#### A Tragic Empress.

A talented, kind and beautiful lady. wholly at her ease on a horse or in a library, and gallant enough to face a cholera ward unattended, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria (BUTTERWORTH. 18/-), owed the tragedy of her life to the clash of temperament and circumstances. A charming child of the brilliant Bavarian house that gave WAGNER his mad patron, she was chosen at seventeen, over the head of a more suitable sister, to be the bride of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Mistrusted by a virtuous but overbearing mother-in-law, who took over the rearing of her grandchildren, ELIZABETH was left without any scope for her energies; and, naturally menschenscheu, she withdrew into solitude or foreign travel, her only political success (which arose from her "liberal" sympathies with Hungary) still further alienating her from Vienna. Finally, she died at Geneva under the knife of an anarchist who knew nothing about her-the sole fact of Count Corti's full and fascinating biography that most of us will remember. The rest, however, is well worth reviving for its insight into the shadowed side of a benevolent autocracy and its discerning portrait of a lovable but "difficult" princess. The translation is pleasantly readable.

#### The Prophet of the Subconscious.

Mr. Herbert Read "is inclined to base his whole philosophy of life on sethetic values," a foundation which, when piled high with psychologic analysis of the most topsy-turvy order, supports an edifice in which some of us, puritanically accustomed to confuse art with beauty and truth with morality, must find something of nightmare. One may have no great quarrel with his contention that a certain degree of obscurity is a necessary element in poetry, but he carries his enthusiasm

for the subconscious so far that he believes himself to admire paintings, produced by an artist in a condition of self-hypnosis, where appear "heads, incomprehensibly dislocated, in which one can still distinguish a stretched mouth or an occluded eye." His latest volume, In Defence of Shelley (Heinemann, 10/6), is an attempt to reinstate the poet in a new and nobler scale of values by regularising and interpreting his neuroses; and in a series of shorter essays—on Coventry Patmore, Diderot Picasso and others—he offers something like a reasoned defence of the craze for monstrosity, but counters it by a fine appreciation of the exquisite and sensitive, both in literature and in plastic art. Much of this is stimulating and suggestive, the frequent extravagance being more readily forgiven than the occasional sneer.



"I BIN THINKIN' THAT IF THERE WAS NIGHTINGALES AT SEA AN' WE 'AD MORE GRUB, THIS LIFE'D BE PERFECT."

#### M. Herriot on Beethoven.

A pianist, in the person of M. Paderewski, has held the premiership of Poland, but M. Herriot is the first politician of the highest rank who has challenged attention as a serious musical critic. In this country the nearest approach to this dual function was to be found in Lord Balfour, but his only contribution in print was a study of Handel, chiefly interesting for his ingenious defence of that great composer's borrowings from his predecessors. M. Herriot's The Life and Times of Beethoven (MacMillan, 18/-), originally published in 1932, is a full-length portrait showing an intimate knowledge of all Beethoven's compositions, familiarity with the chief biographies and studies of his methods, but specially valuable for the thoroughness

with which he has traced from the outset the influence exercised by his hero on French music and literature. The source of this interest was no doubt to be found in BEETHOVEN'S early enthusiasm for NAPOLEON, which inspired the "Eroica Symphony" but survived the composer's disillusion. The references to BEETHOVEN in the works of the great novelists, including Balzac, George Sand, even Zola, are most impressive. M. Herriot's own tribute is eloquent but discriminating. The translation is competent rather than distinguished.

## A Month in the Peninsula.

It is pardonable to suspect that motorists would not be

what they are if it were not for perambulators and bathchairs. That pleasure in being trundled about while you exercise your faculty for casual comment on your surroundings strikes me as proper to infancy or extreme old age: yet it is undoubtedly at the back of most motortravel books, of which Trip-Tyque (Nicholson AND WATSON, 10/6) is not much better, or much worse, than others of its kind. With a platinumblonde car and a competent chauffeur Mr. CHARLES GRAVES is transported from Calais to Toledo and back by two substantially different routes. His interest in hotels, night-clubs and golf is not allowed to blind him to normal native life; and he is a breezy if entirely superficial commentator on manners and morals. Three nauseating chapters on bull-fighting and a detailed inquisition on the conduct of a Paris brothel do not deter him from dropping an English tear on an injured terrier or a skylark in a pôté. A pleasant little appendix on Marjorca-its gardens, beasts, and colony of four thousand compatriots-discovers him at his best.

"NOT UNTIL YOU'VE APOLOGISED FOR CALLING ME 'LAZY-BONES.'

Ardina All !

#### Family Party.

I enjoyed Secret Marriage (MURRAY, 7/6), by Mrs. KATH-LEEN NORRIS, all the more because its account of the ups and downs in the lives of a family of young Californians rather reminded me of Little Women. There was the comfortable and secure feeling that things must come right in the end for the five orphaned Burleighs, even though bonds were stolen and though the nineteen-year-old Mary made an unfortunate and secret marriage. The plot is very formal and rather machine-made: the right people fall ill at the wrong moment; but to compensate for this the wrong people die just at the right time, virtue triumphs, wealth succeeds poverty and doubtful characters "make

good." I cannot imagine a better "book" for a family film or a better present for a girl who is growing up. By this I do not mean that Mrs. Norris is not a serious and competent novelist, but in these times of uncomfortable reading she should certainly not be labelled "For adults only." She writes pleasantly about pleasant people, and provides most excellent light and serious entertainment.

#### Love and Loot.

Having considerable experience of the works and methods of Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, I was not beguiled into believing that an evil-looking man who appears in the second chapter of Dead Man Manor (HODDER AND

STOUGHTON, 7/6) was set for the part of criminal-in-chief. It was, however, far easier to wipe out this poor creature than to discover who was committing the crimes that upset the routine of a Canadian fishing-camp. Never, tomy mind, has Mr. WILLIAMS given his followers a prettier hunt, and it is almost restful to watch his investigator, Mr. Treadgold. as with the minimum of fuss he arrives at a maximum of results. The day of the flamboyant deducer would seem to be passing: Mr. Treadgold neither blows his own trumpet nor wants anyone to blow it for him. An exciting story, which I was strongly tempted to spoil by a premature glance at the concluding pages.

#### Episodes at Sea.

For three excellent reasons All Clear Aft (CASSELL, 3/6) deserves the assistance that a wide demand will give it. In the first place its letterpress, which has been supplied by a well-chosen crew of distinguished writers, is, in its varied character, thoroughly apposite and sound. Secondly,

those who purchase it will not only entertain themselves but also benefit the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society. Thirdly, Mr. Charles Grave contributes several delightful illustrations to a book that is, in every particular, worthy of a splendid cause.

#### Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln, from March 14th till April 25th.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, Punch Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## NOT NOTICED AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR



The SALUTO Hat Remover
Brings Old World Courtesy within thereach of all



the EJECTO Easy Chair for Club Monopolists

#### Charivaria.

COMPLAINT is made that not one person in a thousand knows the meaning of the Latin words on our coins. Still, this gives classical scholars no real advantage in money matters.

An Essex motorist who ran into a lamp-post was charged the other day with being drunk and incapable. When arrested he declared that the lamp-post was on its wrong side.

A colt engaged in this year's classic races is described as having a nice hind-leg. Two would be better.

In Berlin restaurants lessons are being given in the English names of dishes for use on bills-of-fare. A suggestion is that this idea might be adopted in London restaurants.

Scientists say that in a hundred years there will be nothing in the world to laugh at. Won't there be any scientists?

An American lady is petitioning for a divorce because, she says, she has to sit up till the early hours of the morning mending her husband's clothes. She ought to remember that it is never too late to mend.

Among those to whom a prolonged stoppage of racing means serious financial loss we noted no mention of backers.

Hopes are entertained that the inventor of a musical pick-axe, who has given demonstrations of it, will not rest until he has perfected a melodious road-drill.

"Training for a race is an exciting experience," states an athlete. So is racing for a train.

In the past few years a golf course has been opened at Interlaken. Many of the local players are stated to be using the Interlaken grip.

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody is reported to have taken up oil-painting, and already her brushwork is said to show a command of both fore-hand and back-hand strokes.

The chaperon is returning. You have been warned.

"What is the youth of the nation looking forward to?" asks a politician. Would it be the Easter holidays?

There are still a few people who give up reading novels during Lent, it seems. Are there any who give up writing them?

Mr. C. E. Lewis of Sydney has invented a patent bag which screams when snatched or gripped by a stranger. In Scotland these are called bagpipes.

An artist who advertised a fortnight ago for a model with a retroussé nose says that so far he hasn't had a single reply. He's still waiting for something to turn up.

#### The Arthur Watts Memorial Exhibition.

A MEMORIAL Exhibition of the work of the late Mr. ARTHUR WATTS is being held at the Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148, New Bond Street, and includes Original Drawings for Punch, The Radio Times and various books. The Exhibition was opened on March 4th by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Ernest Shepard, and will remain open until March 21st. The many admirers of the work of this fine artist will welcome an opportunity of visiting the Exhibition, which is on view each week-day from 10—6, except Saturday (morning only).

#### Round and Around.

Sensational Inquiry in the House.

Scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm and excitement were witnessed in the House yesterday, when the eagerly-awaited inquiry into the method of music production in this and other countries was opened. Every available seat was occupied and the atmosphere, as the Minister of Music rose to address the assembly, was tense and electric.

"The primary object of this inquiry," said the Minister, "as I need hardly remind the House, is to determine the accuracy or otherwise of a statement which is currently in wide circulation concerning the method of music production in our own and other lands. Let us be quite clear on this point at the outset. It is not the volume of production with which we are concerned: it is the process. In other words, it is our duty to ascertain, if it be in our power to do so, whether or not music is, in fact, produced in the manner stated in this Report."

The Minister, who held a saxophone in one hand, then proceeded to read the Report:—"I blow through here—"

A Voice. Where?

Minister (pointing). Here.

Voice. Thank you.

Minister (continuing). The music goes round and around—Whoa-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho—and it comes out here—

Another Voice. Where? Minister. Here.

Voice. With a "hot-cha-cha"?

Minister (hesitantly). I must have notice of that question! (Cries of "Shame!")

Pressed for a reply, the Minister admitted that there was nothing in the Report to suggest that the music came out with a "hot-cha-cha."

A Member. May we take it, then, that the music comes out without a "hot-cha-cha"?

Minister. Yes-I think we may. (Cheers).

Continuing, the Minister said that it was impossible to exaggerate the harmful effect of a Report such as that which he had just quoted, should it prove to be untrue. Moreover, it had, as the House was aware, received considerable publicity; and it was of the utmost importance, therefore, that no time should be lost in probing the matter to its core. Steps had already been taken in certain quarters to ensure that expert advice would be available in the course of a day or two. In the meantime the matter was open for discussion.

Mr. Dulcet (the "Crooning Candidate") then spoke. He said that as a Chartered Crooner of some ten years' standing he was perhaps qualified to express an opinion. The statement, in his view, was only partially correct. It was, he thought, true to say that the music went round and around, and also that it came out where indicated by the right honourable Minister. He considered, however, that "Doh-deo, doh-doh, doh-doh," should be substituted in place of "Whoa-ho, ho-ho, ho-ho." It would, he felt, be far nearer the truth. It was said to think that the thing had

been circulated in its present form.

Minister of Music. The honourable Member appears to be considerably affected.

Mr. Dulcet. I feel so blue.

Minister (an Oxonian). Dark blue, we hope? (Laughter). Captain Lipp (Oboe, West Bromwich), who followed, said that it was nothing less than scandalous that countless numbers of men, women and children throughout the land were being led to believe that music went round and around when, in many cases, it did nothing of the kind. The world to-day was being forcibly fed on half-truths and

mis-statements. As spokesman for the Oboe Party, he could assert without fear of contradiction that, at any rate so far as they were concerned, the music did not go round and around. To lead innocent and trusting citizens into the erroneous belief that all music went round and around was not only absurd but downright criminal. The sooner the matter was thrashed out the better.

Major Blow (Cornet, Plymouth Central) said that he saw nothing to question in the statement as it stood at present. He could assure the House, from personal experience, that the music did go round and around. Suggestions to the contrary were merely childish and were likely to have a highly subversive effect. It would be a bad day for this country when the music ceased to go round and around, and he hoped that he would not live to see it. (Cheers).

The Minister of Music, in his final speech prior to the adjournment, expressed the view that, although some headway had been made, it was not possible to proceed further in the absence of expert opinion. It was his hope that the inquiry might be resumed at an early date. Meanwhile, however, he had no alternative but to postpone proceedings pending the receipt of detailed reports from Sir Henry W——D and Sir Thomas B——CHAM.

## A Note "on" Shelley.

[A premissory note of Shelley's for £50 is advertised for sale.]

OTHERS, if so inclined, can stick their noses
Into the past and dig, for all I care,

Some veteran from the peace where he reposes, Mostly to crab the man, which isn't fair;

Trouble of any kind I put aside;

What's more, I disapprove on moral grounds; But this one truth I disinter with pride: SHELLEY was once hard up for fifty pounds.

Not for the bare fact. Frankly be it noted, Mere indigence in bards is nothing new; But when you learn that in that state he floated A promissory note, an I.O.U.,

And further found a fellow-man so green
As to disgorge that sum, and, best of all,
Repaid it—if you take me—this, I ween,
Is, as a poet's triumph, pretty tall.

And poets, you that scorn to swallow meekly
The precepts of your rude Victorian sires,
SHELLEY to you is feeble stuff and treacly;
He lacked the modern guts, the newer fires;
You with your genius make a larger bid
To that fit audience who know what's good;
But could you hope to wangle fifty quid,
And, which is more, refund it? You could not.

Let bound *Prometheus* and *Alastor* shrivel Up, as they should, in their "dark, wintry" bed; *Epipsychidion* of course is drivel;

Weep not for Adonais; he is dead.

What would it matter if the whole lot went?

Nothing shall dim our SHELLEY's radiant name,
This I.O.U. his lasting monument,

This promissory note his deathless fame.

DUM-DUM.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Mr. Justice —— confessed in the Divorce Court yesterday that it was his early ambition to be a 'bus conductor.

<sup>&</sup>quot;That is the profession," he said, 'which is favoured by all the young of the race until they reach 10." "—Daily Paper.

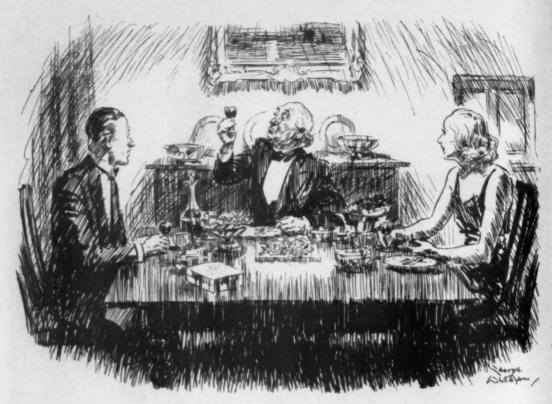
We understand that the Juvenile (Aspirant) Branch of the Engine Drivers' Union are holding an indignation meeting.



# THE HIDDEN HAND; OR, INCOMPLETE TELEVISION.

FRANCE. "I LIKE THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE, BUT I WISH I COULD SEE A BIT MORE OF HIM."

[A Telephone-Television Service has been established in Germany.]



Port Connoisseur. "IT'S CERTAINLY A NICE COLOUR."

# The "Queen Mary."

On entering my study after breakfast I was surprised to find a number of newspapers spread out on the floor and my young friend Podgy McSumph apparently crawling about on the top

"Well, young man," I asked, "what's

happening here?"
"I'm learnin' aboot the Queen Mary," said Podgy, gloating over the newspapers, all of which displayed photographs of the great liner taken from various points of view. "That's its bow," went on Podgy, tracing the outline on one of the photographs with his forefinger, "an' it goes up an' up higher than the hooses. An' that's its funnels," sprawling forward on his stomach to reach another sheet, "wi' the smoke comin' poorin' oot them, an' the Queen Mary puffin' awa'.

'I don't see any smoke," I said. "But there will be," sitting up and turning to me a face flushed with excitement. "The funnels'll be smokin' when the Queen Mary goes steamin' doon the Clyde.'

'I don't think she'll sail down the

Clyde under her own steam; the tugs will pull her down.'

"They will not!" snapped Podgy. "The tugs is to be hangin' on behind to hold it back from goin' too fast. Because the Queen Mary'll be that strong. Mind ye," nodding his head at me slowly and impressively, "the Queen Mary's the biggest boat in the whole world."

"Is she?

"Ay. An' even if ye had as much money as a hundred pound ye couldn't buy the Queen Mary.

I don't think I should want to buy

"Because ye couldn't," said Podgy. He got to his feet suddenly and set off at a gallop round the table, puffing out his cheeks and emitting a hissing sound-his usual method of imitating a steam-engine.

"What's happening now?" I asked.
"Stop her!" cried Podgy. "That
was the Queen Mary," he panted, "the fastest boat in the whole world, goin' skooshin' through the Atlantic Ocean awa' to America." He dropped to his knees again and cast his eyes over the newspapers. "Oh, it's a rare big boat!" he exclaimed in a rapture of

admiration. "I wish I could be the captain o' the Queen Mary.'

"I wonder how you could manage that?"

"But I don't ken the road to America," lamented Podgy, "an' I might take the Queen Mary past the place."

"It would be pretty awful," I agreed, "if you and the Queen Mary were lost in the Atlantic Ocean.'

"I'll need to wait till I'm big," decided Podgy. "Where would I be standin' if I was the captain?'

"Up there," pointing to a photograph of the bridge. "You would look pretty small at that height, wouldn't you?

"So would you," retorted Podgy. The Queen Mary's the highest boat as weel as the biggest boat in the world," he informed me. "An' d' ye ken the way the Queen Mary's the highest boat?

"Why?"

"Because it was the Scotch that made it. The Scotch is the best for the big high boats.'

Are they?

Ay," said Podgy. "An' it was a gentleman that said the Scotch was to

make the Queen Mary, an' his name 's Mr. KIRKWOOD."

"Who told you that?"

"It was auld Davie Stodge. An' auld Davie Stodge said there was bad ones at the Parliament that tried to stop the Scotch makin' the Queen Mary. But Mr. KIRKWOOD roared at them an' they was frightened for him. An' that's the way the Scotch got makin' it.'

"Well, she's a credit to Scotland

anyhow, isn't she, Podgy?"

"Ay," said Podgy, concentrating on a full-page photograph of the stern of the ship. "There's its great big sides, an' its propellers awa' doon below the water, ready to go burlin' roond an' roond. An' that's its name painted on. Whit does it say?"

Queen Mary, Liverpool," I read.

"Whit's Liverpool for?"
"Well, that will be the Queen Mary's address.

"Is it Liverpool the Queen Mary's to stay at? Where's Liverpool?

"It's a large town in England." Podgy stared in consternation at the photograph. "Ye poor wee Queen Mary!" shaking his head in affectionate commiseration over the great vessel. "An' was they goin' to take ye awa' to England? But," reassuringly, "we'll show them." He looked up at me, his face aflame with wrath. "They've no' to get doin' it," he intimated sternly.

Picking up a pen from the table and sitting down beside him, I made some significant motions over the photo-

graph.

Cleverly realising that something drastic and venturesome was being suggested, Podgy glanced fearfully towards the window. "There's nae-body lookin'," he whispered.

Amid tense silence, except for the sound of Podgy breathing heavily, the

pen did its brave work.

"Whit does it say noo?" queried Podgy in a hushed expectant voice.

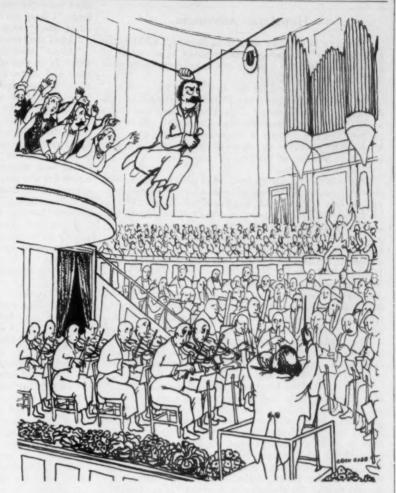
"It says," I whispered in reply,
"Queen Mary, Scotland."

"That's good," sighed Podgy. "But we might get into serious

trouble over this," I warned him.
"I don't care," declared Podgy
stoutly. "Imagine," indignantly—
"imagine them tryin' to steal oor Queen Mary!"

# Why?

A witty Frenchman, years ago, Published a book designed to show The malice of inanimate things Which lent his Gallic fancy wings; And though-so Providence decreed I never had the luck to read it,



THE MAN WHO LIKED "THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" TOO MUCH.

I venture, borrowing his theme, To amplify the Frenchman's scheme By adding sundry variations And topical modern illustrations Inherent in the tangled plan Of life lived by the average man.

Why does the hiding demon choose The articles I daily use, And show his impish jackdaw spite By spiriting them out of sight? Why, when the rain in vicious volleys Descends, do most expensive brollies Develop intercostal trouble, Forcing their owners, at the double, To strain their hearts as, helter-skelter, They scurry off in search of shelter?

But cruel tricks are not confined To demons of malicious mind Or thievish birds or lifeless things To which the soul of mischief clings. In other spheres an endless "Why? Demands in vain a fit reply.

Why are so many vegetarians Found in the ranks of warlike Aryans? Why do biographers dilate On the diseases of the great, From pinnacles dislodging heroes And in their place exalting Neros? Why are the young, who can be

charming And all antipathy disarming, So savagely iconoclastic, So serious and so agelastic?

If all these questions could be solved Life would be doubtless less involved And man delivered from the pain Of much unprofitable strain; But if we balance pro and con JoB's occupation would be gone. Wherefore, O curious fool, be still; These "Why's?" can not be answered till

Man by some magic apparatus Is raised to full angelic status.

C. L. G.

# Himalayan Adventure.

"TALKING of this new assault on Everest," said Charlie ("Matterhorn") Simpson, "reminds me of an adventure of my own on the more westerly and infinitely grander peak of Chandaragara.

About how high would that be?" I put in.

"Mount Chandaragara ranks, I think I am right in saying, fourteenth in the hierarchy of the Himalayan peaks, being a little lower than Nanga Patanga and some hundred feet higher than the summit of Kimbalapaliri, which in turn but slightly overtops the majestic massif of Pandamaulanarunga, Maiden of the Snows."
Thank you," I said.

"Our expedition, apart from some thirty porters, consisted originally of five men-Major Hardy, Stephen Craig, my old friend Tom Blake, Dr. Humbold and myself; but misfortune quickly thinned our ranks. Major Hardy was knocked down by a bicycle as we were leaving Darjeeling, a most unlucky accident for such a competent mountaineer; Stephen Craig shot himself in the foot while out after duck at the end of the third day's march; and at the tiny frontier village of Polapur Dr. Humbold unexpectedly announced his conversion to Buddhism and had to be left behind. Altogether it was a chapter of accidents which might have daunted the boldest hearts. But Blake has never known the meaning of the word defeat, and as for me, my heart was set on the achievement of our goal. We decided to push on.

"For some days all went well, and it was not until we were among the very foothills of Chandaragara that fate dealt us her crowning blow. Our thirty porters deserted us!"

"You surprise me," said I.

"The cause of the trouble," explained Simpson, "would have been ludicrous had not the circumstances in which we were placed made it so undeniably tragic. I had just prepared a linseed-poultice to relieve a trifling inflammation of the chest, and this happened to be lying outside my tent to cool off at a moment when Chundra Pal, our experienced and devoted headman, chanced to pass by. The unfortunate man, mistaking the lengthy muslin wrapper for his missing turban, incontinently snatched it up and wound the steaming mass about his head. Next instant he had disappeared with a wild cry in the general direction of Kalunda Lunda. I immediately acquainted Blake with the situation, pointing out that even if Chundra Pal should return his brain would in all probability be irreparably boiled; and he agreed with me that the only thing to do was to summon the porters and appoint a new headman.

"Picking out an intelligent-looking specimen, I explained that our headman had been compelled for urgent personal reasons to leave us, and asked him to take over the position." "Karista-palanagra-bundavah," he replied.

"Neither Blake nor I could speak a word of Hindustani, so I promptly turned to another of the porters.

"Chundra Pal, he go home,' I said slowly and distinctly. 'You be headman now, yes?

'Tambulaganda-gishnubula-bundavah,' was all the wretched fellow would say

"'Can anyone here speak English?' I asked in desperation, and at once a swarthy little Gurkha stepped forward. Well?' I asked.

"Shrinagalista-balabula-gangri-bundavah,' he said with a low obeisance

"'Oh, boguljuboff-baboonapoona-bundabundabundarah!' I shouted in exasperation.

Immediately, to our surprise and consternation, the whole band of porters gathered up their belongings and departed for home. Not until my return to civilisation

did I learn that my ill-considered utterance meant, in their lingo, 'I have no further need of your services. You are all at liberty to go.' So there we were. Alone-

"Amid the eternal snows?" I suggested.

"Alone," said Simpson shortly, "amid the barren and rocky fastnesses of the lower Chandaragara system. We were still some thousands of feet below the snow-line. Blake advised the abandonment of our attempt, but I knowing that he was thinking only of my safety, refused to hear of it. 'We must push on,' I said.

A day or two later I was standing at the top of a particularly difficult and dangerous rock-face admiring the speed and sureness of Blake's ascent, when I suddenly became aware of a party of three mountaineers calmly eating their supper a few paces away. Clearly it was to be a race for the honour of planting the British flag on the summit of the fourteenth highest peak in the Himalayas!

Gut evening!' said one of the three, and at once I realised that the race was to be a grimmer one than I

had imagined. The man was a foreigner!

Good evening!' I returned pleasantly. 'We did not

see you coming up.'
"'Nein. It is not going up, but coming down we are. We could no higher get.'

Really?' I asked, striving to hide my satisfaction. How was that?'

We had der summit reached."

"'I refuse to believe it,' I cried angrily. "'You will der German flag up there find." "I was dumbfounded by the fellow's insolence.

"'May I ask,' I said coldly, 'by what right you have planted the German flag on this mountain? Surely you

are aware that this is Tibetan territory?

"I turned my back on the impossible creature and rapidly explained the situation to Blake. Still solicitous for my welfare, he urged that there was now no possible object in our proceeding further, but to this I could not agree. 'I will not rest,' I declared, 'until I have removed this foreign emblem in the name of the Tibetan Government.'"

"And did you succeed?" I asked breathlessly.

"I have no doubt I should have done so but for the culminating disaster when I lost my climbing-boots.'

Lost your boots?

"We pitched Camp No. 27," said Simpson quietly, "at the very edge of the snow-line. On retiring to rest I automatically placed my boots outside the door of our tent, though naturally there was little hope of getting them cleaned in those desolate wastes of rock and snow. I woke early and, stealing from the tent to watch the splendours of a Himalayan dawn, was horrified to find that my boots were gone-only the nails remaining as witness to their fate. Close by were the unmistakable footprints of a giant barunga, the dreaded Himalayan Snow-Rat

"I need not tell you of the shock of that discovery. To a climber, especially in ice and snow, his boots are indispensable. I realised that without my boots I should be a hindrance rather than a help to my companion, and I resolved that, cost what it might, I would not be a handicap to him in his gallant assault on the final fifteen thousand feet. With infinite care to avoid waking him, I crept back into the tent, scribbled a hasty note wishing him luck and, snatching up a pair of boots which I found lying unwanted by his bedside, stole silently away down the mountain-side. So ended, in bitter disappointment, my long-cherished dreams of the conquest of Chandaragara.

But what happened," I asked, "to Blake?

I like to think," said Simpson gravely, "that he reached the summit and carried out the mission which Fate did H. F. E. not grant me to perform."

# "Reilly-Robins!"

Although there are the stock expletives which not only are uttered by the angry but now find their way into all the stronger novels, most of us add private oaths personal to ourselves. Just as Captain Hook swore by carbonate of soda, and in moments of stress a famous Professor of Literature used to exclaim, "Devil, devil, damn, damn!" so have others adopted or invented forms of words calculated to let off steam. Even I.

In my own need I turned to the sixty-three volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography which I then used continually in my work and which were ranged along conspicuous and handy shelves. But it was not the contents of these weighty tomes that was of service in these emotional emergencies, but the titles, which began with Abbadie–Anne and went on to Wordsworth–Zuleystein: sixty-three combinations in all.

I remember that I started with "Reilly-Robins!" which was of course merely an expression of surprise, and then gradually, as requirements multiplied and became more intense, I looked to the other titles for relief. Not all, for some did not lend themselves to the moods of surprise, rage, exasperation or contempt in which we employ the natural oath; but to those which turned out to serve admirably

as a safety-valve.

"Reilly-Robins!" was for the mildest expostulation; but for others, nicely graduated, there was a choice of the whole run. Abbadie-Anne! Bottomley-Browell! Damon-D'Eyncourt! Diamond-Drake! Finch-Forman! Hailes-Harriott!Inglis-John!Malthus-Mason! Masquerier-Millyng! Milmar-More! Paston-Percy! Pereira-Pockrich! (this was very effective), Pocock-Puckering! Puckle-Reidford! Teach-Tollet! (I don't know why I was so partial to this, but I was), Ubaldini-Wakefield! (for very special occasions), Whichcord-Williams! and Wordsworth-Zuylestein!

I now, as it happens, for space-saving reasons, have exchanged the old edition of the D.N.B. for its India paper form, in which the original sixty-three volumes are compressed into eleven; but I have never even learned the new titles, much less have made use of them. Either old habits are best or there has been no need for new expletives. One grows calmer, less irritable, more resigned. Exacerbations no longer call each for its own reaction.

In default of my old sixty-three friends who have been exiled by India



"Now ain't that great, Myrtle?-- A GEN-U-YNE BED-00-YNE AY-RAB!"

paper, I wondered once if the Encyclopædia Britannica might not help. But no; you can do nothing with A to And, Aus to Bis, Eva to Fra, Har to Hur (although this is slightly personal), Lor to Mec, Med to Mum (personal again), Ode to Pay, Pay to Pol, Shu to Sub, Sub to Tom, or Vet to Zym. No fullbodied imprecations there!

But the new India paper titles are there for those who begin fair. No longer Abbadie-Anne but Abbadie-Browell; Damon-D'Eyncourt and Diamond-Drake are lost in Craik-Finan, Inglis-John in Harris-Kenneth and Teach-Tollet in Stowe-Whewell. Saddest of all is the loss of Reilly-Robins, which is now submerged into Owens-Robins, a miserable exchange. The only approximately sound oath left is

Whichcord-Zuylestein. As for Zuylestein, or Zulestein, whom no one would naturally suspect of being a fit candidate for an epitome of our National Biography, I find that he was WILLIAM HENRY, who afterwards became fourth Earl of Rochford, was born in Essex, and was educated at Westminster, which sounds British enough.

But as I say, in the general toningdown of life as years advance, I am now devoted actually to only one: "Reilly-Robins!" and that, I must confess, as so many things occur to surprise me, I use quite a lot and not least when reading the new fiction.

Little did George Smith and Leslie Stephen, when they were planning the D.N.B., think what they were doing for suffering humanity. E. V. L.

# All Night.

As we have remarked before, the House of Commons is very like Lord's—Lord's, we mean, during a fashionable cricket-match. The moment you turn your back a wicket falls or somebody begins to hit.

When we left the precincts that Thursday evening the play was steady but unexciting, and having attended an important banquet elsewhere, we went home to bed, not knowing that meanwhile the Mother of Parliaments

had taken the long handle and was merrily banging them all over the field.

The next day was a private Friday, and our Bill about Marriage was Number 3 in the batting order. There was small prospect of our getting a knock, but one must neglect no chance; so we strolled in at about 12.30. And when the first policeman said, "The House is up," we suffered a nasty shock. For we supposed that the first two wickets must have fallen with unexpected celerity and that, not being there, we had missed a golden chance to go in.

Then the good policeman, like the Messenger in a Greek play, began to unfold the true tale—how that the Thursday's sitting had been prolonged through the night to 12.24 on Friday afternoon, and that Friday was wiped out.

Unlike a character in a Greek play, we left him in the middle of the tale and passed on, at once regretful and thankful, towards the scene of action.

As we approached the gateway our old friend the Member for — tottered forth, pale and drooping, his weary head almost entangled with his feet.

"Have you been here all night?"

"Yes," he said, and cursed bitterly. "But what was it all about?"

He cursed again, but vaguely, and passed out into the healing air of day.

The survivors whom we found within were more lively. Indeed, considering all things, we give them full marks for liveliness.

There was one who had begun with a Standing Committee at 11.0 a.m. on Thursday and had been in that place for twenty-five hours. But he was still reciting limericks, telling stories and

recounting with zest the history of the night. A tough breed, our legislators.

There was also one who had travelled through the night from Yorkshire in order to vote for the first Friday Bill, and arrived to find that it was not to be discussed.

The origins of the battle are mysterious. But it seems clear that in the first place it was less a battle between Government and Opposition than a little private stone-throwing between the Front Bench and Back Ranks of the Opposition. The stones of the Back Ranks flew past the Front

Symbol Symbol

"No, you're wrong, Cecil: you would have to re-fuel at Nijni-Novgorod."

Bench and hit the Government, and when the Government side rather firmly threw them back there was a general engagement (except for the said Front Bench, most of which went to bed, I gather, and on the whole had the laugh).

Whatever its origin, it is a mistake, brother and citizen, to dismiss such an affair as a feeble waste of energy and time. The locomotive blowing off steam at a London terminus is extremely tiresome and may appear to some to be wasteful: but it is desirable that steam should be blown off, and Parliament is, after all, the great terminus of the nation. Or do we mean the safety-valve? Never mind.

Further, critical citizen, we advise

you to buy the Official Report dated Thursday, 27th February (Vol. 309, No. 39), and read it, for it contains much that does credit to your legislators. It begins at 11.22 P.M. (when you were shamefully hogging it in bed) and it ends at 12.24 next day, when you were disgustingly beginning to think about lunch. During that time the faithful Commons talked 176 columns of print and suffered 10 Divisions. And much of it was very good talk too. You will admire in this Work not only their tenacity and endurance but their wit and intellect.

ual resource. It may sound easy to pass a night in airv persiflage, the main purpose of which is not entirely to hasten a decision: but we are sure that it is not so easy, especially in the presence of a Chairman vigilant for aberrations from the paths of order. And there was much more than wit and persiflage: there were deep speeches about deep things. At 2.45 A.M., for example, at 4.36 A.M. and again at 6.18 A.M. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS made brilliant speeches concerning the emoluments of Ministers and a complicated affair of debenture-holders, blocks of shares, holding companies and what - not. Imagine, citizen, standingup at 6.18 A.M. (having been up all night) and saving:-

"The Financial Secretary has told us that the interest was a second charge on 250,000 shares. I do not understand how a second charge came to be created on only a small proportion of the second block of shares. There was a second block of 1,520,000 shares: why was the second charge on only 250,000 of them?"

Ras W. S. Morrison too (the said Financial Secretary), at 2.7A.M., 3.9 A.M., 3.40 A.M., 5.30 A.M., 6.36 A.M., 7.15 A.M. and 12.15 P.M., made long and elaborate speeches about matters which would be too profound for most of us after a good night's sleep.

And all the time the junior skirmishers were active—the Honourables Angurin Bevan, Sandys, Petherick, Raikes, Ede (who seems to have a pretty wit) and many others. About daybreak—I perceive from one passage that "organized obstruction" is not Parliamentary language, so we must not suggest anything of that kind—but about daybreak the Opposition, having spent the night examining the Supplementary Estimates with a regard for



Visitor (to member of the All-In Group). "I ADORE STILL-LIFE. IS THAT HALF-FINISHED KIPPER YOURS?"

detail and care for economy which, according to the Government, was almost expressively scrupulous-about daybreak, we say, the Opposition began to complain that it was now the Ministerial Members who were displaying a lack of anxiety to conclude with expedition the business before the House; and they went so far as to suggest that the intention was to prolong the sitting till after 11.0 and so prevent the discussion of an Opposition Bill which had won first place in the batting order on Friday. We mention this only to show what queer fancies may enter the minds of those who sit up and legislate too late.

Such queer fancies entered the mind of Mr. Ede that at 1.12 a.m. he made an ambiguous remark about the Lord President of the Council (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald):—

"I wish he was here to tell us a few things about research and the British Museum. I imagine his relations with the British Museum are very much like those of Lord Melbourne with the Church of England. He said he was a supporter of it, but he imagined he must be a buttress rather than a pillar, because he preferred to be outside.

How long the President of the Council will be able to keep outside the British Museum I do not know."

Really!

"Points of order" were frequent through the night, many of them difficult for the patient Chairmen to answer. Here is one:—

Mr. Garro-Jones. On a point of order, may I draw attention to the fact that some hon. Members on the Conservative side are lying prone on their benches, and is that not contrary to Standing Orders?"

The Temporary Chairman. That is not a point of order."

Captain Strickland. Does the hon. Member not think it better to lie recumbent than to lie standing?

Not bad, citizen, for 3.55 A.M. We like too this passage:—

Mr. Magnay. Is it in order to call an hon. Member a "Yes man"?

The Deputy-Chairman. I do not think I

could necessarily rule it out, Mr, Bevan. The hon. Member does not need a Whip, he walks into the Government Lobby every time. His constituency has been disenfranchised because the hon. Member has not been present all the night.

Mr. Magnay. Is it in order to say that an hon. Member's constituents have been disenfranchised? There is no such word.

In the 12.50 a.m. Division there voted 214 Members, at 4.7 a.m. 201 and at 10.20 a.m. 230. If you read the volume, weighing together the solid stuff and the froth, you will conclude, we think, that you have some very lively and resourceful legislators; and, for our part, we are sorry that our constituents were "disenfranchised." For we are assured that one All-Nighter is both instructive and amusing.

A. P. H.



UNREST IN SOHO.

"When I tell it you 'Don't forget da spachetti, isn't it?' I don't want you shall answer it me 'Which?'"

#### As Others Hear Us.

#### Interviewing the Great.

"This is very kind of you . . .

"Not at all, not at all. Come insit down. Really, I'm afraid you won't get anything out of this-I'm the very worst person in the world to be interviewed, I always say. I simply hate talking about myself.'

Might I ask you-"Anything in the world you like. Please do. Go ahead. Really, all this ridiculous publicity about my visit is quite embarrassing. I suppose you want to know my views about the present international situation? Well, I don't really know that I ought to give them-though, mind you, I'm not saying that I'm infallible. Not for a moment.

Oh, of course not."

"Though as a matter of fact I doubt whether there's a man in Europe, or in America either for that matter, who knows more than I do, as it happens.'

"Naturally, it would be of the very greatest interest to our readers

"Well, well, I don't know as to that.

But this much I can and will say: Nobody can tell what may be going to

happen."
"Yes—thank you. Anything else?" "The fact is, you newspaper people always want an exclusive story. Ah, I know you! You can't take me in. But there's one thing I can tell you as a positive fact: the world is in a thoroughly unsettled state. Thoroughly.'

To what do you attribute that, may I ask?"

"Well, I should say to various causes. Various causes.

"And have you any views as to what is going to happen next in the world?

"Well, things are moving towards the future, I should say. Quite definitely. And now I suppose you want to hear something about my own work, eh? Naturally, one doesn't care to say a very great deal about that side of things, but I don't mind letting you into a secret. My new play is going to be the biggest thing that's been seen on the English stage for years. Literally years.'

"That's very exciting."

"Oh, I don't take these things too seriously, you know. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. I don't really know how I came to mention it. But that's what it is: the biggest thing that's been done for centuries. Of course the theme's tremendous, and one's handled it as best one could . . . The people who've read it are all pretty well agreed that it's bound to knock the public endways. Nobody has any doubt about that."

"How very, very interesting! Now, I wonder if I might ask what you feel about the position of women in public

"Women? Ah! There's a great deal to be said about women in public life. A very great deal."

"Yes?

"Perhaps it would be wiser not to quote me as having said so, but I don't mind telling you that the whole question of women in public life is one in which I take a great interest.

That, if I may say so, is just what

will interest our readers.

"Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. Now this play of mine, for instance—one of the principal characters in it is a woman, and the other a man."

"Really?"

"Oddly enough, although the whole thing is on a big scale—I think I may say a gigantic scale—it only took me three months to write. It's a curious thing—very curious indeed—but I'm an extraordinarily quick worker."

"Yes? And about America now. I wonder what you feel about

America?

"America, in my opinion, is a large country. A very large country."

"So many people seem to feel that. And about the Russian experiment? And your views on marriage? And—if it isn't asking too much—what about

the League of Nations?"

"Well, those are all very moot points—ver-ry moot points. That's what I always feel about them. And now I'm afraid I must dash off to a rehearsal. I should like a copy of the paper when you've got the interview printed, you know."

"Oh, by all means. 'World-Famous Dramatist Interviewed,' I thought of

heading it."

"That's too kind altogether. May I suggest that it should be 'World-Famous Dramatist'—since you insist—'World-Famous Dramatist Speaks Out'?" E. M. D.

## Little George the Genius.

His poisonous parents
Make a fuss
Of Little George the Genius.
I know there is a Theory
His species died in '83
Or perished even further back—
Ere GLADSTONE made that famous
"crack";
But, take my word, this isn't so:
I've suffered from him
And I know.

In '83 the little brute
Had curls and wore a velvet suit,
Recited poems or played the flute
Or did some parlour-trick as cute;
And was polite
As any missie—
In fact a proper little cissie.

That charge at least you cannot lay At Little George's door to-day.
No, no; his stunt
Is quite a fresh 'un:
His mother calls it
Self-Expression.
This means, in practice,
That the brat
Can make a football of your hat,
Yell, smash, stamp, riot,
Curse and brawl,
Deface the walls with charcoal-scrawl,



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE FAITHFUL COMPANY OF QUEUERS.

Jump on the sofa in his boots, And greet your least remark with hoots Of happy childish merriment (Derision is his "Special Bent"); And should these mild amusements flag He'll use you for a punching-bag, Or bite, or stick your hide with pins, Or hack you sharply on the shins— The charming, natural, healthy imp.

This treatment leaves you somewhat limp,

But can you do a thing about it?
Just chance your arm! Myself, I doubt

His parents, versed in Jung and Freud, Refuse to have the lad destroyed.

I don't mind that. What I detest Is hearing that this public pest When he grows up is sure to be A very different man from me.
I check this over, test and weigh it:
I do not like the way they say it.
When George grows up, the little limb,
I hope (a wistful hope and dim)
His children will be just like him.

#### Football's Colossus.

"Left-winger Braund, of the clever feet, had a foot in each of the goals."—Report of Football Match.

"Going on past Little Somerford towards Malmesbury, hounds threw up on the road at Cowbridge when information was brought that their fox had been run over and killed by a car."—Hunting Report.

Naturally they felt pretty sick.

## Every Other Saturday.

EVERY other Friday Mr. Porter says that there's absolutely no point in coming to an office on a Saturday morning. It's a sheer waste of time. Miss Lunn and Padgett and I agree. On alternate Fridays Mr. Chudleigh, Miss Elkington and Sidney say it. So there must be something in it. I don't know how Mr. Chudleigh and the others manage their Saturdays, but I know how Mr. Porter and the rest of us manage ours; and last Saturday, I should say, was more or less typical.

Sidney had given Padgett the key of the front-door as usual, so that he could let himself in at half-past nine. There's nothing to prove that he didn't, because the rest of us are always later on Saturdays than on ordinary days. We have to allow time for our suitcases. Not that any of us actually had a suitcase last Saturday. Anyhow when we arrived we found Padgett sitting at Sidney's table and gazing in a kind of bleak apathy at a pile of unopened letters.

Mr. Porter was looking almost cheerful as he came in with a yellow cardboard box. "I don't know how you all feel about Saturdays," he said, as he untied the string, "but I thought anything would be better than three hours of doing nothing, and so I bought a jigsaw puzzle. Monarch of the Seas. Colourful and maritime."

Miss Lunn and I were helping him to spread the pieces out on the floor when Miss Lunn told us that she had something weighing on her conscience. Something like typing.

"It's probably that stuff Harbottle's been worrying me about for the last week." said Mr. Porter.

"Of course," said Miss Lunn. "I had to put it off till to-day because Saturday's the only time you have any time. I ought to start it, but don't go and finish that puzzle before I come back."

"If you ask me," said Mr. Porter, as she went upstairs, "she only remembered it because she didn't want the trouble of turning all these blighted pieces the right way up."

We hadn't turned up more than half when Padget roused himself enough to shuffle a few of the letters about. "It's a bit thick," he said, "when people know how much more post there always is on a Saturday morning and they don't come and help other people with it, but just sit on the floor doing jigsaw puzzles."

It's a funny thing, but there always is more post on Saturdays. People seem to put off writing to us until the last moment in the week, and then of

course the letters need answering at

"That's the lot," said Mr. Porter, throwing the last envelope into the waste-paper-basket and sitting down on the floor again. "And they won't be answered to-day, because Mr. Harbottle won't be in. How do I know he won't? Because he told me he would. So now we can get busy. I imagine that half this blue is sea and half is sky, but there doesn't seem to be any way of telling which is which."

"Mr. Harbottle told me definitely that he wouldn't be in," said Padgett. "His last words as he went out yesterday were that he was catching a train from Waterloo that very night." So we were not surprised when we heard Mr. Harbottle come in and go up to his room.

"All the same," said Mr. Porter, "we needn't take the letters up unless he asks for them. He may not think of it."

There are a good many things Mr. Harbottle doesn't think of, but I've noticed that this isn't one of them. Five minutes later he was ringing down to know where his letters were, because he wanted to get them off quickly and go early. So Mr. Porter took them up; and it must have been half-an-hour later, when we had done all along the top edge of the puzzle, that he came down again.

"I've had a ghastly time," he said.
"You see all these odd pieces of paper? Old Harbottle wanted Miss Elkington to come and do his letters, and when I explained patiently that she wasn't in to-day he fired the whole lot off at me. Me! Do I look as if I wrote shorthand at four-hundred-and-fifty words a minute, even if I'd had a notebook to do it in instead of any bills or envelopes I happened to have in my pockets?"

"I'm glad it wasn't me," said Miss Lunn. "I write awfully slowly, and I know Mr. Harbottle thinks I ought to be able to do shorthand, though I'm always telling him I don't. Oh, what a muddle, Mr. Porter! What are you thinking of doing now?"

"I was thinking of reading them out," said Mr. Porter. "So that you can type them."

"Oh, no," said Miss Lunn, getting up off the floor. "I've got all that stuff upstairs to finish. I only came down to see how this was going. Look! we've done all the top edge."

Mr. Porter looked, and he saw at once that we'd got the artist's signature upside-down in the corner of the

sky.
"Coming to it with a fresh mind,"
said Mr. Porter as he sat down at
Sidney's typewriter, "you see these

things in a flash." Then he set to on the typewriter and his next words were Sidney's typewriter, Mr. drowned. Porter always says, is the only one he can do anything with. Padgett listened for a minute, and then he said he couldn't stand it any longer and he'd type if Mr. Porter would read out his notes. But before they could start Mr. Harbottle rang down to say that Padgett was to go and buy him a railway ticket and find out when his train went. So the rest of us had to leave the puzzle and concentrate on trying to make sense out of Mr. Porter's notes

This would have been difficult enough at any time, even without the telephone, which started ringing as soon as Padgett had left. It's Padgett's job to answer the telephone on Saturdays, and it rings most of the morning, because we make a point of telling our friends to ring us up then, as we get so bored having nothing to do. The trouble is that the calls are usually for the people who are having the Saturday off. On this particular morning there were five calls for Miss Elkington and only two for Miss Lunn, and none at all for Mr. Porter, except when Mr. Harbottle rang down now and then to ask if he hadn't even finished the first letter.

It seemed no time at all, but we found that it was nearly an hour later when Padgett came back, rather out of breath, with the ticket. "I had a lot of bother finding when the train was," he said, "and then I found it was in half-an-hour, and then I had more bother getting back here."

"Half-an-hour from now?" said Mr. Porter.

"No," said Padgett. "From then. Only ten minutes from now."

I don't know whether Mr. Harbottle caught the train, but he certainly deserved to, considering the way he dashed out of the office when we told him.

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "that was lucky. We needn't bother about the letters now. I'll take all this morning's post in again with Monday's. He won't remember, and he'll dictate this stuff all over again to Miss Elkington."

So Mr. Porter tore his notes up, and Miss Lunn said that her typing could just as well wait till Monday; and then we went back to the jigsaw puzzle. It was half-past eleven by now, and we didn't finish till two o'clock.

"That's what I mean about Saturday morning," said Mr. Porter on Monday to Mr. Chudleigh. "A sheer waste of time. Why on earth should anyone have to come to an office to do a thing like a jigsaw puzzle?"

## Strikes, 2036.

ONE of the most interesting books in the Spring lists of 2036 was Professor Graphlover's One Hundred Years of Strikes (Leather and Limp, 10/6).

"The spread of strike-consciousness during the hundred years covered by my book," the Professor points out in his Preface, "is as remarkable as it is gratifying. Until 1936 striking was regarded as the prerogative of a comparatively small number of industries, but a new era may be said to have begun with the strike of New York caretakers and liftmen in February of that year. Other non-striking classes of the community began to say, 'If caretakers can take care of their own interests by striking, if liftmen can elevate their standards by striking, why cannot we follow suit?'

"Towards the end of 1936 the Institute of Chartered Accountants called a mass meeting and unanimously decided to down coloured inks until the business community agreed to promise Better Tea With Cakes at Four O'clock. A member from Manchester said that he had recently spent a fortnight working in the office of a large firm of underwear manufacturers. On several occasions he had been obliged to remain at work until nearly four-thirty before getting his tea, which made him late home; and when the tea arrived it consisted of one cup of pale yellow fluid with skin on the top and a single biscuit bearing a clear imprint of the office-boy's thumb. Even more harrowing tales were told by other members, some of whom had got no biscuit at all, and one poor member announced brokenly to the aghast assembly that he had once been offered a cup of Blobbo instead of tea. Eventually the business community was forced to promise a uniform standard of two cups of strong tea with a Maid of Honour wrapped in cellophane.

"The coal-heavers came out in 1962 for higher wages and cleaner coal. Under the old system, they pointed out, a coal-heaver was obliged to have a bath every night or else stay indoors; and staying indoors so much impaired their vitality that after a few years they were unable to heave coal in a manner satisfactory to their pride. Eventually the Government had to promise that all coal would be carefully washed at the pit-head.

Dramatic critics came out in 1983 to demand the Freedom of the Bar. To sit through plays night after night in cold sobriety, they argued, was impossible, and in order to retain their sanity they were obliged to expend



"HALLO! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WATCH!"
"TAIN'T A WATCH, SIR; IT'S A COMPASS."

huge sums on alcohol. The Freedom of the Bar was not granted, but a satisfactory scheme of vouchers was evolved, so that critics could obtain a given amount of free refreshment. The agreed scale was as follows:—

Murder plays, one lemonade; Historical plays, one small whisky; Musical comedies, one double whisky;

Farces, two double whiskies; Plays about the Other Woman, free bar.

"Editors came out in 2002 and refused to return to work until the Government passed the Free-Lance (Justifiable Homicide) Act. Under this Act all editors were provided by the State with regular supplies of dynamite wrapped in small and convenient packets. All the editor had to do when he received a particularly loathsome contribution was to pin a piece of dynamite to the rejection-slip and return it with the MS in the appropriate stamped-addressed envelope.

"The only really unsuccessful strike on record was the income-tax collectors' strike of 2034, killed by the gallantry of the public, who set their teeth and determined to dispense with incometax collectors' services altogether rather than yield to their demands."



"Now, now, stop that! What are you hitting the little boy for?"

#### "'E's PINCHED MY BLONDE."

#### The Screen Mother.

When Doris was a baby I used to look ahead
And dream about the future of my daughter;
I saw her as a schoolgirl, and then the wife of Fred—
The infant son of Joe and Mary Slaughter. . .
On every other Sunday she'd drop in for a chat
And tell me all about her little troubles,
While I used to hope that one day I'd nurse upon my

Her progeny in singles or in doubles— But evidently dreaming is a game that doesn't pay, For Doris is a movie star and many miles away.

I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria,
The Number One Enchantress of the screen;
You've seen her at the Plaza and Astoria
In lingerie and clinging crèpe-de-chine.
She's famous from Land's End to Honolulu
And idolised from Leeds to Labrador,
But tho' I am none other
Than this vision's lawful mother,
No one has ever heard of me before!
I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria,
The girl who causes every heart to beat,
But I don't set people gazing
And exclaiming, "How amazing!"
When they see me on a bus or in the street.

When Doris went to Hollywood she'd not turned 21, And (tho' I say it), my! but she was pretty! Within a single fortnight an art director's son Had married her by licence in the city. But four or five weeks later she couldn't stand his face And changed him for a lady-killing actor; And next a young dictator, who led a lonely life, Appeared to be a most disturbing factor, But early in the autumn she swopped him for a prince—A boxer—then a president—and half the peerage since.

I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria Who's perfect as the heroine or vamp; You've seen her at the Grand and New Victoria In Salome and The Lady with the Lamp.
She's chockablock with feminine attractions, The type that makes a fellow take to drink; She was absolutely gorgeous
As the worst of all the Borgias,
And she's often made a woman-hater blink.
I'm Mrs. Jones—the mother of Honoria;
My life, as such, is colourless and bleak,
And the only compensation
In this crazy situation
Is the £1,000 she sends me once a week.



## HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

JOHN BULL. "ALL MY NEIGHBOURS SEEM TO BE MAKING THEIR PLACES WEATHER. PROOF; AND I DARESAY I CAN AFFORD IT AS WELL AS THEY CAN."



# Impressions of Parliament.

Monday, March 2nd.— The Motion of Censure by the Opposition on the Government's handling of the Special Areas, though it gave some Members an easy opportunity to make political capital, showed a feeling, which was by no means confined to the Labour Benches, that it was time the Government took more drastic action on the lines suggested by the Commissioners.

Mr. Dalton opened the debate, and his picture of life in the Special Areas was one which should be given the widest publicity, particularly in the more prosperous districts where the ghastly conditions in South Wales and North-East England seem somewhat remote. The play, Love on the Dole, described these without dramatic exaggeration; and Mr.

Dalton reminded the House that the three Special Areas in England and Wales contained 20 per cent. of the unemployed although only 7 per cent. of the population. They were full of children, he said, who had never seen their parents come home from work, and whose favourite game was playing at being the "Means-Test man." His main suggestions were that the Government should help to shoulder the liability of rates in these areas, and that there should be deliberate State interference with the location of industry.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was subjected to an unmannerly barracking at the hands of the Labour Party, replied that the Commissioners' Reports were far more radical than were the suggestions of the Opposition, and told the House that a Supplementary Vote of £3,000,000 would shortly be put at their disposal. So far as possible rearmament orders would go to the areas, and the questions of transference and afforestation were being taken very seriously.

Led by Mr. F. K. GRIFFITH, the Liberals associated themselves with the Motion of Censure. On the Conservative side the most critical speech came from Lord Wolmer, who urged

HIC WOLMER DOMINUS RVMPIT LANCEAM CONTRA OMNES PARTES DOMI.



THE FREE LANCE OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND,



Mr. Bunthorne-Brown (solo).

"Conceive me, if you can,
A soulful-eyed young man,
An ultra-poetical, super-æsthetical,
Most intense young man."

Patience.

["MATTHEW ARNOLD said that a serious view of life is the first mark of a true poet. The Minister of Labour in any Government, whoever he has been, has never lacked that qualification to be a poet."—The Minister of Labour.]

the Government to tackle the problem as they were tackling rearmament. Amongsthis proposals were a guarantee of a year's employment to young men who had passed through instructional centres, and a five-day week for the Post Office. But why, asks Mr. P.'s R., not for everybody?

Tuesday, March 3rd .-If Mr. THURTLE had his way it would be a frequent sight in the Commons to see one Member leaning over to another about six o'clock and murmuring: "What about it? We've just time for a peptonised sundæ." He wants a milk-bar erected-a beautiful glittering affair which will supply thirsty legislators with milk in every form except compressed into umbrellahandles. Sir John Gan-ZONI, Chairman of the Kitchens Committee, told him this afternoon that he can already drink milk endlessly if

he wishes, but that if Members really clamour for a milk-bar they shall have it. No clamour has yet been heard, however.

In moving to reduce the Vote for the Ministry of Labour, Mr. CLYNES took no trouble to disguise his contempt for this Department and his view that the present MINISTER was no less inhuman than his predecessors; but he made one sound point when he said that the longer a man was unemployed the less valuable his weekly sum became to him, as his margin for replacement of necessaries decreased.

The Labour Party were indebted to Sir ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL for a timely reminder that it was absurd to expect industrialists to open up new factories in the Special Areas when they were constantly being threatened by the Socialists with the destruction of private enterprise. After Mr. DINGLE FOOT had urged that insurance should be extended to black-coated workers and share-fishermen, the MINISTER replied that the inclusion of both these classes was under consideration, and described to the House his efforts to bring trade to the depressed areas (as apart from the Special Areas), and to make the six-months' training courses more effective.



A FELLOW OF THE GASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY STUDYING NATIVE DISHES AT THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF GHOSH.

## Lives of the Philosophers.

"IT surprised me a little while ago," said my philosophic friend Pinleaf, "to see that remark of yours in print about EPIMENIDES. You said that MONTAIGNE mentioned his having slept for fifty-seven years but you never heard of him anywhere else."

"Well, it's true," I said. "I never did."

Pinleaf said complacently that that was where he had the bulge on me. He had looked Epimenides up in Diogenes Laertius's Lives of the Philosophers. "As a youth," he went on, swinging his stick as we walked, "Epimenides was sent out by his father to look for a wether. Looking for this wether Epimenides went into a cave and slept for fifty-seven years."

"Just like that?" I said.
"Just like that."

"Well, that's old stuff, all except the wether," I said, "and I am unimpressed by the wether. It seems to me irrelevant. Need I say more? There can hardly be many phenomena of less profound significance than an irrelevant wether. Even in bulk, irrelevant weth—"

"It was relevant," interrupted Pinleaf shortly, "to a certain extent. He

went on looking for it when he woke up."

up."
"I suppose he found that by a sad coincidence it had died while he was asleep," I said. "Shut your eyes for half-a-century and the sheep situation goes to pot—farming's always been the same."

Unable to find the wether, Pinleaf said, EPIMENIDES then went home, where he discovered that his father and everyone else he knew had disappeared as well.

"He must have given a dim sort of impression," I said. "I should have put him down as a man who couldn't find things, myself."

"Not at all," said Pinleaf with an air of triumph. "When people realised he had slept for fifty-seven years they began to revere him and look on him as the favoured of the gods, and there he was—made."

"As a philosopher?"

"Yes.

"Autre temps, mêmes mœurs," I remarked. "To-day, the thinker who wins recognition is the one who has swum the Channel in a diving-suit. They like amateurs, that's what it is. A fellow who hadn't done any thinking for fifty-seven years must be good at it."

Pinleaf continued to talk in a general

way about EPIMENIDES and then he shut up suddenly. I had a flash of insight.

"I know what's the matter with you," I said. "It was your intention to plague me with an account of the old boy's philosophical system, and now you can't remember what it was. Come now. I'll lay you six to four it had something to do with the wether."

"Nothing whatether—whatever," said Pinleaf icily.

"Spare me no detail," I persisted in a hearty tone. "I can stand it. All based on the wether, wasn't it? He had a system of prophecy involving the animal, popularly known among philosophers at play as the Wether Forecast. Preceded by a Police Message, followed by a Navigational Warning, and tightly clutching a Wedge of High Pressure in one hot little hand, EPIMENIDES—"

Pinleaf interrupted in a voice of thunder: "Another philosopher I was interested to read about was Pyrring."

interested to read about was Pyrrho."

"Ah, Pyrrho," I said. "You little knew that you were speaking to an old Pyrrho fan. Pyrrho is what you might call a buddy of mine. I have taken an interest in Pyrrho ever since I first heard that story of him and Anaxagoras, his teacher of philosophy. One day Pyrrho found Anaxagoras with

his head stuck in a ditch, and left him there, because after deep thought he did not see that it would do any particular good to pull him out."

"Diogenes Laertius doesn't say it was a ditch," Pinleaf said a little sulkily—evidently this was a story he had hoped to tell me. "He just says mud."

I said the fact remained, however the reporters might describe it. "Mystery of Philosopher Stuck in Ditch—Philosopher in Mud Riddle— Pupil Leaves Swamp-Stuck Philosopher Bubbling—it's all the same. The essential point of the story for me has always been: What the policeman was Anaxagoras doing in the ditch anyway?"

"None of your business," Pinleaf said. "And that isn't the point. The point is Pyrrho. It was a habit of his to do things like that. He used to wander about walking straight ahead, whether there was anything in the way or not, not bothering whether he was about to walk over a precipice or be hit by a cart."

"Died young, I suppose?"
"At the age of ninety."

I pointed out that there was another link with the present—the typical pedestrian. But Pinleaf seemed to be ill-at-ease with modern instances and went on to tell me of an occasion on

which PYRBHO hadn't been able to resist the importunity of a human emotion: "He climbed a tree to avoid a mad dog."

"Shame!" I said. "Shame! . . . It seems to me, though, that ancient philosophers were in closer touch than modern ones with the concrete circumstances of existence. Anaxagoras gets stuck in a ditch, Pyrrho climbs a tree. In the live-stock department we have the mad dog; and wethers, now—how did Pyrrho stand on wethers? Pretty firm?"

Pinleaf indicated that he had not checked up on Pyrrho from the wether angle. Then he proceeded hastily: "Of course philosophers are still in touch with life. Facts are their raw material."

"You may be right," I said. "There used to be a man living next-door to me—he had been a sheep-farmer: there's a coincidence!—whose invariable order in a restaurant was, 'Bring me a well-done sausage, on ice.' Also he always used to knock at the door before he left a room in the perpetually disappointed hope that somebody on the other side would cry 'Come out!' Those habits strike me as having a certain philosophic brio; don't they you?"

Pinleaf said no. R. M.

## Lovely Jane.

LOVELY Jane was the postman's niece,

Fair as the noon-day sun,
And she was the girl in all the world
That I set my heart upon.

But Tom was the ping-pong champion Of North-East Rutlandshire; And I found with Jane it was brawn, not brain.

That she tended to admire.

For I beat my rival at ludo,
At dominoes and at draughts;
I excelled him far in all the arts,
I outstripped him in all the crafts;

I shone in conversation,
I scored at repartee;
Alone at the ping-pong table
I was forced to bow the knee.

Oh, the girls of to-day
Are swept away
By force, brute force.
They can only feel
The crude appeal
Of force, brute force.
Tom is happily married to Jane
(Yes please, miss—the same again),
So what's the use of the nimblest
brain
Against force, brute force?



"IT'S BURNING NICELY NOW, SIR."

## At the Play.

"ST. HELENA" (OLD VIC).

St. Helena, at the Old Vic, Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF and Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS'S play about NAPOLEON's Journey's End. is a narrative spectacle. Its twelve scenes cover the period from December. 1815, to May, 1821, and there are over thirty parts in the cast. The subject is in many ways just right for Mr. SHERRIFF's pre-eminent talent for so conjoining small incidents that they become charged with deep significance and reveal unspoken situations. He has a mastery here which can dispense with underlinings, and the abundant materials which survive of Napoleon's five-and-a-half years of captivity give him a store-house of historical incidents and savings which he has woven skilfully together to illustrate the central theme of fallen greatness. He has had to walk warily in making his selection, for the ground is full of pitfalls.

The boast that Englishmen are fond of making, that they never know when they are beaten, was true of NAPOLEON. He continued the war from St. Helena, instead of acquiescing as a less dæmonic nature might have done and sinking into a routine of indolence and retrospection. NAPOLEON fought a St. Helena campaign, looking all the time to the political advantages that might be drawn in Europe from the dis-

semination of the belief that he was the victim of vindictive persecution.

One of the most striking characters in the play is the Irish Dr. O'Meara (Mr. WIL-LIAM DEVLIN), whose Voice from St. Helena, published just after NAPOLEON's death. first popularised the still active calumny of Sir Hup-SON LOWE. But it is a measure of the light way in which Mr. Sherriff leaves on one side the political under-currents that O'Meara appears as a colourful character, with no dramatic presentation of the involved double-crossing and bribe-taking which constitute his chief interest for

By contrast, the calculations of future financial gain from Napoleonic revelations which entered into the mind

of Las Cases (Mr. ALAN WHEATLEY) are Mr. Sherriff (and many a lesser

dramatist) can find in Gourgaud's own self-disclosure fool-proof material.

But it does upset the balance of this picture of the little Court that the



GENERAL COMPLAINTS. General Baron Gourgaud . MR. CLEMENT

two better members of it. Bertrand and Montholon, are not drawn with the same firm lines or vividness. Montholon, indeed, deserved to cut a much more considerable figure.



EARLY MORNING GARDENING.

Napoleon . . . . . . . . . MR. KENETH KENT. General Count Bertrand . . . MR. ION SWINLEY.

Mr. Sherriff never looks like sucgiven their full weight. He is power- cumbing to making facile fun of the fully and unsympathetically drawn. stiffness and pedantry of the British So too is Gourgaud, the Hibbert of this jailers, but Mr. CECIL TROUNCER play, acted by Mr. CLEMENT McCALLIN. makes so fierce and prim a Sir Hudson that the scene of his first call on

Napoleon proves an anti-climax. It was a mistake to select that event when nothing happened beyond a few civilities, and to build it up as though for an explosion, and the impression remains that Mr. SHERRIFF could not quite make up his mind how to handle the Lowe controversy.

But he was anyway determined not to let it obscure his main picture—the soul of the great Emperor in adversity. He shows very well a number of the alternating moods, the changes from an admirable firmness of mind in adversity to petty rage and then to the recurrent business of so handling the captivity that it should one day be of advantage to his son and heir.

Mr. KENETH KENT showed us all these sides of Napoleon, and more. He excelled particularly in a kind of dry realism with which Napoleon kept recalling his imagination to earth. and in reproducing the well-known bluntness and coarseness of speech with which he would go straight to the point. In the second half he made the failing health very plain, and with it the unimpaired mental grasp.

But it is doubtful how far the slow decline to the tomb is ever suitable stage material, and I left with the feeling that a better play would have emerged if Mr. Sherriff had not been so comprehensive and had gone rather more deeply into events in the first two or three years—perhaps with an Epilogue. All the tragedy

of St. Helena could have been found and illustrated in and round some particular struggle with the British Government and some particular quarrel inside the Court; and with detail and suspense would have come a dramatic interest.

The play is like a series of pictures illustrating the captivity, varied and welldrawn, but in their sum total a succession of tableaux; and because of its wide canvas the play seems to be offering its selection of events and sayings as a complete account of how NAPOLEON bore the ordeal of failure and so to challenge the undying debate which his complex character provokes. But it is much ahead of most plays about

"PROMISE" (SHAFTESBURY).

This adaptation of Mr. H. M. HARWOOD'S from the French of M. HENRY BERNSTEIN is an interesting example of the way in which, on the stage, a clear exposition of a clash of character, clear almost to the point of being slow-motion, can largely dispense with action. Admittedly the cast and

M. BERNSTEIN'S production were more than ordinarily good, bringing out all the delicate light and shade of the play. I hesitate to think what shape it might take in lesser hands, for emotionally it alternates between a rationalisticin places almost a deathly-calm and uncontrolled hysteria.

These states of mind are illustrated-it would be absurd to sav that the action takes place-entirely in the drawing-room of Monsieur and Madame Delbar's flat in Paris, exquisitely arranged by Miss RUTH KEATING to form a background which never palled throughout the evening. M. Delbar (Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON) is a frail savant, tremendously loval to his wife vet tremendously afraid of her, and she (Miss MADGE TITHERADGE) is a hard worldling entering middle-age with bitter pretences that she is still young. They are comfortably off and move in Paris Society.

Clash One comes when the drunken gigolo to whom Madame is temporarily attached is imprisoned after knocking out an Asiatic Ambassador at a restaurant, in her presence; and she insists that her husband shall use his influence as a Counsellor of State to keep the boy's name out of the papers. Under gentle protest Monsieur

Delbar gives in, but not until we have had our chance to assess the depth and strength of the opposing forces.

Clash Two is caused by the very sensible decision of Thierry Keller (Mr. Rob-ERT HARRIS) that he is no longer in love with his fiancée, Solange (Miss Ann Todd), the Delbars' smart daughter, but is instead desperately in love with her half-sister Catherine (Miss EDNA BEST), Madame's daughter by her first marriage. After declaring himself to Catherine, Thierry

honestly comes out into the open, and Madame is inconsolably furious that a man whom she regards as a social inferior (he being an artist) should jilt her favourite daughter, formed in the fashion of herself, for the sake of the mousy and despised Catherine. This situation of being engaged to the wrong girl, which must

have struck terror into the hearts of so many young men, is additionally terrible in France, where engagement comes near to marriage. It is very neatly handled and all its comedy



A SHREW WITH A TAME PETRUCHIO. Madame Delbar. . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE. Solange . . . . . . Miss Ann Todd. . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON. Emile Delbar



A SALON PICNIC.

Thierry Keller . . . . . . MR. ROBERT HARRIS. . . . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.

Solange is hard as nails and her mother is a snob whom social affront can do nothing but improve. In the long interview between Thierry and M. Delbar the conflict in the latter between the strictness of the French gentleman and the fondness of the step-father is

beautifully portrayed. With his blessing-not, however, paraded before Madame-Thierry marries Catherine.

Tragedy comes with the third clash. when Madame finds herself alone after an hysterical attempt to win back her husband from his philosophic determination to live spiritually quite apart from her.

Miss TITHERADGE let herself go magnificently. In such a strained atmosphere it was not easy to keep the ravings of selfishness and temperament in the picture, but she even succeeded in making us feel enormously embarrassed for her husband and Catherine. There were times at which I thought that Mr. RICHARDSON slowed up a little too much and made himself unnecessarily desiccated, but all the same his performance puts another laurel into his already heavy sheaf. Miss BEST and Mr. HARRIS played together charmingly, taking their lovescenes lightly and very naturally; Miss Todd brilliantly put a bright hard French polish on to her Solange which made one congratulate Thierry from the bottom of one's heart; and Mr. FRANCIS JAMES lowered his cocktails with the same graceful bad manners with which. presumably, he later lowered his Ambassador.

This is a play to be seen as much for the quality of its production as for its content. But I think you will agree that when M. BERNSTEIN and Mr. HARWOOD were arranging

that Thierry and Catherine should entertain us for several minutes by masticating a cold supper in silence, they might have left something in the refrigerator which would have provided us with a little vicarious pleasure — and not cold veal, tinned peaches and gherkins.

That was too much. ERIC.

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE. A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.' News Headlines.

Someone must have cleaned the windows.

"Speak, hands, for me!" "'I can say nothing about brought out. Tragedy it has none, for the matter,' Mr. Moses declared. 'My hands are tied." --Report of an interview.

#### A Very Happy Event.

- gave birth to a son in London yesterday.

Mr. C. Allan, evangelist, conducted the service in Cairnbulg Hall. Miss M. Third was at the piano."-News Item.



SAFETY FIRST; OR, THE REFEREE WHO HAD TWO WHISTLES.

#### Monsieur Paul Narrates.

IX.-The Conquest of Louise.

"If even the most beautiful melody," said Monsieur Paul, "by constant iteration will lose its charm for the listener, so it is also possible to have an overdose of love.

"Louise was a girl of such transcendent beauty that few men who saw her could refrain from falling immediately in love. My friend Achille was the fifteenth of her suitors, and his infatuation began when proposals of marriage had, for Louise, lost something of their novelty. So when he appeared one afternoon dressed in his best clothes and bearing in his hand a bunch of orchids she did not await his explanation.

"'My dear Achille,' she said in a tone of some distaste, there is a look in your eye which tells me even more surely than the splendour of your attire or the flowers which you carry that you are about to offer me a lifetime's devotion. I beg you most carnestly to refrain. During the year I have already received fourteen such offers, and to me the thought of love has become like the thought of suetpudding to a sea-sick traveller: it affects my mind like the hundredth repetition of an inept anecdote. Truly I am sick of love.'

"'Tiens!' said Achille, somewhat taken aback, 'if matters are as serious as that, the fifteenth intrusion of a top-hat and a bunch of orchids must indeed cause you the acutest ennui, and I sincerely regret that my method of approach should be so painfully stereotyped.'

"To be exact,' said Louise, 'you are only the fourth top-hat. But had you come in the costume of a low comedian or attired in a leopard-skin and a golden helmet the effect would have been the same. Every method has already been tried, and inarticulate sincerity makes no more appeal to me than a proposal in blank verse.'

"'My own method,' said Achille regretfully, 'would have been to allow a sincere devotion to appear through a mask of gaiety. However, I will not

weary you with a demonstration.'

"Achille went thoughtfully home.' It is certain,' he thought to himself, 'that the fourteen suitors who have preceded me, having failed to win Louise's love, will now attempt to arouse her pity. When they meet her they will nauseate her by the dog-like devotion of their glances, they will sicken her with their sighs and depress her with the dismal pallor of their countenances. If, therefore, she is to be won it seems clear that the opposite technique should be employed.'

"Accordingly, having allowed two weeks to elapse, he acquired a pair of tinted glasses to conceal any look of yearning that might involuntarily betray itself in his eyes, dressed himself with marked casualness and called upon Louise. Louise received him without enthusiasm.

"'What now!' she said in a tone of some asperity. 'Do you come again to speak to me of love?'

"'On the contrary,' replied Achille nonchalantly, 'I have come to tell you that—Heaven be praised for it!—I have entirely conquered my tendency to lay my heart at your feet. Let us, therefore, take a walk in the park and enjoy the pleasure of a platonic conversation.'

"Louise regarded him with mingled amazement and suspicion.

"'Is this true?' she said in a softer tone. 'You are sure that it is not some new device?'

"'You have but to come with me and see for yourself,' said Achille carelessly.

"Achille took Louise for a walk in the park. On subsequent occasions, as he grew more confident of his self-command, he took her for longer excursions. Eventually he boldly discarded his tinted spectacles and took her to the Opera. These methods appeared to him to produce the

happiest results. At first, while he was still so clumsy as inadvertently to give utterance to an occasional tender expression, Louise treated him with the utmost reserve, but as these slips became rarer her attitude grew more friendly, and by the time he had schooled himself to meet her with the most perfect indifference he detected in her manner a gentle melancholy which seemed the presage of a tenderer emotion. 'This is excellent!' said Achille to himself. 'I have but to neglect her for a week or two and she will love me in earnest.'

"This neglect,' said Monsieur Paul, 'had precisely the effect which you, Monsieur, as an acute observer of the opposite sex, will no doubt already have anticipated. At first Louise had welcomed Achille's disinterested companionship as a gourmand might welcome dry toast after a surfeit of caviar. But when the fourteen previous suitors, seeing the intimacy between the two, with one accord lost interest in her and directed their attentions elsewhere, her pleasure became tinged with a mild concern. And when the indifference of Achille

himself, instead of dwindling into affection, grew into apparently deliberate neglect, her concern was intensified into consternation. It is not surprising, therefore, that when a sixteenth suitor, wearing a top-hat and carrying a bunch of orchids, suddenly appeared, her relief was such that she married him out of hand."

### Arms and the Man.

[The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards is to be converted into a machine-gun battalion, armed with machine-guns of Czecho-Slovakian invention.]

When Destiny shuffled the cards
And turned up a War, it occurred
That I served with the Grenadier
Guards—

In fact with the jolly old Third;
And after I'd been through the mill
They gave me a chevron (or stripe),
And I'm firmly convinced 'twas
because of my skill
In sloping or ordering hipe.

At the outset of martial alarms,
By the word of the sergeant beguiled,
We cherished our hipe (or our arms)
With the love of a man for his child.

We polished the woodwork with wax
To the sheen of a favourite pipe,
And we startled the air with a series of
smacks

When sloping or ordering hipe.

We moved like automatons all;
The word of command was obeyed
With a snap that I seem to recall
Was a pattern throughout the
Brigade.

And the Brigadier recognised that (Though he wasn't the tractable type),

As he watched with amaze our particular Batt.

When sloping or ordering hipe.

But such miracles couldn't be done (Alas for the jolly old Third!) With this Czecho-Slovakian gun,

Though it may be the very last word;
For, although with a weapon like this
They can mow a platoon at a swipe,
There is something that guardsmen are
going to miss—

The thrill at the sound of the adjutant's hiss

And the corporate joy, the ineffable bliss Of sloping or ordering hipe.



"'WARE HOLE!"

## A Classical Compendium.

THERE comes a moment in the life of every writer and public speaker when he feels a need to show his audience that he is not quite the illiterate hack they had thought him. He turns in his extremity to his Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, blows off some of the dust, and finds himself confronted by some five hundred pages full of gods and demigods. Heros and Neros, naiads and dryads, gods disguised as men, men disguised as animals, animals disguised as plants, plants disguised as-in short, by all the paraphernalia amongst which he once delicately picked his way in the form-rooms of Prunestone College. He turns pale under his tan at the sight of some heroic genealogical tree tracing the descent of Peleus from Ossa, and hurriedly thrusts the volume back on to the shelf. He buries his head in his hands and thinks bitterly of the squandered hours of his golden youth. So it has come to this. He can't remember Peleus. He never heard of Ossa

Let him take heart. If he doesn't remember, neither does his audience. If he has forgotten his education, his audience was always incapable of it. If he can't tell Castor from Pollux, his audience thinks they are some kind of vaudeville team. Even if he went to the trouble of dredging his Classical Dictionary for some pearl of Greek mythology, his audience would only choke on it, the swine-unless it happened to be one of the Twenty Approved Classical References that I have collected here below. Let the writer or public speaker but decorate his phrases with these Twenty and no reader or listener will doubt that he has received the best education this country can afford him.

ACHILLES. A Greek hero who: (a) Sulked in his Tent, and (b) on emerging from his dudgeon was killed by a shot in the Heel (the only Chink in his Armour).

- e.g. (1) "If the Government choses, like Achilles, to Sulk in its-I will not say Tent . . . (Laughter.)"
  - (2) "The new Bill has, howeverif I may borrow an illustration from the Classics-its Heel of Achilles. (Applause.)"

(3) "The big Heel . . .

ADONIS. A handsome Greek youth who-well, a very handsome Greek youth. Hence any young man who is not too ugly.

e.g. "The Adonis of the Oxford crew is young Lord --- Feminine hearts on the tow-path go pit - a - pat when this young Apollo, clad in shorts and sweater, takes his place in the boat."

Ægis. The shield of Zeus or Jupiter, the Omnipotent Father of the Gods, and Lord of Men. ("Deum pater atque hominum rex"-one of the things even we remember). Hence any kind of protection

e.g. (1) "The race is being held under the ægis of the Pigeon-Flyers' Benevolent Association.

(2) "Do hurry up, we've bin waiting ægis and ægis.'

ALBION. Name for England. Derivation not generally known, but believed to be classical. Only used in association with the adjective "perfidious."

e.g. (1) "Gentlemen, our country has been referred to in certain quarters as 'perfidious Albion.' (Groans.)"

(2) "We have been called 'per-

fidious Albion.' (Jeers.)"
(3) "Cette perfide Albion. (Applaudissements.)"

APOLLO. A handsome Greek god. See Adonis.

BACCHUS, Roman god of wine. Hence the expressions:-

> (1) "Bacchanalian revels." (Any party attended by nice

> people.)
> (2) "Bacchanalian orgies." (Any party to which you have not been invited.)

CUPID. Everybody knows about Cupid. Lady writers even refer to him intimately as "Dan."

DIANA. Roman equivalent of Artemis, young maiden goddess of field sports. Hence any able-bodied female -young or maiden or not.

e.g. "Dianas of the cue met in Churston's Billiard Rooms last night. when Mrs. O. Pott defeated Miss I. Shopp in a close game. Mrs. Pott is still a fine cueist at the age of 71. . . .

EREBUS. Just another name for H-11.

- e.g. (1) "Dark as Erebus."
  - (2) "Black as Erebus."
  - (3) "Erebus salt" (i.e., Hell salt).

HADES. Still another name for H-11

- e.g. (1) "What the Hades ... ?" (2) "Where the Hades . . . !"
  - (3) Etc.

HECUBA. Only used in the phrases "What's he to Hecuba or Hecuba to he?" and "What's she to Hecuba or Hecuba to she?" (I think there must be some mistake somewhere, but I can't just pin it down.)

The exact nature of "Hecuba" is not generally understood. Some suppose it to be just another name foryou know what; but as these are the sort of people who as children asked one to teach them to swear in Greek or Sanskrit or what-not, their evidence is not reliable. As a matter of fact the phrase is in common use with bishops, canons, deans and others whose company manners are above reproach, so it must be all right.

HERCULES. Roman version of Heracles, Greek strong man. Has been ousted from popular favour by subsequent strong men-Samson, Houdini, SANDOW, MUSSOLINI, etc., and is no longer to be recommended as a reference.

HERMES of PRAXITELES. A beautiful fragment of Greek sculpture, useful in arguments about modern tendencies in art.

- e.g. (1) "Take, for instance, the Hermes of Praxiteles . . .
  - (2) "All I ask you to do is to look at it, just look at it, and then look, say, at the Hermes of PRAXITELES. That's all I ask you to do. . .
  - (3) "I will take just one example -the Hermes of PRAXITELES. . . .

HYDRA. A Greek bogey-man, a monster that grew heads as fast as they were cut off. Hence anything you don't like and feel nervous about.

- e.g. (1) "That hydra-headed monster, the Capitalist System."
  - (2) "That hydra-headed monster, the U.S.S.R."

NEMESIS. Greek goddess of retribution. Like prosperity, is always lurking just around the corner.

- e.g. (1) "Little did he realise, as he tied his faultless evening tie, that Nemesis was waiting for him just around the corner. . . .
  - (2) "Little did she suspect, as she . . . that Nemesis was waiting for her in the taxi-cab around the corner. . . .



"CAN I WHISPER SOMETHING TO YOU, MISS JONES?"

"No; IT'S VERY RUDE TO WHISPER."

"WELL, IT WOULD BE MUCH RUDER IF I SAID IT OUT LOUD."

ŒDIPUS. A Greek complex. But since all complexes are the same complex, we needn't go into that.

ORPHEUS and his lute made trees. This is probably the most cryptic of all classical references. It baffles me, at any rate. Perhaps there is a lacuna somewhere. But don't let that stop you using the idea, if you can possibly work it in.

e.g. "The hon. Member has spoken of the difficulty of extracting blood from a stone. It may be difficult. I do not say it isn't. But I, for one, have not shrunk from difficulties in the past, and shall not, if I am spared, shrink from difficulties in the future. Remember, gentlemen, Orpheus and his lute made trees . . . (Applause)."

Pelion and Ossa. The Greek equivalents of Laurel and Hardy. "Piling Pelion on Ossa" is a phrase used to express an extravagant absurdity. Pelion would, it is safe to assume, be the fat one.

PLUTO. Mickey Mouse's dog.

VENUS de Milo. Another beautiful fragment of classical statuary. Lacking arms, it is famous for an illustrated joke that shows mother and young offspring standing in front of statue and mother saying: "There! See what comes of biting your nails, Alfie!"

e.g. (1) "You're no Venus de Milo!"
(2) "I may not be a Venus de
Milo, but . . ."

FINIS. THE END.



"I DEFINITELY GOT ON WITH YOUR PARENT. 'S MATTER OF FACT, I TOLD HIM I BATHER LIKED HIM."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Reflections of a Man of Action.

OF Mr. H. W. NEVINSON in the mood of mellow reminiscence we cannot have too much. His new book is a slighter and less integrated thing than Fire of Life. It consists but of Running Accompaniments (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) to the matter of that masterpiece among autobiographies. But it is as full of wisdom and charm. Its topics are as many as its chapters; but whether Mr. NEVINSON be recalling a loved sister, a revered schoolmaster and friend, or that fine novelist who was at once the complete English gentleman and the essential revolutionary, or analysing the quality of rhythm, or defending the Victorians, or dipping into history or pondering the future-what counts most to us, what contributes most to our pleasure and comfort are the character and the temper of the author. Fiercely as he has battled against injustice and abuse and sterile convention, he regards tolerance as his "natural weakness" "I can even understand HITLER," he complains, "and feel a stupid tolerance of Mussolini"; and, while no one would accuse him of easy acceptances, we must rejoice that his acceptances are so wide in their scope. Not that they are ever acceptances only. Mr. NEVINSON knows the delights of contemplation, but action, if one may put it so, is his real passion. However beautiful the mountain, he must climb as well as admire it. "I should like," he says, "to

have been a great admiral, a great general, a great explorer, a poet, a musician or, best of all, a great dramatist." He has been instead, and remains, a great and gallant nature.

## Don Roberto.

Nothing, says Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM in his new book of stories, is more like life than a mirage-vague, fleeting, apparently so real and yet impossible to grasp. Like the monk quoted in the notes to the Italy of SAMUEL ROGERS, he has come to doubt sometimes whether the paintings on the wall are not real and he and his companions but shadows. In this mood he calls his latest book Mirages (Heinemann, 7/6) and prefaces it with a note addressed to Empire Builders. For he designs to show us that the breed is scattered through the world, and only the chosen few attain to fame. There are mute Cæsars and inglorious Pizarros. His heroes are of the sort who make no mark in history: they possess the spirit, but not the stage; sometimes even their names are unknown. Of such are the three musicos" who stayed in the ancient wooden theatre when the flames roared to heaven, and played to stay the panic until the fire claimed them. Then we have the story of Charlie the Gaucho, who had been an English midshipman of good family, who fled from his ship under the mistaken impression that he had killed a comrade, and met his end at length in a quarrel over a horse that in all probability he had stolen. He had succeeded to an estate at home, but the call of the pampas was too much for him. Then too there is Bibi, that other English wanderer, a figure in the strange

little world of Tangier, riding to the stronghold of El Khalkhali to rescue an ill-treated client who sought his protection. "The Dream of the Magi" strikes a different note. But each and all of these stories bear the unmistakable mark of their author, whether they deal with a Communistic uprising in Spain or a bull-fight in Caracas. "Don Roberto" remains inimitable.

## Bread First, Circuses Afterwards.

The colour, strength and animation Dame LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., has put into her autobiography prove once again how invaluable is the artist's eye to the writer. This particular writer, moreover, has a stirring story to tell; for, coming of Derbyshire yeoman stock and left a penniless orphan, she had a long row to hoe before she won recognition as a painter. The struggles of her Nottingham days, the ups-anddowns of her school life in Francewhere, St. Quentin lace-factories being linked with Nottingham ones, she had an aunt and uncle in residence-make excellent reading. And her painting experiments among Yorkshire fisherfolk have a fascination of their own which cannot in the nature of things be equalled by the coterie life of various Cornish resorts which followed on her happy marriage. Her favourite subjects, the circus and the ballet, entail much intimate detail of the lives of her models; and her book is comprehensively illustrated, though the reproductions are clumsily placed on the paper. Apart from this, Oil Paint and Grease Paint (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) is an attractive chronicle of hard-won and well-deserved success.

#### An Avuncular Arnold Bennett.

While still of the opinion that the Potteries-to-Paris volume of Arnold Bennett's Diary gives the more valuable portrait of the novelist, I own to enjoying Arnold Bennett's Letters to this Nephew (Heinemann, 10/6) for their bluff benevolence to their object and their intimate sidelights on their subject. The distinction is perhaps a little

unfair. True, A. B. writes much about himself in these weekly letters to the Oundle schoolboy, the Cambridge undergraduate, the young scientist on his first job, who was his adopted son; and when he aims directly at Richard it is frequently in a spirit of admonition. But these paternal strictures on how to comport yourself on a yacht, how to "organise" your Sundays, and how not to behave in a train are all as well-intentioned as the munificence they reinforce; while accounts of the writer's own activities are obviously painted to please their recipient. A weakness for "resorts" provides memorable passages of description: I particularly commend the flowering geraniums mirrored in the ice of Monte Carlo. And Mr. Swinnerton's preface soundly defends the jocularity which gives a not unpleasantly "period" flavour to these characteristic Bennettiana.



Strayed Tourist. "It's lucky we met thee, Lad. Tell us wheer we can ring up an' get a taxl."

### Abraham, Isaac and Rothschild.

Spanish-speaking Jews expelled from Smyrna and Salonika in 1918 found their own language spoken in the South American countries where they took refuge. They were descendants of Jews moved on from Spain in the fifteenth century. Mr. Cecil Roth's latest work, A Short History of the Jewish People: 1600 B.C.—A.D. 1935 (MacMillan, 18/-), fills one with new amazement at the wanderings of the Hebrews over the known world no less than at the persistency of ill-treatment which somehow they have drawn down upon themselves. His chapters march from tragedy to tragedy with immovable restraint, and if he does less than justice to the one central incident of Jewish history, yet his impartiality nowhere else falters;

and it is only in his final paragraphs, where he splendidly reasserts the ability of twentieth-century Judaism to rise once again above the threat of extermination and the subtler danger of assimilation, that he allows the triumph of the unconquered enthusiast to break through. He is more interested in Jewish scholarship—in the origin and interpretation of the Talmud and its multifold commentaries—than in the national psychology, and leaves unsolved the problem of the essential cause, certainly always racial rather than religious, for all the Gentile hatred.

#### A Novel for Politicians.

Many readers, however much they may approve of a novel which concerns itself seriously with history in the making, will deplore the defeatist attitude towards the League of Nations that Mr. Stephen McKenna takes in his latest book, While of Sound Mind (Hutchinson, 7/6). If it moves them to find a reason for the faith that is in them it will do them and their cause no harm. The story

is that of a diplomat who, utterly estranged from the wife he has worshipped, disappears, creates for himself a new life, a new personality, finds fame and a new love, and ends as the power behind the throne in a great new women's movement for Peace. It is all a little heavy going. the arguments unrelieved by humour, but likely to give its readers plenty of food for thought. The happy ending is certainly amoral, and, far as we have travelled since PARNELL in the matter of allowing the private lives of our great men to be their own basiness, a pretence marriage as the background



RAGE OF OLD-FASHIONED HAMLET ON FINDING THAT, AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE NEW EQUALITY OF THE SEXES SOCIETY HAS INSISTED ON ONE OF THE GRAVEDIGGERS BEING A LADY.

for such a Peace crusade is, to say the least, unfortunate.

### A Chinese Repertory.

Arriving too late to sustain us during the Winter Show. Chinese Art (BATSFORD, 15/-) will still serve as an introduction to its theme and a reminder of the treasures that are quitting us. Uniting a series of papers by different hands, this attractive book is substantially a revised reprint of the Burlington Magazine monograph of 1925, the only entirely new article being Mr. W. W. WINKWORTH'S. The status of the public addressed strikes me as a trifle indeterminate. A charming Introduction by the wife of the Chinese Ambassador would, for instance, attract the ordinary reader, who might conceivably jib at the late Mr. ROGER FRY's injunctions to "attentive passivity" or Mr. WINK-WORTH's highly specialised prelude to an excellent chapter on Bronzes. Between these extremes of ease and erudition, Mr. BINYON on Painting, Dr. SIRÉN on Sculpture, Mr. KENDRICK on Textiles and Mr. RACKHAM on Ceramics provide masterly and not too complicated guidance; and the volume is admirably illustrated, including several subjects from the Exhibition and some particularly successful plates in colour. Seldom, I should say, have sang-de-bœuf glaze, apple-green crackle and the "beechwood" effect of verdigris on bronze found themselves more happily rendered.

#### Kidnapping.

For the early scenes of The House of Secrets (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) Mr. WYNDHAM MARTYN has betaken himself to a little port in Cornwall, where the young and beautiful Ellenglaze heiress, after hectic adventures on the Continent. had taken refuge from her enemies in the family mansion There she met Anthony Trent, who has never been a sedentary investigator but a man so truly of the Bull-Dog Drummond type that he is always most lively and alive when in danger of sudden death. After one or two encounters that would have killed an ordinary mortal he came to the assistance of the distressed lady, and it was no small feat that he undertook to perform. For to find and carry off an infant who was illegally detained in a Hungarian castle required not only skill and courage but also a bountiful amount of good fortune. Trent may at times place a surtax on our powers of belief, but he never loses himself in mazes of deduction, and he is always full of fight.

#### In the Public Eye.

Although responsible for books with such lethal titles as Police at the Funeral and Death of a Ghost, Miss MARGERY ALLINGHAM, in Flowers for the Judge (HEINE-MANN, 7/6), shows that she is more interested in character than in crime. Daringly she has invaded a publisher's premises, where Paul Brande, a partner in the old-established firm of Barnabas, Ltd., was found dead in the strongroom. Paul when alive was troublesome enough, but his sudden death caused the kind of publicity which no self-

respecting publisher could welcome. An inquest is followed by a trial at the Old Bailey, and these inquisitions are so ably conducted by Miss Allingham that they are never tedious to follow. And in the background is the modest and efficient Mr. Campion, intent on clearing the House of Barnabas from clouds of mystery and suspicion.

### Who's Who?

Connected, either intentionally or accidentally, with The Unicorn Murders (Heinemann, 7/6), a queer collection of people found themselves at very close quarters in a château near Orleans. Looming among them was my old friend, Sir Henry Merrivale, who had to listen to some plain speaking before yet another feather could be placed in his top-hat. Quite rightly he called the problem confronting him one of "triple impersonation"; and it seems to me that Mr. Carter Dickson's ingenuity is so unlimited that he is in danger of elaborating his plots to the point of confusion. Still, this hunt for a notorious French criminal is brilliantly staged, and H. M. has never been more indispensable and observant.

#### Our Adaptable Advertisers.

"Wanted, Workroom with electric power laid on, heating essential but not necessary."—Advt.



"YOU 'AVEN'T DUSTED THE NEW-LAID EGGS THIS WEEK, FRED."

#### Charivaria.

"In parts of Germany it always seems to be raining cats and dogs," says a writer. And heiling HITLER.

\* \* \*

The latest sport to find favour in Berlin is said to be paper-chasing. It is understood that the Chancellor can always provide the scraps of paper.

A famous novelist says he is going to the Hebrides in search of peace. So that is where it's gone.

Danish cheese in large quantities is being subjected to a treatment which makes it resemble Gorgonzola. This throws a light on the suspicion that there's something rotten in the State of Denmark.

The secretary of a famous West-End club is quoted as saying that conversation died thirty-five or forty years ago. Members are trying to recall which of them spoke last.

In view of Sir Richard Pager's efforts to introduce a sign-language as a substitute for speech, hopes are entertained that it may be adopted for some of those broadcast talks.

A thirteenth month in the year is again being advocated.

Gourmets are hoping that, if the plan is adopted, there will be an "r" in it.

"Surely we have not had a big European War for nothing," observes a writer. A glance at the National Debt will reassure him on this point if he is in any doubt.

A firm of publishers is promoting an Oxford and Cambridge novel-writing competition. Neither Varsity, however, is awarding Blues.

Racegoers are advised to take precautions against tired feet. Especially in view of the possibility of a long walk home.

A railway ticket-inspector has been presented with a purse of money as an appreciation of his courtesy to passengers. With the compliments of the Seasons?

When the police recently circulated a description of a fugitive with a dirty face surprise was expressed that they had omitted to add, "may have washed."

A London grocer has been married six times. We understand that he has been careful to make it known each time that he is under entirely new management.

## The Puff Poetical.

[Since Box GAULTIER's days the Muse's powers as a puffer have been strangely neglected. The following effusion, we trust, will show that even in the most modern methods of advertisement she is completely at home.]

SCENE-A Park, I think.

Enter, L., Brown and his Fiancée.

Fiancée.

Alas, my love! and when will you be mine?
Ah! when will Hymen lead us to his shrine?
Brown.

Never, my fairest, while my weekly screw Remains, as now, at £1 3s. 2d.
In vain I toil from day to weary day;
Rebuffs alone and insults come my way;
Yet what the fault, what unperceived defect Still thwarts my labours, I cannot suspect.
Fiancée.

O sad, O piteous circumstance!

Enter Green, R.

But see,

Sir Turnham Green!

Brown. He was at school with me.

But what a majesty sits on him now! How fine his port, how god-like is his brow! (Addressing Green)

Ah! good Sir Turnham, if you deign to know Your study-mate of ten long years ago, If any taste of any pristine joy Still warm your breast—

Green.

Attend to me, old boy.

I too ere now have fully learnt to curse
The dubious pleasure of a straitened purse;
I too have been by empty hopes beguiled,
By fools derided, and by slaves reviled,
Nor dreamed the cause, until some graceless youth
Unsealed my eyes and spake the awful truth.
Alas! the locks that erst were wont to spread
Their crowding honours o'er my noble head
Now dwelt demurely in their sheltered home,
Shunned mortal eyes, nor further graced my dome!

I, earth's Adonis, whom admirers called A second Absalom, was growing bald! Yet all my troubles vanished into air After one tube of Dobson's For the Hair.

Brown.
Baldness? Not me?

Green. I have a sample here;
Good luck attend you. I must go, I fear.

[Exit. Brown applies the ointment.

Fiancée.

See, one by one your glories reappear!

Like that fell harvest by the Grecian sown

The locks once more spring up to deck your crown!

Like some great forest shaken by the wind—

Brown.

What hue, my fairest?

Fiancée.

Grey; but never mind.

Like some great forest shaken by the breeze,

Like Neptune surging with tumultuous seas,

Like swollen rivers sweeping o'er the plain,

Like eagle's plumes, like lion's tawny mane,

My loved one's hair begins to grow again!

Enter one of Brown's Directors, unperceived, B. Director (aside).

Ha, Brown! But, ah, how changed from him who late

Mirrored creation on that gleaming pate!
A sudden notion strikes me. (Aloud) How d'ye do,
Dear Mr. Brown?

Just living, Sir—and you?

Brown. Director.

Oh, Brown, you know not in what rapturous phrase Each charmed director loves to hymn your praise! None deem we equal. "Others," we agree, "Abide our question. Brown," we cry, "is free." Yet never has it hitherto been ours To find an office worthy of your powers Until our Chairman, Sir Adolphus Gray, Cast off the trappings of this mortal clay (In grief I speak) at 5 a.m. to-day. Would you consider——?

Brown. You can bet your life!

But first—(smiling coyly at Fiancée)—a Chairman must
possess a wife!

[Embraces, etc. Exit Director.

THIS GOES TO SHOW THAT NOTHING CAN COMPARE WITH DOBSON'S FOR REJUVENATING HAIR!

For the Attention of the Public Prosecutor.

"The management reserves the right to remove any woman they consider proper."—Notice in a Dance Hall.

"Electric light bowl shades become very dusty, inside particularly, after a time. If they are made of alabaster or a similar substance you should clean them first with turpentine and then with warm scapsuds, and then rinse them with warm water. Polish with a whiting."—Provincial Paper.

Or burnish with a bloater, if preferred.



"ENGLAND WATCHES EUROPE."

A Newspaper Headline.
We never knew just what that meant until we happened to open our atlas upside-down.



A MEETING OF BRAVES.

THE BIG WHITE CHIEF. "NOW THEN, MY LADS, WHICH IS IT TO BE THIS TIME, THE PEACE PIPE OR THE TOMAHAWK—OR A LITTLE OF BOTH!"

## Mr. Chudleigh Carries On.

"HERE's a postcard for you, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.

Mr. Chudleigh frowned at it. "What the deuce—" he muttered. Then he turned it over and his face brightened. He looked pleasantly surprised.

"'Am laid up with cold,' "he read out. "'Hope to be back in a few days. Excuse card. Harbottle. P.S. Carry on as—'"

"Why excuse card?" asked Mr. Porter.

"It's the Whale Room of the Natural History Museum," said Mr. Chudleigh. "'P.S. Carry on as usual.'" He looked round at us over his glasses.

"I think," he said, "that I shall work in Mr. Harbottle's room. We must carry on as usual. Besides, the fire will have been lit to-day, and one ought not to waste a coal-fire."

Mr. Porter said that if it was a question of fires he was going to have Mr. Chudleigh's room. That gas-fire of Mr. Chudleigh's was half as wide again as his. Miss Elkington said that in that case she was going to have Mr. Porter's room, because after all she and Miss Lunn had had it before Mr. Harbottle made them change last year, and the wallpaper might be frightful but it was better than theirs. Miss Lunn said that that wouldn't be fair. She wasn't going

to stay in that poky little room of theirs while Miss Elkington went and had Mr. Porter's room. "Would it be fair. Mr. Chudleigh?" she asked.

"Settle it among yourselves," said Mr. Chudleigh with quiet dignity. "I shall be up in Mr. Harbottle's room. I shall read *The Times* for ten minutes or so. Mr. Harbottle usually keeps *The Times* all the morning. Then," said Mr. Chudleigh, "I shall be ready for the letters. I'll telephone down, Miss Elkington." He marched off with *The Times*. He was obviously enjoying himself.

There was a good deal of arguing among the rest of us. In the end Miss Lunn said she would stay where she was if Sidney moved her table out of the draught. So Sidney moved it after he had carried Miss Elkington's type-writer into Mr. Porter's room. Then

Miss Elkington found that Mr. Porter's table was too high to type on, so Sidney moved her table into Mr. Porter's room, and this meant moving Mr. Porter's table down into Mr. Chudleigh's room. Mr. Porter said he didn't want two tables, so Sidney pushed it along the passage into a dark corner where it wouldn't show.

When we were more or less settled it took most of the morning—we remembered Mr. Chudleigh. We hadn't seen anything of him, not even when Mr. Porter's table fell downstairs, so Miss Elkington said she'd go in and see if he still wanted to do the letters.

"He woke with a jerk," she told us.
"He asked if I didn't always look at
the indicator on the door to see if it

Coving Co

"PETTIGEW, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF YOUR EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE?"

"Well, Sir, I'm flaying Richard Cour de Lion in the staff theatricals, and I wanted to get used to the make-up."

said 'Busy' when Mr. Harbottle was there. I explained that Mr. Harbottle never used it. And then he actually started dictating a letter when it was twenty to one; so I explained about Mr. Harbottle never starting dictating as near lunch as that, because of my not always remembering my notes if I leave them for more than an hour."

Mr. Chudleigh's head shot round the door. "I'll be back at two sharp," he said briskly. "Carry on as usual, Sidney."

"There!" said Miss Elkington, as he hurried out. "I knew I'd forget it. Miss Lunn, be a love and tell him about my Uncle Richard."

"What, that you're having lunch with him?" asked Miss Lunn.

"Yes," said Miss Elkington. "I may be late back, but I asked Mr. Harbottle weeks ago, and he said it would be perfectly all right. Make sure he understands about Mr. Harbottle saying so, because you know what my Uncle Richard's like. Last time it was after four."

Miss Lunn took this message up to Mr. Chudleigh when he came in. "I knew he'd say I was to do the letters," she said afterwards, "so I had to explain that I'm taking the opportunity of Mr. Harbottle being away to mend my typewriter, and I've lost one of the keys. It fell off. And I had to explain all over again how I couldn't make Miss Elkington's work, and about Mr. Harbottle saying we shouldn't use Sidney's for letters. I thought he knew. And isn't it funny," said Miss Lunn, "how stupid men are about fires? He

hadn't made it up at lunch-time, and it went right out."

"He's not coming back to his room, is he?" asked Mr. Porter.

"I shouldn't think so," said Miss Lunn. "Not after all the trouble he's taking to light it again."

"I hope not," said Mr.
Porter, "because I'm
going to spend the afternoon taking Sidney's
bicycle to pieces."

"My bicycle, Mr. Porter?" said Sidney. "There's nothing wrong with it."

"Perhapsnotactually wrong," said Mr. Porter. "But it wants overhauling now and then, and I'm not going to miss a chance of getting something done without Harbottle interfering." So

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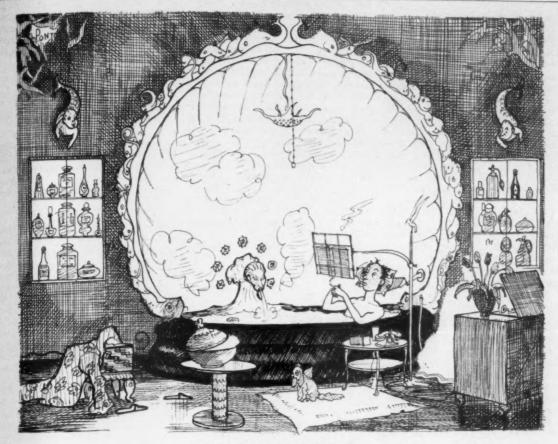
Sidney carried the bicycle upstairs. He knew it was no good objecting.

The afternoon was very quiet. Usually Mr. Porter comes down every half-hour to see if his watch is slow. This afternoon he was too busy. Mr. Chudleigh didn't appear either, though we thought once or twice that we heard him fall over the table in the passage. And Miss Elkington was still out.

Mr. Porter was late for tea. "I've put it together again," he said to Sidney. "But I'm not satisfied. I'll do it again to-morrow. Still, I took a good deal of dirt off. Luckily Mr. Chudleigh's carpet's fairly dark anyhow. Hullo, Miss Elkington."

"Am I frightfully late?" said Miss Elkington, sitting down and pulling

her hat off.
"You're just in time for the last piece of cake," said Mr. Porter.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

THE EXALTATION OF CLEANLINESS.

"I don't really want any," said Miss Elkington, taking it. "I've had the most enormous lunch. First I had a cocktail, and then I had masses of hors d'œuvre, and-why, here's Mr. Chudleigh, looking quite frozen."

Mr. Chudleigh sat down near the fire and took out his handkerchief. It was covered with coal-dust.

"We'd forgotten all about you," said Miss Lunn. "How funny! I suppose we were thinking you were Mr. Harbottle. He never has his tea till later."

"No," said Miss Elkington. "He's odd about it. He eats those sort of dog-biscuit things now. I daresay he wouldn't mind if you borrowed two, Mr. Chudleigh. Only I expect the drawer's locked. Would you like to start on the letters? I don't feel like work, but-

"I've done them," said Mr. Chud-

"Done them?" said Miss Elkington. "Did Miss Lunn take them down? Oh, Miss Lunn, you are an angel. Next time you want to go out to lunch

"I wrote them myself," said Mr. Chudleigh stiffly. "By hand."

"You did?" said Miss Elkington. "How marvellous! Now I can finish my library book. Mr. Harbottle always says I can read after I've done the letters.

Mr. Chudleigh swallowed. you've-

"Yes," said Miss Elkington. "That's what he always says.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.

Mr. Chudleigh snatched up the receiver. "Hullo!" he barked. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Harbottle. I didn't recognise your voice. Are you? That's fine. Coming back to-morrow? That's fine. Oh, nothing out of the ordinary, Mr. Harbottle. We've just carried on as usual."

#### The Dogs of War.

"The hardest fighting occurred around the "The hardest fighting occurring great mastif of Mount Aradam."

Welsh Paper.

## Inspiration.

- It is not love that wakes my Muse Nor the desire of fame;
- A modest bard, I do not choose To magnify my name.
- Nor do I sing to ease a heart Heavy with silent woe; Have I a message to impart? Unfortunately, no.
- I do not pipe because I must Express a tuneful self,
- I feel no urge to swell and burst; I only pipe for pelf.
- Some poets sing of right and wrong And some of man and maid;
- One thought alone inspires my song-The thought of being paid.

"Felt will be laid on the floors, carpenters will open the glass cases, and the world's greatest collection of Chinese art will be broken up, to be returned to the owners of the pieces."—Daily Paper.

We hope they will be grateful.

## More Notes on Notes.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the paragraphs that appeared in these columns recently, and several readers have written to ask if it is not possible to utilise these notes to reconstruct, if only in a small and inadequate way, the original manuscript. A Colonel Chipchase of Dorset is of the opinion that the task should be comparatively easy in view of the completeness of the notes, and he claims that a friend of his has already completed the first and last fifty bars, as well as over one hundred bars that appear in the middle of the work.

The notes that have already appeared surveyed the whole composition briefly, and, while interesting in themselves, necessarily covered too much ground to be useful in a detailed reconstruction. Those that follow relate entirely to the First Movement and should be a very real help to those engaged in the piecing together.

\* \* \*

It will be noticed that the work is scored for full orchestra throughout, even including those parts with melody for a solo instrument; and this is the logical outcome of the business training the composer received during his early years. His argument was that the musicians were being paid to play, and play they should. As a direct result of this there is a complete orchestral accompaniment to all solo passages. But although the score is for full orchestra, the composer himself did not attempt to write in all the parts; he left that to the members of the orchestra. Provided that they did not "kill" the solo they could play what they liked-but play they must.

\* \* \*

This theme is for solo harmonica, and here we find the first attempt to escape from convention—not in the choice of instrument, for the harmonica had been used before, but in the method of writing

Instead of utilising the familiar "suck, suck, blow" notation, he preferred to use the ordinary stave, and differentiated between "blown" and what may more politely be called "drawn" notes by the colour of the ink used. All "blown" notes appeared in black and all "drawn" notes in red. Although praiseworthy as an attempt to be original, this method had one great disadvantage that was not apparent until some time after. Red pigments are notoriously short-lived,

and the ink used here was no exception to this rule. When the time came to put the work into rehearsal it was found that all the "drawn" notes had disappeared. In some cases several consecutive bars had consisted entirely of such notes, and the position was unenviable. But worse was to follow, for the composer, hastily summoned from Baden-Baden, confessed himself unable to reconstruct the theme from the "blown" notes. In the end, and with his consent, it was decided to play what was left of the music and to substitute for the missing notes a rhythmic sound produced by striking a 24-inch dustbin-lid with a dead trout. It was thought that any comment evoked by the bizarre nature of the music would be stifled by this somewhat unusual spectacle.

Some idea of the difficulty experienced will be gathered from the following bar picked out at random:—



Extraordinary technical ability is necessary to obtain the diminuendo in the middle of the bar and the double fortissimo at the end upon the notes which have disappeared.

\* \* \*

The enormous number of crescendo and diminuendo signs at this point have been the cause of much controversy. As will be seen, they follow one another without reason, and for years musicians argued about them and endeavoured to reconcile them with some plan, but all to no purpose. The generally accepted modern view is that the composer had a little tuft on his pen-nib and was trying to clear it.

\* \* \*

Here again is a departure from established practice. A simple melody of eight bars is played first by the violins, then by the rest of the strings, the wood-wind and brass sections. The whole thing is reminiscent of a partsong: the violins begin; when they get to the third bar the 'cellos come in with bar one; when the 'cellos get to the third bar the oboes take up the melody. and so on through the whole orchestra. The theme is repeated at the end of the eight bars, so that there is a gradual crescendo of sound as section after section of the orchestra joins in. The only method of bringing this to an end is to sand-bag the conductor.

A curious point is the apparent inability to remain in one key. No matter how many sharps or flats appear in the signature, before many bars have elapsed we find them cancelled in the following fashion:—



—and the composer returns to C major. It has been suggested many times that he was unable to master any other key and that the various signatures were merely an attempt to disguise this fact.

\* \* \*

This rest of three bars did not appear in the original. Dr. Pippletree, when running through the score for the first time, noticed that a slip of paper about six inches long had been stuck over a certain passage and those bars that were covered had been rewritten on this slip. Firmly believing that first thoughts were best, he decided to have this addendum removed, and although this took an enormous amount of time, attached as it was with some form of marine glue and two improvised rivets, it was at last accomplished.

Underneath, instead of the expected music, was a short sentence in Czech, which translated read: "I love Gerda, but, alas! I am too poor to buy sauerkraut for two." Partly through necessity-for the slip had been completely destroyed during its removal-but chiefly because of sentiment, the Doctor decided that these three bars should remain blank so that thought might be given to the privations that must have been endured by the composer. During these three bars, therefore, the whole orchestra, with the exception of the trombone-players, sit with heads bowed in silent tribute. The trombone-players make use of this brief pause to draw the deep breath necessary for their next passage.

\* \* \*

For some reason best known to himself the composer disliked applause, and although the First Movement ends here, two 'cellos and an alto piccolo continue to be heard, accompanied by the pianoforte. Printed requests on the programmes and notices exhibited about the hall failed to restrain the audience as does this simple device. It should be borne in mind, however, that these four artists must be allowed a short interval at the beginning of the Second Movement if trouble with the Musicians' Union is to be avoided.



THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

Caddie (reproachfully). "A TRIFLE 'EAVY-'ANDED WITH A PUTTER, AIN'T YER?"

## Cynthia is Convalescent.

BLACK grapes
And books
And lots of flowers
Can charm the invalid for hours,
But still, when all is said and done,
There's nothing gives such wholesome fun
As trying on the visitor
Your histrionic powers.

Of looking ill
I do not speak;
The subtler shadings
Of technique
I sing—the finer arts
Of lifting up a languid hand
(A perfect gesture, lightly planned
To touch the hardest hearts);
Of smiling bravely (sure to tell);
Of saying, "No, I feel quite well,
I wish I could get up,"
And adding, with a dying fall,
"Please pass that little cup—
Yes, there beside the medicine"—

(And here you give a touching grin)—
"It's rather horrid, I'm afraid."
(The stuff is really
Lemonade—
But nobody knows that.)
Some visitors will give your hand,
At this, a shamefaced pat.
"There, there!" they say,
"You're looking great;
Just let me put this pillow straight."
(Protest, but let them do it;
Only the truly cynical
Can possibly see through it.)

There's just one thing
You mustn't do
("Good-bye," you sigh;
"So good of you."
They close the door with tact):
You mustn't ever, dear, be ill
Or you'll forget to act
And prove, when suffering agony indeed,
A wholly unconvincing invalid.



Gilbert Holiday

"ALSO RAN." AT SANDOWN PARK-"GRAND MILITARY."

### A Few Words.

"Redundant," "Piecemeal," "Bogus," "Bogus redundancy," etc.

THERE was an interesting example of the importance of attaching clear meanings to words in the recent debate on the Licensing (Amendment) Bill.

As you know-or perhaps not, for the weird laws of our land are insufficiently known-a Licensing Authority may extinguish or "suppress" the licence of the "Ship and Whale" on the ground that it is "redundant." There need be no accusation of misconduct, intemperance or anything else; nor even any evidence that great quantities of "alcohol" are there consumed. Indeed in most cases it is a small place in which not much alcohol is consumed. The "Ship and Whale" is just declared "redundant."

Now, what does "redundant" According to the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary it means "superabundant, superfluous, excessive." That great work of humour, the Report of the Royal Commission on Licensing, uses the word "superfluous" more often than "redundant,"

and evidently intends the same thing. And (on page 28) it gives a sort of definition: "If there are more licensed houses in a given area than are reasonably needed for the service of the public, resident or non-resident, then there is redundancy." (What a

Well, for very many years the Licensing Authorities have been busy suppressing "redundant" licences; and the people of this country have been busily creating and registering clubs, some good and some, maybe, bad or even "bogus." And in the debate the following familiar complaint was

Viscountess Astor. I could give instances of where the minute a redundant public-house was closed a club

An Hon. Member (so vile and lowly that we will not even record his name). If you say that a licence was extinguished because it was regarded as redundant it means that the licence was not redundant but that there was a need for

Viscountess Astor. Redundant in the interests of the community and

not in the interests of a few people who want to drink. That is what I meant.

The Noble Lady is not of British birth and is not to be blamed for not understanding these absurd British usages; but she ought not to contradict a Briton who does. Whatever she may mean, that is not what the word means; it is not even, as we have seen, what the Licensing Commission meant. To many of us it may seem that there are a good many motor-cars which are "redundant in the interests of the community"; but a citizen with, say, three cars would object strongly if a Bench of anti-motorist magistrates had power to decree that two of those cars must be "suppressed." Pubs are not erected for "the community" but for those, many or few, who live or pass through a particular area and wish to use them-or, if you will, want to eat and drink, which is not, by the way, a criminal offence. And if a club (however "bogus") arises on the ruins of a pub it means that the pub was "reasonably needed for the service of the public."
In other words, it is a case of "bogus redundancy." The Licensing Authority

has not done its job well and all it has done is to transfer "the public" from the controlled and respectable pub to the uncontrolled and, as they say, deleterious club-thus causing in-

temperance.

This extremely serious and important argument, with many others, had already been developed by the Honourable but Vile Member already mentioned; and the only reply he received from the Noble Lady was that he was a "Playboy" and she was not going to deal with him. An anonymous correspondent of The Observer newspaper recorded with delight the lady's epithet but not the gentleman's arguments. We dare say he can stand that. At any rate he will have to try.

Let us return for the moment to "redundant." The King's Government, through the HOME SECRETARY, has announced that it proposes, next Session (that is, next year) to introduce a Bill to deal with "bogus clubs." The result of that will be, presumably, that a number of clubs—bogus, redundant or what-not-will cease to exist. But the misguided, perhaps redundant, citizens who now frequent these haunts will still, presumably, wish for beer, and the consumption of beer will still, presumably, be lawful. So they will go to those pubs in the same neighbourhood which have not been done to death as redundant. Those pubs are, ex hypothesi, precisely fitted to the needs of the neighbourhood, according to the judgment of the sagacious Licensing Authority-that is, they are fully employed without being overcrowded. But, upon the influx of a large number of new customers from the defunct, redundant or bogus clubs, these pubs will become overcrowded. It will then be proved that many of the dead pubs were not superfluous after all; and the sagacious Licensing Authority will be proved guilty of decreeing redundant redundancies. What is more important, there will be overcrowding, discomfort, and increased "perpendicular drinking' at the "Cow and Bottle." But if any-one points out that the responsibility for this state of affairs will lie upon the Licensing Justices he will, no doubt, be described as a humorist.

And all this trouble, Bobby, comes from misinterpreting the word "redundant," which means "superfluous" and not "what I don't like."

"Piecemeal" was another word frequent in the debate. "Piecemeal" means "one part at a time; piece by piece, by degrees, separately." Whenever a Private Member introduces a Licensing Bill the Government says that this great question must not be



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON. THE INTREPID COMPANY OF PEDESTRIANS.

attacked "piecemeal." This Bill dealt with only two things: (1) pubs and (2) clubs; and Members complained that it was a "piecemeal" effort. At the end of the debate the HOME SEC-RETARY said that the Government would attack (2) but do nothing about (1). And the same Members cheered.

But the clubs, whether bogus or redundant, may be of good heart, for Parliament, we reckon, will not "deal with them" till about the spring of 1937. And they must give three cheers for the good Temperance folk who hotly opposed a Bill which might have dealt with them in the spring of 1936.

It is, Bobby, an indubitably bizarre, to a large extent bogus and, we suspect, substantially redundant world.

P.S.-We are informed by the H. and V. Member that he would rather be called the Playboy of the Drink World, which is alive, than the Tragic Widow of Prohibition, which is dead.

\_ A. P. H.

"FOUR MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR 150 COCONUTS."

News Heading.

Perhaps an answer to the old question: What makes the coconut shy

"Eastleigh has solved the problem of utilising disused churchyards by turning them into gardens of rest for old people."
Southern Paper

We should be interested to know what the graveyards have been used for hitherto.

### At the Pictures.

FUNNY MEN.

I HAVE just had another illustration of the truth of my remark that (so to speak) one man's laughter is another are still comic situations that are

man's boredom; for I was told on no account to see the MARX Brothers in A Night at the Opera, because they had become so mixed up in music that they had lost identity and were no longer amusing; whereas I was on no account to miss the new HAROLD LLOYD - The Milky Way - because it was a riot. Well, having seen both, I think my adviser doubly wrong. I found HAROLD LLOYD mechanical and I found GROUCHO, CHICO and HARPO at their best.

And what a trio they are, these MARXES, what a brotherhood! And how, we all wonder, can Nature do these things triplicate nonsense and melody with such profusion? Whether GROUCHO can play any instrument but the cigar I cannot remember; but at the piano CHICO can do anything with those flexible fingers, and HARPO at the harp is inspired and almost sane. So with the FRATEL-LINI-FRANÇOIS, PAUL and

ALBERT, three more brothers all are comedians and each can play

it, possessing the all-round ability that we associate with the sawdust ring. Always in threes. It is

The Mark Brothers, as I have said, are at their best, and they prove that, in spite of constant competition, there



A COMBATIVE CONTRACT.

Gabby Sloane . . . . . . ADOLPHE MENJOU. Burleigh Sullivan . . . . HAROLD LLOYD. Ann Westley . . . . . . VERREE TEASDALE.

new; for never before have I seen a contract so conscientiously destroyed as by Groucho and Chico; or a berth on a liner so small as GROUCHO'S, made, beyond all believing, to hold so many people; or theatrical scenes changed by an imp-by HARPO, in fact-to reduce to bathos the notes of the star singing in front of them. And so far from the duet from Il Trovatore interfering with such an imbroglio, it seemed to me to point it; while for the first time in our lives we understood what Mr. Dooley meant when he spelt opera, uproar.

It is all very mad, but it is all very funny (not least when CHICO looks far too like the original General BOOTH); and the only thing that could make the laughter louder would be the better timing of some of Groucho's comments, which are now lost.

Remembering HAROLD LLOYD'S last film, when he was a simpleton from China who spoke in proverbs, I went to The Milky Way full of hopefulness; but I was too soon cast down. Not only is there nothing new, but the old is so wearisomely old: nothing less than a prize-fight, or rather two prize-fights. By virtue of having learnt to dodge when a small boy, this milkman (our

HAROLD), grown to maturity, is able to avoid blows and thus to get a name for success as a boxer. The rest is too easy: he is forced into the ring and emerges a champion. To make HAROLD a milk. man was, I should guess, in accordance

with local colour, and it probably means something in America; but to make him fond of animals means nothing beyond giving him as a companion in a taxi a small foal, whose whinnyings he has to cover with his own.

Having seen too many comic prize-fights, and being unmoved even by the spectacle of colts in cabs, I was unable to laugh; and I am sorry for it because I like laughter and I like HAROLD LLOYD.

He is well served by a company which includes our old friend ADOLPHE MENJOU, no longer the great lover but a manager of toughs. And (hav-ing visited film studios and knowing what the difficulties are) I shall always remember with pleasure the excellence of the photography which enables HAROLD to throw his hat through one doorway and catch it, returning through another, on his head: a novel and entertaining performance which goes some way

to redeem the dreary old stuff in the prize-ring.



A SUGAR CONTRACT. Burleigh Sullivan . . HAROLD LLOYD.

Jury Scores Off Judge.

"The Judge.—I think this question ought to be asked in camera.

During the afternoon the jury expressed a desire to examine the camera.

Report of Trial.



A THREATENED CONTRACT. Fiorello . . . . . . CHICO MARX.
Otio B. Driftwood . . GROUCHO MARX.

anything. And then, in France, there are also les trois frères AMAR, who control a travelling circus, each, I take



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

"WONDERFULLY FLAF FLOOR!"

### The Churchwarden.

George Tibbles, who will be eightyfive come Michaelmas, always smokes a long clay pipe in his regular corner of the bar.

Three years ago an artist drew a picture of George and put it in a book —a book which they say is sold for five shillings, though Little Wurzleton doesn't believe it. That book has been the making of our village pub.

Every week-end George is surrounded by townsmen who pretend to listen to his reminiscences but are really feasting their eyes upon his fringe of white whisker, his many-buttoned waisteoat with tiny lapels, and the mumbling of his aged lips upon his pipe.

They think that he doesn't know this. But he does. He knows lots o' things that the young 'uns ha'n't never heerd on. It is a speciality of his and he finds it profitable.

He was greatly disturbed not long ago to find that the interest was falling off. What was wanted, he thought, was summat to start they townies talkin' again. So he staged the tragical comedy of the blocked churchwarden.

It was really pitiful to see his hollow cheeks as he sucked and sucked at a pipe that refused to draw. We of Little Wurzleton sat stolidly by and said nowt; but the townies racked their brains for helpful suggestions.

They had to work their wits. Pipecleaners, feathers and other instruments that are effective with an ordinary pipe will hardly reach the middle of a churchwarden. And as old George said, "That ain't no use pokin' it further in."

When the strongest-lunged townsmen had vainly tried to blow the blockage clear and further suggestions were beginning to come slowly, George broke two inches off the stem. "Thass what my owd dad allus did," he said.

But the block was not in the first two inches, or the next, or the next. The pipe still would not draw even when it was reduced to such a stump that the bowl touched George's nose. After that he could only sit and look mournful. The townsmen were inwardly gurgling with joy, but they did their best to seem sympathetic. Before they went away they all whispered consoling words in the old man's ear and slipped something into his hand.

When the door closed behind the last of them George counted his gains. "Three-and-a-tanner," he muttered, "to say nothin' o' fower half-pints. That ain't such a bad price for an owd clay. There'll be scores o' townies here nex' week hopin' it'll happen agen. But that oon't—not yetawhile."

"How did ye do it?" we asked.

"Thas a game I useter play on my owd dad more'n seventy year ago," he explained. The old man pointed to a faint crack at the very spot where bowl and stem met. Then he broke the pipe again and showed the blob of sealing-wax that filled the bore. "I'll be wantin' a new clay nex' week, Wal'r," he added.

Walter Glass the landlord nodded. He buys churchwardens by the dozen and puts them down to advertising. In private life old George smokes a sixpenny briar, just like the rest of us.

## Spring in Autumn.

SPRING, I am growing old, and I cannot wake to see The blackbird's weight on the budding thorns Send diamonds dripping to argent lawns; And the silver sun of your misted dawns seems cold to me.

Spring, I am growing old, and you keep your treasures far! It's twenty leagues to the Badger's sett, Which once was under a mile-and wet Are your woodland paths where the violet and primrose are.

Spring, I am growing old, and your evening winds blow chill. Your sunset pageant unfolds behind

A log-piled hearth and a down-drawn blind; But I've long and lovely years in mind down the slow hill.

## Monkey Business.

"You are familiar, no doubt," said the man they call Stringley, "with HUXLEY's famous dictum concerning the monkeys, the typewriters and the plays of SHAKESPEARE?"

"You don't mean Holmes's famous dictum concerning the politician, the lighthouse and the trained cormorant?" I asked.

"HUXLEY, as I remember," said Stringley firmly, "laid down the proposition that six monkeys strumming away to infinity on six typewriters would eventually produce the whole series of SHAKESPEARE'S plays. It is possible that I am at fault as to the actual number of monkeys mentioned; nor am I at all clear on the question why more than one monkey should have been posited, since the time-factor is of no importance. But the general sense of the statement

remains clear. HUXLEY was anxious to show—"
"By the way," I asked, "did he happen to mention the make of the typewriters?"

"What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"Nothing much, only it would be rather an advertisement for their durability. 'Perfecto Typewriters are being used exclusively by the members of HUXLEY's Simian Six in their Non-Stop Eternity Effort to reproduce the works of Shakespeare. Interviewed yesterday, the opening of the five thousandth year of the Test, Jacko, the virile leader of the troupe, said, "These machines certainly are good. . . . " You see what I mean?"

"I hoped you would be interested," said Stringley reproachfully.

'I am, Stringley, I am. Proceed."

"The operations of Chance and the Law of Probability have always appealed to me, and when HUXLEY's dictum was recalled to my memory a short while ago I naturally became interested. It has as a matter of fact recently been discussed in the correspondence columns of The Sunday Times.'

"You surprise me," I said, "not at all. If there is one thing the correspondents of The Sunday Times like to discuss more than another (which I doubt) it is somebody-or-other's dictum. I think it takes them back to happy days in the Examination Schools: "The proper study of mankind is man." Discuss this dictum.'

It seemed to me," said Stringley patiently, "that the letters which were appearing on the subject all fell into the error of treating the problem purely as a theoretical one. Now I am, I think I may say, a practical man, and it struck me at once that the validity of HUXLEY'S pronouncement might to some extent at least be tested by actual experiment. I decided to reproduce as accurately as possible the exact conditions laid down by HUXLEY. The

employment of monkeys, I realised at once, was out of the question; it might take years to induce them even to approach the typewriters. Nor could the experiment, for obvious reasons, be extended to infinity. Instead, I engaged six out-of-work piano-players to work day and night for a week in four-hour shifts.'

Why piano-players?"

"It was essential to have persons accustomed to the rapid and accurate striking of keys. Professional typists of course. owing to their knowledge of the keyboard and unconscious leaning towards certain combinations of letters, would have falsified the conditions of the experiment. Phrases such as 'We beg to acknowledge' and 'With reference to your esteemed favour' would be bound, I felt, to creep into their typescripts. Piano-players, on the other hand. led blindfold to their machines and instructed to strike the keys at random until relieved almost exactly reproduced HUXLEY'S ideal of the strumming monkeys.

The test began at eight o'clock on the morning of March 2nd, and at precisely the same time on March 9th I gathered up the final pages of typescript and commenced a careful examination of the seven thousand two hundred and thirty-one sheets which had been produced. The results

were striking. Look at that.

I took the piece of paper he held out and read the part which Stringley had underlined: "hrYldscro0p,ogmSham."
"By Jove!" I said.

"You recognise it, I see," Stringley said triumphantly. "Henry Lord Scroop of Masham—a phrase which occurs at least twice in King Henry V. Five complete words from Shakespeare in only a week! Why, HUXLEY'S monkeys would easily have produced the whole works in a million years or so.

I suppose," I said wistfully, "there's no chance that SHAKESPEARE'S plays really were written by six monkeys?

It would be such a blow for the Baconians.

Stringley had just found another purple passage.
"O, rmemd-buttr" (it read) "bypartiformHUPua%o-KiUdhfoumHH. notfugButAH#—U."

"H'm!" I said, "I ought to know that, oughtn't I! But just for the moment—you know how it is !- I can't

place it. Not Macbeth, surely?'

"As a matter of fact," said Stringley impressively, "it's not Shakespeare at all. That's the amazing thing about it. It's good-anyone can see that-and it's new. Do you realise what that means? For the first time in the history of the world original thought has come into being without the agency of man's intellect. 'O remembered butter!'-that poignant utterance is the poetry of pure Chance, a strangled cry from the mysterious force that rules our lives. And what has been done once can be done again. At last we shall hear the authentic voice of the soul of thingsthe lacrimæ rerum at which hitherto we have only guessed. 'Not fug but AH! five-eighths-You'-what is there in SHAKESPEARE to equal the bitterness of that?"
"I think I like 'bypartiformHUP' as well as anything,"

I said; "it's so human.

"A new literature will come into being," said Stringley dreamily-"a literature beside which such man-made stuff as Shakespeare will sink into insignificance. And I, as the inventor of it-

I laughed at the infatuated man. "Come, come," I said-"that is too bold a claim even for you."

"You don't mean to tell me," he whispered, "that the method has been used before?"

For answer I pulled a booklet of Modern Poems from my pocket and read him a couple of stanzas.

You see, Stringley—" I began—but he had gone. H. F. E.

## A Defence of Clues.

THE feats of experts in clue-making, If not demonstrably earth-shaking Since for the most part they consist In giving words a novel twist-Administer repeated shocks To purists and the orthodox Professors who are paid to teach A strict correctitude of speech.

Thus, on the very day I write, The Times (I ask you!) treats "air-

As if it were a new variety Of atmospheric inebriety. And words perversely misapplied Confront our gaze on every side. For instance, "sliding seats" to-day Describe the motion of the sleigh; Tangents, divorced from devious ways, Are addicts to the sunbath craze; No longer does a sallyport Suggest an exit from a fort, But is distorted to define A Bright Young Person's favourite wine:

While matrons who procrastinate Exhibit a malingering gait.

The trick of spotting double senses, Apart from other consequences, Lends to a cross-eyed crossword vision Not wholly consonant with precision; Yet, should some ponderous pedant please

To dub the habit a disease, I find this form of double-dealing A dope that never fails in healing In times when the round earth is reeling. C. L. G.

## Sunday Verdicts;

or, What We Are Getting Too Much Accustomed To.

### THE EMOTIONAL TYPHOON

"I still tingle." - Gerald Straus.

"A masterpiece."-Ralph Gould.

### PRISMATIC FOLLY

"Magnificent exposure." - Ralph Gould.

"A gripping life-story. - Gerald Straus.

### THE BODY IN THE BEEHIVE

"Could not lay it down."-Ralph Gould.

"Should sell thousands." - Gerald Strans.

#### THE HERMAPHRODITES

"Glorious fun." -- Gerald Straus.

"Irresistibly droll."-Ralph Gould.

#### VERA THE VAMP

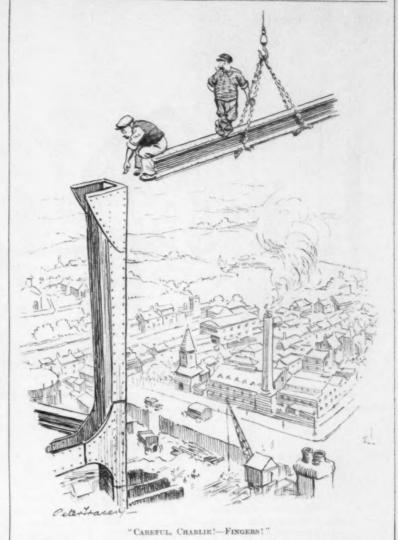
"I laughed till I cried."-Ralph Gould.

"A riot of wit." - Gerald Straus.

### ALMOST UNPRINTABLE

"Epoch-making." - Gerald Straus.

"A book in a thousand."-Ralph Gould.



#### THE INSPECTOR BAFFLED

"A superb mystery." - Ralph Gould.

"Perfect reading for the Day of Rest." - Gerald Straus. F. W. M.

### Sic Transit.

Bundy and Son

In days that are done

Used to build coaches for everyone;

Manor and hall,

Great folk and small.

Bundys built carriages once for 'em all.

Coaches and gigs

And thingummyjigs

That highwaymen stopped Who long ago dropped

To dust on the gibbet where downland And the didakai's duds hung about it

sheep cropped;

Cabriolets

And family shays

Of George's and Anne's and Vic-

TORIA'S days

Slow wheels and fast

All have at last

Rattled away down the road of the Past.

Bundy is dead;

Pumps green and red

Stand in a row in his carriage-works' stead;

And, dappled with mire,

By the didakai's fire

For people in patches and full-bottomed You may see the smart dog-cart he

built for the Squire,

With a skinny-ribbed gry

A-grazing hard by



Soulful Lady. "HELP ME, DARLING-WHICH SHALL I WEAR? MY HEART TELLS ME THIS, BUT MY BRAIN SAYS THE OTHER."

### Customary Suits.

(A forecast of male fashions for the United States announces that there will be forty shades of colour for dinner-suits.)

OFT have I wished, when gotten up
All for my evening meal,
That one might dine, and haply sup,
In garments of appeal,
That the stern code that dooms a gent
To deepest sable nightly
Might, to a moderate extent,
Ease off to something sprightly.

My tailor, though a gentle soul,
Is harder than the rock;
The bare suggestion makes him roll
His eyes, as though from shock;
He holds his law an iron thing
'Gainst which there's no disputing,
Nor even for our very King
Would carve a fancy suiting.

But there's a land where men have thrown These rusty shackles off, Where private zeal, and that alone, Will garb, henceforth, the toff, Where he may sally forth to dine (Or sup) in airy splendour Which ought with luck to take the shine Out of the other gender.

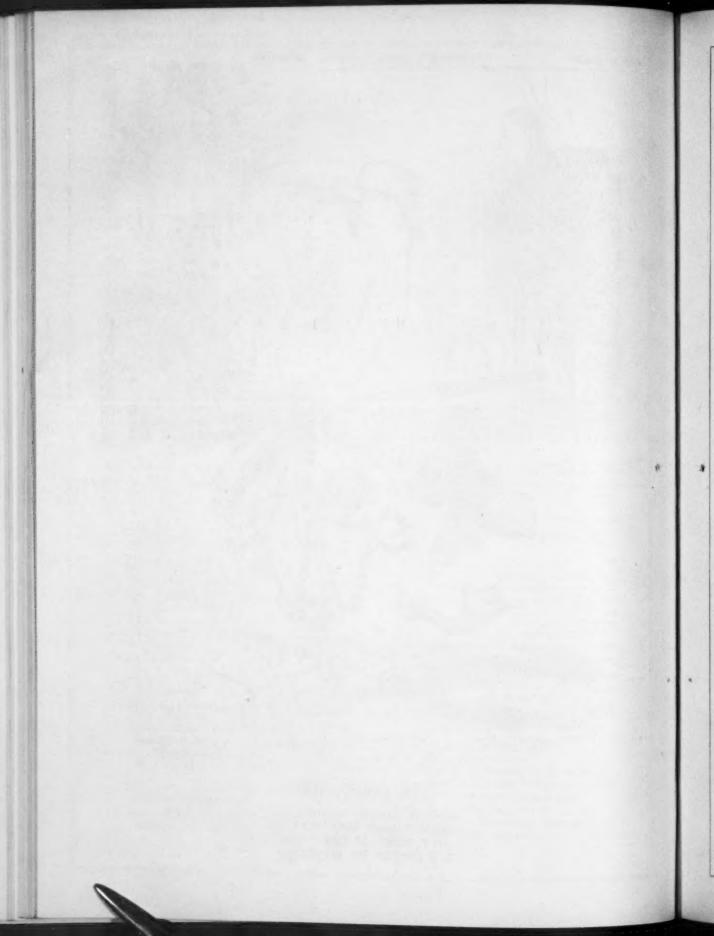
And there full many a gorgeous hue
Will decorate the scene
From twilight blue and evening blue
To wine, maroon, and green,
And many more, both light and dark;
They come, in all, to forty;
The mildest worthy of remark,
The bolder somewhat sporty.

I will go out to that free land
And, exiled overseas,
Shake off our English blackness and
Wear what I darn well please;
Give me my coat of pinkish dye,
Give me my bags of yellow,
And, with some trifling waistcoat, I
Ought to be quite a fellow.
Dum-Dum.



## THE GOOSE-STEP.

"GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER, WHITHER DOST THOU WANDER?"
"ONLY THROUGH THE RHINELAND—PRAY EXCUSE MY BLUNDER!"



## Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 9th.—Commons: Debate on Defence.

Tuesday, March 10th.—Lords: Milk and Shops Bills advanced.

Commons: Debate on Defence continued.

Wednesday, March 11th.—Lords: Debate on Revision of League Covenant.

Commons: Debate on Location of Industry.

Monday, March 9th.—A Parliamentary day of unusual interest began with Mr. Eden's description of how on March 6th he had suggested to the German Ambassador that the time had come for further exploration of the idea of a Western Air Pact, and how, on March 7th, the German Ambassador had announced his country's ill-considered retreat from Locarno.

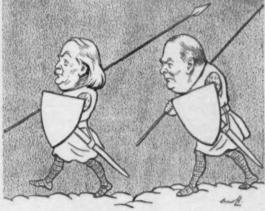
This prelude over, Mr. Baldwin opened the two-day debate on Defence by saying that the objective of the

foreign policy of this country could be summed up in one sentence: to secure peace for the peoples of the British Empire and for the nations of the world. Successive British Governments, he went on, had arranged their Service Estimates on the assumption that three would be no war for ten years; a fundamental divergence of view between the French and the Germans had rendered the Disarmament Con-



AN INTERESTED ONLOOKER.

Sir Austen Chamberlain (originator of the Location Pact). "I wonder if anybody could guess what is monopolising my monocle?" ference sterile; collective security, the only thing which could prevent war, demanded a strong Britain; and for this reason the gaps in our defences must be repaired and an expanded supply of armaments assured. In conclusion he emphasised that there



"LES ANCIENS COMBATTANTS."

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. Churchill re-enter the Parliamentary Lists.]

could be no permanent peace in Europe until a triple friendship between France, Germany and England became a fact.

Mr. ATTLEE's contribution, somewhat removed from reality, was mainly an attempt to show that the Government had no true belief in the League, but, though he strongly objected to the absence of any definite estimate of expense, he pledged his support for adequate defence services. Sir ARCHI-BALD SINCLAIR, for the Liberal Party, also criticised the vagueness of the outlines of the White Paper, and regretted that the new Minister, whose job it should have been to prepare it, had not yet been appointed; and he too agreed that our defences must be increased.

Sir Samuel Hoare followed with a speech in which he expressed his approval of Mr. Eden's statement (in which he condemned Germany's action and at the same time held the door open for negotiation), urged upon the House the importance of the factor of speed in modern defence, and asked for the fullest support for the P.M.

Outstanding from the rest of the debate were Mr. Arthur Henderson's remark that if the Powers had given to Dr. Brüning only one-quarter of what Hitler had taken the Nazi régime would never have come into existence; and Lord Winterton's suggestion that some of the men at the head of the Services were of inferior

calibre to their predecessors just after the War, while their immediate juniors were of the first class.

Tuesday, March 10th.—When the Defence debate was continued this afternoon, Mr. Greenwood did little to improve on the poor show which

Mr. ATTLEE put up yesterday. The House had hoped for a nearer approach to the practical than a scornful dismissal of Mr. Baldwin as politically dead and spiritually damned, and for a more concrete suggestion than that the Government was in the pocket of the Federation of British Industries. Why should they be? He did not explain.

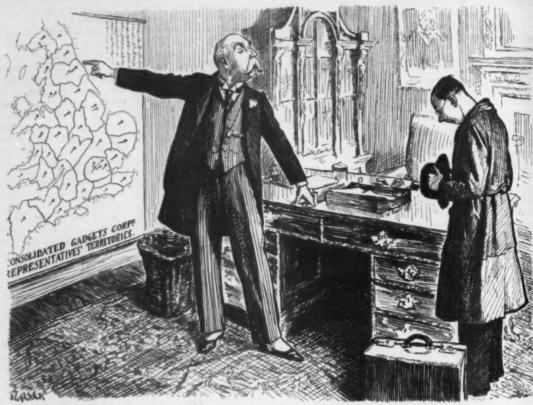
Early in the day Sir John Simon contributed a careful survey of the lines along which expansion would take place; Mr. Lansburky followed him with his customary appeal to leave the instruments of war alone; and then the first of the two big guns for whom everyone was waiting opened fire—Mr. Churchill.

After criticising the Government for not setting our House in order sooner, he contrasted the amount which it was said they proposed to lay out—about £300 million—with the enormous armament expenditure of Germany, which had spent in the last three years £1,500 million. A terrible dilemma, he prophesied, lay ahead of the German leaders; for if they went on building armaments there would ensue bank-



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

"What with Mr. HORE-BELISHA ONE
Doesn't get much fun
As the Tooting M.P.,"
Said Sir ALFRED B.



"Carruthers, your conduct has called for instant dismissal, and in the presence of the entire staff I shall remove your pin from our map of operations, break it, and throw it in the waste-paper-basket."

ruptcy, if they stopped there would ensue tremendous unemployment. It was then that he foresaw the culminating point in the armaments history of Europe.

Supply, in his view, was all-important. Better the method of organising industry for crisis than piling up huge stores for obsolescence. He would like to see, he said, a skeleton Ministry of Munitions; the impression that we were overhauling or could overhaul Germany was a delusion. Steps should be taken to provide the country with as large and effective destroyer flotillas as we could possibly make, for they were the best weapon against submarines.

The House welcomed in his turn the other big gun of the Great War—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who now unfortunately joins in all too rarely, New Deal or no New Deal. He agreed with Mr. Churchill about destroyers and about the organisation of industry in peacetime, describing the incredible way in which time was wasted at the beginning of the War over matters so elementary as the right fuses; he urged the Government to give greater consideration to

the question of the nation's food-supply and to appoint a Minister of Co-ordination who, when senior Staff Officers came and threatened to resign, would have the courage to beg them to do so; and he parted company with Mr. Churchill over the question of the German menace, comparing the position of Germany in 1914-Austria as an ally and Turkey, and a weak Russia against her-with her present position, completely isolated and with the most powerful air-force in the world ranged on the other side. And he did not think, he added, that France was in a position to point a finger of scorn at her on the ground of treatybreaking, because for twelve years France had refused to carry out her undertaking to disarm.

This proved to be one of the best-informed debates the House has had for a long time. It was wound up by the CHANCELLOR, who taunted the Socialists with not stating in what way they considered the White Paper inconsistent with our membership of the League, was suggestively polite to Mr. Churchill, and admitted that a

separate Minister of Munitions was a

possibility.

Wednesday, March 11th.—In the
Upper House to-day Lord Mansfield,
for Lord Charnwood, moved that the
Covenant of the League stood in need
of revision in regard to the liabilities
of member-States, and that pending
such revision this country should make
its adherence subject to reservations.
He made it clear that he didn't think
years much of the present League.

very much of the present League.

The Bishop of London took the opportunity to hope that Hitler's offer of a twenty-five years' truce, however it was offered, should be accepted; and after several Peers had defended the League, Lord Stanhoff said that the Government was unable to accept the Motion.

The Commons debated whether it would be a good thing for the Government to take powers to dictate the location of new industries on a planned basis, the Socialists holding that London was sucking in too many light industries, and the Conservatives convinced that guidance was better than a dictation which might upset the confidence of the investing public.

# Monsieur Paul Narrates.

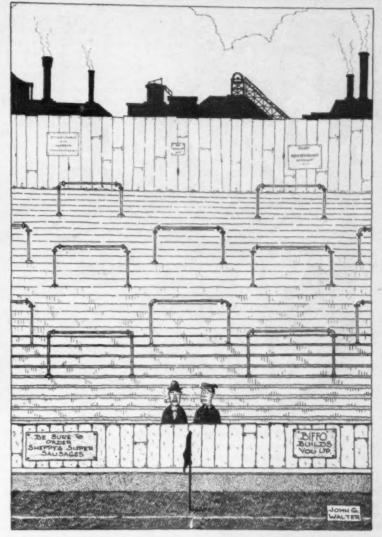
#### X .- Study of Character.

"Ir is a principle well attested in literature," said Monsieur Paul, "that the clown in private life is apt to be a melancholy man, the undertaker a merry man and the ruthless captain of industry a sentimental poltroon at the mercy of his wife, his daughter or any stranger who may appeal to his undiscriminating generosity. It would seem logical, therefore, to suppose that men for the most part adopt professions calling for qualities which are the opposite of the nature they display in their leisure hours.

"The truth of this theory," continued Monsieur Paul, "was once demonstrated to me in a striking manner in my own restaurant. One evening, at the hour of dinner, when my house was at its busiest, a man came in who attracted my immediate attention owing to the conspicuous and conscious villainy of his appearance and manner. This man's deportment was indeed ferocious to a marked degree. He flung open the door of the restaurant and advanced with an intimidating swagger to the best table, sweeping contemptuously to the ground the card bearing the word 'Reservé.' Looking at him with unusual interest, I observed that he was a thick-set man whose coat was heavily padded at the shoulders to give him an appearance of alarming broadness, that his bristling black moustache was curled up at the ends like a buffalo's horns, that there was an ominous bulge over his hip and that his walking-stick had the air of concealing a sword. Clearly, I thought to myself, the exaggerated truculence of this desperado must indicate a man whose profession is essentially gentle and innocuous, and we are observing the leisure hours of an assistant from the ladies' underwear department or perhaps a vendor of love-birds.

"Alors, the man sat down and looked fiercely about him. He summoned the waiter by thumping the table violently with his fist and demanded the immediate attendance of the proprietor in person. I shrugged my shoulders. 'Here,' I said to myself as I approached the table, 'we have the perfect type of the savage man. If I am not mistaken he will order a steak very underdone, he will address me with unrestrained brutality, but when he has dined his heart will soften, he will recall the chemises or the love-birds, and he will depart most peacefully.'

"Everything fell out as I had foreseen. With alarming oaths the man ordered an underdone steak. He felt



"YOU MARK MY WORDS, GEORGE; IF THE ROVERS DON'T GET A BETTER TEAM NEXT SEASON THEY'LL LOSE ALL THEIR SUPPORTERS."

the edge of his knife in a professional manner and demanded rum. When he had eaten with a great violence of appetite his face relaxed into an expression of some benignity and he beckened me to his table.

"'Come, Monsieur le restaurateur,' he said in a more friendly tone, 'be seated and let us talk at our ease.'

"'Monsieur,' I replied—for it is always my custom to oblige my clients as far as possible—'I am honoured by your invitation.' I sat down.

"'Monsieur le restaurateur,' the man continued, looking about him in an appraising manner, 'you have the air of a man of the world and I have a curiosity to know the impression I create

upon such a man. In what manner, would you say, do I earn my living?'

"Needless to say I was delighted at such an opportunity of putting my theory to the test, and I was also, it must be admitted, not altogether reductant to demonstrate my knowledge of the human soul. I looked at him gratefully.

"'My dear Sir,' I said suavely, 'your question could hardly have been more apposite. I flatter myself that I am something of a student of human nature and I have been observing you with peculiar interest. It has been my experience,' I continued, ignoring a frown of intense ferocity which had suddenly appeared on the man's face,



"DO TELL ME WHAT SHARES TO BUY. THEY SAY YOU'RE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE."

'that a man will seldom display in his leisure hours the same characteristics as those which have made him notable in his profession. Now, you, Monsieur, said I, 'are very clearly a man of a somewhat tempestuous and ungovernable disposition. I would probably be right in supposing that to your family you show a ruthless and commanding personality, that you are prone to fits of uncontrollable rage and rule your children rather by terror than by gentleness and affection. Would I be right, therefore, in assuming that your profession is of an opposite nature. calling for a ready tact, a willing obsequiousness and a readiness to subordinate your own desires to the convenience of your clients?

"As I reached this conclusion the frown left the man's face and was replaced by an expression of the great-

est good-nature.

"My very dear Sir,' he said, leaning towards me in an intimate manner. 'as a piece of masterly analysis your conclusion is irreproachable; as an example of sustained eloquence your description fills me with envy. But you have made one grave error in your

premises. My actual character is in fact the opposite of that which you have so brilliantly defined. In private life,' said the man, somewhat moved, 'I am a very gentle and kindly man. Sparrows feed out of my hand in the park, young lambs frisk about my feet when I am in the country, and I am the indulgent father of an adoring family. But the mistake you have made, Monsieur, is to suppose that you have found me in my leisure hours.' Here the man paused and looked commandingly around the restaurant, at the same time loosening the buttons of his coat. 'However tragic the family affairs of a clown may be,' he continued, raising one hand above his head, he does not permit his melancholy to obtrude itself upon his actual performance. And in the same way, when a bandit is actually being a bandit, he may be excused for concealing his natural bonhomie beneath a mask of brutality. And therefore,' said the man, suddenly springing to his feet and drawing a sawed-off shotgun, 'as I see that my assistants are now in position, I must request you to put up your hands.'

### The Modern Touch

"AH, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."

As I came into the room, I distinctly heard Laura-crouching on the floor with a writing-pad, some apples, a book and a number of scattered papers-

utter this singular phrase.
"What did you say?" I asked—in spite of having distinctly heard her; but human nature is like that.

Instead of answering my most natural question, Laura simply said again:-"Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."

Then she relaxed a little and inquired-and an idle inquiry it was too-if I knew what she was doing.

"Learning the Russian alphabet?"

"Working up an imitation of a hen, or a bottle coming out of a cork or something, for the next social in the village?'

"Trying to find out what it would be like if you hadn't any roof to your mouth, so as to be properly thankful for having one?"

"No, no, no!" said Laura quite

pettishly. "What extraordinary ideas you have!"

I pointed out that her own present idea, whatever it was, must be at least equally extraordinary if it could only be expressed by "Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo."
"All I'm doing," said Laura, "is

brushing up my shorthand."

One was rather surprised to hear it. In the first place, the expression "brushing up" was definitely a pre-

sumptuous one.

Laura's shorthand-which one has known for years in connection with her secretarial work-does its job after a fashion, but could never at any time have been taken seriously by Sir Isaac. (PITMAN. Though probably NEWTON would equally have rejected it.) Still, it served its purpose. One dictated slowly, and occasionally substituted a word for one of which Laura didn't know-or couldn't at the moment invent-a shorthand outline, and between us we had always been able, sooner or later, to make out what it was all about.

And now this method-this unorthodox, highly individual method-

was to be "brushed up"! I asked what had given rise to this singular inspiration. The words actually used were: "What on earth made you think of it?"

'I saw a little book," said Laura dejectedly, "called Brush Up Your Shorthand, so I just thought I would. You know yourself I've always had difficulty with words like 'sheet' and 'shoot,' that are so exactly alike and yet so absolutely different.

"I remember your writing in a letter to grandmama that Aunt Emma seemed to be fooling a great deal, instead of failing-and what a mercy it was I read it through before signing it."

"Yes, that was funny, wasn't it?" said Laura, reviving into rather mis-"Well, you see, the placed levity. whole trouble has been the vowelsounds. Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo. I've never properly been able to remember which sign stands for which sound. And it makes all the difference."

Naturally it would.'

"And this little book-Brush Up Your Shorthand-says that very often an insufficient mastery of the elementary stages of shorthand-writing may act as a stumbling-block later on. I think that's what happened to me. And it recommends a 'frequent and thorough revision of the first principles.""

I took up Brush Up Your Shorthand not without distaste-and glanced through the first pages. Heavily underscored, the old friends confronted me. "Ah, ay, ee, aw, oh, oo." The compiler, with great ingenuity, had composed a formula, doubtless designed to assist the student in memorising these peculiar syllables

p Ah may wee aw ll g oh too?" I was rather moved.

A Victorian tableau was conjured up in my mind.

Pa, frock-coated and bewhiskered, preparing to visit the Great Exhibition of 1851, and his little family-perhaps nine or ten of them-in frilled pantellettes, nankeen jackets, tippets and whatnots, clustering round him with the eager and at the same time respectful plea: "Pa, may we all go too?"

I outlined this pretty fantasy to Laura. "It can't be difficult to remember that," I said. "Think of them all!"

Laura looked at me in a dazed kind

"Yes," she said. "That's what I've been trying to do. I learnt it by heart. Only, you see, what I've been saying was: 'Dad, do take us as well.'"

E. M. D.



"WE ARE BOTH BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED. WE DESIGNED THIS PANEL FOR A BATHROOM IN THE QUEEN MARY, AND THEY HAVE REJECTED IT.

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# At the Play.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" (ST. JAMES'S).

THERE could at first sight be no author harder to transfer to the stage than Jane Austen, for it is the essence of her work that a great many stitches go to each portrait, and a great many country days, with their meals and walks and conversations, must pass while the plot grows. What violent hands have to be laid on the even pages of her narrative to fit it into an evening and three Acts! It is the measure of Miss Helen Jerome's success as an adapter of Pride and Prejudice that most of the time this violence is not felt.

We are prepared very early on for the pace at which we must travel if the marriages are all to be fixed by the curtain at eleven o'clock. We find that the Bennets have only three daughters instead of five, and Mr. Collins arrives on the very day that Mr. Bingley is first heard of as a rich and eligible neighbour, and, with Mr. Darcy, actually appears in the Bennet home.

This is whirlwind travel, but in the settings of Mr. Rex Whistler and with skilful acting we are spared the sense of hurry and do not realise till later how very far we have come. It is true that there is also a tendency, more noticeable than the swift action, to sharpen and give vulgar immediate point to the speech of the characters. But by and large there is admirable fidelity.

The opening of the play is the first page of the novel, and in general Mr. Bennet is himself, although as Mr. ATHOLE STEWART played him we could much more easily appreciate his good sense than that sly relish for human absurdity which was in fact so endearing a characteristic. Perhaps Mrs. Bennet (Miss BARBARA EVEREST) is given more folly and less asperity than in the book. Miss EVEREST makes a great hit, but it is a hit as a rather lovable and transparent fool. The theatre, especially when a play has many characters, is perpetually tempting authors and actors to just those immediate and obvious effects which JANE AUSTEN was so careful not to overdo.

The Lady Catherine de Bourgh (Miss Eva Moore) had two long scenes, but two scenes could not show her condescension as they could show her arrogance. It was very good arrogance, and the audience enjoyed it—nearly



till later how very far we have MR. DARCY WONDERING WHETHER HE CAN come. It is true that there is also BRING HIMSELF TO STOOP TO CONQUER. a tendency, more noticeable than Mr. Darcy . . . . MR. Hugh WILLIAMS. the swift action, to sharpen and Elizabeth Bennet . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.



A MISTERY PLAY.

Mrs. Bennet (Miss Barbara Everest) to Mr. Bennet (Mr. Afbole Stewart). "My dear Mister Bennet, how can you he so thresome?"

as well as they enjoyed Miss Cella Johnson's spirited and graceful Elizabeth Bennet. Miss Johnson is a mistress of quiet expressive gesture and found full scope.

All the three Bennet daughters were so young and attractive that it became plain that Mr. Bennet was rightly not worrying at all about their futures, in spite of their low connections and small fortunes. Mr. Bennet had two thousand a year, after all. But Mr. Bingley and Mr. Darcy were very personable apart from their wealth. Mr. JOHN TRED showed us a very considerate and gentle Bingley and Mr. Hvon WILLIAMS an admirably saturnine Darcy. They demonstrated to great effect how much has been lost in the art of male attire since the days of the REGENT. Even clerical dress has lost a good deal, and Mr. Collins (Mr. LYONEL WATTS) looked better than he would have done in the clothes he would be wearing to-day. Mr. Collins was perhaps the character of all the cast who might most easily have stepped from the book, and it was a disappointment that we did not get the chance to hear him read FORDYCE's sermons aloud.

A bold experiment, this dramatisation of Jane Austen, and a dangerous one, but a success which sent away happy the Janeites, who found so much that was pleasantly reminiscent and so little that really jarred, no less than those who could

never sit down steadily to the original but who greatly enjoyed a pleasant period comedy. D. W.

# "HEDDA GABLER" (CRITERION).

Only fifty years ago the critics, who might have known a little better, described IBSEN variously as a crazy fanatic, consistently dirty and deplorably dull; and a rather nice passage appeared in The Gentlewoman which likened this great dramatist to a "gloomy sort of ghoul, bent on groping for horrors by night, and blinking like a stupid old owl when the warm sunlight of the best of life dances into his wrinkled eyes." The italics are mine, for the phrase is a brilliant condensation of the social complacency of the cighteen-eighties; it conveys perfectly the feeling that any attempt, however honest, to point out just where current conventions cause the greatest pain to the greatest number of people must be regarded as an impertinent excursion into the sewers.

Now that we have ceased to see IRSEN as the critic of The Gentlewoman saw him and his plays have ceased to provoke controversy, since we take most of his assertions for granted, it is interesting once again to be reassured on his capacity as a dramatist. There is a certain stiffness in the English translations which makes them not too easy to read, a dryness which accentuates the symbolism at the expense of the dramatic qualities and of the comic scenes. Under Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL'S exceedingly intelligent direction the stiffness of this play is dissolved, the full humour of Tesman's character is brought out, and Hedda herself becomes a plausible case of a woman in whom an overdose of jealousy and social cowardice has left no room for human feeling. And not only plausible but gripping.

Every moment, as Tesman's blundering benevolence goes further to wreck his marriage, as Lovbord is pushed further down the slope to the ultimate desperation of weak vanity, as Brack drives Hedda nearer to the corner from which she has not the

courage to escape save by a bullet from one of her father's pistols, demands our attention. What a difference there is between IBSEN and the second-rate dramatistwith-a-message! Never for an instant did he allow his vital concern to present a telling case to win over the jury in his audience to obscure the technical necessity of keeping his play alive. Where in the propagandist plays of to-day we too often find long discussions which drive us into a stupor of boredom, whatever may be their subject, IBSEN rammed home his point a hundred times more powerfully by the subtlest uses of irony and contrast. It is only gradually that he lets us see how infinitely stronger is gentle twittering little Mrs. Elvsted than the assured and arrogant Hedda; but as the difference in the moral attitude of these women emerges how securely he establishes it!

The acting is as good as the direction. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson plays Hedda magnificently, using all her skill to show the terrible corrosion of unbridled

jealousy in a mind empty of human ballast, and yet without the over-emphasis which would have brought distortion. Tesman, Hedda's husband, the



THE SIMPLE HEART.

George Tesman . . Mr. Walter Piers.

childish myopic scholar, is made not only a figure of fun but also an appealingly sympathetic character by Mr. Walter



SHAPING HIS DESTINY.

Eilert Lovbord. . . Mr. John Laurie. Hedda Gabler . . . Miss Jean Fornes-Robertson.

Piers; Miss Elizabeth Hardy's Mrs. Elvsted is a shade on the light side but compelling in its sincerity; Mr. D. A. Clabel-Smith's Brack, the philandering magistrate, is a polished little essay in worldliness; Mr. John Laurie plays Lovbord, the wild young professor, with the right touch of the melodramatic; and the unselfish Miss Tesman of Miss Esme Church is admirably conceived. Motley's single set of the Tesmans' drawing-room is a fascinating museum of the latter half of the last century.

This production is one of a cycle of four, the others being The Master Builder, A Doll's House and Rosmersholm. Their run is provisionally timed to end on April 11th, and between now and then they can all be seen. London should indeed be grateful to the new Arts Theatre of Cambridge for this first generous contribution to its stage. EMC.

# A Song of the Early Worm.

The gentle zephyr lightly blows Across the dewy lawn, And silently the rooster crows, "Beloved, it is dawn!"

The little worms in bed below Lament their father's case, While up above a feather'd foe Is biting off his face.

In vain they seize his slippery tail

And try to pull him back; It makes their little cheeks turn pale

To hear his waistband crack.

They draw him down and crowd around;

Their tears bespeak their love; For part of him is underground And part has gone above.

But not for long does sorrow seize

The subterranean mind;
For father grows another piece
In front, or else behind.

And now he's up before the dawn,

Long ere the world has stirred, And eats his breakfast on the lawn

Before the early bird.

#### Encouraging News from Africa.

"Colonel Hamilton did not consider that there had been any appreciable increase in the total number of llous within the last two or three years, and he attributed this to the higher morality among young animals."

S. African Paper.

### Translations from the Ish.

XXXVIII .- MILES AND GALLONS. ". . . M.P.G.?" said the surprised friend, Looking at the ancient car

With a new respect.

"No," said the owner sadly-"G.P.M."

#### XXXIX .-- OVERHEARD.

"Of course all the newspapers mislead One way or another; But the other side daren't tell the truth;

They know that if they did They'd have no case."

One criticism of this Simple-minded remark Is that you can't prove-nor you-Which side the speaker was on.

XL .- A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

One thing: Abolish the Army And fewer people would pose as Majors.

#### XLI.—ONE WEAK FACTOR.

"Of all European countries," Said the observant Ish traveller, "England alone seems to produce University students Who do not riot.

I put this down," he added seriously, "To the beer."

#### XLII.—EXPERIENTIA SOMETIMES DOCET.

Experience teaches. How chastened should I be By the thought of how much I have learnt And how little I know,

Were it not that I see on every side

Who seem to have remembered absolutely nothing

Of what experience must have been teaching them For the last forty years!

XLIII.—UNBEATABLE COMBINATION.

The publisher's hopes mounted As he ticked off the personal qualifica-Of the author

Whose MS. autobiography Lay on his desk-

٨.

Hawk-like profile (good). Forty years a doctor (better). Very kind to animals (Oh, boy! oh, boy!).

'This book will be a best-seller,' He declared (correctly) Without reading it.

#### XLIV .- POINT OF VIEW.

He whose prejudices Are the opposite of those generally held Commonly considers himself Impartial.

This keeps them very healthy.

#### XLV .- POT AND KETTLE.

"It would never have struck me," Said the Pot with dignity, "To call the Kettle black.

But," it went on, "I fail to see why, Since it obviously is black, My own blackness should preclude me alone From saying so."

XLVI .- AFTER SEEING THINGS TO COME.

But in these bright, clean, New, shiny, Crisp, glittering cities of the future, Full of people being shot hither and you Through glass tubes or in shells, Will there be no fun?

No oasis in the desert of efficiency? No such inspiring Concatenation of circumstances As did arride me On Wednesday, March 4,

When there was a man Playing the "Blue Danube" waltz

On the bagpipes In St. James's Square?

#### XLVII.-EDITORS' WALL-TEXT.

Never give reasons. Say "No" firmly, And your interlocutor will puzzle out If it takes him all night.

Give a reason, And he will, if it takes him all night, Puzzle out an answer, upon which You must produce another reason.

Never give reasons.

XLVIII.-No MISTER, ANYWAY. The American Referred to "Sir Smith."

"Ah," said I, "my insouciant democrat, But do you mean Sir John Smith, Sir John Smith, Bart., Lord Smith, Or Lord John Smith?

"Why," said the American cheerfully, "Sure."

#### Interview.

"IT's very annoying," said Edith at lunch; "I rang up the dentist in Squarehampton, and the only time he can give me an appointment is threethirty this afternoon. And the maid who answered my advertisement in the local paper is coming at four for an interview.

I laughed lightly.

"You needn't worry," I said, "I'll be here all afternoon, and I don't mind putting the girl through her paces. Just tell me what you want me to ask her and I'll write down the answers, and if they are satisfactory you can book her through the post. Unless, of course, you like to rely entirely on my judgment . .

"I'm certainly not going to rely on your judgment," said Edith. "Last time you booked a maid she had nothing to recommend her but a Hollywood sort of hat and a fascinating giggle. But I really must part with this wretched tooth of mine, so I'll do as

you suggest."

She pondered for a bit and then told me the various questions I must I made a rough list of the questions, and a few others that occurred to Edith as we were driving to the station, and, though I accidentally used the list as a pipe-lighter as soon as I got home, I remembered enough to make some sort of show.

About half-past three there was a ring at the bell, and I was relieved to see that the girl wasn't quite as fearsome as usual. Most of the maids we have had lately have looked like film stars (except for their faces), but this one was plainly dressed and demure, and, instead of sniffing when I told her that Edith was at the dentist's and that I would attend to her, she looked quite pleased. I asked her into the front-room and we sat down and looked at one another.

"What part of the country do you come from?" I asked, starting with an easy question.
"Derbyshire," she said. "Do you

know Derbyshire?'

We chatted for a bit about Matlock and Buxton and High Tor and petrifying wells. Intelligent, she seemed, and widely read. I guessed that she was probably the daughter of parents who had lost their money and that she had taken to domestic service rather than rely on the charity of relations. My heart warmed to her, and it was with an effort that I brought my mind back to sordid details.

"These houses look bigger than they are," I said, following Edith's instruc-



"YOU DON'T GO OUT WITH 'ARRY ANY LONGER, DO YOU?"

tions; "they are all front, if you know what I mean, and no depth . . ."

"Quite pretty, though, aren't they?"

I resisted the temptation to start discussing architecture and decided to take the bull by the horns and find out whether or not she "washed"—a question Edith had said was most important. I was so anxious that she should answer in the affirmative that I led up carefully to the subject.

"The last maid we had," I said, "was not very satisfactory because she wouldn't wash . . ." "That must have been very offensive," said the girl, and I blushed.

"I don't mean she wouldn't wash," I said, "but she wouldn't wash....
Do you wash....?"

I was still smarting under her verbal assault when Edith came home.

"What have you been saying to the new Vicar's daughter," she asked. "I met her outside the vicarage and she seemed dreadfully upset."

"Sheep Worrying Again."
Agricultural Journal.

What's their trouble now?

#### How to Feel Light and Gay.

"And something inside Susie gave a little click, and she was conscious of a sudden gay light feeling, as if she had swallowed a balloon. . . . "—From a Short Story.

"Money collected for Church purposes outside the Church is not under the control of the P.C.C., unless it is collected for Church purposes."—Ecclesiastical Paper.

#### . . . If you see what we mean?

"Vegetables, too, are apt to occur on your afternoon frock."—Fashion Chat.

Not so likely perhaps as on your dinner-gown.

<sup>&</sup>quot;No, I don't. I'm not so sunk I don't enjoy my own company more than wot I did 'is."



"'E'LL NEVER MAKE A DOG."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Yorkshire Romance.

A GALLANT book and a memorable one will, I think, be the verdict on Miss Winifred Holtby's posthumous South Riding (COLLINS, 8/-); for its strength of sentiment and imagination, its breadth of theme and richness of byplay place it in the happiest sequence of English fiction. It sets out to reflect the interplay of local government and Yorkshire character, and its yeoman hero, Carnea magnificent desolate figure in the best Master of Ravenswood-Helbeck of Bannisdale tradition-is a victim of the new order and domestic calamity terribly allied. A shoal of smaller fry, male and female, speculators, public workers and proletariat, are humorously and incisively indicated: but Carne is a creation. His fight to keep his insane and nobly-born wife and to preserve his elfish little daughter has an epic touch; and the capable red-haired schoolmistress who impinges on his stark career feels herself-and is felt to be-an intruder. Yet she has the honesty of her bleak provincial intellectualism; and her unrequited passion for Carne, culminating in her pathetic confession to Mrs. Beddows, the kindly "alderman," affects one as the modern counterpart of her hero's more primitive tragedy.

#### Alington of Eton.

"ALINGTON of Eton," it seems, is the name by which the

to posterity. And surely he was one of the most remarkable of modern headmasters. Others in his lofty position have written books, it is true, but I cannot recall at the moment any who have covered so wide a field in their writing. Histories, sermons, editions of the classics-these have sufficed most of our great headmasters since the days of ARNOLD of Rugby. But here is a man who not only published a novel-Strained Relations-but was capable of putting on the cover a quotation from some imaginary old play-"'Our relations are becoming strained,' as the Grand Inquisitor said when he put his wife's uncle on the rack.' In short, Mr. Alington has always been capable of turning round and laughing at himself-a quality rare among headmasters. In Things Ancient and Modern (Longmans, 12/6) he gives us the story of his successive appointments, with much excellent material not strictly germane to the subject. For was he not also a skilled writer of light verse? It is a very good book of reminiscence indeed and contains some stout words in favour of the much-abused Public School education. But I think the Dean might have chosen a better title.

# Here Come Three Dukes a-Riding.

The rather muddy lees of the Middle Ages are decanted with considerable skill in Miss M. Coryn's House of Orleans (BARKER, 12/6). This is an eminently readable story of three royal dukes: Louis the politician, who has just had a complete volume to himself; Charles the poet, whom most of us know best from STEVENSON's Familiar Studies; and the Very Reverend the Dean of Durham is fated to be known Louis who makes a downtrodden appearance in Quentin Durward on his way to emerging as Louis XII. of France. The period covered—1391 to 1494—is generously documented, and the author has excellent authority for a picturesque and slightly mannered narrative. Perhaps she would have done better to adhere more closely to the historian's technique and incorporate contemporary evidence as simply and directly as possible. Her best pieces of prose and the most telling passages in the book-are the verbatim reports of the witnesses to her first duke's murder, which she relegates to an appendix. Her most able portrait is that of her third duke -the cousin wedded by Louis XI. to his deformed daughter JEANNE with deliberate attempt to end the line of Orleans. But Miss CORYN displays, and arouses, an animated interest in all three.

#### Clio in Regent's Park.

Mr. BRIGHTWELL
Knows his Zoo
More than quite well—
Through and through;
So nothing baffles
His writing down
Its record since RAFFLES\*
Arrived in Town.

His Gardens blossom
At once and show
Polly, 'possum
A pard or so,
Till, growing still, we
Mourn "Jumbo's" fate—
Till, by Monkey Hill, we
Are brought to date.

Here's all that any
Could learn and mark
And remember when he
Leaves Regent's Park.
Is there aught to lack. "Well,
Two things," say you?
Ah!—sold by BLACKWELL
Is The Zoo You Knew?

#### Gaiters.

The Private Life of Gregory Gorm, by Captain Harry Graham (Peter Davies, 7/6), is a most hilarious production. It is the absurd biography of one who, prompted by a dis-relish for

work and early rising, selected the Church as a career. Owing, it is suggested, to a love of bananas, he had leanings to missionary enterprise, but thought better of it, to the disappointment of his sister, who disliked him and held that it would have served him right. He started as a kind of gentleman-help in a tiny and remote village, where befell his one amatory indiscretion. Leaving this hotbed of scandal in some haste, he was led by Providence to a curacy at one of the most fashionable churches in Belgravia. Here he remained, and during the War succeeded his Vicar, a sporting veteran who suddenly dyed his hair, stuck on a



"YOU CLUMSY ASS. YOU'LL HEAR MORE OF THIS, I'M A SHAREHOLDER IN THIS LINE."

"IT DON'T MATTER. THE SHARES AIN'T WORTH NOTHING, ANYWAY."

moustache and an old suit, and—the medical officer liking his stomach—enlisted. This incumbency the Rev. Gregory held for the remainder of his span, and in time encased his legs (which, we are carefully told, were bandy—children drove their little hoops through them) in the gaiters of an Archdeacon. This life-story is enriched with details that are exhaustingly funny; it made one reader laugh page by page, and rescued another from a dangerous fit of deep blues that descended at 5 A.M. Captain Graham has a pleasing trick of now and then dropping a side item into his narrative, such as the symposium of schoolgirls who discuss in their dormitory the Oriental tortures that might with luck be inflicted on an unpopular brother. Little

<sup>\*</sup>Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES of Singapore founded the Zoo in 1828.

beasts. And once or twice he mentions an autobiography of which we would hear more. It is by Canon Fodder, D.D., and bears the title, Straight from the Canon's Mouth.

#### Board Residence.

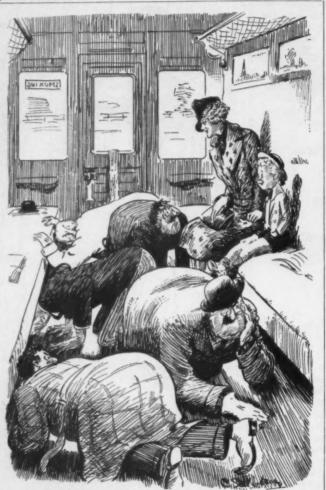
For novelists occasionally to move their pitch is an excellent plan. In *Top Landing* (Chapman and Hall, 7/6) Mr. W. Townend, author of that marine epic, *Voyage Without End*, has taken a spell of shore-leave and has chosen as setting a boarding-house in Pimlico, where he reso-

lutely ignores the conventional temptation to relapse into a pretty romance between the First-Floor-Front and the Second-No. 34 Floor - Back. Lodsworth Crescent was no odder than its kind, except that a few scholarships had so transformed the son and daughter of the Cockney proprietors that they passed un-detected by their Mayfair friends-a circumstance unimportant and unlikely; but in Martin Hadlow, finishing his first novel on the cheap, the peculiarities of its inmates aroused an interest which Mr. TOWNEND vividly conveys and sustains. The description of how Mr. Strode, the war-wreck, found his philosophy is in particular a lovely piece of writing. Each of the characters, being drawn without compromise, is real, and their separate stories are interwoven with such a sound sense of dramatic values that a play based on this novel inevitably suggests itself. The dedication to Mr. WODEHOUSE'S steward, Albert Peasemarch, promised humour; and I was not disappointed, though the landlady began so funnily that it seemed a pity when she was later largely crowded out to make room for her richly-assorted guests. various men and women who were affected by Danvers Carne's sudden death in the hunting-field. But Sarah is an original creation, and she gives to Miss CAMPBELL'S story a distinction which, had she remained in her stable, would have been lacking.

#### For Industrious Readers.

The publishers of *The Pumpkin Coach* (Heinemann, 7/6) have my thanks, for there are passages in it so striking, so compact of the truest humanity and the deepest under-

standing that I do not intend to be parted from my copy, which will be all the easier since it is so difficult in language-Samoan - American and American mixed-and in construction - the last chapter comes first-that few borrowers will seize on it. Mr. Louis Paul tells the story of a boy John or Uan Koé, from the Island of Oahé, who goes to America with a little money and many ideals, and, viâ work as navvy, art student and hospital orderly, becomes a prize-fighter. John himself, at once wise and ignorant, is a delightful creature, essentially and beautifully good with the goodness of honesty and kindness. He meets with cruelty and disappoint-ment, but proves that birds of a feather tend to meet. Mr. PAUL will write a great book, perhaps, when he realises that lucidity has intrinsic value besides enabling those who run to read today, when so few of us have time to sit down and disentangle a story from its telling.



"I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT BOBBY WAS TELLING A FIB. HE HAD THE PENNY IN HIS HAND ALL THE TIME."

#### Horse Sense.

In several respects The String Glove Mystery (Heinemann, 7/6) follows the track that has been freely trodden by writers of detective fiction. Suspicion falls on the just and unjust, on the likely and unlikely, and a precocious boy gives an exhibition of his sleuthing qualities. But where Miss Harriette Campbell scores, and scores heavily, is in making a horse—or, to be exact, a mare—an important factor in the solution of a perplexing problem. Her investigator-in-chief, with his habit of addressing people as "darlings," was too eccentric and mannered for my taste, and try as I would I could not feel keen sympathy with the

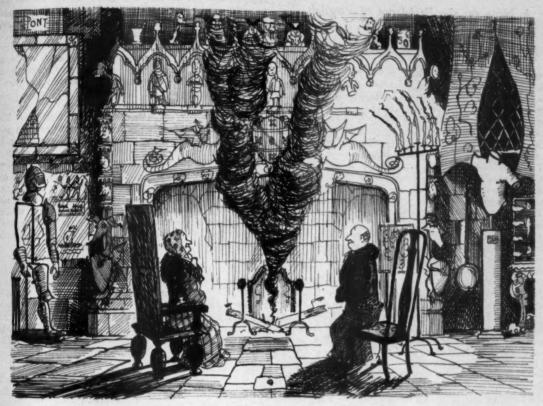
#### Top Storey.

From the outset of The Attic Murder (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) Francis Hammerton was in

trouble. Having been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, he immediately and miraculously escaped from the police and almost at once found himself suspected of a brutal murder. In fact his position, already far from enviable, had become acutely precarious when Mr. Jellipot, a solicitor, appeared on the scene. And Jellipot, though no deducing genius, belied his name by acting with solid common-sense. This tale is essentially more robust than subtle, but it contains a dénouement which does credit to Mr. Sydney Fowler's powers of invention.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Mrs. —, wife of a brickyard worker, to-day finds herself the mother of twine."—Daily Paper.

Somebody has been stringing her.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

PASSION FOR THE ANTIQUE.

#### Charivaria.

A SILLY suspicion is gaining ground that the letters appointing the new President of the M.C.C. and the new Minister of Defence were put into the wrong envelopes.

acres of land in three years. Without a protest from France.

In a recent lecture an authority on acoustics explained that a speaker is assisted by a well-filled hall because of the absorbent property of clothes. Anyone who has ever attended a mass-meeting of nudists must have noticed the lack of genuine enthusiasm.

The shortage of City office-boys, to which attention is drawn, puts these lads in an even stronger position with regard to their grandmothers' funerals.

Mount Wilson Observatory issues the information that the most distant universe yet surveyed is moving away from our own at the rate of twenty-four thousand miles a second. And who shall blame it?

A Guards' band is to play at the Zoo four times a week during the summer. There seems no limit to these efforts to entertain the inmates.

Scrubbing the floor is said to be good for the figure. Another view is that it's good for the floor.

Herr HITLER demands immediate admission to the Germany has reclaimed six-hundred-and-twenty thousand League of Nations on the ground that Germany's present inability to resign is a denial of equality.

"Some men never take their hats off to anybody," says a writer. And how on earth do they get their hair cut?

American poultry-experts claim that eggs can now be produced with yolks of any colour to match gowns. Or, of course, waistcoats.

The greater frequency of earth-tremors in Scotland than in the rest of Britain is ascribed to geological "faults.' Scotland, with all thy "faults" we love thee still!

"What is there to prevent an angler enjoying a day's fishing whenever he wants to?" demands a writer. The

fish as a rule.

Highland cattle are said to be getting scarce. Unfortunately there still seem to be artists who paint the confounded things from memory.

# A Note on the Problems of English Agriculture in 1827.

"THERE ain't a better spot of ground in all Kent, Sir."

Such of course was the verdict of the hard-headed man with the pippin-face, and even if you take the more popular view held by the two fat men, that Mullin's Meadows was more favoured and fertile soil, you must admit on any internal evidence that old Mr. Wardle was one of the most unharassed and fortunate farmers of whom record remains.

The industrial era was beginning. The Government of the day was encouraging enclosures. Perhaps the year 1827 was a particularly good farming year; we know that there was a mild and pleasant May, a fine September, a hard and seasonable Christmas. Was it mainly arable or pasture land at Dingley Dell, or, seeing that it lay not far from Rochester, was it partly under hops or fruit? "Kent, Sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women," says Mr. Alfred Jingle. Nor do we learn from an agricultural point of view very much more about Kent. "Speed the plough" is a phrase ill-suited to old Mr. Wardle's lips, and there are moments when you might think him less concerned with the rotation of crops than the rotation of coffee-room floors. Mr. Pickwick makes few notes if any on rural industry for the annals of the Club: "the sweet rich smell of the haystacks rose to his chamber window" on the morning after his first arrival, and there below him was old Mr. Wardle already out and about in the garden. But who harvested the hay, and had his jolly host risen early for any other reason than the rook-shooting, which had to be finished in time for Muggleton v. Dingley Dell?

The route to that glorious encounter lay "through shady lanes and sequestered foot-paths," but intersecting and bordering how many acres of what? Were there cowmen, ploughmen, shepherds, horsemen, hedgers, ditchers on Mr. Wardle's farm? There was certainly no want of manpower. A coachman (Tom, I think), with the Fat Boy at his side, drove the barouche to the field-day at Rochester, and when the travel-stained Pickwickians arrived at Dingley Dell next day they were brushed and scrubbed by a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males, who "rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for although it was a May evening their attachment to the wood-fires appeared as cordial as if were Christmas)."

Happy, happy circular-visaged males, whose labour only seems to have been demanded by the claims of hospitality!

These would perhaps be the same two "boys," the two "young giants" who bore Mr. Winkle to his apartment on the evening of the following day. No! later than that, for it was nearly midnight before the great Muggleton cricket dinner came to an end. These certainly helped to consume the contents of the "mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper" these may have helped to extricate Mr. Pickwick from the hole in the ice. But what else did they do? There was no bailiff at Manor Farm. Did Trundle look after the livestock? Did the old lady, or did Rachel, or did Emma attend to the dairy or the poultry-yard? I doubt it.

As for the owner himself, you might find him shooting partridges in East Anglia, or you might find him at Gray's Inn Square, but never, I think, performing any duties remotely connected with the practical supervision of Manor Farm. There is even more evidence of bucolic effort in the County of Suffolk than in the County of Kent, for there at

least, on the way to Bury St. Edmunds, the month being August, we find it noted that "orchards and cornfields ring with the noise of labour . . . the corn piled in graceful sheaves . . . tinges the landscape with a golden hue . . . the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon whose slow motion . . . strikes with no sound upon the ears." Neither that nor any other sound of labour, unless it be culinary, strikes upon the cars at Manor Farm.

I think Mr. WALTER ELLIOT would not have liked Mr. Wardle, nor Mr. Wardle have been pleased to meet Mr. Elliot. He was no man for Milk Boards nor Pig Boards nor Egg Boards to control. Either he was letting Manor Farm (held by his family for so many generations) go to rack and ruin whilst he obeyed the promptings of a warm and generous heart, or else Dingley Dell was a place like the garden of Alcinous, where eggs, fruit, pigs, milk, beef and wheaten bread arose and grew without human effort and poured themselves swimming on waves of warm punch and ale and elder-wine, into the thrice blessed kitchen of the stout old yeoman of Kent.

I rather think the latter. The curse of Adam had fallen not on Dingley Dell. No man there used rake or harrow, dibble or spade. It was a Dell of Avilion, where fell not any hail nor any rain, except on that tempestuous night when old Wardle pursued his errant sister by gig and postchaise, between the self-harvesting fields. This was the Golden Age of Agriculture, and the peak year was 1827.

## Fancy That!

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, Osbert Sitwell, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Wat Tyler, Uncle Tom Cobley, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mabel Lucy Attwell and Myself.)

I LOVE to look at the brook at even when all the world is still; I love to walk over long straight roads with never a twist or

I love to travel at speed in a train, And I love the sense of a job done well.

I love the swell of the Organ filling the Hall of the Dead, With the light of the Dawn refracted in delicate blues and red

Through stained-glass windows as high as Heaven, And arches as old as ADAM and Sin; A Haven of Rest in this world of Din; Man's beauty reflected in stone and wood; Evil desporting in hand with Good.

I love the feel of the dusty shelves where the books have lain for years;

I love the mistakes that man has made and purged with crocodile tears:

> I love the patter of the cold wet rain, And I love the sound of the old church bell.

But best of all in this best of worlds, whatever the day or

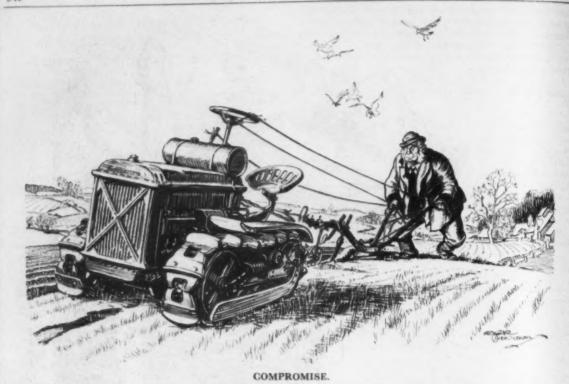
I like to soak in a bath and dream that I were given the power

To fashion the future to suit myself, And there'd be no English or French or Dutch, And nations would cease to exist as such, And Pain would be lost, and Welter and Tears

And-Hell! I've forgotten to wash my ears!



"COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE."



# Checking Up.

To do a thing well, as everyone knows, is to do it with apparent ease. A great pianist rattles off Chopin's Nineteenth Prelude and you might believe that anyone could do it. Conversely, Mr. Porter and Mr. Chudleigh check up a simple list of figures and you begin to think it must be difficult after all.

When Mr. Chudleigh came down into the general office we were fairly quiet. Mr. Porter was under the table, working at it with a chisel and singing. "No matter how young a prune might be," he sang, "it was always full of wrinkles." He had sung it over and over again, and he had explained that he would remember the next line if he went on long enough.

"What are you doing, Porter?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Nothing," said Mr. Porter.
"Good," said Mr. Chudleigh. "You can check this list with me."

"Look here," said Mr. Porter as he sat down at the table and Mr. Chudleigh handed him a sheet of paper. "It's pounds, shillings and pence. And halfpence. If I've got to add them up..."

"Now listen," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"You simply read out that list, the

original, and I follow on this list, which has just been typed, to see if it's correct. You can manage that, can't you?"

"You read your list out while I read my list out," said Mr. Porter. "At the same time? We shall never keep together."

"No, no," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I mean that I read it to myself. You read yours out. First the names and then the figures."

Mr. Porter took up his list and drew a deep breath.

"Wait!" said Mr. Chudleigh. He got up to fetch the Telephone Directory, and adjusted it carefully over the paper in front of him.

"What's that for?" asked Mr. Porter.

"When you check a list of figures," said Mr. Chudleigh, "it's essential to keep your eyes fixed on the relevant line. Now, I place the directory on the page, leaving the top line uncovered, and I move it down as we go along. Now you can start."

"Ha!" said Mr. Porter, dropping his paper. "I knew it would come if I left it."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Mr. Chudleigh in surprise.

"That song," said Mr. Porter. "'No matter how old a prune may be it's always full of wrinkles. We get wrinkles here and there; prunes, they have them every place. No, that's wrong. It's got to rhyme."

Mr. Chudleigh tapped the table with his pencil.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Porter, "I'll sleave it at that for the moment. Are you ready? Abbs, G, Adams, E., Atkinson—"

"It's obvious," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"I know nothing about this song of yours, of course, but surely it should be 'everywhere.' That would give you the necessary rhyme. 'Every place' simply isn't grammar."

"Ah!" said Mr. Porter. "That's where you're wrong. I know for a fact that 'every place' came into it. And it's perfectly good American grammar. Why, you even say 'I can't find it any place' when you mean—"

"Well, never mind that now," said Mr. Chudleigh, tapping his pencil impatiently. "I'm waiting to check this list"

"Okay," said Mr. Porter. "But I must get this straight. There must be two lines somewhere else in the song that are nearly the same. I remember it called them 'prunies' once. It might be 'prunes, they have them everywhere' now and later on 'prunies have them every place.' Now what would the line before that be? A rhyme with

'place.'" Mr. Porter tilted his chair

back and gazed up at the ceiling.
"I am waiting," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"Sorry," said Mr. Porter, bringing his chair down with a crash. "Ready?

Abbs, G., Adams, E.——"
"Stop!" shouted Mr. Chudleigh, glaring over his spectacles. "That's not the way to check a list like this. You read across, not down. First the man's name and then the sum of money against it, and then you go on to the next line and read the next man's name with the corresponding sum of "Oh," said Mr. Porter, "I didn't get that."

"Really, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh. "I made it absolutely clear. I showed you how I uncovered the page line by line. How could I mean you to read down one column and then down another?"

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "you said first the names and then the figures. Those were your very words.'

"If you had used a little intelli-gence," said Mr. Chudleigh, "you would

have seen what I meant.'

"Oke," said Mr. Porter. "Is this better? Abbs, G., forty-five pounds thirteen and fourpence - halfpenny. Adams, E .-

"Which column is that sum in?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "You will see that there are four columns it might

be in. Is it in the fourth?

"Quite right," said Mr. Porter. "In the fourth. Across on the other side of the page. Now, bringing the finger smartly back, I go on to Adams, E. Nineteen pounds and twopence. Third column.

What?" said Mr. Chudleigh. "You mean second. Four pounds three shillings. Where the deuce did you get

your figures from ?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. slipped down into the next line. That was Atkinson, J. You were right about Adams, E. Now after Atkinson comes

Bartlett, H.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Chudleigh. "Wait while I move the directory down. You know, Porter, if you'd put something like this over your list and move it down you wouldn't get into the wrong column and muddle me like that."

Mr. Porter agreed. He put the other volume of the directory over his paper. "Listen!" he said suddenly. line before the one I was telling you about.

"What line?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "Don't muddle me. We're at the fourth line. Go straight on."

Listen," said Mr. Porter. "'We get wrinkles on our face; prunes, they have them every place.' I'm almost



"IT'S TERRIBLE TO BE WHERE YOU ARE WITHOUT KNOWING IT." -

certain that's right. Then the other time it would be prunies. 'Prunies have them everywhere.' What do you say?'

Mr. Chudleigh didn't say anything. He jabbed his pencil into the table and it broke. He took out his penknife and sharpened it.

"Now we're ready," said Mr. Porter, and he read straight through the list. "There!" he said. "And no mistakes."

Mr. Chudleigh frowned. "There should have been a mistake somewhere," he said. "I remember noticing it before, and I was going to mark the place when I checked it. Let me see your list.'

Mr. Porter handed it over.

"I believe," said Mr. Chudleigh,

"that you have been reading from the carbon copy of my list, Porter. That would mean of course that our two lists would be exactly the same. Ah! Here is the original list I should have given you.'

Mr. Porter took it. "Abbs, G," he began. "Forty-six pounds, thirteen and fourpence-halfpenny in the fourth

column.

"Forty-six?" said Mr. Chudleigh, marking it.

"Adams, E.," Mr. Porter continued. "Four pounds, three shillings and twopence in the second."

"And twopence," said Mr. Chud-leigh, writing it in. "Now we're getting



# Another Shattering Report.

The publication of the slashing Ullswater Report on the B.B.C. has largely obscured the hardly less sweeping recommendations of the Committee appointed to investigate the working of the London Suburban Railway Company. The findings of the Committee will, if agreed by the Company, be examined by a Select Committee of Twelve, to be nominated by a Tribunal of Four, the method of whose selection has still to be determined. (A sub-committee of six is at present considering this question.) It will then be the duty of a Special Committee of Experts, appointed jointly by Parliament and the Railway Company, to decide whether the Report in its amended form shall or shall not be referred back to the original Committee of Thirty-Six.

Important points from the Report are given below:-

#### Tractive Power.

The present system of utilising electricity as the source of tractive power on the L.S.R. appears to be satisfactory. The practical experience of several members of the Committee suggests that in operation electric trains combine a high degree of acceleration with a marked absence of smoke and dust, and we do not therefore recommend a return to steam-locomotives. Still less in our opinion would the employment of horse-drawn carriages or trucks be in conformity with the needs and aspirations of the suburban public. We trust that the Company will continue their policy of providing electrically-operated trains for the conveyance of passengers to and from stations on their lines.

#### Rolling-stock, Size and Shape of Wheels.

We view with the gravest apprehension a suggestion that passenger rolling-stock on the L.S.R. should be fitted in future with square wheels. We do not feel that such an innovation would be in the public interest, and we are glad to have the Company's assurance that no alteration in the size and shape of their wheels is or has been in contemplation.

#### Overcrowding in Carriages.

Complaints have reached us of some slight discomfort occasioned to passengers by overcrowding in carriages at certain times of the day. We have given careful and sympathetic consideration to this problem and have reached the conclusion that not more than twenty-six persons (or a maximum of four in first-class carriages) should be allowed in any one compartment. As we are advised by the Company's experts that it is a physical impossibility, in the case of third-class compartments, for more than this number to gain admittance, no special legislation appears to be called for on this point.

The provision of additional trains, or (alternatively) the refunding of passengers' money for whom proper accommodation is not provided would, we understand, be impracticable.

#### Articles Thrown on the Line.

We feel that greater accuracy is called for in the specifica-

tion of articles which may or may not be thrown (or projected) from carriage-windows on to the line. The present requisition to abstain from throwing articles "which may injure men working on the line" lays an unnecessary onus on the judgment of the individual passenger. Thus, while used matches and banana-skins are clearly unobjectionable, widespread uncertainty exists with regard to such objects as apple-cores, large cigar-stubs and copies of The Times Financial Supplement. The fixing of a standard of weight and/or measurement will not suffice. Experiments conducted by members of the Committee definitely proved that though so bulky an article as a parcel of old socks may be harmless and even welcome to workers on the line, quite a nasty gash can be inflicted by an object as small as an umbrella-ferrule. We recommend the appointment of a competent Advisory Committee, including a representative of the gangers, to examine and report upon this question.

#### Provision of Station at West Minstead.

We think it of the utmost importance that a station should be provided at West Minstead for the convenience of local residents and others wishing to travel to Town, or intermediately, therefrom, and vice versa. The station should have a minimum of two platforms, for the service of Up and Down trains, and should be equipped with a booking-office, waiting-rooms, weighing-machine and the usual appurtenances of a railway-station, including not less than four oil-lamps to be lit by a competent official one hour after sundown. In addition there should be ample and clearly-marked means of access to and egress from the station, and if possible some form of bridge or subway allowing free passage to pedestrian traffic from one platform to the other, in either direction-provided always that its use shall be limited to bona-fide travellers on the L.S.R. and their friends. We note with pleasure that such a station already exists at West Minstead.

#### Remuneration of Staff.

The remuneration (or pay) of the lower-grade employees of the L.S.R., though lower than that of those occupying higher positions on the staff, appears to be higher than was the case some years ago when the general rates of pay in force in the Company were lower. As regards the salaries paid to the higher officials, the position here is much the same, for, though receiving less than would be the case were the rates of pay generally higher, their earnings are yet considerably in excess of what might be expected in the event of a decrease in their salaries. We do not therefore recommend any alteration in the rates of pay at present in force on the L.S.R.

#### Clipping of Tickets.

No change appears to be necessary in the manner of clipping tickets employed on the L.S.R.

It is only fair to add that a vigorous denial of all the charges contained in the Committee's Report has been issued by the London Suburban Railway Company.

H. F. E.

#### A Baker's Dilemma.

"Don't sell the top or the bottom of a loaf of bread."

Advice to Tradesmen.

#### New Light on Our Frontier Problems.

"For obvious reasons Italians would avoid a fleet action, and instead would wage a war of attrition against the British naval forces by an incessant submarine and air attack on their communications, as the Pathans try to do in the North-West Frontier of India."—Australian Paper.

# Fait Accompli.

"What do you mean," I said to Edith in a tone of bitter reproach, "by stealing two feet of my lawn? It's no good denying it. I've measured it with the tape-measure and it's a good deal shorter than it was when we planned the garden five years ago."

"I don't believe it," said Edith.
"All I've done is occasionally to
straighten the edge of the lawn with a
sharp spade so as to make my flowerbeds neat."

When we took "The Raspberries" five years ago, Edith and I drew up a sort of deed of arrangement about the garden, so that there shouldn't be any chance of quarrelling over our various spheres of influence. Edith was to be Mistress of the Flower-Beds, I was to be Lord of the Lawns, and Angus MacHiggins was to be Grand Vizier of the Vegetables and High Steward of the Paths.

"What with Angus MacHiggins encroaching on the lawn at one end," I said bitterly, "and you encroaching on the lawn at the other end, there'll soon be no lawn left. I believe you've been sneaking a couple of inches of my lawn every week or so, hoping that I won't notice. And I might not have noticed if I hadn't happened to come across our original plan, in which the north border is four feet wide. struck me that the north border had grown a good deal, and I measured it and found it was well over six feet. Then I measured the lawn itself and found that it had shrunk by no less than four feet.

"You can't blame me for all of it," said Edith. "I assure you I've done nothing but occasionally straighten the edge. It's easy to understand how it's happened. Say I've straightened the edge once a month for five years; that makes sixty times, and sixty into two feet is less than half-an-inch."

"And at the other end of the lawn," I added sadly, "Angus MacHiggins has been slowly and slyly extending his mixed herbs bed in the same underhand fashion."

Next day Edith was called away to nurse a sick aunt, and in the evening I dropped in at the nursery and had a few dark words with the nurseryman.

"It's not the best time of the year for laying turf," he said, "but if we get plenty of rain before the hot weather sets in it will probably be O.K. I'll send it round early next week."

I spent most of Sunday preparing the ground. First I measured off two feet of Angus MacHiggins' mixed herbs bed, hurling the mixed herbs to left and



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

THE INCONSOLABLE COMPANY OF CROONERS.

right with careless abandon. Angus has lately been growing enough mixed herbs to supply the whole of Little Wobbley—and from what I know of him he probably has been supplying the whole of Little Wobbley. Then I levelled the soil and raked it over and messed about with a long piece of string and a couple of pegs. I wanted to have it all ready so that I could pop down the turf before Edith came back. There's nothing like confronting the opposition with a fait accompli on these occasions. Then I started work on Edith's flower-bed. Here it was easier, because she had demilitarised the front part ready for Virginia Stock.

The turf had not arrived next evening when I got home, but I didn't worry

overmuch, because there was a note from Edith saying that she wouldn't be back till the end of the week.

"It'll give the earth time to settle," I said to myself, "and that will be all the better."

But when I got home on Tuesday evening a shock awaited me. I had fogotten that Tuesday was Angus MacHiggins' day. At each end of the lawn stretched a smooth gravel path. Angus too knows the tactical value of a fait accompli.

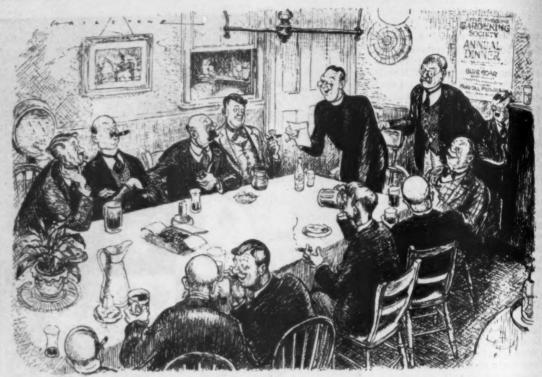
"The bride . . . wore a stylish ensemble consisting of a moss-green angora frock, with a white and green check swagger cost to tone, and black necessaries."—Wedding Report.

Need they be mentioned !

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"Our worthy Mr. Wurzle has asked me to say that, owing to the unfortunate illness of one of his cows, he regrets he will be unable to stay with us and sing 'Bid me to Live and I will Live.'"

# A Week's Harvest.

I REMEMBER a book by VICTOR HUGO (or Fictor Nogo, as BURNAND travestied him) called *Choses Vues*, and various derivations of it, some English, all of which indicate that the eyes used to have it. But now that the wireless has come in the eyes can be said to have it no more—or will not have it until the long-promised, or long-threatened, television is with us. Meanwhile the world is the ear's. We are all listeners.

That is why it seems to me that a few Things Heard, not over the air, would be worth collecting and setting down, all of them the product of the last few days and all true. Even this dream is true, which occurred to a veracious matter-of-fact man but which might have lightened the sleep of someone far more fanciful.

"I had a dream last night," he said, 
"which was so real that I am still 
uncomfortably conscious of it. Sitting 
over a cocktail at a party, I was talking 
to a vivacious middle-aged woman 
whose name was, I understood, Mrs. 
Larrimore, and in course of conversation I once or twice called her this. 
Later, referring to her to another 
guest, I mentioned her in this way,

when he said, slightly surprised, 'Oh, but that is not a Mrs., that is Lady Larrimore, the great Lady Larrimore whom everyone ought to know.'

"Meeting her therefore again a few days after, and wishing to put things straight, I rather pointedly addressed her as Lady Larrimore. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'not me. Call me Mrs. Dufresne; I'm Lady Larrimore's twin sister.'

"It was vowing I would never meet anyone else," he added, "that I awoke."

That was my first Thing Heard. The second was the explanation of the most complete transformation of a tidy man's sitting-room that, short of an impending sale, I ever saw. He is as a rule enthroned in order; but when I entered he was in semi-darkness; the rugs, instead of being on the floor, were on the table; the coal-scuttle was on a bureau; some logs of wood and a hearth-brush were on the mantelpiece; and the waste-paper-basket was tied to a blind-cord and suspended in mid-air.

"Good heavens! what has happened?"
I exclaimed.

"Can't you see?" he replied. "I have been given a puppy."

"But at any rate you might have a light," I said.

"He's bitten through the cord," he replied.

My next Thing Heard came from a visitor from Paris. "Whenever I look up," she said, "I see a picture of a glass of beer or a glass of stout. Why? Do not the English know what to drink without being told? And then," she added, "if I should want one, I learn that it is not the time."

All critics like to be read, even if not with perfect agreement, and I was therefore pleased when someone said to me that he had been reading what I wrote in Punch about "Gallic Hay."

I wrote in Punch about "Gallic Hay."
"But," he went on, "I am afraid you give the impression that, in England, tea is as good as in France it is bad. That is a mistake. We are quite as much to blame, for, having better tea, we maltreat it. Now I will show you how tea ought to be made and how it ought to taste."

He put a small quantity of leaves into a china pot and immediately the kettle boiled poured upon them the steaming water. Immediately.

Having timed it for three minutes by his watch, he took another china pot, already carefully warmed, and decanted the first pot into it.

"Now," he said, "we can begin to drink and continue to drink, knowing that there will be no sediment, no stewing.

It was delicious.

"You are a bachelor," I said.

"Yes," he replied

I heard the last Thing from a lady with whom nevels were being discussed.
"Yes," she said, "I read a great

many new books, but I can't say that I like them all. Do you?"
"No," I said, "I don't like every-

thing.

"I like them long," she said. "Don't

you? "If I have nothing else to do," I said, "yes, I like them long. But I'm

usually too busy.

"Oh, I like them long," she said; "and a little while ago I read a perfect one. You'd love it. I heard about it, as it happens, in rather a strange way. I was at the Library, changing books, when I found myself standing next to another subscriber who also was changing books.

"It often happens," I said.
"Yes," she said, "but this woman looked more interesting than most. Tall and-well, remarkable. 'If you want a good novel and haven't read this one, she said, offering me the book she was returning, 'try this.' So I took it and read it and it was most awfully good. You'd love it."

"Perhaps," I said, "you'd tell me

the title.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I've forgotten it.

'The author, then?" I suggested. "No, I can't remember," she said. "A woman, I feel sure, and an American. I've forgotten all those things, but you'd love it.'

"Then what was it about?" I asked. "I can't really remember that either," she said, "but it was awfully good. A family, I think. Oh, yes. There were a brother and sister. It was awfully good.

"And that's all you can tell me?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," she said. "But you'd love it.' E. V. L.

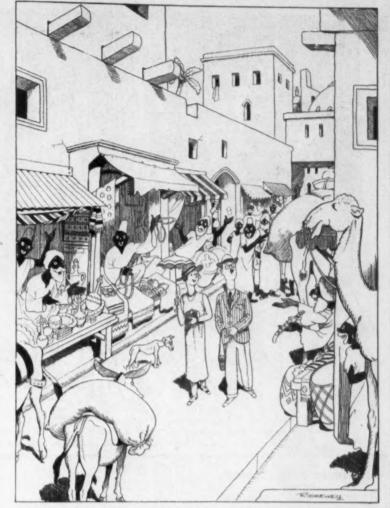
# The Herbalist's Tragedy.

KIND reader, grant me your attention While, with a cautionary twist,

I sing the rise and the declension Of Spurge, the henna specialist.

CULPEPER was his only master, And yet, though faithful to his school, He saw the omens of disaster

In Peter Piper's pepper pool. For feasts and banquets aldermanic He did not cater, and the beer He brewed was of the brand botanic Still popular in Lancashire.



"QUITE DIFFERENT TO OUR HIGH STREET, DON'T YOU THINK, GEORGE?"

He harboured no luxurious cravings, His board was plain, his needs were

But from the first his hard-won savings, Judiciously invested, grew.

He studied Celsus, Avicenna, He delved in Oriental lore, And as he read the charm of henna Allured him ever more and more.

He learnt how MAHOMET dyed his beard with it,

And odalisques their finger-nails, How mighty Arab chieftains smeared with it

Even their horses' manes and tails.

So when the old primeval passion For pigments seized the modern maid, He saw in the decrees of fashion The chance to drive a roaring trade.

Unmoved by Constables or Knellers, He loved the hues of the Levant,

And filled his attics and his cellars With stocks of the cosmetic plant.

Alas! besotted by ambition He wholly failed to recognise The inevitable competition Of science and synthetic dyes.

It came and conquered, swiftly crippling The schemes of the unhappy Spurge, Who sank without the slightest rippling In Lethe, never to resurge.

Some say he vanished to Vienna, Hoping to start a fresh career, Others allege at Rosapenna He drank himself to death with senna-But anyhow the moral's clear.

Be not inveigled by Jack Horner's Extraction of a golden plum; There's no security in "corners" Unless you have a miller's thumb.

C. L. G.



"WHY DO THE LIONS ROAR SO LOUD, DADDY?"

# A House-Party Problem.

AT such times and in such places as small groups of total and comparative strangers are gathered and herded together for mutual intercourse and enjoyment there is always the vexed question of how far their days' pleasures shall be planned and organised or, on the other hand, whether they shall be permitted without let or hindrance to follow their own inclinations. In the case of ocean-going liners, for instance, the dragooning of passengers into organised games, galas, sweepstakes and the like is tending to reach a pitch which on dry land would not be tolerated in a free country like our own. In the case of the week-end house-party there is an element of uncertainty unless one knows one's host or-more especially -hostess. One may be able on arrival to follow one's own inclinations in the matter of indoor and outdoor occupations-or one may not.

This is often a matter primarily of conjecture, later of bitter disillusionment or heartfelt relief. Take a typical

sort of invitation from a kind lady one met last year up in Town:—

> Magna Towers, April 5.

MY DEAR MR. POTTER,-You remember you promised to run down and see us sometime. We should so like it if you would come down. Why not next week-end, if you are doing nothing? We're expecting Elsie Scrivener, who wrote that splendid novel about the next war-or was it And my husband expects Peter Jenkins. I think he's a scratch golfer-or is he a stockbroker? I get so mixed up over Fred's guests. I believe there are lots of trout too-or aren't they in season now? There's quite a good afternoon train from Town. I forget exactly when, but it's from Paddington.

Yours very sincerely, LETITIA HIGHBOROUGH-BADWORTH.

Here is food for thought and speculation. One likes good golf and good partners, also good trout-fishing; but, purely as such, lady-novelists and

stockbrokers who talk shop hold no attractions. Does it follow that because a scratch golfer is present there will be a good course within easy reach? And if so, will one be able to play there under arrangements made by oneself or be detailed to mixed foursomes of gigglers, air-shotters and divotmongers? Will the staple topic of conversation be on Russian literature or the fluctuation of the nickel market?

How much easier it would be to make one's decision if the hosts and hostesses of rural England put all their cards on the table and issued a kind of circular, somewhat on these lines:—

# MAGNA TOWERS.

Reception rooms, Six. Bed, Fifteen. Constant hot water. Station: Parva Magna, G.W.R. London, 75 miles. 1½ hours. Six fast trains daily on week-days and two on Sundays.

Plenty of garages (so your car won't have to stand out all the time and refuse to take you back to London).

Attendance at meals optional (except dinner). Indoor and outdoor sport

<sup>&</sup>quot;BECAUSE THEY SEE NICE JUICY BOYS AND GIRLS AND AREN'T ALLOWED TO RAT THEM."

<sup>&</sup>quot;BUT, DADDY . . . DADDY, WHEN LIONS EAT PEOPLE, DO THEY SPIT OUT THE CLOTHES?"

strictly voluntary. Sunday morning service (‡-mile. Duration, 1 hour; entirely voluntary).

Please tear off the attached programme of sports and pastimes, indicate with a cross those which meet with your approval, comment if necessary on those which don't, and return to me.

#### SPORTS (OUTDOOR).

Fishing. River. Trout, Catch doubtful.

Golf. State whether you like:-

Long handicap stuff.
 Male or mixed.

(3) Good standard singles.

(Courses: Magna Royal, 18 holes, Good for 2 or 3. Parva, 9 holes, Good for 1.)

Tennis. One lawn and two hard courts. (State pref. 1, 2 or 3, as for golf.)

Beagling. Every Sat. Guests can drop out at any stage without comment or reproach.

#### SPORTS (INDOOR).

Bridge.

(1) Auction.

(2) Elementary contract.

(3) Good contract. (Apply for special pamphlet re current conventions used.)

Poker.

(1) Any old stakes.

(2) To suit the ordinary purse.

Wireless and gramophone jazz, with dancing.

#### EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

(1) Stags' heads and trophies. (Major-General Badworth).

(2) Old coins and manuscripts.
(Prof. Badworth).

(3) Singing in French and Italian by Mrs. Badworth.

(4) Solos by Master Badworth on (a) Saxophone; (b) Percussion.

#### DECLARATION.

You are requested to sign one of the two declarations (a) or (b) and return:—

that I am willing to spend a week-end at Magna Towers on condition that—

(a) I shall not be obliged or expected to take part in activities other than those to which I have signified my approval in the foregoing statement, and then only subject to the suitability of other guests and participants.

or

(b) I am exonerated from the necessity of taking part in any social activities whatever."



Wife of a Previous Speaker. "AND WHEN YOU SAT DOWN, DEAR, I SAID TO THE VICAR, 'THAT'S THE BEST THING EDMUND HAS EVER DONE."

In houses where the nature and composition of parties is subject to variation, it might be as well to issue an additional advance notice on these lines:—

#### MAGNA TOWERS.

Special attractions for the Spring and Summer Season.

Mar. 21–23.—Old Timers' weekend. Compère, Major-General Badworth. Guests to include Sir Archibald Verdict (late I.C.S.) and Admiral Foresail.

May 9-11.—Highbrow week-end. Compère (or Mère), Mrs. Badworth. Supported by Madame Penvipa, writer of Polish lyric poetry), Professor Loop (revival of Babylonian rustic dances) and A. Barebone, Esq. (Rutland Nudist Colony).

July 11-13.—Whoopee week-end. Featuring Miss Lottie Linger of the Frivolity Theatre, Lord Monty Madcap (Cambridge University Raggers' Association) and Miss Sadie South (by kind permission of the Shadrach-Shylocheimer Motion Picture Corp.).

It all seems a very good idea, save for the possibility that some hostess with a sense of humour and a weariness of her office might make a careful selection of guests whose recorded likes and dislikes showed the greatest possible contrast, bring them together for one and the same week-end, and herself retire to bed with a slight chill.

# Variations on a Tin-Pan Alley Theme.

Guess I've been In love with Jean-

It gets a guy, does moonlight! Fell for Sue

(Wouldn't you?)-

It gers a guy, does moonlight! Moonlight makes me feel that way,

Moonlight, come-and-croon-light Makes me love in a great big way An armful in the moonlight!

Honey-gal, liss'n to me (Mary or Sal

As the case maybe),

Ann or Lou,

I love you

In the great big way in the moonlight.

And whaddya believe it, say!

Gee, but I'm sore to-day! Jean was a cutie,

Jean was a peach,

Jean was the pebble on my beach, And Jean is filing a suit for breach

That won't be heard in the moonlight.

Sue is taking the witness-stand—
She's suing me for a hundred "grand,"
All because of the moonlight!

All because of And so is Mary

And so is Sal.

(Why did I croon to that honey-gal
Under the trees in the moonlight?)

I'm in the soup, lads,

I'm in the cart.

'S tough on a guy with a great big heart,

On a guy with a yen for the moonlight-

A guy that's paying alimony To Lulu, Mamie and Marie

(Crooning

And Mental Cruelty

And Mutual Aversion, respectively).

And now that I'm out of the moon-

light

Ann and Lou Are suing me too;

And the case will be heard, so the lawyers say,

In a Great Big Way in the noon-light!

# Complicated Spelling.

I see with some dismay in a letter to The Times, signed by many great men, that I may have to lern to spel again. The great men wish for a Committee to be appointed to consider the simplification of our spelling, because it is "inconsistent and difficult." They are sorry for the poor British children and the poor grownup foreigner who have to learn it.

They do not seem to be at all sorry for me. It will be just as tiresome for me to learn the new spelling as it is for other people to learn the old one. Indeed, now that I have bought a book on the subject and warily nibbled at it, I am sure that it will be worse.

The speling reformers are, I think, a little deceitful. They lead us up the garden path so plausibly. They complain that the student has to learn two English languages—one spoken, one written. (Well, for that matter, the singer has to learn two lots of notes—one written and one sung.) How absurd, they say, that "tough," "though," "through," "trough" and "bough" should be pronounced in five different ways! Why not spell them "phonetically"?

Well, that sounds well enuf—at first. One thinks of "tho" and "thru" (and one particular one dislikes even those). And "tough," I suppose, will be "tuff" (if one has only the old alphabet to play with), and "cough" "coff," and "bough" "bow."

But difficulties arise at once. If we are to spell phonetically—that is, according to the sound-we must assume that everyone pronounces the same word in the same way. But they don't. Take "tough." Many excellent citizens in the North do not say "tuff" as we do; they say "tooff." And many English-speakers in North America say "terf." So that a triangular correspondence, phonetically spelt, on the subject of toughness would end in the wildest confusion. As things are, these three corners of the earth can discuss toughness and rough stuff with perfect understanding. Surely it is the great merit of our spelling that people all over the world can attach the same meaning to a written word though they utter it quite differently? Different singers coming upon a high C in a song will sing it differently some true, some sharp, some flat. But they all mean the same thing. Now, there are many composers who cannot sing correctly. But if they all wrote a different sort of C, exactly as they would sing it, what chaos would cover the world of music!

We say "water." The North American says "wotter"—or something like it. Phonetic spelling, it is suggested, might make the English tongue an international tongue. On the contrary, it would produce the conditions of Babel even in the English-speaking world.

The answer of the reformers is that by degrees, by the dictionary and by the B.B.C. we shall teach everyone to pronounce everything in the same way. Which appears to me to be a conception as improbable as it is deplorable.

I do not even agree that "ruff stuff" will be easier to learn. For all the foreigner knows, that may mean the stuff of a ruff, and we shall have to add horrible little dots and things to distinguish between the ruff you are and the ruff you wear.

And how should we distinguish between the bow of a tree and the bow

of a gentleman?

Further, it is not true that we say "rough" precisely as we say "ruff." Get a good actor to say "a rough ruff"—say it yourself, brother—and you will agree. "Cough" does not truly rhyme with "toff," nor "would" with "wood"—though in an operetta or revue we may pretend that it does.

Say seven times-

"I would not saunter through that wood."

Now say-

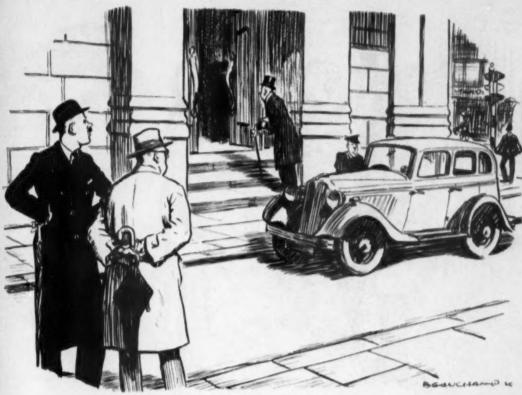
"His wood is better than my wood."

The second words in these sentences are not pronounced in the same way; and therefore it is a good thing that they should not be spelt the same. Even the much-abused "ough" can be not merely defended but applauded by those at least who value the subtleties of sound and language and object to an excess of planning and simplification.

But the simple spellers are not so simple as they seem. We have assumed so far that the simple spellers will retain the same alphabet with which our feeble and foolish race has survived so many centuries and combated so many perils. But evidently they have perceived the difficulties discussed above. For, according to the published book which I have bought, our spelling can only be simplified by making it much more complicated—that is, by adding to the alphabet numerous new signs and symbols, most of which look like bacilli, and to these eyes at least are loathsome.

The author of the book before me is modest and proposes only to add "nine or ten letters" to the A B C of everyday use; and most of these are made by putting lines through old letters or decorating them with dots or squiggles—as & ("dhee"), or o ("ur"), or ("thee") and z ("zhay"). But even he has one repulsive thing which looks exactly like the beginnings of diphtheria or tuberculosis and is called a "surd vowel symbol"—3. Ugh!

It is solemnly proposed, I gather, that for the benefit of the foreigners and the establishment of a World Tongue not only our time-tables but our treasures of literature are to be



"HE IS CONSOLIDATED TOY BALLOONS!"

"translated into the new spelling." And the works of SHAKESPEARE will look like the botton of a pond in spring-time or a small piece of old cheese under the microscope. I hate to be obstructive, but here is the opening passage of the Prelude to MILTON'S Paradise Lost, done in the LEPSIUS alphabet, whatever that may be:—

"Öv man's först disobidyëns and di früt Öv dat förbidden tri, hüs mörtal test Brot den inti di wörld and ol augr wo Wid los ov Idn, til won gretor Man Rester de, and rigein di blisful sit: Sia, hövali Myüz, dat on di tikrit töp Öv Öreb or öv Sainai didat inspaiör Ast sopgid hu först tot di con sid İn di biginalin hau di hevas and orn Ros aut ov kece;..."

Here is the same passage in "Mr. Immo Allen's phonetic spelling." It is less rich in bacteria, but alarms me almost as much:—

"OV Mans facat diswbi.di'ns d y fru.t V yat f'bidn tri. 'u.s mo.tl te.st Bro.t Deb intu y use.ld d o.l au' uw Uiy los v Ldn , til umn gre.t' Man Risto'r 's d ri.ge.n y blisf'l si.t— Siq 'Ev'nli Miu.s , yt on y si.krit top V O'reb o'r v Saineai didst inspai' Yat cep'd 'u faset to.t y tewan si.d In y biginiq 'au y 'Evas d Æ.h Rws aut v Ke.os:"

And here it is in the crude old-fashioned spelling of the author:-

"Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit

Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast

Brought Death into the World, and all

Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret

top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That Shepherd, who first taught the

chosen Seed, In the Beginning bow the Heav'ns and Earth

Rose out of Chaos:"

It may be that I speak ignorantly of this great reform, and I shall study it more fully; but there seems to be a strong prima-facic case against letting a Committee loose in this particular china-shop. And for the present, rather than relieve the foreigner and the British child in this manner, I shall cheerfully continue to see them suffer.

The foreigner indeed! At least we do not compel him to learn the sex of a table or distinguish the sexes of a garden and a pen.

A. P. H.



8.0.8

"Will you please tell me how to clean brains: I have tried soaking them in salted water, but the brain substance comes away with the skin. Should one pour boiling water on the brains after letting them stand in salted water?"—Newspaper Correspondent.

"His book is constructed too disjointedly, with too many different facets not knit together in a broad stream of development." Book Review.

Of course, knitting facets in a stream isn't everybody's idea of fun.

#### The Chef's Own Dish.

"The Financial Secretary's department produces and arranges the mass of details out of which the Chancellor makes his Budget peech."—Evening Paper.

We suggest that a little less incometax would improve the flavour.



"THE BISHOP'S HAD A NASTY COLD-RE'S NOT AT ALL HIMSELF YET."

"OH, DEAR, I'M SO SORBY. YOU KNOW-I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T PREACH WITH QUITE HIS USUAL PEP."

#### Limitation.

Long ago, when a small scrubby schoolboy,
A mixture of Étons and ink
(Eheu Fugaces! How time simply races!
Said somebody—Horace, I think),
Whatever the lesson, I read it and said it
Without the lest trouble or fuse—

Without the lest trouble or fuss— But I never could see how on earth it could be

But I never could see how on earth it could be That - plus - made -, But - times - made +.

Since then, in the years supervening,

I have broadened and strengthened a mind
With zeal ever burning more fiercely for learning
Of every conceivable kind.

In divers directions my knowledge—since college— Has grown to be quite "omnibus,"

But I'm still more or less in the dark, I confess,
Why - plus - makes -,
But - times - makes +.

I have lapped up the learning of Livy, I have battled with Casar in Gaul, To practise—in Attio—the Method Socratic

Does not incommode me at all;
I have plumbed all the pages of Plato and Cato
And Varso and Virgilius,

But I'm forced to admit that I can't see a bit Why - plus - is -,

But - times - is +.

The Aristotelian viewpoint,

The critical croakings of KANT,

The racy remarks of both ENGELS and MARX, And LUBBOCK, and FABRE on the Ant,

PIRANDELLO and Browning's odd fellow, SORDELLO, I'm fully equipped to discuss,

But I'm sorry to say I am still not au fait

Why - plus - is -, But - times - is +

I have read all the writings of Rousseau, I have mastered the musings of Mill,

I find joy unalloyed in the fancies of FREUD And the carvings of EPSTEIN and GILL;

I am strong on the coaching of COTTON, and hot on The heresies horrid of Huss,

But, though I still try, I can't understand why

A - plus - is -,But - times - is +.

So, just as the ancient Achilles Had his heel for opponents to pink,

The armour, it's plain, of my versatile brain Has its single assailable chink.

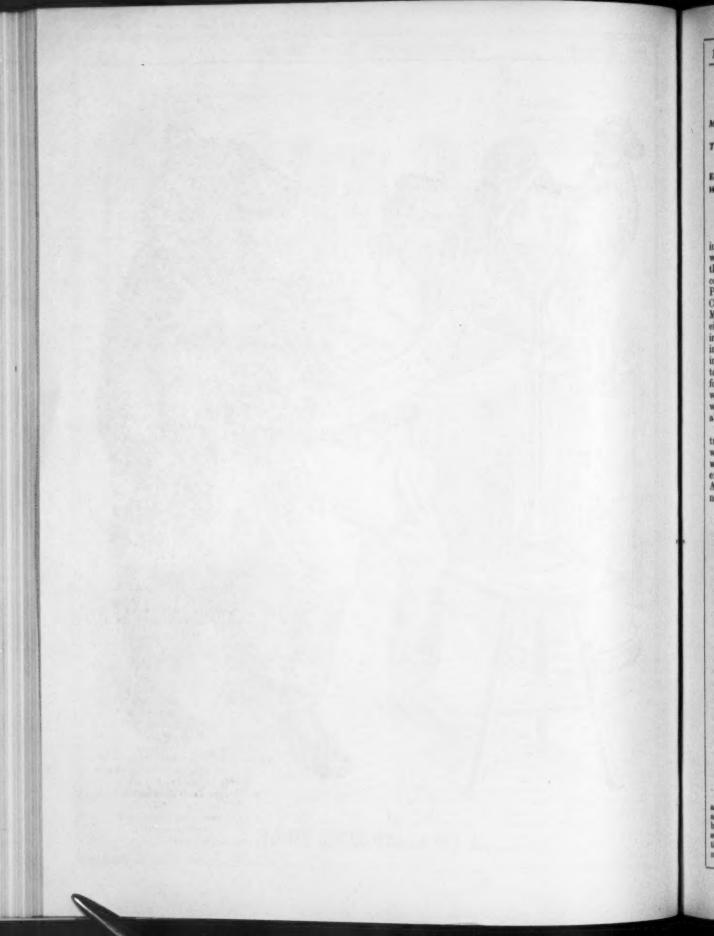
Must I always in ignorance wander? I ponder— For ever be limited thus?

Or will it be clear ere I vanish from here

Why - plus - is -, But - times - is +?



A COCK-AND-BEAR STORY.



# Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 16th,—Commons: De-bate on Navy Estimates.

Tuesday, March 17th.-Lords: Debate on Defence.

Commons: Debate on Air Estimates.

Wednesday, March 18th.-Lords: Debate on Cheap Milk. Commons: Debate on Shorter

Working Week.

Monday, March 16th. -- An introductory whiff of ozone was brought into the Commons this afternoon in the envelope containing the Brighton Marine Palace and Pier Bill; and after Captain WALLACE had given Mr. LIDDALL some information either about imports of grease into British Diesel engines or imports of British Dieselengines into Greece-nobody was certain which-Members lay comfortably at anchor and listened while Lord STANLEY told them what was going to be done about the Navy

He began with an eloquent tribute to Lord BEATTY, and

went on to explain that the Estimates were incomplete as they left out the extra expenditure caused by the Italo-Abyssinian war and anticipated in the new construction programme. The

Hamlet, "ALAS, POOR MKWAWA!

(In reply to a question about the skull of an African chief named Mkwawa which according to the Treaty of Versailles was to be restored to Tanganyika, Mr. J. H. THOMAS stated that the relic could not be traced and that he did not propose to pursue the matter further.]

latter will be the subject of a Supplementary Estimate later in the year. As against the original Estimates for 1935 there would be an increase of nearly £10,000,000, and about half this sum would go towards the completion



Sir Philip Sassoon, whose family crest is "A dove volant having in the beak a laurel branch all proper," that the aeroplane would eventually become the most effective of all instruments for promoting and maintaining world peace.

of ships already approved by the House.

Promotion from the Lower Deck was being accelerated, the Fleet Air Arm was being increased and improved, and the armour protection of the big ships of the Navy was being modernised. In this, he said, they were following the lead of Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER when First Lord, whose statement last November that "every one of the twelve battleships is armoured as well as any ship in the world" was hardly consistent with the energetic action he had taken to deal with this matter, and whose Dr. Jekyll of the Admiralty he preferred to his Mr. Hyde of the Election platform. It remained the view of serving Naval opinion, both here and abroad, that battleships were still essential, but the Admiralty were going ahead with a steady building programme of destroyers.

Dr. Jekyll, ex-Admiralty, spoke next, and strongly objected to the House being asked to pass what were the highest Naval Estimates for fourteen years in ignorance of the amount of the Supplementary Estimates and even of what was happening at the Naval Conference.

After him Sir Archibald Sinclair insisted that Naval deficiencies argued waste and incompetence seeing that £550,000,000 had been voted to the Navy in the last ten years; and Mr. CHURCHILL urged that a fresh secret inquiry should take place into the tactical and technical issues involved in sanctioning new battleships. What happens, in brief, when a big bomb drops on one?

Tuesday, March 17th. - When the Lords met this afternoon the chief speakers associated themselves with the expressions of regret at the death of Lord BEATTY with which Lord SWIN-TON prefaced his survey of the Government's plans for Defence. His speech took much the same course as that of Sir PHILIP Sassoon in the Commons, and it had a most melancholy effect upon Lord Ponsonny, who spoke more kindly of the Government than he usually does but believed their policy of rearmament to be dangerous and wrong. More than anyone now in politics Lord Ponsonby can convey an abysmal sadness with a single gesture.

Their Lordships were indebted to Lord CREWE for a beautiful hybrid-metaphor when he said that Herr HITLER had shot an olive-branch out of a catapult and hit the

Locarno Powers in the eye. He hoped that when they had recovered their ordinary eyesight they would try to see whether the olive-branch might not be fruitful.

Mr. Thomas is tired of head-hunting. At Question-time he refused resolutely to make any more attempts to wrest from the German Government, for



"Please, I want some more."

LORD STRABOLGI, PROTAGONIST IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MALNUTRITION.



The Pioneer, "I am happy my honourable guests are pleased with my unworthy soup. It is made from nests of undistinguished birds,"

restoration to Tanganyika, the head of the Chief Mkwawa which was parted from its trunk thirty years ago and which was supposed by the Treaty of Versailles to have been handed over. The Treaty of Versailles gets funnier every day.

Sir Philip Sassoon handled his task admirably, and gave the House a very clear picture of the plans for air expansion. Points from his speech were: The Home Defence Force to be increased to a first-line strength of 1,750 machines; arrangements are being made by which aircraft firms will immediately set about large extensions, and two motor-manufacturers, Austins and ROOTES, are setting up factories; a good supply of pilots is forthcoming: a new fighter, in production, flies at over 300 m.p.h.; prices are being rigidly controlled to prevent profiteering; Vote for civil aviation up by 28% and progress of Imperial Airways excellently maintained.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Domestic issues of real importance came as a relief to both Houses to-day; National health and comfort have been depressingly overshadowed lately by the production of weapons of slaughter.

Sir John Orn, in his recent Report on the nutrition of the people, found that only 50% in England attained

a diet adequate for health by modern standards; and this afternoon the Bishop of WINCHESTER, taking this as his text, pointed out that one-quarter of our milk-production went to the factories at one-third less than the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Cube's Public Saviour alpha is Mr. George Ballvoth, Who has smoked more eiger Than would reach the stars. price paid for school-milk, and urged that schoolchildren's supplies should be increased and a similar scheme devised for expectant and nursing mothers and for children under five. Against the additional cost, he said, must be reckoned the great saving which would ensue in the medical services.

Lord Radnor asked for the appointment of a new Minister, after the fashion of Sir Thomas Inskip, to coordinate health, nutrition, and agriculture; Lord Bledisloe in the course of a very sound speech declared that the average British farmer knew better how to feed his animals than the British mother knew how to feed her children, and put forward the admirable suggestion that diet should be made a subject in the schools; but in reply Lord Gage dwelt on the difficulties involved.

Lord MOTTISTONE, apparently the victim of a misapprehension, tried to show that the Government had acted very wickedly in inducing Yugo-Slavia to withhold her eggs from poor Italy, and for his pains got a sharp rap on the knuckles from Lord Stanhoff.

The Commons had an interesting debate on the shorter working week, an excellent idea provided that in spite of it wages can be maintained. At present this difficulty remains insuperable in many industries.

#### Croon Cant.

This is the name of our new game for the long evenings. It can unfortunately be played by any number of people. You need a sheet of paper, a pencil and a wireless-set.

"The beauty of it is," as Jessica says, "you can just switch on any time."

The game's no use during talks on Gardening, Fat Stock Prices and the like, but as a general rule the microphone is being occupied by Someone and his Boys. They are, I understand, always called "boys" since the Musicians' Union decided that you cannot be a crooner and a man.

You decide who is to have first tune, and then take alternative "numbers," as they are so delightfully called. Scoring is easy. Throughout the whole of your tune you score a point for any of the recognised master-strokes. These are

divided into groups.

First come Ecstasies, a very steady line. The crooner is in "heavern" or "paradoise" (who was it who said of his "boys," "Non Angli sed Angeli"?). This is associated with "Chawms" or "Yew-in-my-yarms," the "yew" in question being some mysterious person called "swede-heart." I've always been at a loss to understand why it is a crooner's compliment to call anyone "swede-heart." In my youth the equivalent "turnip-head" was not thought complimentary.

Estasies are also associated with something called "Rytherm." This is usually "divoine" and a constituent part of "heavern" or "paradoise." For each mention you score one point.

In contrast, and perhaps more popular than Ecstasies, are Despondencies. "In youth we love the darksome lawn," and after all the crooner is but a boy. Hence he wails on a very dolorous note through "feelin' blew" or "kinda blew."

His preference for woad as a colour is explained by the absence of "yew." He'll only be restored to his heaverns and paradoises if you promise to "lerve" him "like yew yewster dew." In almost all Despondencies the listener is implored to "re-erlise" or "symperthise," and any of these counts one

point.

We score most rapidly on what we call Inevitable Rhymes. Yew and blew have been mentioned. June and moon, aberve and lerve, I and sigh, blim and kiss—with all these you need not await the second before recording your score; but originality should be encouraged, and we give a mark for jewels like Dolores, chorus and



OUARTIER LATIN.

Wife (with her mind on the shops). "You don't wanna see their Greenwick Village, do you, Wilbur?"

Infant Memories constitute another scoring group. These all presuppose an American upbringing with piccaninnies, coal-black mammies, cotton-fields, shacks and the like.

Rolling Stock has become a stout line, from trains with moving-off noises to ole covered waggons with wheels in a doubtful state of repair. One moves along more briskly when the theme changes to the British Army, all ranks, engaged in its familiar occupations of exchanging back-chat, passing on information to superior officers or crooning on parade.

For Local Colour we count double marks, so that you may score very heavily in those "numbers" in which the delightful theme is served up again and again in character—Yorkshire (Bah Gum!), Lancashire (tripe, cowheel and Wigan), Scotland (Sixpences, Aberdeen and Och Aye!). In contrast you have the far-travelled crooner who longs not only for his Swanee and Tennersee but for Vienner (a strong favourite) and Messiner. All these count.

There comes in some games a point at which the "boys" reach the limit of uplift inspired by their lefty themes, and, abandoning coherent words, make indiscriminate noises of the type: "Ba-Bi-Bo-Bi-Boo-Bi-Blerb-Blerb-Blerb-Blerb-This corresponds to the loser's action in kicking over the board at draughts and brings the game to an end.

Failing this happy deliverance, the beauty of the game is, as I say to Jessica, you can just switch off any

# At the Play.

"WISDOM TEETH" (SAVOY).

Examinations play so great a part in family life and are so closely linked with the most poignant moments of adolescence that it is surprising how little use dramatists have made of them and of the crisis of examination results.

But in Wisdom Teeth, at the Savoy, Miss Noel Streatfelld shows us the breakfast-table when the son of the house gets down first to look at the paper and know his fate, and we find excellent comedy in the reactions of all the members of the household.

Bill Harvey has his code, and so has his sister Deirdre, and the play is a very fresh and entertaining affair-a study of the conflict between their code and the gross sentimentalism of their mother. At the outset we see the mother leaving them and their father to go off with another man. The children are then but five and six, and she does not see them again till they are twenty and twenty-one. They have been brought up by a sensible sort of woman who is first their governess but soon their stepmother, and they have a great sense of honour, of keeping their word and standing by their friends. Miss STREATFEILD

has drawn them cleverly so that there is no touch of priggishness about them; they are self-indulgent and pleasure-seeking, but

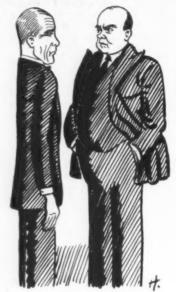
not at all vicious.

It is the former Mrs. Harvey, now Mrs. Pargiter, who is vicious. She is played by Miss Beatrix THOMSON in a way that is so convincing as to be almost painful. From the first moment to the last we see her pitying herself and dramatising herself, so that she seems a rare and exquisite creature, devoted to her children but cruelly forced to leave them for a greater love-that of Pargiter-and making poor Pargiter endure for years her orgies of self-commiseration when the children's birthdays come round.

Some critics have found in Wisdom Teeth a lesson against divorce, and it is true that a part of what the dramatist has to say is that the real mother is the person who brings the children up. The reunions and discoveries of ready-made sons and daughters, which used to end so many novels, took little account of this; and if there are people who imagine that they can lay down children like wine, forget about them for twenty years and then start family intimacy and affec-

tion at a high level this play will undeceive them.

But the play moves at a rather



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

APRIL'S HUSBANDS—PAST AND PRESENT.

Hubert Pargiter. . . Mr. Martin Lewis.

Gerald Harvey . . . Mr. Ronald Adam.



THE MOTHER WITH AN OVERPOWERING FAMILY.

Deirdre Harvey . . . Miss Elizabeth Western.

April Harvey . . . Miss Beatrix Thomson,

Bill Harvey . . . . Mr. Robert Flemyng.

deeper level than misunderstanding. Divorce apart, Mrs. Pargiter would have been a thoroughly bad mother, at once selfish and over-indulgent, as we see at the very beginning of the play. She might have corrupted her children, but if they derived their code, as the young do, rather from their contemporaries than from their father and stepmother, their mother would have been in any event increasingly excluded from their confidence.

As Deirdre Miss Elizabeth Western played daughter to Mr. Ronald Adam's father in a way that brought out the inherited resemblance of character very well. She went with a rather worthless lot of friends and stood by them, even to the risk of imprisonment. She had a very difficult rôle, because she had to show the overwrought collapse of someone not by nature at all hysterical.

The play is admirably cast, and you can tell from the faces of the people what they are like and be right every time. Mrs. Pargiter takes up with some affected artists and writers whose well-timed appearances in Mr. Pargiter's staid flat provoke plenty of laughter. But they are in the nature of a bonus after a handsome dividend has already been paid, for there is plenty of fun in the main action.

the main action.

The central character of Mrs. Pargiter is drawn with a fidelity and fierceness that make one think the authoress has seen this feminine type-and it is not an uncommon one-at pretty close quarters; but there is a large and assured atmosphere in the play that frees it from bitterness. Nothing could be better than the way Mrs. Pargiter's words, as she develops the eager schemes for presents and treats that are meant to make her loved, stand out as soon as they are spoken and are seen to be impossible.

The play had a great reception and deserved it, for it is a most spirited and intelligent piece of work, and the players drew out its possibilities to the full.

D. W.

"THE EMPEROR OF MAKE-BELIEVE" (EMBASSY).

An alternative and more descriptive title for this play would be "Poor Cupid in the Aviary; or, How the Danish Cuckoo Failed to Propose to the Swedish Nightingale"; for the point of its story is simply that JENNY LIND of blessed memory was ready, even anxious, to become Mrs. Hans

Andersen, if only the King of the Fairies had possessed either the courage or the concentration to ask her. Whether this romance is an historical fact or just imagined by Miss Madde Pemberton and Mr. Malcolm Morley I cannot say. I only know that it passes unsung in both the Encyclopedias I have virtuously consulted and makes very insufficient material for a three-Act play.

Jenny comes out of it at least an attractive little lady with certain intimations of greatness, though lacking in that initiative and decision which seemed to have formed part of her earthly equipment; but poor Hans emerges sadly deficient in any positive qualities. I protest that a man with enough grit to stand the racket of the journey from a shoemaker's cottage to the Temple of Undving Fame could scarcely have been such a vacillating. vain, flutter-minded fellow as this. It is one thing, I submit, to suggest that imaginative genius can render its subjects ludicrously unsuited to the demands of ordinary life, and quite another to harp upon this for most of an evening.

Not that Mr. Baliol Holloway's Hans was unagreeable. Far from it. Had someone brought him up to you and said, "This is Mr. Andersen—you know, who wrote that divine story about the tin soldier," you would have warmed to him; and he had the really engaging habit of condemning all unfavourable reviews of his work instantly to the scissors and convert-

ing them into sarcastic little figures of the impertinent critic. But the very eccentricities which would have made him good company for five minutes palled considerably when spread over about twenty-five times that period.

So little happened, so little developed in any way. In the First Act he won his travelling scholarship, failed to grasp that his godfather's daughter was wildly in love with him, met Jenny, and accidentally went to stay in the pension in Paris (where she was studying under GARCIA) and where he came within striking distance of saying that he loved her. In the Second he was beginning to be a success, and, having staged the most perfect conditions for his proposal to Jenny, forgot to because a butterfly blew in at the window. (This may be a pretty idea on paper, but in practice it made me want to start up the fire-hose in his direction.) And as for the Third, Jenny, the toast of London, sent for him from Denmark just to tell him that wedded bliss was her ambition, but with her manager—an act of purely gratuitous



THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGARGLE.

Jenny Lind. . Miss Sophie Stewart.

cruelty, I thought it. For the first couple of minutes after taking the knock he lay crumpled pathetically over a table in the foyer of Her Majesty's Theatre, but fortunately Charles Dickens happened to be there, and an invitation to join him at



TRYING HIS BLANK BLANK VERSE ON THE MONKEY.

Hans Christian Andersen . . Mr. Baliol Holloway.
Organ Grinder . . . . . Mr. L. Morest.
Araminta . . . . . . . Miss Jinny.

Broadstairs acted as a magical sal volatile on the broken-hearted poet, who made his last exit with positive gaiety, the wreck of his romance entirely submerged. It said much for Charles Dickens, much too for the prospect of Broadstairs.

Of the play's good moments the best was the appearance (the all-too-brief appearance) of a small female monkey, very hotly clad in woollen roundabouts, who saluted us at intervals with a faintly Fascist action and made no pretence of her boredom at the trial run of one of Hans' major tragedies. And it would be ungrateful of one of Mr. Punch's emissaries not to note gratefully the lyric praise of Mr. Punch's weekly efforts to amuse which were nobly spoken by Jenny's Manayer.

Miss Sophie Stewart looked charming as Jenny and came nearest to establishing a full character. Mr. Holloway had an uphill struggle in which he did wonders; if he had been a trifle less mercurial he would have suggested more. Of the others, Miss Beryl Laverick was my first choice for her nice sketch of Jonna, the unrequited adorer who solaced herself with a handsome hussar.

The monkey's name was Jinny. And now I am afraid I can see Miss Pemberton and Mr. Morley getting out their scissors.

## Reverie on a Football-Ground.

I WONDER, in the years ahead, When all these tough young men are dead

And we old buffers looking on To Lethe's playing-fields are gone—

When for this well-kept footballground

Quite other uses have been found, And dashing heroes of these games

Are only names or less than names—

On Saturdays in winter will Faint, football sounds re-ech

Faint football sounds re-echo still?

Across the ground the shouting roll—

"Shoot!" "Go on, Charlie!" "Pass, man!" "Goal!"?

Then, as the final whistle shrills, The tumult and the cheering stills—

Only, as darkness falls, the beat

Of countless homeward-hurrying feet. A. W. B.



"I SEE FROM 'THE CHUMPFORDIAN' THAT OLD MARSHALL IS IN UPPER N'GOOLILAND. FANCY BEING DUMPED IN A GOD-FORSAREN SPOT LIKE THAT!"

# Local Politics.

I have not hitherto seen in print any account of the Europasia Road loud-speaker race. The following is my careful attempt to supply the lack of news about this controversial subject.

Last October, it will be remembered, the house on the extreme left, or west, of the small group at the end of Europasia Road was provided with a new loud-speaker. The householder, Mr. Eks, declared his action needed no defence whatever, and in a powerful speech defending it said, "If the peace of the neighbourhood is to be assured. the legitimate aspirations of the Eks household must be met. The state of loud-speaker inferiority in which we of this proud and noble household have found ourselves for the past year must cease. On every side we see facilities for making more and more noise; hitherto we have had none. Members of the Eks household, awake! It is useless for other households," Mr. Eks went on with a barelyconcealed hiceup, swallowing an aspirin, "to talk of lessening noise when there is in this fine home a family of noble people who have nothing to make noise with. How can those with no means of making noise make less noise? There can be no lasting peace in Europasia Road until we are provided with the means of defence.'

This announcement aroused bitter discussion among Europasia Road householders, at the end of which it was agreed that there was, within their reach, no possible defence against noise. With one dissentient (Mr. Ampus-Annd, living opposite Mr. Eks), it was then agreed that the next best thing was the threat of retaliation. "Let us

take an example," bellowed Mr. Wye (next door but one to Mr. Eks), "from the realm of armaments. Can there be any safer, more lasting, less precarious peace than that between two very hot-tempered, short-sighted, deaf, clumsy, strong men, each holding the hair-trigger switch of his own stack of dynamite? No! It is essential that we put ourselves in a position to outblare any disturber of the peace. Nothing can be more obvious," he went on hoarsely, removing his collar with a martial gesture, "than that no unprovoked loud-speaking will come from any quarter when it is realised that the immediate result of such attack will be louder-speaking, terrible as an army with pianners." (Laughter.)

Soon after this, Mr. Wye installed a new loud-speaker, larger and with a more resonant tone than that of Mr. Eks.

These preparations on either side of him aroused some alarm in the household of Mr. Zed, and he expressed concern in an address shortly afterwards. "The policy of encirclement favoured by the western and eastern powers," he said, "cannot pass unnoticed by the Zed household. This cynical and disingenuous challenge, which we have done nothing to provoke, must be taken up. We cannot live here in safety when on either side are powerful households provided with the means of the most fearful noise-attack. They must be shown that it will not be worth their while to break our peace, and that if they do we will shatter theirs!"

Within two days after this speech Mr. Zed had bought a loud-speaker of prodigious size which he set up outside his front-door, causing the greatest indignation. Mr. Eks, interviewed a day later as he was staggering home with what

appeared to be a concert-grand loud-speaker, said: "It is hard to exaggerate the cynical disregard of inter-domiciliary good faith shown by the Zed household, which has ideas beyond its station.\* Obviously its new loud-speaker is aimed solely at us, and the mention of the Wyes is nothing but a clumsy blind. Meanwhile the new loud-speaker I have here should give pause to any such aggressor. It is the loudest made."

In this belief Mr. Eks was wrong. Mr. Wye, interviewed later, proved to have bought a new loud-speaker that was, according to reports, louder. "We," said Mr. Wye, "are now the best-equipped power in Europasia Road. Any other household that attempts to break the peace is in for a rude shock."

No other household attempted to break the peace: that, it was obvious, was no one's intention. All they wanted to retain was the ability (never to be exercised) to break the peace, if any wish to break it came (as it never would come) into their heads. With this end in view Mr. Zed spent a great deal of money in having a new loud-speaker made to his own design (no commercial one louder than his neighbours' being available).

When he announced his possession of this, close observers

\*Limpopo Fields (Met.). Change for Harrow and Aylesbury line. All stations to Uxbridge, Watford and Shouting Magna (East).

detected a certain sameness of reaction: the others had new loud-speakers designed for them too, at great expense.

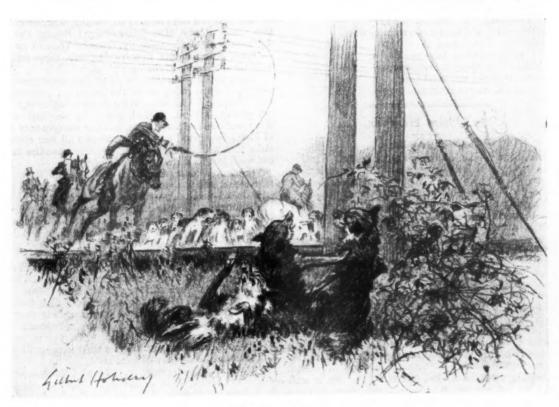
A peculiar feature of the whole affair was the astonishment always aroused in each party by the acts of the others. Outsiders had no difficulty in correctly foreseeing the next move of any of these three householders, but when it came it always caused angry stupefaction in the other two.

It was of course obvious (notably to Mr. Ampus-Annd, who has since bought all three properties for a song, said to be "Silver Threads Among the Gold"\*), that Mr. Eks, Mr. Wye and Mr. Zed would end in bankruptey. When this occurred the loud-speaker race stopped; but they are still talking longingly of bigger and better loud-speakers, for it is essential to a householder's honour, they say, that he should be in a position to threaten everybody else. One school of thought holds that the peace of the neighbourhood is in considerable danger now that nobody has anything to break it with, but all Mr. Ampus-Annd will say when asked for his view is: "You tell me." R. M.

"Suppose the League fails to agree? Then, by the Covenant, France is competent to take separate action against Germany. If she does, then, by Locarno, Britain is committed to support France!" Sunday Paper.

Yes, by Jingo!

\* Solo cornet, J. Smith.



WHAT A SCREAM!

THE ELECTRIFYING JOKE ON THE LONDON-EASTBOURNE LINE.

# Pixy-Primrose.

(Dartmoor: Devon.)

High above Widdicombe Hill
By Hemsworthy Gate,
When a morning of March had blown its fill
And eve was falling so still, so still,
And the light was lingering late
On the quiet moorland places,
I saw in a cleft of the rocks—
As it might have been a fox,
As it might have been a hare—
Peeping, alert, aware,
The pixy faces.

And I thought to myself, "They're back From their caverns down below, From their winter holt in a moss-lined crack Where they've hearkened long to the winds' attack

And the cavalry charge of snow—Waiting, shivering, sleeping.
Now, when the seasons shift
And the dark days lift
And it's March's overture
And a breath goes through the moor,
Out they come peeping."

Pixies? Well, so I thought.
But there's some would say
That my pixy faces and folk were naught
But a bunch of Dartmoor primrose caught
Twixt the red rocks and the grey
Where the sun bent down to meet them.
Maybe. I cannot care:
Pixy or primrose, they're
The sweet Spring's harbinger,
And they set my heart astir,
And I'm gay to greet them.

H. B.

#### As Others Hear Us.

Rehearsing the Mime.

"Now, little people, are we all quite ready? Gentlygently—tippy-toes, Robin, tippy-toes, Mary dear! Now, what are we all going to do? We're going to tell the story of dear little Snow-White and the Dwarfs, aren't we? Are we going to tell the story of dear little Snow-White and the Dwarfs in words? No, we're not going to tell it in words, are we? We're going to tell it all with our bodies, aren't we? Our lovely little bodies, our little arms and legs, and tiny hands and feeties, all moving in time to the music. One-two-three-crotchets and quavers! We all know our crotchets and quavers, don't we? And our minims and semi-breves too-we mustn't forget our minims and semi-breves, must we? That would never do. What is it, Nicholas dear? You don't want to be the huntsmanyou want to be a little dwarf (we say a little dwarf, darling, not a little draft). You don't want to be the huntsman, you want to be one of the dwarfs? But I want you to be the huntsman, dear, and blow on a great splendid horn-Too-too-toot-Too-too-toot-without making a sound. Just holding up little handies like this . . . No, it isn't a real horn you can see, it's much, much nicer-it's you pretending to blow a horn, without making any noise and without any horn at all. You'll like that, won't you. Nicholas dear, I'm surprised at you! A great big boy of four! And we say dwarf, dear, not draft.

"Now are we all ready? (Betty dear, Betty! I'm sure Snow-White never used her sleeve. . . . Haven't you a little hanky-wanky, dear? I thought so! That's better.)

"Now then, as soon as the music starts what do we do? We run in, don't we? ever so softly . . . tippy-tippy-toes . . . waving our hands above our heads just as if we were the lovely flowers and plants and they were our dear little leaves fluttering in the breeze. I hope to see all the leaves fluttering to-day. Last time one or two of the flowers seemed to have forgotten their leaves. . . . Pamela-Jane! I said tippy-toes, didn't I? darling, Don't forget! And leave fluttering, Robin and Anne! Some music, please, Miss Scroop-Hogg.

"One—two—three—in we all run! Oh, dear, dear! Just a minute, Miss Scroop-Hogg. Now, children, was that like the lovely green leaves rustling in the breeze? No, it wasn't at all like the lovely green leaves, was it? Try again. One—two—three, Miss Scroop-Hogg!

"Ever so much better! Wave fingers! Remember we've all got to look just like little leaves fluttering in the breeze

"Now what happens when the music changes? The dear little dwarfs creep in, don't they? They're ever so tired, carrying their picks over their shoulders, because they've been working all day. I want you to pretend ever so hard that you're carrying your picks and finding them ever so heavy. Ready, dears? Not you, Nicholas darling. You're the huntsman, don't you remember? . . . Nicholas, if you say that again I shall have to make you one of the rabbits, dear, with nothing to do except just sit up and waggle your ears in time to the music. I've told you already that you can't be a dwarf—dwarf, dear, we call it—this time. Ready, Miss Scroop-Hogg? Ready, the little drafts—dwarfs, I mean—ready, dears? Then in we come—(Time, Jennifer dear, time?)—one, two, three and four—in we all creep, carrying our picks.
"Stop, please. I want you all to put down your picks

"Stop, please. I want you all to put down your picks very carefully, leaning up in the corner . . . carefully, I said, Marjorie! And what do we do after we've put down our picks? I think we look round for our little stools, don't we? and our tiny tables, and our teeny-weeny bowls of lovely bread-and-milk. Suppose we all run about. in strict time with the music, with our handie-pandies shading our eyes, just as if we were looking hard?

"(Yes, Joan dear, there's plenty of room if you just take care where you go.) No, it isn't real stools and tables and bread-and-milk—we're just going to pretend. Pretend ever so hard to sit down on a stool, and pretend there's a table there right in front of you, and pretend to pick up a bowl, and pretend it's all full of bread-and-milk, and the music is going to help you ever such a

"There! What did I tell you? Didn't those semi-demiquavers sound just like the steam coming out of the bowls? Thank you, Miss Scroop-Hogg. Stop! Now I want Snow-White to go and lie in that corner, quite flat, fast, fast asleep. The dwarfs mustn't see her for a long, long time yet, and when they do they'll be oh, so astonished! Keep well away from the corner, dears, while you're running about like little dwarfs looking for their suppers or you'll fall over dear little Snow-White.

"The music again, please . . . Stop! Nicholas, perhaps you're not feeling quite well to-day. We want only happy little faces in our mime, dear—smiling like lovely trees and flowers and dear little rabbits in strict time to the music. Now, don't let me have to speak again, Nicholas—and once and for all, that word is dwarf and not draft. . . ."

E. M. D.



Maid with visiting-cards. "It's the Vicar and his Missus, Mum, but I hadn't a tray to put 'em on."

### Meat and the Muse.

["The language of the butcher's shop contains hardly a word that a poet could use. Rump-steak, chump-chop, kidney, liver, tripe, trotters, sausages! What a list of barbarities of speech!"—Mr. ROBERT LEND.]

SING me a song of a cheap chump-chop Grilled to a golden brown,

Gathered at dawn from "Ye Olde Meate Shoppe, Loveliest sight in Town.

Sausages rarer than nuts in May Glisten in fragrant chains;

Sweetbreads, far sweeter than newmown hav,

Mingle with hearts and brains.

Kidneys, half hidden from human

Peep from their parsley bed; Trotters are temptingly laid on trays, Flanking a fair pig's head.

Beautiful briskets, all boned and rolled.

Sirloins of noble mien-

All may be ours in exchange for gold Or Treasury notes, I ween.

Sing to me not of the mountain-top, Sunsets or skies bestarred:

Sing me a song of a cheap chump-chop, Meet for a lowbrow bard.

#### Miss Smith Scores Again.

"In India gentlemen play polo and are called chukker sahibs."—Schoolgirl's Essay.

"Meantime, we hope that all who can will bring a pound of something (tea, sugar, jam. sweets, etc.) and drop it on Mrs. — at Evensong any Sunday."—Parish Magazine.

Jam would probably be the most amusing.



# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Portrait of a Leading Lady.

A WOMAN who spent her life ruling a quarter of the human race, with assassination, or at least an undeclinable invitation to suicide, always at her elbow, is obviously material for a biographical thriller. But Signor Daniele VARE, formerly Italian Minister at Peking, has made far more distinguished if equally striking use of *The Last of the Empresses*, (Murray 15/-). Maintaining that a Gibbon is really needed to recount the decline and fall of the Chinese Empire, he has nevertheless interwoven this epic theme in a masterly manner with the career of the Manchu concubine who was prophesied to be her country's downfall. Created Empress about 1853, the beautiful and unscrupulous Yehonala grasped the reins during her spouse's short lifetime and three regencies, fleeing twice before European punitive expeditions-Lord Elgin's sack of the Summer Palace in 1860, and the suppression of the Boxer rising in 1900. Her biographer credits her and her puppet Cæsarsnot the sentiment of the country-with the opposition to "foreign devils." He himself has accorded equal justice to the old régime and the new, while recognising their incompatibility; and he has painted in notably good English a memorable picture of their conflict.

#### To the Air of the Marseillaise.

Not for the first time Mr. J. B. Morton demonstrates that an extravagant humorist may also be a very sound historian. The Bastille Falls, and Other Studies of The

French Revolution (Longmans, 12/6) is a series of brilliant narratives of salient events, beginning with that more or less glorious July day and ending with the end of Robes-PIERRE. He is obviously steeped in his documents, though he does not bother us with references to them; and, for all the particularity and colour of his detail, his claim to have invented nothing need not be disputed-which is not to say that he has given his imagination no scope in the illumination of fact. Writing as one who would have welcomed the Revolution and made quick response to its great marching song, he maintains an almost perfect objectivity; and, except in the admirable chapter on the September massacres, for which he holds Marat mainly responsible, indulges but sparingly in theory. An ardent Dantonist, he has no illusions about the nobility of angry mobs; and his mobs in action are as terrible as those of DICKENS OF CARLYLE. He pays due but unfashionable honour to the heroic where he finds it. His portraits of great men and small, on whatever side ranged, are nearly always as sympathetic as they are convincing. He is not afraid of strong light and shade, but the Revolution is hardly to be depicted in pastel tints. Altogether he has written a stirring and memorable book.

# Experto Crede.

The public that finds the internecine feuds of art-critics either distasteful or dull or both will thank Sir Charles Holmes for writing a modest, genial and thoroughly human account of a career whose peaks (as is usually the way with peaks) have been less personally fruitful than its plateaux. Not that his Slade Professorship and its resultant books, his Directorship first of the National Portrait

and then of the National Gallery did not see fine work done—they did. What is more, their incidental thrills—such as the bidding for Manets in Paris to the sound of Big Bertha—add a spice of adventure to the tale of professional achievement. But more interesting both to writer and reader are the perilous stages by which a gallant young parson's ill-endowed orphan managed to keep himself, while he learnt to paint, in a series of publishers' offices and garret studios. Sir Charles's literary and artistic education—which owed far more to RICKETTS and Shannon than to Eton and Brasenose—is a stimulating record of enthusiastic accretion; and his portraits of friends and acquaintances, critics, dealers and collectors render Self and Partners (Constable, 18/-) an eloquent commentary on its age.

#### The Spell of Antarctica.

In this era of a rapidly-shrinking earth the Polar regions both North and South have been brought a good deal nearer to the centre of things than of old. Their explorers no longer vanish into the great white silences for years on end, as in the days of Franklin, or even of Scott and Shackleton, and their voices, speaking from their Polar bases, may actually be heard on the wireless by comfortable citizens in their own armchairs. So far, however, neither wireless nor flying have been able to rob the Antarctic of its romance and perils—a fact to which the story told by Rear-Admiral Byrd, U.S.N., and others in Antarctic Discovery (Putnam, 18/-) bears eloquent witness. The risks

and hardships run and endured by the Expedition in order to attain its objectives are described in the terse matter-of-fact fashion so often typical of the man whose business is doing rather than talking; and as regards his own solitary vigil at the advance base—a vigil which nearly cost him his life—Admiral Byrd is reticent to a fault. On the subject of the fascination of the Antarctic, however, he lets himself go more freely. "Of all the continents," he writes, "it is the fairest, white and unspoiled, spacious and austere, fashioned in the clean, antiseptic quarries of the Ice Age." The book is a worthy record of endeavour and achievement, as a result of which meteorologists, geographers and others have been enabled to add much valuable material to their knowledge of the great Southern continent.

#### Abraham's Home Town.

The best detective stories are written nowadays in the domains of anthropology and archæology. Sir Leonard Woolley, chief excavator of Ur of the Chaldees, states and nearly solves some curious problems in *Abraham* (Faber, 7/6). Most of us have been puzzled by some of the patriarch's words and actions as well as by the curious behaviour of Laban in the Old Testament narrative. Sir Leonard describes how Abraham, a cultured citizen of Ur, set himself to retain his own standards of civilisation and conduct when surrounded by rustic Bedouins. His business deal over the cave of Machpelah, his notions of sacrifice and



HOW TO ENCOURAGE RECRUITING.

The Regimental Sergeant-Major. "PARDON ME, YOU BOYS, BUT WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF DRILL THIS AFTERNOON? I MEAN-WELL, IT DOESN'T REALLY MUCH MATTER-ER-PERHAPS TO-MORROW MIGHT DO. IN ART CASE IT'S MERRIT A SUGGESTION."

his attitude towards Hagar and Ishmael are all shown to be in line with the procedure customary in Sumer at the period. The author has by no means said the last word on this complicated subject, but he has certainly uttered the first and second. We are given a vivid picture of life in ancient Ur and drawn on easily to a consideration of the origins of monotheism. I find the book engrossing in matter and lucid in style. The publisher has more than adequately performed his duty in its presentation.

#### Borrowed Beginning.

Murder at Elstree (Longmans, 6/-) you might well imagine to be a bitter account of how some author's pet literary offspring was torn ruthlessly to pieces by the hard men of the films to make a box-office holiday; but in fact it details in a very readable manner the story of young Mr. Thurtell's brief and picturesque sojourn in the Haymarket as a would-be sporting buck and of the expensive encounters with other and smarter blades which led him, for the sake of a bag of gold which the gallows was to prevent him from enjoying, to commit the singularly brutal Elstree

murder of 1823 upon the unattractive person of an illicit distiller named Weare. This murder is historical, and Mr. THOMAS BURKE ends his first chapter with the passage from Lavengro in which the gipsy foretells a bloody fortune for the man in the gigwho is, of course, Mr. Thurtell. The story gives a vivid picture of the raffish side of Georgian London, and the drama of Mr. Weare's end is no less exciting because from the very start its inevitability is impressed upon us.

#### "And a Little Child..."

Though it is the biography of a little boy who died before he was ten, Brian (GOLLANCZ, 9/-) is a happy book, for Mr. Tom Clarke has refused to let sorrow darken his son's story. Brian shows as an attractive little fellow, perhaps more intelligent and independent than most people of his age, and he and his father enjoyed a splendid friendship. Mr. CLARKE has the pathetic faith of his profession in the value of putting things into print, but I fancy that his book would have achieved its purpose better had it not been written by a journalist. His verdict on LLOYD GEORGE-"he won the War"-may not convince very many readers, and he has a trying passage on Brian's reactions to his "first lord," though that is balanced by the charming letter from that peer, Lord Beaverbrook, written when all the boy's friends were striving to keep his interest in his ploys-and so in life-awake. His death has changed his father's views on time and eternity, and Mr. CLARKE is fine enough, however difficult he finds it, to acknowledge a gain behind his loss.

#### Life with a Kink.

I find it difficult to believe in most of the characters in Miss Mary Mitchell's new novel, Maidens Beware (Heinemann, 7/6): they seem to exercise some curious form

of thought-control which prevents their behaving normally. There is Stefan, the impoverished and neurotic Austrian Count, whose fiancée, Lotta, breaks off the engagement when he declares that they belong "to a slice of society which, being incapable of moving with the times, has outlived all practical use." And there is Susan, the little English girl who, because her parents had been passionately devoted, develops a nausea against love, arranges for a marriage of convenience, and then, most incredibly (at least, so I think), plays masochist to Stefan's sadist. It must be said that Stefan's sister and Susan's aunt are charming characters, that the book is adequately written and full of dramatic situations. But why do those people who wilfully tangle their lives make such an appeal to so many of our novelists?

#### Hard Times.

It was Mr. Frank Chester Field's belief in writing The Rocky Road to Jericho (Allan, 7/6) that it is possible to produce "a distinctive novel of the early Mormon scene untainted either by propaganda or sensationalism." Undoubtedly he is successful in carrying out his intention for

this tale of the Mormons' trek from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains and of their arrival in Salt Lake City is told with conspicuous fairness. Credit is given freely to the faith that inspired Martin Parkham and others like him, but at the same time Mr. FIELD is not blind to human weakness and shows to what excesses fanaticism can lead. This story is without literary grace, but its sincerity and candour cannot fail to make an impression.



Nerve-Patient, "I forgot to mention when I wrote to you that I was born in 1893—but I was very worked at the time."

#### High and Low Finance.

Hamer Wildburn had no sooner bought a small

yacht, The Bird of Paradise (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), than he found that various people, for reasons unknown to him, coveted her. Hamer, however, was a rich American youth, and as his boat was exactly what he wanted neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to sell her. So, instead of living lazily in a little bay near Antibes, he encountered adventure after adventure. It is betraying no secret to say that hidden in the yacht were documents of the first importance both to the friends and enemies of the French Government; and I can state without qualification that the search for them, as conducted by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, provides a very lively entertainment.

Ambrose Heath's dissertations on matters gastronomical are well known, and his latest book, Dining Out (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 2/6), will be welcomed by all who desire guidance in the difficult business of ordering a good meal in a restaurant. His advice on what to eat and drink is obviously that of a man who knows how to do himself well. Instruction of another and altogether less reliable kind is provided by Mark Spade in Fun and Games (Hamish Hamilton, 3/6). The author of Business for Pleasure and How to Run a Bassoon Factory here turns his frivolous attention to sport.



Dear old Soul (indicating couple of ancient barges). "Now you must tell me, Willie-which is Oxford?"

#### Charivaria.

It is suggested (by a treaty-lover) that a contingent of Abyssinian troops should patrol the banks of the Rhine.

Which reminds us that Signor Mussolini's whole Cabinet was on the platform to welcome the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen the other day. And most of it was under his hat

A postcard sent in 1904 from Wolferton has just been received in Peterborough. It is only fair to add that it is uphill part of the way.

At a forthcoming glove-fight amplifiers will carry the sound of the blows to every part of the building. So it won't be necessary for spectators in the back seats to urge the boys to hit louder.

The invisible ray which is being tried as a means of operating traffic-signals is so low that "it can be avoided only by cats and dogs. Pedestrians are trusted not to attempt to crawl under it.

"Everybody appreciates a day off work," says an M.P. Except of course night-watchmen.

An actor who has received a box of fruit from an admirer says he doesn't know what to make of it. Why not jam?

We understand that a recent novel specially recommended for women grips the reader's interest from the last page to the first.

Joe Louis, the negro pugilist, has become a director of an insurance company. His prospective opponents will hurry no doubt to take out policies.

With reference to the proposed choir of Soho chefs, what about "Men of Garlic" as a theme-song?

Russian peasants, we are told, are very keen on modern ball-room dances. "I am becoming oh so weary, Popovitch, of the same old steppes."

A Budapest boy is said to be able to distinguish every word spoken by people conversing quietly fifty yards away. The lad is a born Pressman.

Two columns in a local paper are devoted to a man known as the most fearless pedestrian. He was forty-five.

"Many people," says a scientist, "eat more than they think." Otherwise of course they might possibly starve.

An American film-actress now in London says she would like to have had personal experience of the Great War. There is no intention, however, of having it run through again for her.

"The crow is a typically English bird," says a naturalist. British, in fact, to the caw.

### A Note on the Consumption of Alcohol 109 Years Ago.

The barometrical chart of intoxication amongst the members and associates of the Pickwick Club may be unsteadily outlined as follows—



—where the Everest (so to speak) of insobriety is attained at Muggleton, after a summit of slightly inferior magnitude has been surmounted during the Rochester ball. Mr. Pickwick sustains the sagging line at Eatanswill (in the pound), but it never reaches its early grandeur, so far as he and his friends are concerned; and the lesser elevation on the right of the map merely indicates the maudlin condition of Messrs. Sawyer and Allen on their arrival at the house of Mr. Winkle senior in Birmingham.

It is noteworthy that whilst Mr. Pickwick's own head (and legs) apparently gained in strength during the course of his wanderings, those of Bob Sawyer and Ben grew a little weaker. Almost undefeatable at Manor Farm (even when starting before breakfast), filling twice to Mr. Winkle's once at Bristol, they do succumb (or at any rate Ben does) after the long journey to the Midlands, beginning with milk-punch out of the case-bottle, continuing with bottled ale and Madeira at Berkeley Heath, falling back on the "best substitute for milk-punch that could be procured at so short a notice," and returning to bottled ale and Madeira at Tewkesbury.

The alcoholic ἀριστεία of Mr. Tupman is short. It begins and ends at Rochester. The ἀριστεία of Mr. Winkle (equally brief) is at Dingley Dell, where he has to be carried upstairs to bed. And Mr. Snodgrass is no great-souled carouser; the natural inclination of these three is diverted (strangely) from liquor by love. Mr. Stiggins (considering his training) I hold to have been unlucky at Brick Lane.

But there were heads impregnable and legs that never wobbled. There is no record that wine or spirits had any power to conquer Mr. Alfred Jingle, or Sam Weller, or his father: and they all gave wine and spirits some noble opportunities. How few really bold men there are in the world of to-day compared with that Pickwickian world! We know that Herr HITLER is a teetotaller and a vegetarian; and of Signor Mussolini Mr. John Gunther writes in his very interesting chronicle called Inside Europe:—

"He told a recent American interviewer, pointing to a basket of fruit on the table, 'That is the secret of my continued health—fruit, fruit, fruit. In the morning I have a cup of coffee and fruit; at noon I have soup or broth and fruit; and at night I have fruit. I never touch meat, but sometimes I have a little fish. . . . 'He neither drinks nor smokes."

Fruit! Milk! Fish! Mr. Wardle turns in his grave. But what was the favourite nectar of those days when men were men and not mere mountebanks?

"Brandy" is the reply, for it was brandy that nerved

Mr. Winkle for the approaching duel, brandy that inspired the dismal man partly to read and partly to relate "The Stroller's Tale"; it was brandy-and-water that (hocussed) put the fourteen electors of Eatanswill to sleep; brandy-and-water that cheered Mr. Pickwick after his encounter with Dodson and Fogg; that coaxed Mr. Peter Magnus to communicate the hidden secrets of his bosom, that (cold) concluded Mr. Bob Sawyer's dinner-party, that (luke) enabled Sam Weller to compose his valentine. It may have been (none can say) Mr. Weller senior's "inwariable." It was consumed (after oysters) by Mr. Solomon Pell. True that it was refused by Winkle and Snodgrass on the way back from Dingley Dell, when they had lost their hearts to Arabella and Emily; but it was scorned (I think) by one other character alone—

"'Did you say brandy-and-water?' said the landlord, venturing a hint.

'Rum,' said Mr. Slurk, turning fiercely upon him."

Rum. Yes, there was also rum. There is no need to mention cold punch, nor hot pineapple-rum and water, the shepherd's delight. And there was wine, which I think was always red and of vintages never named. Ale and porter had their far from infrequent votaries. Mr. Trotter and Mr. Weller on one occasion discussed an "exhilarating compound" formed by mixing "certain quantities of British Hollands and the fragrant essence of the clove." At Manor Farm they drank "sweet elder wine well qualified with brandy and spice" long after the ladies had retired, and there was an "agreeable item" of cherry-brandy after lunch. The landlord of the "Bush" and the one-eyed bagman drank a bowl of bishop together. Mr. Smangle rinsed his mouth with a drop of burnt sherry. And Mrs. Bardell's black bottle contained, I wonder what?

But brandy, as I say, was the king-drink. Our debt to France must have been enormous. If pious memory were to be fitly served, a Pickwick Centenary Dinner should begin with warm brandy-and-water and, when all else had been eaten and drunk, should so end. And heaven help the banqueters!

## My Sister Priscilla and I.

My sister Priscilla and I

Have our standards on which we insist;

We view with some horror

This modern Gomorrer

In which we are forced to exist.

The emphasis laid upon sex
Seems rather disgusting to us;
We may not be in fashion
But we do feel that passion
Is not a fit thing to discuss.

Modern novels we frankly deplore,
We think them so bad for the mind;
We both find Jane Austen
So much less exhaustin'
And ever so much more refined.

As for Parliament, really we feel
That the plebs should be under a bar;
We should prefer entry
Confined to the gentry—
At least then we know where we are.

Yes, my sister Priscilla and I
Have our standards to which we hold fast;
We consider the present
Neither wholesome nor pleasant
And shall both disapprove to the last.



## BRITANNIA'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

(More or less after the original drawing by "PHIZ.")

"MR. PICKWICK, MA'AM," SAID A SERVANT .

"WHAT! WHERE?" EXCLAIMED MRS. LEO HUNTER.
"HERE," SAID MR. PICKWICK, "AS I HAVE BEEN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

#### The Football Pool.

Two months ago, amid the triumphant yells of their loyal supporters, the Rathberry Rovers succeeded in bringing low those football rivals called for some unknown reason the Mullinabeg Mondays. So that Matthew Tracy, who was, his neighbours agree, "gone teetotally out of his latitude wid eggeitement" at the time, called upon the frenzied crowd to witness the fact that he now intended to place one of his own fields, rent free, at the disposal of the local heroes.

The elated if unrecognisable Rovers, having long been in the condition described by the goalkeeper as "immersed in pure muck," felt that after another match on their present playingground some of the soil they swallowed

in such quantities must surely begin to cause serious digestive trouble, and literally leaped at the offer. "There's plenty dies from locked laws afther the half of the mud we do masticate here every time we play," the goalkeeper said again; and being the spokesman of the team on all occasions, he accepted Mr. Tracv's unexpected suggestion there and then.

"I'm the wan age wid th' Obelix above," a friend said who definitely disapproves of football but is devoted to the land, "an' I never

thought to see Mat Thracy bestowin' a good grass field for a hape of Gots an' Vandals to be kickin' it into one another's faces."

To the justly-named Extraordinary Meeting of the Committee, summoned that evening, Mr. Tracy was invited, partly as an act of courtesy but chiefly as a safeguard against any attempt on his part to go back on his offer; and it was soon evident that things were not going to be as simple as they had appeared during that scene of wild enthusiasm after the match.

There were, Matthew Tracy explained, conditions. If they did not like them, he went on hopefully, they need not use the field. Firstly, his cattle must be allowed to graze there even during the football season. "The only one of them to show any crossness," he said, "is the black Polly bullock, an' what great damage could he contemplate where they'd be so many

And the slightly flabbergasted Committee agreed that this was He went further. only reasonable. The notice-board that would be transferred from the existing playingground to his own property must, he insisted, have its announcement of "RATHBERRY ROVERS' FOOTBALL Club," enlarged by the words "Field LENT BY MATTHEW TRACY." This too was accepted without a murmur. Then, feeling that things were going too smoothly, Mr. Tracy made known his final condition, suggested by his brief survey of an English Sunday paper dropped that day from a passing car: If his field was to be used as a playing-ground there must be no such thing in Rathberry as a Football Pool. "If it's able to put the dethriment upon the British nation that they say it is," he said firmly, "we don't want

SERVINE STATES

"Waiter, Just 100k what I've found in my soup!"
"Oo—the chef won't 'arf be pleased, Sir, 'e's been looking for them for days."

the like of it in Rathberry"; and his mystified listeners agreed dazedly and wondered what on earth the next embargo would be. But Mr. Tracy had come to the end of his belated conditions, and in a few minutes the thing was settled.

On the approaching St. Patrick's Day, when the next match of vital importance was to be played in Rathberry, the new ground would be opened with due pomp and ceremony. In the meantime it was closed far more definitely than ever before. Instead of the rather crazy gate, a high and solid wooden barrier fitted closely between tall grey walls on either side and shut out completely the field beyond, from which came tantalising sounds of hammering.

The warning that Trespassers would be Prosecuted was a mere mockery, for the windows of the cottage occupied by the aggressive goalkeeper overlooked the so-called entrance, and at any moment he or one of his brothers might rush out and demand an immediate explanation from the inquisitive climber. "He roared like a buffalo when he seen me," a shaken youth said afterwards, "an' he put a woeful curse on me. 'What the gasthric juice do you think you're at?' he says, an' I dhropped like a stone. Himself an' his misfaytured family!"

Driven far afield in their search for their national emblem, the townspeople have talked of little else. "If I was to be massa-creed itself I'll have no football pool in Rathberry," was only one of the declarations ascribed to the benefactor.

In Mullinabeg they talked about the new ground too, for, lured by the bait of partaking in such an important

event, the Mondays agreed to play their return match in Rathberry on the opening date, instead of compelling the Rovers to go to them. "'Ye can have what ye like,' says he," the Mullinabeg captain said of Matthew Tracy, "'only one of them Football Pools. We'll have no truculence wid the like of them."

Two days before the national holiday the unseen hammering ceased and the rainbegan—rain that was said to go to "worsen exthremes" than any downpour of

the winter. Two hours before the time arranged for the kick-off the clouds cleared, and in due time the town band led the officials and players, between close ranks of cheering onlookers, from the square to the high wooden barrier. There, with a flourish, Matthew Tracy unlocked the gate and the crowd poured through—to halt in horror at the sight of a wide expanse of water from which the goal-posts emerged timidly.

For a moment there was silence, then the captain of the visiting team laughed delightedly. "Wid all the talk there was agen it," he shouted, "ye have a football pool afther all."

The match was abandoned.

DML

"Another fur hint—if you want a fur to wear well, select one that will stand hard wear."—Fashion Note.

You know, we should never have thought of that.







House-Agent. "This is the bijouest house on our books."

his attitude towards Hagar and Ishmael are all shown to be in line with the procedure customary in Sumer at the period. The author has by no means said the last word on this complicated subject, but he has certainly uttered the first and second. We are given a vivid picture of life in ancient Ur and drawn on easily to a consideration of the origins of monotheism. I find the book engrossing in matter and lucid in style. The publisher has more than adequately performed his duty in its presentation.

#### Borrowed Beginning.

Murder at Elstree (Longmans, 6/-) you might well imagine to be a bitter account of how some author's pet literary offspring was torn ruthlessly to pieces by the hard men of the films to make a box-office holiday; but in fact it details in a very readable manner the story of young Mr. Thurtell's brief and picturesque sojourn in the Haymarket as a would-be sporting buck and of the expensive encounters with other and smarter blades which led him, for the sake of a bag of gold which the gallows was to prevent him from enjoying, to commit the singularly brutal Elstree

murder of 1823 upon the unattractive person of an illicit distiller named Weare. This murder is historical, and Mr. THOMAS BURKE ends his first chapter with the passage from Lavengro in which the gipsy fore-tells a bloody fortune for the man in the gigwho is, of course, Mr. Thurtell. The story gives a vivid picture of the raffish side of Georgian London, and the drama of Mr. Weare's end is no less exciting because from the very start its inevitability is impressed upon us.

#### "And a Little Child ... "

Though it is the biography of a little boy who died before he was ten, Brian (GOLLANCZ, 9/-) is a happy book, for Mr. Tom Clarke has refused to let sorrow darken his son's story. Brian shows as an attractive little fellow, perhaps more intelligent and independent than most people of his age, and he and his father enjoyed a splendid friendship. Mr. CLARKE has the pathetic faith of his profession in the value of putting things into print, but I faney that his book would have achieved its purpose better had it not been written by a journalist. His verdict on LLOYD GEORGE-"he won the War"-may not convince very many readers, and he has a trying passage on Brian's reactions to his "first lord." though that is balanced by the charming letter from that peer, Lord BEAVERBROOK, written when all the boy's friends were striving to keep his interest in his ploys-and so in life-awake. His death has changed his father's views on time and eternity, and Mr. CLARKE is fine enough, however difficult he finds it, to acknowledge a gain behind his loss.

#### Life with a Kink.

I find it difficult to believe in most of the characters in Miss Mary Mitchell's new novel, Maidens Beware (Heinemann, 7/6): they seem to exercise some curious form

of thought-control which prevents their behaving normally. There is Stefan, the impoverished and neurotic Austrian Count, whose fiancée, Lotta, breaks off the engagement when he declares that they belong "to a slice of society which, being incapable of moving with the times, has outlived all practical use." And there is Susan, the little English girl who, because her parents had been passionately devoted, develops a nausea against love, arranges for a marriage of convenience, and then, most incredibly (at least, so I think), plays masochist to Stefan's sadist. It must be said that Stefan's sister and Susan's aunt are charming characters, that the book is adequately written and full of dramatic situations. But why do those people who wilfully tangle their lives make such an appeal to so many of our novelists?

#### Hard Times.

It was Mr. Frank Chester Field's belief in writing The Rocky Road to Jericho (Allan, 7/6) that it is possible to produce "a distinctive novel of the early Mormon scene untainted either by propaganda or sensationalism." Undoubtedly he is successful in carrying out his intention for

this tale of the Mormons' trek from Nauvoo to the Rocky Mountains and of their arrival in Salt Lake City is told with conspicuous fairness. Credit is given freely to the faith that inspired Martin Parkham and others like him, but at the same time Mr. FIELD is not blind to human weakness and shows to what excesses fanaticism can lead. This story is without literary grace, but its sincerity and candour cannot fail to make an impression.



Nerve-Patient. "I forgot to mention when I wrote to you that I was born in 1893—but I was very workled at the time."

#### High and Low Finance.

Hamer Wildburn had no sooner bought a small

yacht, The Bird of Paradise (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), than he found that various people, for reasons unknown to him, coveted her. Hamer, however, was a rich American youth, and as his boat was exactly what he wanted neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to sell her. So, instead of living lazily in a little bay near Antibes, he encountered adventure after adventure. It is betraying no secret to say that hidden in the yacht were documents of the first importance both to the friends and enemies of the French Government; and I can state without qualification that the search for them, as conducted by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, provides a very lively entertainment.

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Dear old Soul (indicating couple of ancient barges). " Now you must tell me, Willie-which is Oxford?"

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Which reminds us that Signor Mussolini's whole Cabinet was on the platform to welcome the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen the other day. And most of it was under his hat

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With reference to the proposed choir of Soho chefs, what about "Men of Garlie" as a theme-song?

Russian peasants, we are told, are very keen on modern ball-room dances. "I am becoming oh so weary, Popovitch, of the same old steppes."

A Budapest boy is said to be able to distinguish every word spoken by people conversing quietly fifty yards away. The lad is a born Pressman.

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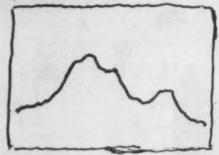
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"The crow is a typically English bird," says a naturalist. British, in fact, to the caw.

# A Note on the Consumption of Alcohol 109 Years Ago.

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—where the Everest (so to speak) of insobriety is attained at Muggleton, after a summit of slightly inferior magnitude has been surmounted during the Rochester ball. Mr. Pickwick sustains the sagging line at Eatanswill (in the pound), but it never reaches its early grandeur, so far as he and his friends are concerned; and the lesser elevation on the right of the map merely indicates the maudlin condition of Messrs. Sawyer and Allen on their arrival at the

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But there were heads impregnable and legs that never wobbled. There is no record that wine or spirits had any power to conquer Mr. Alfred Jingle, or Sam Weller, or his father: and they all gave wine and spirits some noble opportunities. How few really bold men there are in the world of to-day compared with that Pickwickian world! We know that Herr HITLER is a teetotaller and a vegetarian; and of Signor MUSSOLINI Mr. JOHN GUNTHER writes in his very interesting chronicle called Inside Europe:—

"He told a recent American interviewer, pointing to a basket of fruit on the table, 'That is the secret of my continued health—fruit, fruit, fruit. In the morning I have a cup of coffee and fruit; at noon I have soup or broth and fruit; and at night I have fruit. I never touch meat, but sometimes I have a little fish. . . . 'He neither drinks nor smokes."

Fruit! Milk! Fish! Mr. Wardle turns in his grave. But what was the favourite nectar of those days when men were men and not mere mountebanks?

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Mr. Winkle for the approaching duel, brandy that inspired the dismal man partly to read and partly to relate "The Stroller's Tale"; it was brandy-and-water that (hocussed) put the fourteen electors of Eatanswill to sleep; brandy-and-water that cheered Mr. Pickwick after his encounter with Dodson and Fogg; that coaxed Mr. Peter Magnus to communicate the hidden secrets of his bosom, that (cold) concluded Mr. Bob Sawyer's dinner-party, that (luke) enabled Sam Weller to compose his valentine. It may have been (none can say) Mr. Weller senior's "inwariable." It was consumed (after oysters) by Mr. Solomon Pell. True that it was refused by Winkle and Snodgrass on the way back from Dingley Dell, when they had lost their hearts to Arabella and Emily; but it was scorned (I think) by one other character alone—

"'Did you say brandy-and-water?' said the landlord, venturing a hint.

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## My Sister Priscilla and I.

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Have our standards on which we insist;

We view with some horror

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In which we are forced to exist.

The emphasis laid upon sex
Seems rather disgusting to us;
We may not be in fashion
But we do feel that passion
Is not a fit thing to discuss.

Modern novels we frankly deplore,
We think them so bad for the mind;
We both find Jane Austen
So much less exhaustin'
And ever so much more refined.

As for Parliament, really we feel
That the plebs should be under a bar;
We should prefer entry
Confined to the gentry—
At least then we know where we are.

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## BRITANNIA'S FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

(More or less after the original drawing by "Phiz.")

"MR. PICKWICK, MA'AM," SAID A SERVANT . . . .
"WHAT! WHERE?" EXCLAIMED MRS. LEO HUNTER.
"HERE," SAID MR. PICKWICK, "AS I HAVE BEEN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

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Two months ago, amid the triumphant yells of their loyal supporters, the Rathberry Rovers succeeded in bringing low those football rivals called for some unknown reason the Mullinabeg Mondays. So that Matthew Tracy, who was, his neighbours agree, "gone teetotally out of his latitude wid eggeitement" at the time, called upon the frenzied crowd to witness the fact that he now intended to place one of his own fields, rent free, at the disposal of the local heroes.

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"Waiter, just look what I've found in my soup!"

"Oo—the chef won't 'arf be pleased, Sir, 'e's been looking for them for days."

the like of it in Rathberry"; and his mystified listeners agreed dazedly and wondered what on earth the next embargo would be. But Mr. Tracy had come to the end of his belated conditions, and in a few minutes the thing was settled.

On the approaching St. Patrick's Day, when the next match of vital importance was to be played in Rathberry, the new ground would be opened with due pomp and ceremony. In the meantime it was closed far more definitely than ever before. Instead of the rather crazy gate, a high and solid wooden barrier fitted closely between tall grey walls on either side and shut out completely the field beyond, from which came tantalising sounds of hammering.

The warning that Trespassers would be Prosecuted was a mere mockery, for the windows of the cottage occupied by the aggressive goalkeeper overlooked the so-called entrance, and at any moment he or one of his brothers might rush out and demand an immediate explanation from the inquisitive climber. "He roared like a buffalo when he seen me," a shaken youth said afterwards, "an' he put a woeful curse on me. 'What the gasthric juice do you think you're at?' he says, an' I dhropped like a stone. Himself an' his misfaytured family!"

Driven far afield in their search for their national emblem, the townspeople have talked of little else. "If I was to be massa-creed itself I'll have no football pool in Rathberry," was only one of the declarations ascribed to the benefactor.

In Mullinabeg they talked about the new ground too, for, lured by the bait of partaking in such an important

event, the Mondays agreed to play their return match in Rathberry on the opening date, instead of compelling the Rovers to go to them. "'Ye can have what ye like,' says he," the Mullinabeg captain said of Matthew Tracy, "'only one of them Football Pools. We'll have no truculence wid the like of them.'"

Two days before the national holiday the unseen hammering ceased and the rain began—rain that was said to go to "worsen exthremes" than any downpour of

the winter. Two hours before the time arranged for the kick-off the clouds cleared, and in due time the town band led the officials and players, between close ranks of cheering onlookers, from the square to the high wooden barrier. There, with a flourish, Matthew Tracy unlocked the gate and the crowd poured through—to halt in horror at the sight of a wide expanse of water from which the goal-posts emerged timidly.

For a moment there was silence, then the captain of the visiting team laughed delightedly. "Wid all the talk there was agen it," he shouted, "ye have a football pool afther all."

The match was abandoned.

D. M. L.

"Another fur hint—if you want a fur to wear well, select one that will stand hard wear,"—Fashion Note.

You know, we should never have thought of that.





House-Agent. "This is the bijourst house on our books,"



## Miss Elkington Remembers.

Mr. Chudleigh flipped the papers over in Sidney's tray. Then he went through them again more slowly. Then he took them out of the tray and examined each one carefully before he put it down. Then he picked them all up, frowned, and spread them on the table and shuffled them about. Finally he ran a pin into his thumb and yelped sharply.

Miss Elkington looked up from her knitting. "Are you

trying to find something, Mr. Chudleigh?" she asked.
"Yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "The letter I dictated to you three Saturdays ago, Miss Elkington, when Mr. Harbottle was out. To Ernest G. Williams. Why is there no carbon

copy? All the filing should go into Sidney's tray."
"I wonder if it was that letter," said Miss Elkington. "It would be typical if it was.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Well," said Miss Elkington. "I had all last week's carbons in my room, and the window-cleaner came, and so everything blew about, and one went and blew into the fire. Only one."

"Then it was obviously that one," said Mr. Porter cheerfully. "It always is. I shouldn't even think of looking for

it after that.

Was it very important?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Yes," said Mr. Chudleigh, snuthing the first should have a rain. "It is absolutely essential that I should have a copy of that letter to show to Mr. Harbottle. It was to arrange an appointment with Mr. Williams to-day. Mr. Williams hasn't turned up, and now Mr. Harbottle actually suggests that I did not write it.'

"Tough," said Mr. Porter. "But I shouldn't worry. We

believe you.'

"Of course," said Miss Elkington. "Why, I can almost

remember taking it down.

Mr. Chudleigh paused in his shuffling. "Ah!" he said. "I had forgotten. You would have the shorthand notes in your notebook. You can turn them up and make a rough copy. That would satisfy Mr. Harbottle.

Well," said Miss Elkington doubtfully, putting down her knitting and reaching for her notebook, "I might try. But it's difficult to find anything in shorthand in a notebook.

I don't suppose I shall ever find this.

"But we know the date," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Three

Saturdays ago. That would be-

'That's what I mean," said Miss Elkington. shorthand looks the same after any length of time." She turned the pages backwards. "Of course, they say you should date your shorthand. I do sometimes. Here's October the seventeenth, for instance.

'Well," said Mr. Chudleigh. "That's something. This is March. It will come a long way after October.

"Oh, no," said Miss Elkington. "I don't keep to any special order. Sometimes I have the book one way up, Mr. Chudleigh, and sometimes the other. That's the worst of these books. They're made the same both ways. You're meant to start one way round and then turn

round and start again at the other end or something, but I never do. Did you say it was Ernest G. Williams?

"That's it," said Mr. Chudleigh eagerly. "Now, if you'll rush it through the typewriter I can take it upstairs. Mr. Harbottle is waiting to know if he is to go on waiting for Mr. Williams, and he's getting impatient."
"Would it be this?" asked Miss Elkington. "Dear

Mr. W. Your something has-no, your somethings have proved a veritable something. What would come after veritable'?"

"Suntrap," said Mr. Porter.

"That's not it," said Mr. Chudleigh. "My letter began,

'I beg to acknowledge with ""." said Miss Elkington to Mr. Porter. "I'd say it was 'circumstances' if only it made

"Then it would be 'godsend,' " said Mr. Porter.

"Why?" asked Miss Elkington.

"Anything veritable is always either a suntrap or a godsend," said Mr. Porter. "And after 'well-nigh' you have 'impenetrable,' and after-

'Now, look here, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh, "you can discuss that afterwards. This matter is very urgent.

"What about this one?" said Miss Elkington. "Dear Mr. W. I am keeping two of the somethings of somethings. Pairs of socks. No. It wouldn't be that. Now here's something that might help. A sum I've done in the margin. Two-and-fivepence, nine shillings, elevenpence and threeand-sixpence. All added up. Now, when would I have added up two-and-fivepence and nine-

"What's the picture underneath?" asked Mr. Porter. "Don't you recognise it?" said Miss Elkington. "It's Mr. Harbottle. Now, that helps. Because I usually draw him when I'm waiting for him to think of a word. So it shows that it couldn't be any of these letters, because he dictated them." Miss Elkington turned over some more pages. "Oh, look!" she cried. "Look what I've found! Oh, Mr. Chudleigh, I've found it!"

"At last!" said Mr. Chudleigh, with a sigh of relief, "I knew I'd dictated it. Now if you'd just read it out to see

if it's all right, and then type it out, I can-

Miss Elkington was unpinning something from the corner of a page. "I didn't mean the letter," she said. "I meant the pattern of chiffon that I lost. And to think that I'd had it in here all the time!" She held it up. "So that was the shop it came from. I just couldn't remember. Six-and-eleven. There! And the cheapest one I saw was seven-and-six, and it wasn't half as nice. This is called banana. I should have said it was maize. Wouldn't you call this colour nearer maize than banana, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, looking at the

clock, "do you think you could-

"Wait," said Miss Elkington. "I'm beginning to remember. Mr. Porter, what day did that flick come off at the Empire?

"Which flick?" asked Mr. Porter.

"The one that was on then," said Miss Elkington. "Because I got this pattern on the way to work, and then after work I bought some other stuff, some rather nice angora in a sort of sage-green, and then I went to a flick, and I remember coming out into the Strand and finding I'd left the parcel behind and simply dashing back.

"You can't come out into the Strand from the Empire,"

said Mr. Porter.

"I know that," said Miss Elkington. "The Empire must have been another day. This was when I just got into the Tivoli for one-and-six, and so that would be a Saturday morning. Yes, I believe it was that very day, Mr. Chudleigh. Three Saturdays ago. So it must be one of these letters.

shuts early."

Yes," said Miss Elkington, turning over another page, "this is it."

"Do you mean to say you've found it?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"Dear Mr. W.," said Miss Elkington. "I beg to accompany with thanks—"

"Acknowledge with thanks," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"That's it," said Miss Elkington. "I've even written his name and address at the bottom. Shall I type it out?" When Mr. Chudleigh had gone upstairs with the letter

Miss Elkington looked at her notebook again and frowned. "You know," she said, "I don't remember typing this letter before. In fact I remember not typing it. I put it off till the end and then there wasn't time. No wonder I couldn't find this!" She held the pattern up.

"It was very providential of Mr. Chulleigh," she said, "because I was just going to get the other chiffon at seven-and-six. And I think," Miss Elkington added—"I think that I'll go off now before he comes down and wants anything else. Because this shop's miles away and it

## We Daren't Go A-Hunting.

"Ur the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen, We daren't," as the poet said, "go a-hunting, For fear of little men." Is that so, brothers? Then my heart bleeds for you to-day. These are sad times for anyone afflicted with what we may call the Little Men neurosis. No student of advertising can deny that there is an unexampled prevalence of little men about the place. I don't know about the airy mountain or the glen (rushy or plain), but I dare say they are no whit better off—no whit, and no whoo either.

It seems to the student of advertising that the housewife to-day goes about her duties attended by a clamorous throng of little men. Mr. Therm advises her about the gas situation. Mr. T. Pott tempts her at all hours to have a few of the cups that cheer.

(Hark! now I hear them: Rah! Rah!)

The spiky little fellow who works in the interests of the Electrical Development Association—it has been suggested that his name is Mr. Amp—is continually plaguing her to turn a switch. There is a whole family of midgets engaged in boosting a brand of confectionery, and a transparent fellow always talking about what he does to the edges of her husband's safety-razor-blades. There are others on the job for radio, cars, tobacco; the advertisement-columns swarm with them. The a-hunting conditions couldn't be worse. I should like to hear what John Peel would do in the circumstances, at break of day or any other time. Perhaps someone who kens him will oblige.

The belief that one is being followed by little men, "about a foot and a half high, large-eyed, and whiskered," as one sufferer has particularised, is not, I believe, an uncommon form of nervous disorder. But I question the advisability of encouraging it in the general public. True, all the little men I can recall having seen illustrated are obviously less than a foot and a half high, and I don't think any of them have whiskers; you can take this concession for what you think it's worth. The poet didn't say anything, that I remember, about whiskers, but I think it is safe to assume that the little men he mentioned had them. No doubt they were a trouble in that particular a-hunting country-blowing about in an irritating fashion up the airy mountain, and down the glen getting entangled with the rushes-but I feel pretty sure they were there, making the little men more fearsome. Will some kind lady or gentleman come up on to the stage and extricate me from

the subject of whiskers, for which this is neither the time, nor the place, nor the loved one? Thank you, Sir.

I look with concern on this Lilliputian domination of the national life. There seems to be no corner safe from the irruption of these little blighters, no place to hide from their bright smiles and their advice. The reason, I take it, is that they are a success in their line: they are believed: they convince people. Why, I don't know, but you never can tell what will convince people. It once seemed that a picture of a pop-eyed, stern-jawed man pointing out straight at the beholder and saying, "I tell you that this is the REST VALUE obtainable" was more apt to convince than the plain words, "This is the best value obtainable" without the picture. I suppose people got the impression that there was a hard head, containing a modicum of brain, behind that jaw, or above it, or round it, or somewhere in the vicinity. This was the opposite of the Little Man system: it was the Big Man or Practical Bonehead approach. The big man hypnotised by size and solidity; the little man hypnotises by . . . I wish I knew. Magic perhaps. Anyway he hypnotises. He knocks 'em cold; they strew the floor, until the advertiser sends a party of men with shovels to collect them.

I use the description "little men" simply as a generic term, for you could not call most of these midgets human beings. Indeed if someone will keep the way of retreat open while I return with caution for a moment to the subject of whiskers—thank you, Madam—I doubt whether most of these little beings could grow them anyway. But at least they can bustle about and beam and point at things as well as any Eskimo guide showing a party of English tourists over a Norwegian boiler-factory; and if that is all they know on earth it is also probably all they need to know, except the rates per inch and the fact that beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Nobody in the advertisement-columns seems to object to their presence. Among such householders as are illustrated they seem to be popular; the implication is that everybody likes having them about. This may be true to life, but it looks to me like a half-truth: I fancy that awkward incidents, such as what happens when a little man gets under Father's feet or in his hair or uses the last of the bath-water, are suppressed.

The danger, as I see it, is that the device is infectious. Little men, having been taken on by the advertisers of gas and those other things, will undoubtedly pullulate over the whole field of industry in time. It will be impossible to do anything without them. No sooner do you thankfully dismiss one, perhaps with a "So long; see you at the collapse of civilisation," than another takes over, in turn handing the torch to a third when you begin to do something else. There will be a Mr. Milk, a Mr. Coal, a Mr. Varnish, a Mr. Aviation, a Mr. What-Have-You. I say "will be," but for all I know they may be on the job already. Who knows whether that recent Select Committee of the House of Commons may not have had to deliberate with the highly vocal help of a little man calling himself "Mr. Dewsbury and Heckmondwike Waterworks Board Bill"? Who knows? Some of us would prefer the denizens of the airy mountain and the rushy glen, whiskers and all.

R. M.



"AND WHAT ABOUT ME?"



"'THE MIDDLESEX AND SUBURBAN COUNTY GAZETTE,' SIR."

## Daphne and the Gold Standard.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Daphne and I have been discussing the Gold Standard, about which I have read several text-books, so I ought to know. But her point of view is peculiar, and all I can say is that she ought to have interviewed the writers before they published their latest editions and not left it to me to try to fill in the missing answers to her questions.

First of all she asks: Why does the Bank of England want a lot of gold bricks locked up in its vaults, and what good does it do there—to the Bank or to anybody else?

I had to admit that it doesn't bring in any interest, and that if instead of buying gold bricks the Directors had bought clay ones and used them to build houses for slum-dwellers, they might at least have got rent for the houses, which would be one way of getting something for their money—and helping the slum-dwellers too.

Daphne, I may say, is no longer a "deb.," and she is interested in gold because she has exotic tastes and likes

bangles. She blames the Bank of England very much for locking up all this gold in what she calls "a hole in the ground" instead of bangling it about among the female population. Of course I explained that, according to sound finance, the gold is wanted as a backing for our bank-notes and so on: but she countered with the objection that if you can't demand your share of the gold when you present your share of the bank-notes this "backing" is only a silly bluff. She produced one of her bank-notes-part of my Christmas present-and pointed scornfully to the words: "I Promise to pay the Bearer on Demand the sum of One Pound." and asked what on earth Mr. K. O. PEPPIATT, Chief Cashier, meant when he signed that document. I was forced to say that the text-books hadn't mentioned his point of view, and suggested she should write to him-or, better still, ask for an interview.

By this time Daphne was rapidly establishing a superiority complex, and opened a smart attack on the Gold Standard itself. She asked what a gold reserve had to do with our papermoney, anyway, if you couldn't demand

gold for your paper; and whether it wouldn't be less childish to stop buying and burying gold and give up pretending that paper-money represented gold pounds when you knew very well that

Daphne has evidently heard something about money being a ticket or token for goods, and she boldly announced that our paper-money really represents the value of our goods, not the gold in the vaults of the Bank, and that we ought to "back" our banknotes by our goods and see that as the nation manufactured all the goods it wanted, somebody should provide all the "tickets" on which those goods could travel where they were wanted.

could travel where they were wanted.

I confess that I wish Mr. MONTAGU
NORMAN had been there, for my
defences were inadequate, and if the
Gold Standard had been really in
my keeping Daphne would have captured it out of hand and probably used
it as a bedspread or adapted it as an
opera-cloak to match her bangles.

Then, having won the first round, she harped back on the question of the gold backing; and here again, Sir, I want your help.

Daphne says why go to a lot of trouble and expense in digging gold out of a hole in the ground in South Africa, melting it up into gold bricks and sending it by sea to London at great expense, only to put it back into another hole in the ground under the Bank of England?

Her plan is this. Let the British Government buy the Rand mines and pay for them in Government Bonds. (She is a little vague about this transaction, but says that it could be "worked out" all right.) Then let the Government build a wall round the Rand mines and have a handsome entrance-gate labelled "Bank of England Gold Reserve-Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," and leave it at that.

Daphne says they know near enough how much gold is there (I suspect her of having read some Chairman's speech in which he flaunted his Company's hoards of unmined gold); also that they could always get the gold out if they wanted it, and know what it would cost to extract, and how long it would take, and all that.

So — according to Daphne—the Bank could allow in their house accounts for the

expense of getting their gold out of hole No. 1, and reckon near enough what their net gold reserve really was without all the bother and expense of actually extracting it in driblets from hole No. 1 and putting it back into hole No. 2.

She says that in this way the Bank of England would have an ever so much larger gold reserve than they have at present, and that bank-notes, nicely backed with gold, could then be very

much more plentiful than they are now. Daphne's real point is that she might then be able to buy her bangles—or, better still, I could afford to give them to her for her next birthday.

Of course I pointed out that this second scheme is altogether inconsistent with the first, but she just



THE WANDERING ARYAN.

(HERR VON RIBBENTROP.)

looked at me rather pityingly and answered, "But so are the paper and gold, darling," and didn't seem even to want to be logical. But Daphne is like

Can you, Mr. Punch, advise me what to do about it? The text-books don't seem to help, and Daphne is dead sure to bring up the subject again.

I am, Sir,
Yours in perplexity,
J. CITIZEN.

#### Anston Holt.

THE flower-girls are calling
About the City
Streets
And sudden magic colour for

And sudden magic colour floods
The winter-burdened

Town;
Beneath the rolling
Of the wheels
Another rhythm
beats:
The pulse of
earth is
quickening,
The rising sap
is thickening,
And soon the
plane-tree
In the square
Will plan her
ne w green

The flower-girls are calling Their burdens frail

gown.

And sweet; Oh, I will take my stick and pipe

And leave the town Behind:

The trumpeter of winter
Hassounded the retreat:

The blackbird in a lane I know Will answer him again, I

know, An answer bold and challenging

Flung bravely on The wind—

The April wind, that scampers Upon the sunlit Hills!

And see—the clouds
Kick up their heels
Like any dancing
Colt!
And all in golden armour

The tossing daffodils, Each bent the way the wind

has gone, Spring's cavalry seem, spurring

To splinter their gay lances Against dark Anston Holt!

#### At the Pictures.

EDDIE, WALLACE, PAT AND SPENCER.

I am beginning to be very suspicious of my inability to laugh. Once I might cheerfully have decided that there was something faulty in the comedian and



A CRAZY CHORUS.

OUR FAN GOES ONE BETTER THAN THE CAMERA.

have waited contentedly for him to be in a better mood or for better material to be spread out; but now, when hearing the cachinnations of others and finding myself unable to share in them. I have anxious doubts. At Strike me Pink, for instance, in which EDDIE CANTOR is being starred, I was unable to accomplish more than two or three smiles; yet Eddie has an enormous following and he need but roll his eyes to lay most of his fans prostrate. For me he has to do something further; as he did in The Kid from Spain, when he persuaded the bull to chase him round the ring, and in Roman Scandals, when he took part in the chariot-race. There are no such moments in Strike me Pink, so called because EDDIE's name is Pink; while the end is too foolish. Americans in London will, however, I was informed by one who knows, adore it, for it is to meet transatlantic taste, rather than ours, that such expensive medleys are assembled, with elaborate choruses that bear no relation to the story. Great Britain is negligible.

When I saw the play Ah, Wilderness! in New York in 1934 I thought that as the very reasonable and under-

standing father, George M. Cohan gave one of the best performances I had ever seen. But when I saw the film of Ah, Wilderness! in London the other day, while thinking that LIONEL BARRYMORE in the same part was nearly as good, I realised how different stage and screen can be and how necessary to the screen seem to be ruins to build on. I realised not so much how different their aims but how different their arrivals. Both very mistakenly may set out to do the same thing, but it is never the same. Ah, Wilderness! when EUGENE O'NEILL wrote it as a play, had a purpose and a balance. In the movie version it sacrifices much of both; and a further sacrifice, although to our gain, was made when the part of Sid, the drunken brother who is never going to drink too much again ("The last time, Clem, me boy"), was given to WALLACE BEERY, who necessarily overweights whatever he touches. WALLACE, however, is beyond criticism: unique, and a thousand and one times to be forgiven; and so the picture, even if the play is damaged, fills an hour and a half very satisfyingly.

In the advertisement of Stars over Broadway there are some new words at any rate new to me. It claims, for instance, to possess "a new tops in



PATERNAL NEWS.

Dabson . . . . John Qualen.

Vivian Palmer . . . Myrna Loy.

musicomedies." What a tops is I can only guess, but of one novelty I am certain, and that is the meek placidity of PAT O'BRIEN. During a long film he never administers a single punch; he blacks no eye, he socks no jaw. Think of it! One of our pet fighting

men, fresh from The Irish in Us and other tops of the fisticuffian drama, chastened into an operatic entrepreneur who never once puts them up! Bad casting, if you like; for there are a thousand movie actors who can moon about green-rooms fixing contracts



PHONE-FUL.

Vivian Palmer . . . MYRNA LOY.

and falling mildly in love, but only one hard-boiled Pat O'BRIEN.

We have not, however, been entirely without those men of action of whom PAT O'BRIEN used to be a daring example, for SPENCER TRACY is here again, in a new gangster film called Whipsaw, and no one should ask for a more exciting evasion of the Law than he and MYRNA Loy attempt. In default of illicit alcohol, which, alas! has ceased to be a screen motive, we have, first, stolen pearls, and then the pursuit of thieves and accomplices, with the charm of SPENCER TRACY'S swift decisions at their back. Not so much punching as we should like, but SPENCER TRACY both gives and receives; and no matter how guilty he might be, he is so persuasive that he would have our sympathy. As a matter of fact . . . ; but you must discover that for yourselves.

I came away from Whipsaw realising once again what a boon to the dramatist in a hurry the telephone has been. That in its ordinary condition it has extricated him, and will extricate him, from difficulties, we know only too well. But in Whipsaw it is "long-distance," instantly reciprocative, that is his constant ally and friend. A new scene should be added to the burlesque in Follow the Sun to cope with this miracle.



Mr. ——, the well-known sculptor of children, evades the Royal Academy rule which allows only three works to be sent.

#### Coal.

When Johnson-Clitheroe and I called round for Colonel Hogg to persuade him to make up a foursome we found him gazing sadly at a huge pile of coal in his garage.

"How did it happen?" I asked politely.

"Mary has gone over in the car to Nether Drooping," explained the Colonel, "and it is the maid's afternoon out. Mary told me that some groceries would be delivered during the afternoon, and when I was in the middle of shaving somebody came and knocked at the door. If there's one thing I hate more than another it is being interrupted in the middle of shaving, so I just opened the door a couple of inches and said, 'In the garage, please,' and departed. Of course I thought it was the groceries, but when I finished shaving and went to the garage to bring the stuff in I found this." He waved his hand sadly at the coal.

"Mary will have something to say when she comes in, won't she?" ventured Johnson-Clitheroe.

The Colonel groaned.

"I suppose you two fellows wouldn't help me get the stuff into the coal-cellar, would you?" he said. "I've got a wheelbarrow, and it ought not to take long. Unfortunately ours is an indoor coal-cellar and it means wheeling all the stuff in at the back-door and through the kitchen."

We took off our coats, and Johnson-Clitheroe, who has an organising sort of mind, took charge of the situation.

"Hasn't the coal-cellar got a window?" he asked.

"Only a little window, rather high up," said the Colonel, and led us round to the side of the house.

"It's certainly small and high," said Johnson-Clitheroe, "but if we organise the thing carefully I think we can manage. Can you find a couple of buckets?" The Colonel found a couple of buckets and Johnson-Clitheroe put the Colonel in the garage with a large shovel.

Clitheroe put the Colonel in the garage with a large shovel. "Your job is just to fill the buckets," he said, "and as soon as each one is filled Conkleshill will dash along and hand it to me and then dash back again. I will stand on a chair and jerk the stuff through the window. The result will be that we shall have to carry the coal only about half as far as if we had to take it through the kitchen."

Colonel Hogg and I both thought that Johnson-Clitheroe had chosen the easiest of the three jobs, and he evidently thought so himself until we actually got going, when he discovered that to stand on a chair and jerk buckets of coal through a window on a level with your nose is a highly scientific business. Colonel Hogg and I got pretty black, but we were both lily-white compared with Johnson-Clitheroe. The lumps of coal shot through the window all right, but most of the dust floated out of the window again, and what didn't go up Johnson-Clitheroe's sleeves went down the back of his neck or nestled in the folds of his plus-fours.

By the time we had finished we were all pretty well exhausted, and after we had swept up the garage we went upstairs and had a wash-and-brush-up.

"I don't think I'll play golf to-day," said the Colonel.
"I had enough exercise wielding that confounded shovel to last me a week or so."

Soon after I arrived home I heard Edith speaking to somebody on the phone, and a minute later she came in.

"Poor Mrs. Hogg has just rung up," she said. "The Colonel has gone quite mad at last. You'd hardly believe anybody could be so silly. Some coal was delivered when Mrs. Hogg was out this afternoon, and the Colonel evidently told the men to shoot it in through the pantry-window, all over the food and everything."

#### Word-Skirmish

#### "Paramilitary"

The latest White Paper—"Germany No. 2 (1936)"—provides good hunting for the word-warrior, which should be some consolation to its authors; for they do not seem to have pleased many others.

This "para" is the kind of bug that breeds quickly in the official swamps, and I predict that we shall see much more of it. You may use it, Bobby, with another Greek word—as in "paratyphoid," a fever "resembling typhoid but taking a milder course "or the charming word "paranymph" (meaning a "best man" or "bridesmaid"), or "paraphrase" or "parallel." But if you mean "nearbeer" you must not say "para-beer." Nor need you begin to talk about "para-quavers" instead of "semi-quavers," about "para-conscious" or "para-editors."

I have, by the way, a bet with one or two legislators that within four weeks we shall be hearing about "parasymbolic" troops. But that, at least, will be a well-bred word.

#### "Unilateral."

This pretentious ass occurs nine times in the White Paper. It seldom adds anything to the sense and almost always is wrongly used.

Not long ago a distinguished statesman (who is a faithful warrior) referred in debate to "a unilateral war," which means, I suppose, the kind of war we should all enjoy. But what may be forgiven in a speech, when few can wholly command the tongue, must be condemned in a printed White Paper "presented to Parliament by command of his Majesty."

". . . the unilateral action taken by the German Government in violation of the Treaty of Locarno."

Now, first, Bobby, observe that if unilateral is left out, the meaning of the sentence is the same, and it is still quite clear.

But you will say, Bobby, that "unilateral" is here contrasted with some other kind of action. With what?

With "bilateral" or "multilateral"? Neither of those words would make sense in the sentence. Nobody would, or could, imagine the German Government taking bilateral or multilateral action in violation, etc.; and therefore it is unnecessary to use a word to reject that conception. It is like talking about "the unilateral action of a husband in deserting his wife." He can no more desert her bilaterally than he can beat her bilaterally. Is that clear, Bobby?

Nevertheless, we do not wish to rid the language of epithets; and we know very well, Bobby, what these clumsy fellows want to say. They are groping for a word which will rub it in that Germany in her denunciation of the Treaty is single, alone, separate, solitary, isolated; that the action taken is "single," as opposed to "joint" or "common." Most writers on international law do very well without "unilateral" in their chapters on Treaties; they contrast single or separate action with common or collective action; and all is plain. And isolated, perhaps, would do as well.

But, in the sentence now in the dock, unilateral would be multi-erroneous for another good reason. It is not properly to be opposed to common, collective or joint. The opposite of unilateral, in law and politics, is reciprocal: and if reserved for that field of thought it may be useful. Husband and wife have certain reciprocal obligations; but the obligation to pay income-tax is unilateral, for the State makes no reciprocal undertaking. Or it might be said that, as between Europe and Great Britain, the obligations of the Locarno Treaty were unilateral, because no one promised to come to our aid.

But now let us suppose that Italy as well as Germany had denounced the Locarno Treaty. Could that have been described as "bilateral action"? No, Bobby—well, not by you or me. That would be either (a) two separate or single denunciations, or (b) a joint denunciation by Italy and Germany, as opposed to a collective denunciation by all the signatories. But unilateral would have no place in the affair; and it ought not to have nine places in the White Paper.

#### EXERCISE.

#### Who wrote-

"Misfortunes never come unilaterally."

"Two minds with but a unilateral thought."

"Splendid Unilateralism"?

#### "Basis."

Dear old "basis" makes two odd appearances in the White Paper:—

(1) "... the re-establishment of economic relations between the nations on a healthy basis is equally necessary to the process of reconstruction."

Christmas! What is a "healthy basis"? Why not "the restoration of healthy trade"?

#### Six lines later we find-

(2) "... agreements organising on a precise and effective basis the system of collective security."

Why not "precisely and effectively"?
"Definite."

Some rare pieces of definite-work have come into the market lately:-

"Hauptmann is talking at last. To-night he almost definitely saved himself from execution. . . . "—A message from New York.

"The position as regards defence appears to be that very definite additions are to be made as regards matériel both in the Navy, the Army, the T.A. and the R.A.F. . . . "—A letter to "The Times."

(If the writer of this letter will send his name and address he will receive the Order of the Velvet Boot.)

"The directors of the Bristol Rovers issued a statement 'That this club definitely opposes any interference with the fixture lists of the League clubs.' ..."

We are now so much afraid that people will not believe what we say, or that the words we use are ill-chosen and unconvincing, that the simplest and strongest words have to be laced with "definites" and "absolutsly's." People may think that we have in mind only nebulous additions to the "matériel" of the Navy, and that when we say "oppose" we do not mean "oppose" but "vaguely dislike." But where is this to stop? "Definite" and "definitely" can be slipped in almost anywhere. I offer a prize to the first Foreman of the Jury to announce a verdict of "Definitely Guilty," and another to the Judge who informs the prisoner that he will be "definitely hanged by the neck till he is very definitely dead."

#### "Following."

This horror breeds incessantly, and has now penetrated into Parliamentary questions and papers, where, as a rule, it takes the new form, "following on."

The Special Prize this week goes to the following "following":-

"Miss — was awarded £100 damages in the King's Bench Division to-day following being scalded in a City teashop. . . ."

Would not the short word "for" definitely serve as well? A. P. H.

"RABBIT UNEARTHS ROMAN VILLAGE.
DISCOVERY ON NORFOLK GOLF COURSE."
News Heading.

Is this a record divot?

## Telephones, 2036.

SPEAKING on "The History of the Telephone" in the National programme on March 31st, 2036, the P.M.G. paid particular attention to the events of the past hundred years.

"The installation of the 'talking clock' in 1936," he said, "marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the telephone service. Up to that date the business community regarded the telephone as an unfortunate necessity, but in the hundred years that followed the telephone became increasingly a boon and a blessing to man. No longer did people say, 'I suppose I must have the confounded thing installed or people will think I can't afford it.' They signed on the dotted line with delighted alacrity.

"Undoubtedly the scrapping of the dial' system in 1945 was generally welcomed by the public. The dial welcomed by the public. system foiled one of the deepestrooted instincts of human nature-the instinct that makes people dislike being unable to blame somebody else for their own mistakes. People wishing to speak to HOL 1248 and dialling BOL 1244 were naturally annoved at being unable to tell the Exchange with long-suffering patience that they had been given the wrong number. With the scrapping of the dial system the good old days came back again. People wanting to speak to Holborn 1248 could approach the mouthpiece chewing gum and smoking a large cigar. They could murmur 'Edgware gug-ump-gug-gug,' and then find themselves talking to the Society for the Prevention of Pink Pullovers instead of the Official Receiver. They could then click down the clicker until the girl at the Exchange returned to the fray, and tell her that they wanted to speak to the supervisor about getting so many wrong numbers.

"Pleasant as it was, however, to have somebody else to blame, the Post Office realised that it would be pleasanter still if the right number could be given every time, so telephone operators were specially trained to interpret Gugump, the language spoken by the average subscriber. Even this, however, did not overcome the difficulty of the subscriber who Gugumped the wrong number, and it was not until the service was televised that this problem was solved.

With the coming of television, however, every operator was put through a course of thought-reading and psychoanalysis. This meant that if the correct number was known to the subscriber's conscious or subconscious



Indignant Wife. "Conserve the aroma indeed! I like that! Aroma is about all I've got in mine."

mind the right connection could be made.

"2022 of course saw the greatest telephone revolution, following Professor Jellbond's Splitting of the Pork Pie. It will be remembered that in his laboratory at Hampstead Professor Jellbond succeeded in splitting an ordinary Pork Pie into sound-waves. He then phoned the disembodied Pork Pie to his friend Professor Barmonger at Newcastle. Professor Barmonger reassembled the Pork Pie and tried it on the dog without ill-effects.

"At once it became evident that the scope of the telephone could be

greatly enlarged, and goods of all classes were soon speeding along the wires. At first of course there were occasional accidents; and most of my listeners will remember the sad case of the Fellow of All Souls who forgot he had ordered a grand piano and received it in the eye. But very soon the service was brought to its present state of perfection. The Post Office engineers are now working on a scheme by which human beings may safely be split, and very shortly we hope to stop the Toll of the Air and the Toll of the Road by inducing everybody to travel by phone, with special cheap fares after 7 P.M.



"No, I'm AFRAID WE CAN'T WALK WITH YOU THIS AFTERNOON-HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO A PARTY AGAIN. REG'LAR LITTLE CHILD-ABOUT-TOWN, I CALL RIM.

## An Appeal and a Postscript.

(With apologies to Walt Whitmans)

I sing the orange-peel,

Not as in golden beauty it circles the luscious fruit

Gleaming amidst the dark green leaves of its native trees-

I sing the stripped hide, the peel by itself, peel!

Lying on pavements, in lanes, on the glad open moorland, Wheresoever the heedless hand of the flayer flingeth it.

Ah! what a destiny-

To be the triumphant cause of numerous broken limbs

To unwary and elderly townsfolk,

To be an ever-recurring evesore to any encountering rover. To be as a flaring freckle on the comely face of the landscape, Marring the sweet Englishness of it with the ghastly glare

of a foreign refuse!

And again I sing to you hearing.

And again is my theme unsightly.

I sing the whitey-brown paper-bag,

Not in its pristine flatne

When, clean and attached by a corner, it hangs

Awaiting its freight in the pastrycook's shop in the suburbs:

I choose for my theme that moment

When its journey is safely accomplished,

Its greasy or succulent cargo discharged and the vessel

Left empty, sans anchor or rudder, to drift where it pleases. Behold yonder moss-covered bank, besprinkled with violets!

How wondrous enhanced are its charms

By the crumpled and greasy remains of the whitey-brown

bag of my chancen!

Behold you gold glory of gorse-bush-

What struggles there, soiled and conspicuous, Born on the wings of the wind and seized by a thorn as a

banner?

The mangled remains flutter idly.

The whitey-brown bag flutters idly,

Defiling with petty profaneness the beautiful Temple of Nature.

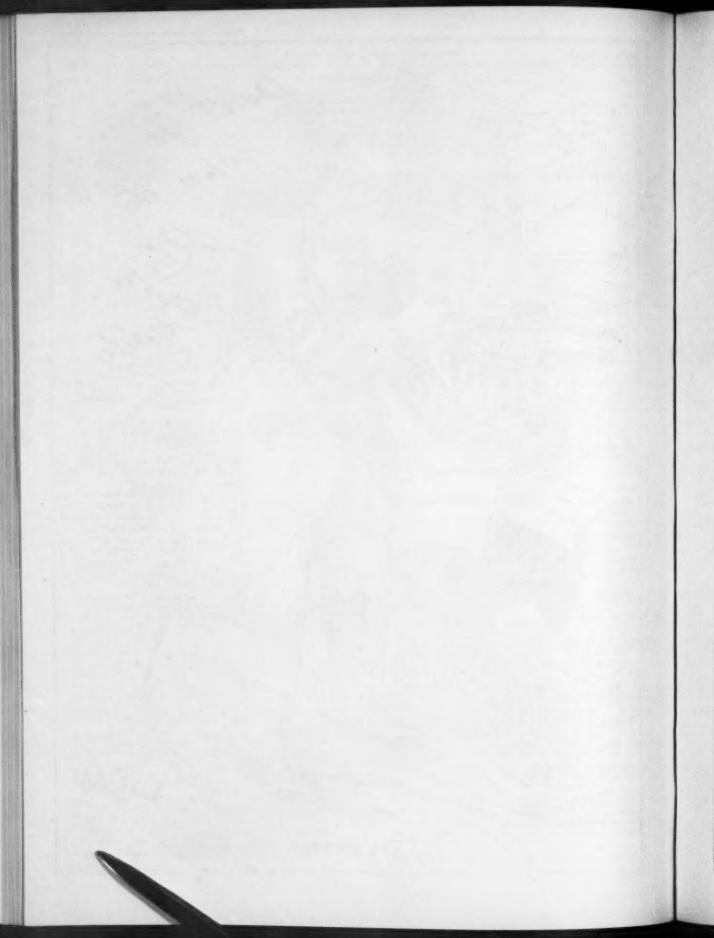
#### Higher Maths. for the "Queen Mary."

"Great skill will be used to take the liner down the river. Given normal conditions, the 14-miles journey will be accomplished in two and a half hours at an average speed of seven miles an hour."-Newspaper Report.

"In the Bremen and Europa, whose hulls are approximately the same length as the Hindenburg, a state-room suite would cover about the same space as the dining room of the airship, most of which is taken up with the gasbags."—Daily Paper.

Of course you get much the same trouble in a liner.





## Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 23rd,—Commons: Unemployment Insurance (Agriculture) Bill given Third Reading.

Tuesday, March 24th.—Lords: Defence Debate continued.



Aw.Z

NON-COMPETITIVE DISCUS-THROWING.

FIRST PRIZE: MISS ELLEN WILKINSON.

Commons: Debate on Proposed Palestine Constitution.

Wednesday, March 25th.-Lords: Debate on Freer Trade.

Commons: Debate on Ministers' Salaries.

Monday, March 23rd.—When Mr. MARCUS SAMUEL suggested this after-

noon that a tourist agency should be set up in Moscow with the object of persuading Russian workers to take their holidays over here, Mr. GEORGE GRIFFITHS urged that they should be shown the distressed areas, and Sir Alfred Knox neatly capped the notion by asking if it would not be possible to appoint guides from the Conservative Central Office in order to prevent them from seeing anything. Obviously the most amusing thing to do would be to see how muddled one could get a representative party in a week; a good start could be made by showing them Ascot as the great workers' outing, Blackpool as the typical playground of the effete aristocracy, and Lord's as the place where our brutal penal code demands that stretches of dangerous hard labour shall be undergone before a jeering populace.

Question-time was also greatly brightened by Miss WILKIN-SON's brilliant suggestion that at the Olympic Games, which take place in Germany next August, the German elections should be imitated and not more than one competitor allowed in each event.

The Bill to bring agricultural labourers within the scope of Unemployment Insurance was given a Third Reading, after general regret that the maximum amount of benefit had been fixed at thirty shillings a week. Mr. Tom Smith pleaded that it should be increased so as to provide for the man who was blessed ("blessed" is what they call the operative word) with a large family; but Major COLFAX, who also felt the maximum to be small, agreed that it must be fixed in relation to wage rates; and agricultural wages, he said, were low because urban dwellers were content to sweat the agricultural labourer.

In moving the Third Reading, Mr. Ernest Brown explained that the Bill would affect about 750,000 people, and about £1,689,000 would be paid out annually in benefits.

out annually in benefits.

Tuesday, March 24th.—On the resumption of the Defence debate in the Upper House Lord ESHER declared that collective security meant that Great Britain would act as the special constable of Europe, and quite rightly. The Government should decide whether they were prepared, in the event of war, to provide each convoy of wheat and petrol with a protective aircraft-carrier, or whether they should lay down a year supply of these essentials.

Although Lord LOTHIAN agreed that Service expansion was necessary, he thought the White Paper ill-considered, and as to the apparent assumption of M. Flandin and M. van Zeeland that we had entered into a military



AUNT SALLY SIMON.

THE HOME SECRETARY STANDS UP FOR THE POLICE.

alliance with France and Belgium, he asked for an assurance that their interpretation was incorrect.

In reply Lord HAILSHAM declared that no secret understanding had been

come to with France and Belgium. We had sufficient oil-tankers to meet our needs, and in the four years of National Government our home food-supplies had gone up by 14%.

The Commons listened with pleasure to an eloquent speech by Colonel WEDGWOOD on the plight of the Jews in general and the importance of our retaining our responsibility in Palestine. Fifteen million people, he said, were in the position of the lepers of old. The proposed Legislative Council would ruin any chances of developing Palestine in the future as it had been developed in the past under British justice and Jewish capital. Mr. CROSSLEY, who has an agreeable manner, put the difficulties of making a national home for a great world people without prejudicing the rights of the existing inhabitants; Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR demanded parity of representation on the Council for the Jews; Mr. THOMAS re-



THE NEWER AND BETTER BABEL.

The Builder. "THERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

Josiah. "NOT MUCH."

(COLONEL WEDGWOOD and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.)



"ARE YOU ANOTHER OF THESE PEOPLE TRYING TO BE FUNNY? MY NAME IS NOT LIVINGSTONE, AND I'M NOT A DOCTOR!"

minded the House that every Government since 1922 had endorsed our pledge to set up a Legislative Council, and remarked that he felt compelled to back the policy of the High Commissioner as being in the best interests of both Jews and Arabs; and Mr. Churchill asked that, at a time when the Jews were being subjected to a vile tyranny, there should be a little delay in taking any course which might increase their troubles.

Wednesday, March 25th.—The British Empire possesses so large a proportion of the commodities essential to modern life that it would be only reasonable to share these, through a system of freer trade, with other nations not similarly endowed, in particular Germany, Italy and Japan; this was the argument put forward by Lord Arnold, who declared that the Ottawa Conference had brought discord within the Empire and a sense of grievance outside it.

Lord REDESDALE asked for the return to Germany of some of her colonies, and went so far as to defend Herr HITLER's treatment of the Jews. Lord ADDINGTON described the industrial difficulties of Japan, Lord Noelbuxton suggested an extension of the mandate system, Lord STONEHAVEN

seemed to think that no one had a right to colonies except ourselves, and



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.
As Sir Arthur Michael Samuel has spent
pretty
Nearly all his life in Committee,

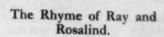
It can't have been too aisy
To write a biography of GIOVANNI BATTISTA
PIRANESI.

in reply Lord Plymouth defended Ottawa as a movement towards freer trade.

In the Commons Sir Thomas Inskip opened his new innings by announcing that a Committee had been appointed to go into the question of Bombs v. Battleships.

The Order Paper carried a large number of questions about the mutually imbecile clashes between Fascists and Communists near the Albert Hall last Sunday evening, and Sir John Simon, explaining that fair warning had been given that no counter-meeting would be allowed within half-a-mile of the Albert Hall, took full responsibility for the action of the police.

In the subsequent debate on the necessity for raising Ministers' salaries it was generally agreed that Ministers, and especially the Prime Minister, got too little in view of their heavy expenses, and that the Law Officers proportionately got too much; but the Government magnanimously could promise themselves no immediate relief. Mr. BUCHANAN's was a lone voice in the financial wilderness, crying that a yearly salary of such staggering dimensions as £5,000 was beyond his imagination.



"Who dwells now in your castle— Your castle on the hill, With towers and courts and pleasance

And moat fed by the rill?"
"My son dwells in that castle—
My son and his wife fair,
And I dwell in a cottage

With one short winding stair."
"But where are all the henchmen
That served your spacious hall?"
"That hall they still are serving;

My wants are few and small."
"Where have your maidens vanished,
Who wore stout kirtles green?"
"They wait on those who need them;

My modest home I clean."
"How get you then your raiment?
Your garments once were fine!"

"Alone I weave my clothing
When winds of autumn whine."
"Who owns to-day your jewels—
Those gems so rich and bright?"
"My lovely new-wed daughter,

With neck of pearly white."
"Yet is there not one trinket
To which you fain must cling?"
"The gift of my betrothal—

My dead Love's pledging ring."
"Have you no fields nor pastures
Still left of your wide lands?"
"Enough to make my garden;
I plant it with these hands."

"How calm you seem—how happy!
Would I the same might be!"
"The cares of wealth I yielded,

And now my soul is free.

A wild rose twines my casement;
My joys are sunny hours,
The scent of herbs and perfume

From plots of gilliflowers.

For music birds are singing,

The bees hum to and fro;

I watch the dawn and sundown

Set all the world aglow;
And when the night is falling
Such peace is everywhere
That I feel deeply thankful
As I climb up my stair."



## Ballade of Strange Meats.

HE asked me, "Have you ever eaten snails? What—No? Bear-steak, then? Or wild-asses' cheese.

The fins of sharks, the fat of seals and whales,
The nests of birds (from cliffs, of course, not trees),
Cats, rats or mice? Dear me, not even these?
Well, hippo's head, perhaps, or giant clam?"
I was outclassed, I murmured humbly, "Please

I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam.'

Oh, these experienced travellers, what tales
They tell of what remote commodities,
Things at which my more queasy stomach quails,
They have consumed by all the Seven Seas,
Snakes in New Guinea, chows with the Chinese,
Roast elephants' trotters at Dar-es-Salaam,
While I, when young, had thought it quite a wheeze
I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam.

Well, let them brag, these much-experienced males, Let them gnaw walrus while their noses freeze, And drink their wretched bêche-de-mer from pails And eat their pâtés made of stingless bees, And take sheep's eyes on forks—yes, let them tease,

I'm planté, whatsoever they may cram, I shall not shrink nor wobble at the knees— I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam!

#### Ennoi

Prince, never mind them, let us up and seize
Our marmalade, our simple slice of ham,
Our egg—arterial road—Teas, Teas, Teas,
I once ate kangaroo in Rotterdam.

J. C. S.

#### Remarkable Careers.

It may be that to the bulk of mankind A Dictionary of Occupational Terms, prepared by the Ministry of Labour, printed and published (in 1927) by H.M. Stationery Office at the modest price of one guinea and, for all I know, revised and reprinted many times since then, is vieux jeu, a kind of Family Bible as familiar as Shakespeare or the works of Dickens. But to me it is a newly-found delight, the grandest and most refreshing experience of my life since at the age of seven (as in due course—alsbald to you—my autobiography will tell you) I discovered Pindar.

The purpose of this monumental work is to provide "a complete descriptive glossary of occupations, with an alphabetical index in addition," and very thoroughly, I should say, it does its work. The variety and multiplicity of modes of spending one's time which human ingenuity has contrived must stun the mind and confound the imagination of any who reads this book. I used to think there were only about a dozen ways of earning money—careers is a politer term—but I know better now. I know

that there are at least seventeen thousand.

This knowledge gives me great comfort. It seems to me to rob the fear of losing one's job of half its terrors. One need never lose hope. If the worst comes to the worst, I like to remind myself, I can apply for a different job every day for the next twenty years (Sundays excepted) and still have 10,735 avenues as yet unexplored. Of course I realise that I might not be qualified for all the seventeen thousand. I doubt very much, for instance, whether I should be a success as a microscope maker or a coxswain of airships, and

I certainly shouldn't be any good as a hydraulic hat blocker, because I don't know the first thing about hydraulic hats.

I should have thought I could be an offal striker all right. I believe I could catch a bit of garbage as good a wallop as the next man, if somebody was prepared to pay me for doing it. But the Dictionary tells me I am wrong. Offal striking means passing leather made from the belies and shoulders of hides into a machine for smoothing out wrinkles (Beauty Parlours, please copy)—and I might or might not be able to do that. It is just the same with can valloping—really quite an elaborate and exhausting occupation in the textile world.

I am sure I could be a *lozenge spreader*, who spreads, as the name indicates, lozenges, and I think I should pass as an *opera-hat spring fitter*, but I am uncertain about a *pig* 

heaver. It sounds rather arduous.

There are also a number of things which I might but won't be. I won't be a slagger, tagger, blubberer, slubber or bobbler. I won't be a clobberer. Nor, if I can help it, will I be a mucker, dribble-boy or necker-in. I am sorry to have to say this. I wouldn't wish for a moment to give offence to the slaggers and blubberers of this world, who are, I am confident, a most estimable body of men. I just don't want to join their ranks, that's all.

I should dearly love to be a naphthalene whizzerman. It would give such an air to one's signature on Wills and

Testaments.

Acquaintance with this Dictionary has tended to lessen my respect for such books as Adventurous Pilgrimage, by Arnold Bhost, "solicitor, airman, potboy, bandit, Rajah, spy, astronomer." When his publishers claim that "there is practically nothing to which Mr. Bhost has not turned his hand at one period or another of his adventurous career," I simply laugh. "Has he," I ask, "ever been a parasol rib finisher?" "Do his experiences include the fixing of pegs in lags for dobby looms, which alone qualifies a man for the title of dobby pegger?" No, no. Give me a book by a man who can truthfully describe himself on the cover as "worm boy, snibbler, breeze wheeler, sectional cleek hunter, nagman, throstle spinner, sludge presser, wuzzer, carbolic acid man and superintendent of turncocks" and I will read it with attention. Anybody can be a spy, but it takes a good man to spin a throstle as a throstle should be spun.

All the same, I'm blowed if I should like to be a carbolic

acid man.

I recommend this Dictionary (if it has not already come their way) to the organisers of the "Are You Sure?" Column in The Sunday Express. I think they could have some fun with it. For instance—

Q. A cold roll picker-up is:

(a) A cocktail.

(b) A pair of chilled steel tongs.
(c) A North American pigeon.
(d) A weight degreesing apparent.

(d) A weight-decreasing apparatus.(e) A man who speaks into restaural

(e) A man who sneaks into restaurants and collects the bread left on people's side-plates.

(f) A steel-works operative.

A. (f)—as far as I can make out. Also known as a cold roll catcher or cold roll boy; he "collects plates as they are ejected from cold rolls." So (e) isn't very far out.

I really don't think we can say much here about the indelicate company of belly-makers and bottom-polishers—though the Dictionary has no such reticence. It appears that the former operate on the carcasses of pianos and the latter are something or other in the boot-and-shoe world. In any case my heart goes out to them. H. F. E.



"Of course 1'm only a woman, but I don't see what good it does the country having a Budget. It only means worbying before you spend the money instead of after."

## Through the Ivory Gate.

Although my life, in working hours,
Perforce pursues pedestrian courses,
In dreams I haunt celestial bowers,
I'm dragged by wild and wondrous horses:
Exchanging drab and dismal days
Absorbed in stuffy occupations,
For wanderings in translunar ways
And stratospheric explorations.

Only last night I stood upon
The peak of Popocatepetl,
Where EPSTEIN and AUGUSTUS JOHN
Were boiling a bronchitis-kettle
And, huddled in a rocky cave,
With brandy and hot-water-bottles
Were striving very hard to save
The lives of two small axolotls.

Floating upon the gulf-weed sea Known by its alias of Sargasso, I've watched a pensive manatee Pose to the pencil of Picasso, While GAUGUIN painted with his toes
A coster standing by his barrow
Adroitly poising on his nose
A bulbous vegetable marrow.

But finest of my astral games
I hold the fortunate conjunction
Of Beerbohm (Max) and Douglas (James)—
Of polished wit and perfect unction—
As, stretched upon the Yarmouth sands,
Clad in plus-fours and Stetson "boaters,"
I saw them listen to three bands
And lunch off winkles, shrimps and bloaters.

Thus all the talents mingle in
This cavalcade phantasmagoric
Of mortals to the gods akin
Or likely to become historic;
And though to Bright Young People's eyes
A mere suburban ignoramus,
In dreams I freely fraternize
With all the "great and good" and famous.
C. L. G.

## At the Play.

"ROSMERSHOLM" (CRITERION).

audience from that of fifty years ago listens tolerantly to the naïveté of speech and intensity of emancipated feeling of the progressive persons of that age.

Rosmersholm is full of the first simple assertions of those who. like Johannes Rosmer (Mr. JOHH LAURIE) and Rebecca West (Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON), protest that although they no longer believe theologically, they will be as moral and respectable as before. They are deeply hurt when Rector Kroll (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH) shakes a decided and not very indulgent head at their assertions; and the modern audience, long since accustomed to seeing emancipated promiscuity on the stage, is unable to understand why Johannes and Rebecca suddenly draw the line where they do.

Johannes is indeed an unattractive fellow, even in the IBSEN gallery. He does not seem ashamed to ask Rebecca to go to a suicide's watery grave to prove to him that she loves him. He has to make it clear that if she does not he will lack faith in her and what she has taught him, but if she does take the plunge he will be heartened and will devote himself to the rough-and-tumble of a propagandist's life. His unfitness for such a life has been clearly demonstrated, and he knows it as well as everybody else; but he does not accept the facts, and although he had given repeated proofs of great weakness of character, keeps a high mysterious idea of his importance. Mr. LAURIE played the part in a way that brought out excellently this unrobust idealism. He seemed a rather seedy man in a home which gave no impression of being a comfortable and rather prosperous old family seat.

Critics of this play have often commented on IBSEN's failure to account for Rebecca West. Why is she there? What does she do beyond leading poor Rosmer to her point of view? Mrs. Helseth (Miss Esmé Church) does all the work of the house and is obviously well able to see to everything. Rebecca is there to go through emotional storms, and Miss Forbes-Robertson made

them come with a gathering intensity to the climax. At first she was so quiet that how much was suppressed inside her was not very apparent. But she At the IBSEN revival a very different gathered volume, and from the moment



MESSAGE TO MANKIND. Rector Kroll . . . . Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH. Ulric Brendel . . . MR. WALTER PIERS.



STARTERS FOR THE MILL-RACE STAKES. Johannes Rosmer . Mr. John Laurie. Rebecca West . . . MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Johannes declared his love she is very much alive and obviously maintaining great control.

The family portraits hang on the wall, and Rector Kroll is plainly con-

scious of the importance of being a Rosmer; but it is the Rosmer conscience that is supposed to be tenacious. This is not a study of family tradition but of inherited standards of right and wrong. Rebecca has no particular family tree, but she too succumbs and has to confess that she has been an unscrupulous schemer and homebreaker from the first. She is a capital instance of the way a vague idealism may be quite sincere in itself and may lead easily to atrocious conduct in private life.

There are only six characters in Rosmersholm, but they are all worthy of good actors, and in this revival they are all well allotted. Mr. WILFRID GRAN-THAM has only one scene as Peter Mortensgard, but he plays the greasy cad with an air that won him an immediate ovation. As the drunken old tutor, Ulric Brendel, Mr. WALTER PIERS put on the colours with a lavish brush. If Mr. CLARKE-SMITH made Rector Kroll a little too like an English vicar, a little too bland for the part, he was clear and vigorous and recaptured admirably the assured conviction of being altogether in the right which marked public men in the D. W. last century.

"THE LAST OF THE LADIES" (APOLLO).

He would be a foolish fellow who hired a supercharged racingcar in order to take his grandmother for an airing in the Park; and on the same principle the dramatist is heading for disaster who assembles the flashy, reckless, headlong machinery of farce and then expects it to bowl gently through an evening at the leis-

urely pace of a comedy.

Mr. WILLIAM FRESHMAN is his own producer, and therefore lacks the excuse, open to most authors, that the production slowed up on him; it was presumably by his intention that the greater part of his three Acts was spent arranging and, later, demolishing the farcical complications round which his story revolves. If these had been taken with a gay rush which left us no time or inclination to dwell on their absurdities, Mr. Freshman's optimism just what to do with them. There engaging habit of the actor, Guy, of might have been better justified.

As it was, the manner of presentation invited us to think again: and we came rapidly to the conclusion that an English country family on its beam-ends which had found a French Marquis prepared to take over its famous pictures at a fat figure, would be running very wide of form if it made the transaction dependent on an investigation of the Marquis' social and moral standing. Particularly since the pictures were the portraits of the long line of mistresses who had brightened the lives of the Marquis' ancestors. Nor could we be convinced that an elderly lady seeking a handsome allowance from her conventionally-minded brother would pay her first visit to him for some years attended by a young man of very dubious character.

How far the mistress of a Marquis would go who wished to force him at all costs into marriage we naturally have no means of judging. This one, Marcelle (Miss ADELE DIXON), took the liberty of hiring an actor to impersonate the English peer from whom her Henry (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN) was buying the pictures, and so obtain a lever; and when the

actor turned out to be Guy (Mr. CHARLES HESLOP), an old flame of hers, the lever became very difficult to control. She wanted Henry and permanent security, Guy thought he wanted her. Henry wanted his pictures, and his sister Bella (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) wanted a thumping annuity. Thus everything got very

mixed up.

It was melancholy to watch so good a cast trying to strike sparks out of such material. and the more so because there was a certain wit in the dialogue. Miss SEYLER and Mr. HED-LEY BRIGGS (who played the boy-friend) had the best of it in their bright periods of inanity; there were too many rather cheap wisecracks about gigolos and suchlike, but these two had some amusing lines and knew were also good moments due to the



INTERVAL FOR EMBRACEMENTS. Heureux . . . . . . MR. SYD WALKER. Guy. . . . . . . . MB, CHARLES HESLOP.

relapsing into old parts even when declaring the rekindling of his

love for Marcelle, who was fortunately able to prompt him through the more difficult passages. Mr. HESLOP was excellent.

Miss Dixon, looking lovely in two exquisite dresses, did all that could be done with Marcelle, and Mr. HANNEN contrived to squeeze a certain life into a part which involved him in a tiresome business of noisy stamping about the stage. ERIC.

## Arbory Hill.

THERE'S an old green fort on Arbory Hill

That stands with its feet in

And there the Gaels of an ancient

Kept watch on the Lowlands wide;

And sped the message from peak to peak, When the pass was aflame with

To rally the clans from the

distant glens Indefence of their country's door.

The Gaels are gone from the grassy straths

And the old green fort's asleep,

The home of plover and Blackface ewe

With never a watch to keep. Yet on August nights

when the road's ablaze

With the northwardhurrying cars,

There's a sound up there like a sleeper waked And a whisper under the stars:

"Keep ward-keep ward in the pass to-night, For the Sassenach comes apace.

With his clashing tongue and his bags of gold And his white and alien face;

Let the door be wide and the stranger pass-But wherever he chance to roam,

Shall the message run that the bags be light Or ever he turn for home!"



MIXED COMPANY.

HIS MISTRESS, HIS SISTER, AND HIS SISTER'S GIGOLO.

. . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN. . . . . . Miss Apèle Dixon. Marcelle Bella . . . . . . MISS ATHERE SEYLER, Alex. . . . . . . Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS.

# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

11th February, 1936.

SIR,—Why did you persuade me to go and play golf with that visitor this morning? I discovered before we had left the third tee that he was an insurance agent, and before I had holed out at the fourth he was trying to sell me a Golfer's Public Liability Policy.

Granted I hit him on the foot when driving at the second, but even so I consider his opportunism in very bad taste, and I would have you know that if you arrange matches like this for me again you can look out for trouble.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig Tree Villa, Roughover.

14/2/36.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that in future when you introduce one golfer to another you do so in an orthodox manner?

You will remember that yesterday you produced an opponent for me and

told me he was tight.

Acting on this information (given, as I thought, by one sportsmen to another) I backed myself for 5/- (five shillings).

It was not, however, until the third hole that I discovered his name was Tyte and that he was as sober as a judge.

Had you introduced him as Mr. Tyte I should not have been placed in such

a false position.

In the meantime I shall not report this unfortunate incident to the Committee—but only on the condition that you put the matter right with me at the nineteenth hole at an early date.

> Yours faithfully, RUPERT BINDWEED.

From Barnabas Hackett, Roughover.

Monday, 17th February, 1936.

Dear Sir,—I wish to complain about the visitor you asked me to give a game to yesterday; and I may say that I have rarely had a more unpleasant round.

Whether it was his boots, or something in his bag, or his braces, I was unable to discover, but the fact remains that during the entire eighteen holes he never once stopped creaking. The noise gradually got on my nerves to such an extent that I eventually lost my match.

He wanted to play me again on Thursday, but you can tell him there is nothing doing unless he has the trouble remedied.

Yours faithfully, B. HACKETT.

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover. 20/2/36.

SIR,—On Tuesday you fixed me up for a game of golf with a Mr. Kroup, telling me that the man was very deaf and that I must speak up; but after he had beaten me on the fifteenth green and I had eased my feelings by saying (in a subdued voice) just what I thought of him, I was much put out when he immediately rounded

"dirty cad" too, and why had I shouted at him all the way round?

On making inquiries from his caddie I found out that Mr. Kroup is not deaf at all, but that it is his brother who is thus afflicted.

on me and blurted out that I was a

Kindly inform me your reason for being such a fool.

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

22nd February, 1936.

Dear Sir,—Why can you never find decent people for me to play with? This week has been a fair example of many others, and I feel it only right to let you know what I have had to put up with. Here, then, is a résumé of my opponents:—

(a) Monday. A poet wearing a redand-white check cap, who waggled his club at least thirty-five times before each shot.

(b) Tuesday. A retired major in the Australian Army who did nothing but talk about kiwis and how the Tibetans dispose of their dead.

(c) Wednesday. A parson with a patent peg tee which whistled until picked up and switched off.

(d) Thursday. A vegetarian who once stayed under water for over four minutes. (Not long enough!)

(e) Friday. A French Count who took five bob off me by blowing his nose like a trumpeting elephant whenever I was about to putt.

(f) This morning. A youth who smelt over-poweringly of hair-oil.

(g) This afternoon (nine holes). A retired sea-captain who bounced up and down when addressing his ball and before every shot shouted, out "One, Two, Three—Poop!"

Unless you can do better than this there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—The only thing to be said in favour of the above people is that I would sooner play with them than with Sneyring-Stymie, Nettle or Nutmeg.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

25th February, 1936

DEAR SIR,—The man I played golf with this morning, a Mr. Jacob Sprogg, went off without paying me the stakes for which we agreed to play. The sum amounted to one-shilling-and-threepence (I/- on the match and 3d. on the bye).

As you introduced me to Mr. S., kindly note that I hold you responsible for the collection of the debt. Please therefore remit stamps or postal order at your earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,

Angus McWhigg.

From Calvin Canker, Briar Cottage, Egbertham.

29/2/36.

Dear Sir,—Your reply to mine of the 27th has just come to hand, but I should like to explain that when I played golf with you on Wednesday afternoon I thought that you were a member of the club.

Seemingly, therefore, my last letter, addressed to "The Secretary" and complaining of the offensive and outspoken way in which you accosted me over not replacing the turf, will not have the attention it deserves.

To-day, however, I have obtained the address of your Captain, and I have already written to him about your disgraceful conduct.

I trust you will get well punished. Yours truly,

CALVIN CANKER.

From Elijah Knuckle, Hairpin Bend House, Wallopstowe.

29th Feb., 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Although I only play golf at your Club as a visitor, I think it but right that you should know the way in which one of your members—Mr. Lionel Nutmeg—won his match with me to-day.

And quite candidly, Sir, I found it very difficult not to appear put out over his behaviour; for during the round he never once ceased drivelling about the way he used to have his bath in the tropics—giving a minute account of everything, even down to the scorpion (1903) he once found in his sponge, and the snake (1911)



Mrs. Green (to Welfare. Worker). "It's a pity you women wot ain't got nothin' to do ain't got somethin' BETTER TO DO THAN TO COME WORRYING WOMEN WOT 'AS.'

which bit him on the back when he was standing up washing his knees.

In view of this, I trust you will not mind my remarking that if your green fees are to be kept up you should see that visitors have a better opportunity of enjoying their game than I did.

Yours faithfully, E. KNUCKLE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

29/2/36.

I do not often write you a complimentary letter, but I feel it only just that you should know how very much I enjoyed my game to-day with Mr. Elijah Knuckle.

Mr. K. is one of the most charming men I have ever met, and he really did seem so interested to hear all about my long and arduous service in Malaya.

Might I also add that I thought the course never played better-a big factor in my great victory of eight and

If you could again arrange a game MY DEAR MR. WHELK, -I am afraid for me with Mr. Knuckle I should

be most happy to play, but I rather gathered from my caddie he was leaving Roughover on the next train.

Yours very sincerely, LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S .- I took 7/6 off him! G. C. N.

"Song: 'What's in the air to-day?' Eden."

Concert Programme.

Presumably the Concert of Europe.

"A fruiterer pleaded not guilty at the Old Bailey to-day to stealing £38 while armed with an offensive weapon from a post office." Evening Paper.

Are the new pens as bad as that?



"I'VE GOT THE BAILIFFS IN, AND JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF MY BUSY SEASON."

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Pickwick, Centenarian.

According to Mr. Chesterton, the characters of Dickens live statically in a perpetual summer of being themselves, "like Punch or Father Christmas." And this is particularly true of the Pickwick Club and its satellites, on whom Pickwick's original publishers, with the happy notion of commemorating the centenary of their masterpiece, have issued a series of studies. Between Pickwick himself, revealed as a guardian angel in gaiters by Mr. Noyes, and "The Smallest Fry," assembled with gratifying gusto by Mr. AGATE, fifteen essays intervene, of which the more adequate strike me as being by the older hands. Age, I take it, is paying tribute to immortality while youth is restoring a fallen idol; but does this wholly account for the charm of Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS' "Tony Weller" and the equity of Mr. E. S. P. HAYNES'S "Dodson and Fogg," while making due allowance for Mr. John Betjeman's "Samuel Weller" and Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's "Dr. Slammer"? Be that as it may, A Pickwick Portrait Gallery (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is a charming little book, produces its quota of sound criticism, and-in Mr. Johnston Abraham's "Bob Sawyer" and Mr. A. G. MACDONELL's "Dingley Dell v. All-Muggleton"—sheds welcome new light on old professions and pastimes.

#### Farmer George and His Friends.

Nowadays colonies arrive so naturally at the latch-key stage that the odium that once attended George the Third

(NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) for his tactless dealings with America is no longer at the back of posterity's mind about him. Yet while agreeing with Mr. J. D. GRIFFITH DAVIES that his amiable, bigoted, courageous and obstinate hero has suffered unduly from the malice of Whig historians, I am not sure that the time has come to acquit him on the major counts of history. Never, perhaps, was the English public as a whole less interested in and more impotent concerning the government of this country than under GEORGE and his Minister, Lord North; and when one remembers the Royal Marriage Act, passed in flagrant disregard of the personal rights and dignities not only of George's mishandled sons but of their successors, one can realise the lengths of unconstitutionalism to which this "typical Englishman" could go. Mr. Davies has proved neither George's political acumen nor his insight into character; but he has written an eminently readable, kindly and well-informed account of a king with many likeable qualities and a reign of outstanding national importance. His illustrations are excellent.

#### Filling in the Map.

Since exploration of the earth's surface is nearly complete, very few books remain to be written in the style of Major R. E. Cheesman's Lake Tana and the Blue Nile (Macmillan, 18/-). Surprising, thrilling, most beautiful and yet occasionally disappointing, the Blue Nile gorge, a chasm within a geologic rift, has now been at least roughly examined for the whole of its thousand-mile course between Lake Tana and Khartoum. Working over a period of eight years from his consulate-in North-West Abyssinia, the writer has been tracing the rivers and finding possible sites for dams,

bridges and roadways in a country that until recently was mapped as a vacancy. From the people of the neighbouring table-lands he met with nothing but courteous assistance, even highwaymen and lake pirates melting into politeness before him; but in the incredible, un-inhabitable, blue-misted ravine itself he found natural obstacles often almost insuperable. His earlier chaptersnearly as discursive as his wanderings on the shores and islands of Lake Tana are of interest mainly because they suggest the existence of ancient historical and literary treasures buried in halfforgotten Coptic churches, but the tale of his river journeys has the authentic thrill that is the explorer's prerogative.

#### Alsatian.

Beowulf, a book by ERNEST LEWIS, Begins in Germany.

Novice police-dog, capable though new is

Beowulf, yet he,

Alsatian, comes to England, learns a new art—

Retrieving to the hand

Of a young parson-sportsman (Alan Stuart)

In sporting Cumberland.

Alan gets blinded, down a snow-slope falling;

Beowulf qualifies

Under a trainer for a Guide Dog's calling And is his master's eyes

Until, anon—and now a reader shall an Adventure joyous see—

Another fall gives back his sight to Alan,

And all ends happily.

This book (from Constable) without denial's

One of a pleasant sort;

The fells of sheep are here and sheepdog trials,

Here too is good field-sport;

Yet mostly is it, cover unto cover, A book the heart to warm

In every proud and pleased Alsatianlover—

His dog in epic form.



The Ruffian. "Before I starts on yer, Mike, you'd better ring up the Police Nursin' 'Ome—Brixton 5775."

#### A Free Tirader.

Sir Ernest Benn is exuberantly convinced that "the best government is that of which there is least." His idea is that if the individualists could only be left in peace to work out their own plans, which includes of course being allowed to collect a maximum number of other persons—presumably also individualists—to help them, then everyone concerned, from day-labourers to millionaires, would be well-paid and independent, and there would be an end to tyrant official-dom, conferences and spendthrift public finance. His latest study—Modern Government "as a Busybody in other Men's Matters" (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 6/-)—is full of sound sense and over-statement, for he persistently overlooks the real changes in industrial conditions that have arisen since

Victorian days, even while he barges most joyfully into our present short-sighted medley of marketing boards, price controllers, and subsidy- and quota-mongers. One may have little sympathy with complaints based on the merchant-adventurer's unreasoning dislike for the precise technician, but can only rejoice in a belief that humanity has advanced and will continue to advance, regardless of the politicians. It is long since there has appeared a book to move one to such rapid alternations of applause and disagreement.

#### Himalayan Handbook.

There is always a public for a good book on mountaineering. "Enthusiasm" is a feeble word to express the spirit

of the true climber, who lives for long periods in a state of exaltation. So a welcome lies all ready for Everest: The Challenge (Nelson, 12/6), wherein Sir Francis Young-HUSBAND narrates briefly the adventures of the various Himalayan expeditions, discusses the difficulties and prospects of the forthcoming attempt on the summit and chats vigorously about local fauna and kindred subjects. It is all very well done and the interest never droops; for the distinguished author is the acme of keenness and wields besides a ready pen. The book concludes with some philosophic musings on the nature of existence and the spiritual significance of mountains. These maintain the balance of a book which might otherwise have been wrongly dismissed as Philistine or "hearty." I cannot with equal zest commend the publishers, for a mere twoby the use of spongy paper, into a rather dropsical volume.

#### Family Haunt.

As a novelist Miss RACHEL FERGUSON has an exceptional

ability to interpret the peculiar humour of families and to make vivid the little intimate reactions of near relations. Children, old people, the personalities of houses and the past glories of London, particularly of theatrical London, fascinate her. The backbone of her new novel, A Harp in Loundes Square (CAPE, 7/6) is an intellectual ghost story about a house on whose atmosphere great cruelties have left such a powerful impression that whole scenes in its history are re-enacted visibly to the clairvoyant. Vere Buchan, who writes the book in the first person, and her

twin brother both have the "sight," and through it they piece together the details of their grandmother's enormity. This experiment with time (Miss Ferguson has evidently read her DUNNE) is brilliantly handled, but it seemed to me that the way in which the twins finally revile the terrible old lady as if they were costermongers is out of character and an inept retribution to bring to what must be a kind of insanity. Side by side with this family mystery stands the other big motif in Vere's life, a love-affair with an elderly actor, in which wise old age and mature youth find a steady common ground; and this too is most delicately described. Miss Ferguson is a fond but ironic observer of Society, and this novel should add considerably to her reputation.

#### Three People.

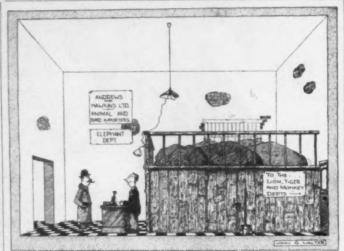
I enjoyed Miss MURIEL HINE'S latest novel, A Different Woman (Bodley Head, 7/6), except for the curious and unconvincing chapter where (I suspect by way of apology for not providing a happy ending) she whisks her heroine away to heaven during the extra hour "regained between winter and summer." Actually this vision, or whatever it is supposed to be, only lasted while the hands of the clock were being put back. The novel is, I think, too good and

too simple to need the help of strange devices of this sort. Now, though the theme of the eternal triangle may be hackneyed, not all triangles are "equal in all respects," and I am grateful to Miss HINE for having written a story of bravery and loyalty. I like her Carla, who shows courage in every chapter; I even rather like her poor vain wreck of a husband; and I should like Alaric, who loves her, if he were less of a prig. However, the "moderns" who provide a sort of chromium-plate relief to a story otherwise sombre are certainly not prigs and prove that the author knows all sorts of worlds. I hope this book will be popular, as it deserves to be.

#### Youthful Folly.

Although Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, in Who Rides on hundred-and-forty pages of print have been expanded, a Tiger (Heinemann, 7/6), points out the dangers of by the use of spongy paper, into a rather dropsical volume. promiseuous flirtation, I am inclined to think that her young heroine deserved more punishment than she received. It is, indeed, not easy to find excuses for Zella Blunt, who, with all the advantages that birth

and beauty could give her, chose to plunge into an affair that was at once discreditable and in deplorable taste. Quite justifiably she was suspected of murder, and nothing but the determined efforts of loval friends saved her from the worst form of publicity. This is certainly not one of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES'S most successful novels, but it contains several vivid studies of character, and its background of an historic country-house is entirely delightful. Let me add that the mystifying title is derived not from "the young lady of Riga" but from a Chinese



"YES, SIR, WE CAN LET YOU HAVE HALF-A-DOZEN RIGHT AWAY. SHALL WE HAVE THEM DELIVERED, OR WILL YOU TAKE THEM WITH YOU'S

proverb, "Who rides on a tiger can never dismount."

#### No Bargain.

Victor Hay was a supremely happy man when he bought an island in Milford Haven for ninety pounds, but only a few weeks had passed before he was prepared to sell it or even to give it away. In fact the island was a hornet's nest, as readers of Mystery at Milford Haven (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) will quickly discover. A more discomforting abode could not be imagined, and Hay was no sooner in residence than he was involved in adventures which, as directed by "TAFFRAIL," move at a steady pace to a most satisfactory climax. Authors of such tales seem unable to avoid kidnappings, and "TAFFRAIL" supplies one that is a blot upon the intelligence of an attractive young woman. But this is the only blemish in a stimulating island-story.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Mrs. — gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon announcing the engagement of her daughter to about twenty of her young friends."-Mexican Paper.

Mr. Punch, having already advised on this subject, refrains from commenting.



Charivaria.

As usual, works have been submitted to the Academy by people in the most unlikely walks of life. Even artists.

The proposal to alter the name of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, is regarded as significant of the great change of political thought in Lancashire. What Lancashire thinks to-day England was thinking yesterday.

Tibet is being searched for a house bearing the inscription "A Ka Ma," which is believed to contain a clue to the reincarnation of the Dalai Lama. Difficulty is increased by this silly practice of giving houses names instead of numbers.

"Why have the majority of retired Army officers grey hair?" asks a correspondent. Old soldiers never dye.

Scarecrows have lately been the subject of an inquiry by the Ministry of Agriculture. Farmers are disappointed, however, that Mr. Walter Elliot has not authorised an exhibition of "tattered boggarts" approved by the Board.

Somebody wants to know how the custom began of putting weather-vanes on churches. We have always understood that they were originally intended to show the direction of the wind.

Last summer on Mars, it seems, was hotter than any within the memory of the oldest astronomer.

There is a faint hope that the CHANCELLOR will find a means of lowering the income-tax, we are told. And an equally faint hope that we shall be able to raise it.

A debtor stated in court that in the last few years the bottom had fallen out of the second-hand motor-car trade. This adds another to the long list of things which fall out of second-hand cars.

The decision to admit women as guests to one of the most austere West-End clubs is believed to have caused some members to turn in their chairs.

"The stars can tell a gardener a lot," says an astrologer. If he sees several all at once, for instance, he knows he's left the rake lying about.

A correspondent wants to know the best way to prevent water coming into the house. Now that's easy—Don't pay the water-rate.

"There is a much better cure for influenza than whisky," states a correspondent. Only no one wants it.

## The Song of Dictators.

(A sad way, after O'SHAUGHNESSY.)

WE are the treaty-breakers

And we are the schemers of schemes,
Sighing for alien acres

And crossing prohibited streams,
Word-givers and word-forsakers,
Scornful of old régimes,
Yet we are the splendid makers
Of Europe to-day, it seems.

Without the help of committees
We govern the world's great cities
And out of a trumped-up story
Fashion ourselves the glory,
And one with a tyrannous measure
Has gained him a new renown
And another can see with pleasure
Death from the air drop down.

We on our swords relying
Know what the sword is worth,
Give arms for bread to the crying
And smother the voice of dearth
And send out our menaces flying
To the uttermost ends of the earth—
And only by dint of our dying
Shall the good days come to birth.

EVOE.

Our Big, Big New Ship.

Well, there. That makes quite a nice heading, and I dare say we shall find quite a number of interesting things to say about it before we've done. But of course it's a great deal easier to do the heading than it is to do the rest of it. That's the worst of headings. They mislead you. You want to be very careful about writing down a heading. It has a way of looking big with promise when it's all by itself at the top of a nice clean piece of paper; and then the moment it's got a sentence underneath it it loses some of its charm. It seems to shrink somehow and get a jaded look. Of course that wouldn't matter much if one scrapped the heading and kept the sentence, but the trouble is, one keeps remembering how nice the heading looked when it was all alone, so you scrap the sentence and there you are, right back where you started.

Still, as I say, there ought not to be much difficulty here. There must be plenty to say about the Queen Mary. It's been proved, in a way. Do you know that if all the words that have been written about the Queen Mary since she was launched were put end to end they would go seventeen times round the outside of one of her funnels? That gives you an idea of the size of the ship, doesn't it? Not that I'm talking so much at the moment about her size as about the number of words, but it works both ways, if you see what I mean. Obviously the greater the number of words

the bigger the funnels-and vice versû.

I didn't really mean to say anything about the size of the ship, because that appears to have been noted, but now that we are on the subject I do just want to pay my own personal tribute to her remarkable—I may say her very remarkable dimensions. The Queen Mary is a huge ship. There is no other word for it. At least there is—there is colossal, for instance; but I may want that later on. She is the biggest British ship ever built. This means that if all the other ships ever constructed in these islands, from the time of William the Conqueror and even earlier

to the present day were berthed alongside her she would be the largest of the lot. Think what that implies!

If I could remember how much her anchor weighs I think it would surprise you. I know it is most infernally heavy. In fact I doubt if six strong men working in four-hour shifts for ten days would be able to lift it. And if that is the case, how many men do you suppose it would take working in eight-hour shifts for a fortnight? More than you think.

Perhaps the simplest way to gain an impression of the size of this colossal (there it is!) boat is to visualise an ordinary incident in the working of the ship at sea. Her Captain stands on the bridge, his keen eyes sweeping the distant swimming-pool. Suddenly he throws the wheel over hard to avoid an unwary porpoise (the only reason I can imagine for moving the wheel at all once he is out in the Atlantic), the ship answers beautifully, but still to no avail and the porpoise is cut in two. Immediately he blows down a tube and orders all women passengers to be locked in their cabins in order to spare them unnecessary distress, at the same time entering the fatality in the ship's log. All that remains is to ascertain that no damage has been sustained by the bows.

Now in the sort of ship to which you and I have been accustomed hitherto this last would be a fairly simple business. The Captain would simply shout "All right forward?" to the bowsman or looker-out (whichever it is) and the man would shout back, "Ay, ay, Sir!" and on we should go. But the Captain of the Queen Mary can't do that sort of thing. He knows that his loudest shout won't even reach the swimming-pool. Nor is it any good sending a runner, because by the time the man gets back the ship may have gone to the bottom or reached New York. What he actually does is to lift the receiver off his phone and ask

for Trunks.

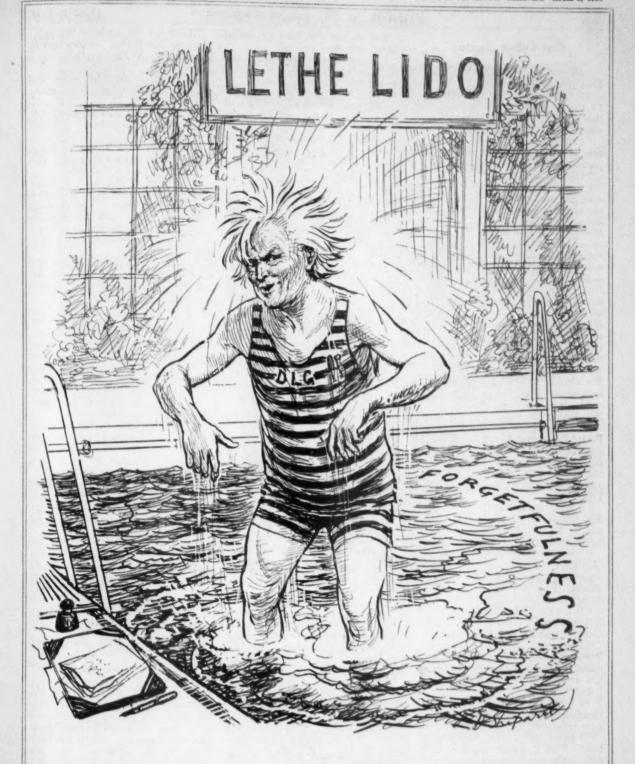
I don't see that you can very well have a bigger ship than that.

It seems to me rather extraordinary that the names and weights of the crew of the Queen Mary have not yet been made public, but I suppose the Cunard-White Star Company are afraid that the owners of the Normandie would immediately sign on more and heavier stewards. This opens up the whole question of shipping rivalry and the ultimate need of a Mercantile Marine Limitation Treaty, about which I could talk for hours if they would let me.

The appointments of the Queen Mary are on a luxurious scale. I wish I could tell you how many different kinds of wood have been employed in the decoration of the First-Class Dining Saloon and the number of tea-spoons that will be taken on the maiden voyage; but these are the kind of details which perpetually slip my memory. A good number anyway. There will also be many, many cups and saucers and plenty of plates, besides a whole collection of knives, forks and other indispensable accessories of life on a giant liner.

You know, I am beginning to feel dissatisfied about the subject of this article. It is getting so difficult to strike a really new note. Why didn't I write about the Majestic, for instance, which nobody seems to think anything of now? Or the Berengaria? Of course it's possible that both these puny vessels have been broken up since I last looked at a paper, but one can still write about them. Shall I tell you of the time I went aboard the Majestic at Southampton (entrance half-a-crown, but you weren't allowed to look at the engines) and got lost and wandered about the Hairdressing Deck for a whole week before I was rescued by a party of intrepid marine barbers? Or wouldn't you believe me?

No, I suppose you wouldn't. But you'd believe it fast enough if it had happened on the Queen Mary. H. F. E.



# THE WATER WIZARD.

"THAT WAS DELIGHTFULLY EXHILARATING! NOW I'M READY TO WRITE ANOTHER POWERFUL ARTICLE ABOUT THE GREAT WAR FOR THE POPULAR PRESS."

## Our Office Again.

"HERE'S Mr. Chudleigh," said Miss Elkington. "Have an apple?"

Mr. Chudleigh waved the bag away. "I have a very important job to do this evening," he said. "I should like you two to help me."

"Us?" said Mr. Porter, taking a bite at his apple. "It's nearly halfpast five. What sort of a job?"

past five. What sort of a job?
"On my left," said
Mr. Chudleigh, pointing
with his pen, "I have, as vou see, a large number of copies of a letter. Miss Lunn has stencilled them for me. On my right I have fifty envelopes, stamped and addressed. Now, the letters have to be signed, dated, folded and put in the envelopes. And if you and Miss Elkington will do the dating and folding and so on while I sign, it will only take a very short time. We should be finished

by half-past five."

"I bags fold," said
Miss Elkington.
"You would,"said Mr.

"You would,"said Mr. Porter. "You would bag a nice easy job like folding and leave me a job like writing dates. I bet you can write faster than I can."

"I bet I can't," said Miss Elkington. I can't, can I, Mr. Chudleigh? Not dates I can't."

"Now, now," said Mr. Chudleigh, "I'm not suggesting that you should. You can use Sidney's rubber stamp."

"Hooray," said Miss Elkington. "I love

stamping things. I bags stamping."
"You can't do that," said Mr.
Porter. "You can't go and change
round like that. Besides, folding things
is a woman's job. Isn't it, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"I don't care what it is," said Mr. Chudleigh, "if you'll only make up your minds one way or the other."

"I know what," said Miss Elkington." "We'll change round at half-time." She put her apple on the table and pulled her chair in.

Mr. Porter sat down too and put his apple carefully in front of him. "You'd better change your mind and have one yourself," he said to Mr. Chudleigh.

"This is not the time for eating apples," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"I should have thought it was," said Mr. Porter. "Just the time. Because most people, as soon as they hear other people eating apples right next to them, feel that the only way they can bear it is to eat one themselves."

Mr. Chudleigh unscrewed his fountain-pen. "Are you ready, Porter?" he asked. "When I've signed a letter "Then try the back of Sidney's," suggested Mr. Porter. Sidney handed his pen over and Mr. Chudleigh began again.

Mr. Porter took the letter and pressed the rubber stamp down slowly and cautiously.

"Not like that," said Mr. Chudleigh, handing him the next letter. "Sharply and briskly."

"Like that," said Mr. Porter, bringing his stamp down with a bang that shook the table.

"No, no," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Be careful, Porter. You've made me spoil this signature completely. I shall have to throw this copy away too."

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter cheerfully, handing his letter on to Miss Elkington.

Miss Elkington was still licking the first envelope. "Ugh," she said; "I've never met anything like the taste of these envelopes. Where's my apple? Wait a second, Mr. Porter. Anyhow, you've dated that one upside down."

Mr. Porter looked at it. "So I have," he said. "Mr. Chudleigh, does it matter if one letter's dated upside down?"

"Throw it away," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Hurry up, Porter. I've got about six waiting for you here."

Mr. Porter inked his rubber stamp again and brought it down sharply six times. "I can't help it if it shakes," he said to Mr. Chudleigh. "It's the table. It— Hullo. What's the date? It is

still April, isn't it?"
"Of course it's still April," said Mr.

Chudleigh.
"Well, it says June on this stamp,'
said Mr. Porter. "Does it matter?"

"Of course it matters," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Tear them all up. Miss Elkington, you'll have to break open the envelope you've stuck up and throw that letter away too. Sidney will have to do another envelope. It's disgraceful, Sidney, that you shouldn't have seen that it said June."

"It said April just now," said Sidney.
"It must have got moved."

"Well, I shall have to move it back," said Mr. Porter.



I shall pass it on to you. You stamp it on the top right-hand corner and

pass it on to Miss Elkington. Got that?" "Just a second," said Mr. Porter.

He picked up his apple and took another bite. "Fire away," he said.

Mr. Chudleigh wrote his name on the

Mr. Chudleigh wrote his name on the first letter, scowled at it and crumpled it up. "It's like writing on blotting-paper," he said. "How the devil can I write on stuff like this?"

"Try the back of your nib, Mr. Chudleigh," suggested Miss Elkington.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"I'm not going to ruin my fountainpen."



"MIND YOU, I HOLD NO BRIEF FOR HITLER."

"Well, hurry up," said Mr. Chudleigh impatiently. "It can't be as difficult as all that."

"It takes time," said Mr. Porter. "It only seems to move forward, and I keep on going one month past it. I've missed it again. Now I've got it. Only now it says 1937. Just a minute, Mr. Chudleigh."

Mr. Chudleigh."

"Now are you ready?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"Yes," said Mr. Porter. "Only wait a second. My apple will go brown." He took an enormous bite. Mr. Chudleigh winced.

"I can't think how Mr. Chudleigh can bear to listen to you," said Miss Elkington. "I shall have to have another one. Where's the bag?"

"There's only one left," said Mr. Porter.

"Well, you can have half," said Miss Elkington. "If you can break it."

"Of course I can break it," said Mr. Porter, standing up and taking hold of the apple. "You watch."

"Look here, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh irritably.

"It's coming," said Mr. Porter.

"There!" His arm shot out, jerking Mr. Chudleigh's pen across the page.

Mr. Chudleigh screwed the letter up.
"The ink's gone right through," he said, discarding the next three letters as well

"Sorry," said Mr. Porter. "Now we really are ready. What's wrong, Mr. Chudleigh?"

Mr. Chudleigh was frowning at the top letter. "There's an enormous black line right down the middle of this," he said. "It isn't ink this time."

"Let me look," said Miss Elkington.
"Oh, yes. That's what often happens when you take a stencil and you're not careful, Mr. Chudleigh. It gets crumpled, and you don't notice it, and then every copy has a mark on it. I expect you'll find every single copy has a mark on it exactly like that."

Mr. Chudleigh looked at each copy in turn. Then he tore them all in half and dropped them into the wastepaper-basket. Then he looked at the clock.

"Only twenty-five past," said Mr. Porter happily, jumping up. "Well, we soon finished that."



Believe It or Not.

"The Walsingham pantomime party visited Little Snoring school on Friday and performed 'The Sleeping Beauty' to an enthusiastic audience."—Local News.

"There is a disconcerting tendency to break the arms early in the stroke."

Report of Oxford Crew at practice.

Even more disconcerting than last year when they only broke their oars.

"The principal thing to remember when preparing a fork supper is to select only food which can be caten comfortably on a plate with a fork. In the winter, hot bouillon or clear soup is always popular, and it can quite well be included."—Domestic Hint.

It's such fun scooping it up.

## The Spring (Arrangements) Bill, 1936.

[We do not know what has happened to our contributor this week. But between poetry and his Parliamentary duties he seems to have become a little confused.—En.]

WHEREAS in every lawn and bed the plucky crocus lifts his head, and to and fro sweet songbirds go, the names of which we do not know:

Whereas the woods no more are dumb, the Boat-Race and the Budget come, the Briton swells his manly chest, his mate, as eager, scrubs the nest, and Spring with light but lavish hand is spreading madness o'er the land:

It is expedient—but in rhyme—to legislate for such a time:

Be it enacted, therefore, by our King, with Lords and Commons in a fairy ring, assembled joyously at Westminster (or any other place that they prefer):—

Provision for Season called Spring

- 1.—(i.) It shall be lawful everywhere for citizens to walk on air, to hang their hats upon the trees and wander hatless, if they please: and notwithstanding any cracked provision in a previous Act to give a constable a kiss is not felonious after this.
- (ii.) All citizens who choose to ride on taxitops and not inside: and those who do not use their votes because they're busy painting boats: and any miscreant who hums, instead of doing dismal sums: who ever does a silly thing need only answer "Tis the Spring": and this shall be a good defence in any Court with any sense:

Provided that, in late July, this Act, of course, does not apply.

Financial Provisions 2. If any person feels he must get out of London now or bust, because the Spring is in his bones, but he must work for Mr. Jones, it shall be lawful for the same to give the Treasury his name, and say "Upon sufficient grounds I want about a hundred pounds": and there shall not be any fuss concerning sums expended thus.

Repeal of Redundant Statutes

3. Subsection (i.) of Section Four of any Act that seems a bore, and all the Acts concerning beer, and every Act that is not clear (always excepting Schedule A), shall be repealed and thrown away.

House of Commons-Reform of Procedure Music, etc.

- 4.—(i.) There shall be banks of maiden-hair arranged about the Speaker's Chair: and roses white and roses red shall hang above the Speaker's head: like some tremendous window-box, the Galleries be gay with phlox: and goldfish, lovely but aloof, shall swim above the glassy roof.
- (ii.) From now until the First of June all speeches shall be sung (in tune). The Speaker shall determine what hon. Members are in tune, or not.
- (iii.) When in Committee of Supply the House may hum (but not too high). The Clerk-Assistant-at-the-Table shall choose the key (if he is able).
- (iv.) A band shall nearly always play (not on the first Allotted Day) behind the Speaker's Chair at three and on the Terrace after tea.

Saving for Committees

- 5. On any day in May or June Committees shall adjourn quite soon:
- Provided, if the cuckoo call, Committees shall not sit at all.

Sittings of the Upper House

6. The House of Lords shall never sit on sunny days till after Whit: and they shall rise, if they have met, when it is foggy, fine or wet.

Termination of Official Report

- 7.—(i.) Except as hereinafter hinted, *Hansard* shall not again be printed: and, save as in this Act is learned, all previous *Hansards* shall be burned.
- (ii.) It is a pity, history teaches, to make reports of people's speeches, and afterwards to be unkind, simply because they change their mind. It is a most disgusting thing to make such comments in the Spring: so, as from when this Act is passed, that day's Report shall be the last.
- (iii.) And, as respects exceptions, see Subheading (a) of Schedule B.

Powers and Duties of Departments

- 8.—(i.) The Secretary of State for Home Affairs shall now proceed to Rome, to Moscow, Washington, Cathay, or anywhere that's far away, and not return to English skies until the Speaker certifies that Spring has ceased to be a fact under the Moss (Collection) Act.
- (ii.) Meanwhile o'er all his grim domain a lovely golden girl shall reign: and this delicious creature shall give cosmic parties in the Mall (paying the bills, if she is dunned, from the Consolidated Fund). The Civil Service, hand in hand, shall dance in masses down the Strand: and all the Cabinet shall wear wild dandelions in their hair.
- (iii.) It shall be deemed that everyone has come into the world for fun. This shall be printed on the wall of every office in Whitehall.

Penalties for certain expressions

- 9.—(i.) No kind of crisis shall excuse a man exploring avenues: no lesser doom does he deserve when he is straining every nerve: and special punishment is earned by those who leave no stone unturned.
- (ii.) The penalty for each offence shall be elastic but immense.
- (iii.) A pension shall reward the man who modestly does all he can.

Interpretation

- 10.—(i.) The greatest care has been employed to make this measure null and void: not one expression in this Act means anything it means in fact.
- (ii.) Examples we decline to give: the lawyers, after all, must live.

Application

11. This Act applies and shall be good where anybody thinks it should:

Provided that, if strong objection should be expressed to any Section, that Section shall not have effect except for those who don't object.

SCHEDULE B.

(a)

Any speech, motion, disquisition, amendment or interruption by

A. P. H.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

ENTHUSIASM FOR HUNTING.

### Montessori Afloat.

An eight-oared craft is drifting on the tideway. Mr. Putlake-Mortney, the celebrated coach, is addressing the crew from a launch. Mr. Putlake-Mortney does not believe in the old-fashioned and brutal methods associated with tuition in oarsmanship.

Putlake-Mortney. Unison is the thing to aim at, gentlemen. I must really beg of you to sink individuality in favour of uniformity, banal though it may be. Now you, Five, for instance-could you make it convenient to synchronise your efforts with those of Seven? May I venture to suggest that you should watch his shoulders from time to time?

Five. I rather like your suggestion and will bear it in mind.

Putlake-Mortney. Many thanks. It will add, I hope, to the speed of the boat. Now may I claim your attention for a moment, Two?

Two. I am entirely at your disposal. Putlake-Mortney. You are not drawing the blade of your oar through the water with that zest that I should like

to see. There is, if I may say so, a hint of languor in your movements. (Sighing) I fear you will think me a relentless critic.

Two. I am not the man to resent well-meant comments, however frequently repeated.

Putlake-Mortney. It is generous of you to say so. I assure you that sincerity is the keynote of these observations. Well, I must continue. Four, may I interrupt your reverie for an instant?

Four. You may. I am the best listener in the boat.

Putlake-Mortney. Then let me also invite your attention to the importance of time. Submerge your ego with your blade and cease ploughing lonely furrows. Your colleagues would appreciate your co-operation. You don't

mind my saying this?
Four. Why should I?

Putlake-Mortney. Just so. I mean well. Four. I am ready to concede that.

Putlake-Mortney. Many thanks, my dear fellow. Where's Bow? Are you listening? Well, one cannot say of you,

Bow, that you are a shallow oarsman. Ha! ha! Indeed no. You go more deeply into the art than most. You dip your blade like a gondolier.

Bow. That is quite likely. I spent

last Long in Venice.

Putlake-Mortney. I commend your choice. But I must remind you that the race for which we are preparing will not be rowed on the Grand Canal. Will you remember to bear this in mind?

Bow. I will tie a knot in my handkerchief.

Putlake-Mortney. A capital idea. And now, gentlemen, we will resume our labours, if you have no other engagements. Be good enough to get her straight, Cox. Don't let that bridge intimidate you. It is of the suspension variety and has no arches. I will continue my remarks after the next easy.

Does so with marked success.

"Princess Ingrid's twenty-sixth birthday on Saturday was the first that she had celebrated in Denmark since her arrival as a bride less than a year ago."-Daily Paper. It's nice to know that even Princesses only have one a year.



"MY DEAR SIR, YOU CAN'T COMPARE A MERE ATTACK OF LUMBAGO WITH GOUT!"

## Annual Agony.

It is fair to assume that in a few weeks Aprille with his showres soote will have perced the drought of March to the roote, and that the usual longing of folkes to go on pilgrimages and of palmers to visit straunge strondes will follow. In other words, the place will soon be cluttered up with "Hints for Happy Holidays," "Spend Summer in the Sunny South," and "See Spain this Spring," and the Annual Agony of Indecision will have begun.

This year, however, I propose to take a strong line. I propose to decide quite firmly where I want to go, and thereafter to buy myself a ticket, book myself accommodation and go there. I shall make no inquiries either of travelagents or of friends. I shall not study the exchange, the European situation, or even my pass-book. And above all I shall absolutely refuse to open a single one of those abominable suggestion-books.

There is reason behind this squarejawed decisiveness. Let me explain. In previous years I have approached

this problem with an open mind. Places for me divide into—

- Places where I have been before and don't want to go again.
- (2) Places where I have been before and would quite like to go again.
- (3) Places where I have never been and don't want to go.
- (4) Places where I have never been and think I would quite like to go.

Now of these (1) are obviously out, but they are comparatively few. (2) are even fewer and are out because it seems so silly to Get into a Rut. Moreover, even if one did have a Marvellous Time in Madrid, there is a lurking feeling (a) that Madrid revisited might be disappointing; and (b) that, anyhow, there may be somewhere where one could have an even more Marvellous Time, and that it is one's duty to find out. Class (3) are obviously out and are numerous. This class includes all the places which I am quite sure are exactly like other people's snapshots of them. Even so, however, I am still left with an uncomfortably wide choice in Class (4). There are a number of places which sound rather amusing which I have never visited. I have never been to Iceland, Alaska, Tibet or the Grand Canyon. I have never been to Poland, Pernambuco or Perranporth, and Indo-China and Chepstow are alike closed books to me.

Now it is at this point that I have always previously made the mistake. Instead of just making a list and stabbing it with a pin, I have gone and talked to the McFisheries, who I know visited Alaska last year. I have made inquiries of agencies about Iceland. I have worked out the fare to Indo-China and the rate of exchange at Perranporth, and have looked up Poland in "Hints for Happy Holidays." And then of course I have been right in the soup. Because—

(1) If the McFisheries disliked Alaska then Alaska must be pretty awful. On the other hand, if the McFisheries liked Alaska then (knowing the sort of thing the McFisheries like) it is certainly very awful indeed.

(2) The agencies either know nothing or everything about Iceland. If they know nothing, then I get the impression that Iceland is more or less dull, barren and uninhabited, whilst if they can produce the usual list of Tours at Economy Prices, I feel that the whole place is a sort of vast charabane

park.

(3) The fare to Indo-China is either quite impossibly large or absurdly small, i.e., the place is either so far away that one would spend all one's holiday and more than all one's money getting there and back, or else it is so close that one feels that the holiday would be nothing more or less than Bournemouth plus a Channel-crossing.

(4) There are two possibilities about the rate of exchange at Perranporth. Either Perranporth is obstinately sticking to the Gold Standard, in which case it looks as though a cup of coffee will cost five shillings, or else Perranporth is inflating shamelessly, in which case the pound will be worth a lot but the price of everything will have risen even more, and a cup of coffee will still cost five shillings.

But it is when I look up Poland in "Hints for Happy Holidays" that the final blow falls. There it all is. For a fixed sum I can have accommodation at first-class hotels (including gratuities). Autocar sightseeing tours are arranged. I get three days in Warsaw, and there is a photograph of a bit of Cracow. Now I should like to make it clear that there is no possible reflection on the compiler of "Hints for Happy Holidays." I have asked about going to Poland and he has answered me. But somehow there is a ring of awful familiarity about those first-class hotels and of even more awful familiarity about those gratuities. It is not his fault that it had never occurred to me that there were sights to be seen in Poland-at least not the sort one went out in an autocar to see. And it is even less his fault that the photograph of a bit of Cracow looks exactly like a bit of any other rather dull town, and that the photograph of the Lazienski Palace looks rather like somebody's place on the river at Henley.

But there it is. It does. Immediately I start asking myself what I should do in Poland, and once I start asking myself that it is the end.

It is very silly, because what I want is really very straightforward. I want a place which is an immense distance away but which can be reached without wasting more than a day getting there. The climate must be right, but as I don't know quite when I'm going, and consequently whether I want it to be delightfully warm or delightfully cool after England, I shall have to let

"I must keep this statue of His Grace up-to-date. He shaved his beard off yesterday."

it know about that later. I should prefer a place where the pound was worth twenty-five shillings, but it must be possible to buy twenty-five shillings'-worth of things with the twenty-five shillings, if you see what I mean. Above all it must be quiet.

On the whole I think a little sequestered village, which time has passed by, lying between the mountains and the sea. If there happens to be a forest and a few moors so much the better. I admit to wanting a golf-course and tennis-courts, because otherwise a holiday is a bit dull. And there must be something to do in the evenings—a reasonable casino and dancing at the hotel. But my main object is to be alone with Nature. I want to get

away from the vulgar tourist haunts. So if you happen to know of a place you went to with the Symondeses and the Robins last year, where there weren't any tourists at all, you might drop me a line. But for Heaven's sake don't send me that snap you took of the old chap with the donkey.

### Elstree and Hollywood, Please Note!

"This is one of the early stages of an experiment in blub production, which, if successful, will lead to the establishment of a new industry in Dorset."—Daily Paper.

### Bos Will Be Bops.

"A message from the bos of 1936 to the bops of 1986 is to be enclosed in a silver casket, which will not be opened for fifty years,"—Edinburgh Paper.

## A Dream of Strange Women.

A Dickensian Reverie.

". . . part made long since, and part Now while I sang."

I HAD a vision at the height of day;
Whether th' Iberian grape or that of France
Charged me with sleep, 'tis not for me to say;
Something of each, perchance;

But as I dreamt methought that I had come Where the bright fancies of the Master fill One special field of wide Elysium With creatures of his will.

There was a certain odour steaming up
From an old room, where dimly I could see
Betsy and Sairah, drinking cup for cup
The draught that wasn't tea.

That far-renownéd pair, whose falling-out, E'en as I gazed, to loftier heat did grow, And I heard sounds of insult, shame and doubt, And flushed imbroglio.

The high words bickered as they drank apace;
The brows, the temples reddened, and the nose;
The two strong fingers in the victim's face
Snapped; and the lady rose.

Sudden, I heard a shrewd, malevolent sniff Of cold hostility and sharp disdain, The prelude of a protest, "Drat him, if He ain't come back again."

Turning, I saw a lady within call,
Stiffer than chiselled marble, standing there,
The Aunt of Mr. F., intensely small
And most intensely spare.

"Nay, lady," I had answered, but was dumb;
A star-like glitter of imperious eyes
Froze my full breath, as grows the bather numb
After strong exercise,

While she, by some imagined hurt inflamed, With menace of her stony reticule, Shrilled out her piercing challenge, and proclaimed Her hatred of a fool.

Swiftly I hastened thence. Anon I saw
One of commanding frame and queenly height,
Throned in majestic grief, and with her jaw
Chin-bound in burnished white.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
"I had two lovers; one was mean and fat;
My mother urged me, 'Not a little man';
My father, 'Not a sprat';

He had great humour. Round his table three Tall copper-plate engravers would resort At one time; oh, the wit, the repartee, The sally and retort;

There was one gentleman of six feet four
Would have espoused me; 'tis my sorrow's crown,
Wed to that other, to recall—no more;
I turned the long man down."

Brooding, she ceased. And all at once I heard A noise of nuptial music loudly borne
As when day's harbinger, the crested bird,
Sings to the eastern morn,

And lo, a long procession, at whose head The fell *MacStinger* slowly moving on To the reluctant altar sternly led *Bunsby*, whose name was *John*.

There strode the Nipper. One in weeds was there Who told of conquests with a widow's boast, Summer and pigs, the barber and the bear, Youth, and the Cock Lane Ghost;

And Mrs. Hominy and the Brick Lane Dames, And two in sisterly embrace entwined, Mercy and Charity—not unholy names— While, pacing close behind,

The spouse of Crummles walked with measured stride;
And I saw Todgers and the first of clerks,
Burd Sally, her brass father, Foxy's pride,
The belle of Bevis Marks.

So shape chased shape, and ever seemed to wend For ever on, till there came one that spoke In vinegary wrath, "Is this the Hend?" And, at the Hend, I woke. Dum-Dum.

## As Others Hear Us.

### Trying it Out.

"ARE you busy, dear?"

"No, Henry, not in the least. It won't matter if these letters don't go till to-morrow; and I've done the Needlework Guild accounts, and I can run through the children's school-clothes later. I've got absolutely nothing to do, except one or two things that can easily wait."

"I wondered if you'd care to hear a few very rough notes I have here for the meeting to-night. Mind you, I sincerely hope I shan't have to say a word, but I thought I'd better be ready just in case."

"Yes, of course, dear. I'd love to hear your speech. You won't mind if I just go on with Pamela's jumper, will you?"

"'Ladies and Gentlemen--'

"Oh, have you started? Just a minute, darling, I must have some more wool—it's just behind you on the—Thank you so much. Yes—'Ladies and Gentlemen—'

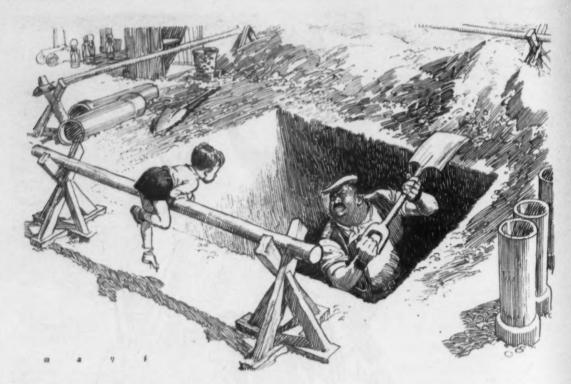
"'Ladies and Gentlemen: In coming here to-night I had little or no expectation of being asked to address you. Little, or no, expectation. Little—or no—expectation—whatever.'"

"No, no. But I can't remember, for the moment, what I meant to say next. 'Little or no expectation of being asked to address you.' Now what the—— Yes, I know. 'After the really admirable address to which we have just

"I don't like 'address' twice. You do want me to say, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Now, how can we alter that?"
"What was it you said, exactly? 'The admirable address'—couldn't you say something like 'the marvellous speech' instead?"





"DO YOU LIKE PLAYING WITH DIRT? I DO."

"I'll start again, 'Ladies and Gentlemen: In coming here to-night I had little or no expectation of being asked to address you. One-two-three-four. After the really-

"Henry! What in the world do you mean by 'one-two three-four'

"Only the full-stop, dear. I got that as a tip from a professional actor many years ago. I had, as a matter of fact, no intention of saying it aloud. It just slipped out. Where was I?"

"'After the really admirable address---' only you were going to call it something quite different."

"After the really admirable speech, talk, lecture—the really admirable exposition to which we have just been How does that strike you?"

"Henry, it's splendid!"

"Very well, then, that's settled. 'After the really admirable exposition to which we have just been listening, any words of mine would come as an anti-climax. It is therefore not my purpose to detain you for more than a moment. At the same time-

Oh, Henry! What made your voice go up like that?" "Well, dear, I must vary my tone. Otherwise it gets

"But I'm sure that was much too high. Almost like a slate-pencil, if you know what I mean. Do try to pitch it lower.'

'At the same time-

"Not in your boots, Henry. Still, that was better than

the slate-pencil."

"'At the same time I should be failing in my duty if I failed to put before you- 'No, 'if I omitted to put before you-

"Excellent, dear! Omitted much better. Don't stop-

I'm listening hard. It's only that I mustn't take my eves off the turning for the sleeve just for a second. But I'm

" '-omitted to put before you the following statement as to our financial position. The Society's expenditure during the past year amounts to the sum of twenty-eight pounds, one shilling and tenpence."

"Hear, hear!"

"What do you mean, dear, by 'Hear, hear!'? They won't say anything of the kind, especially when I tell them that our present balance is exactly one pound, two shillings and sevenpence. I do wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"Henry, I'm terribly sorry, really. I thought you wanted me to. What would you do if you were standing for Parlia-

ment and people heckled you all the time?

"I don't know, dear. I dare say I should get used to it. Perhaps I'd better leave out the figures, which I shall have to read in any case, and get on to the end. After referring to the need for a special effort in order to raise funds

"Whist drive and dance."

"Or possibly a concert-I shall go on to say: 'I am reminded of a rather amusing little experience of my own, many years ago.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I'm sorry, Henry; I forgot you didn't want to be interrupted. I was only encouraging you."

". . . a great many years ago. A great many years ago. A great, great many years ago.'

'Henry, dear! Don't go on like that. It makes you sound quite antediluvian. It couldn't have been so many years as all that, surely!"

"No, dear, it isn't that. It's just that I haven't yet thought what anecdote it's going to be."

## Name this Horse.

LOOKING through the names of the horses who are to run during the season on the flat that is just beginning. I have again been shocked by the want of consideration for a noble animal which has too often been shown. It should be the rule that, as a racehorse has a father and a mother-or sire and dam its name should be related to its immediate forbears. But no; many of these names seem to have been conferred without thought of either parent. confusing thus both the person of the moment and the annalist. Mr. Pull-MAN, who made the Pullman cars, used, I remember, to pay his daughters a handsome salary to give each car a name; and I remember thinking that they earned their money easily, and I even envied them. They did, however, employ some sort of system, which is more than certain of the owners of yearlings seem to do now. I wish that they would invite outside assistance. I personally would apply.

The following names, which are all taken from the runners on the opening day at Lincoln, will show what I mean: Boozer's Gloom, Cooling Stream, Sea Joy, Where's Towzer? Apple Dumpling, Titmouse, Sole Exit, Bagpipes, Turn of the Tide, Coffee Cooler, Christmas Fare, Labour Member, So Sorry, and Trout Fly.

I don't claim that all the names that I have not mentioned were suitable for racchorses, but I have picked out the worst. Boozer's Gloom, the worst of all, the reader may be pleased to hear, derives from Gainsborough, the colt's sire, and Take-a-Glass, his dam; and any appropriateness that I can discover belongs solely to the distaff side. No one, whether he has been to the

Exhibition at Sir PHILIP SASSOON'S OF

not, could associate gloom with the painter of the LINLEYS.

Coming to the Lincoln Handicap itself, we find that the parents of Over Coat, the winner, were Apron and Beggar. It is possible, with recollections of the story of ST. MARTIN, to derive Over Coat from these, but not too simple. Still, an attempt was made, and that is all to the good. Passing on to Liverpool we find that in the case of Pink Coat, the winner of the first race on the Friday, there had been no attempt at all, for its parents were Solario and Grand Vixen. What a colt by Solario and Grand Vixen ought to be called, is a subject for competition; but certainly not Pink Coat. Is it too late to ask owners to be more exact?

On second thoughts I should not advise anyone to employ me to name



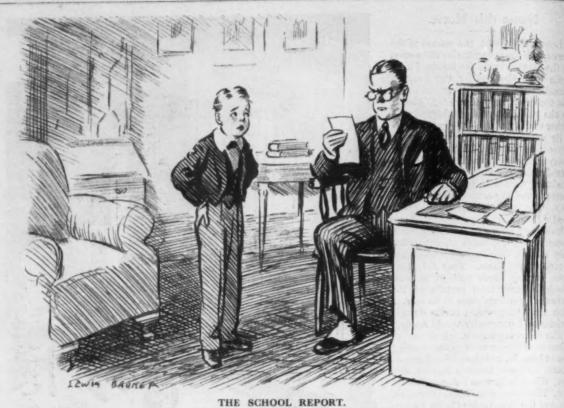
"Now wot abant a nice hit o' grainin' on the door?—If you don't mind a bit of advice from a brother brush."

his horses, for I have a poor record. I was once asked by the late Lord WOOLAVINGTON to perform this task, one of the animals being the renowned colt who under the style of Coronach won the Derby. But it was not I who called him Coronach; my name was rejected and hence I did not back him. This little piece of pique cost mewhat? I cannot say, but he won at 5 to 1. For other reasons, thinking that I knew better, I did not back Captain Cuttle, belonging to the same ownera Dickens horse too-when he won the Derby at 10 to 1. This year I suppose every one would support him. And I did not back Humorist because I could not get to a telephone-box. Such is fate!

There is no doubt that racing is "a mug's game"; but it is very fascinating. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Nor do there seem to be any changes—or are the great names of tip-

sters dynastic? Is it the same Captain Coe who seems to have been exercising his dark mysteries ever since I can remember, or is this one a successor? No matter what happens, there they are. The tipsters never alter. Nothing affects them, in war or peace. I go away for a month to the Continent, forgetting all English habits, and returning, the first thing I see is a placard bearing the ancient promise, "Beaufort's Best for Two Meetings." Best?

And not only are Captain Coe and Beaufort such permanent institutions, luring the weak; are there not also Ajax and Falcon and the Major and Dalrymple and Robin Goodfellow (but goodfellow can be a sad misnomer) and Busy Bee, who, I seem to recollect, broke a record last year? These also will always be with us. These also will continue to tempt, though the heavens fall. What chance has poor human nature?



"I DON'T KNOW HOW IT STRIKES YOU, DAD, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME WE HAVE GROUNDS FOR A LIBEL ACTION."

### Upon My Word.

(Lines written on resigning-not compulsorily-from a certain Golf Club.)

WHEN I am gone from this accustomed spot
Will they remember me? And if so, why?
Will some old playmate say with tear-dimmed eye,
"Nice fellow; and he sometimes hit a shot"?
A second, "Did he ever do, I wonder,
The eighteen holes in under
A hundred? Likely not"?
A third, "Although his ball was prone to blunder,
To swerve, to skid,
To skip as on a grid,
Once in a way he hit it—so he did"?
I doubt it. When I quit this Members' List

I doubt it. When I quit this Members' List They are more likely to recall with glee My unintentioned drolleries on the tee, My two-foot putts I always, always missed; To tell, with mirth that tempers melancholy. How iron-shots would volley And ricochet and twist, And that fell day I drained the cup of folly Down to its dregs, When—sure as eggs is eggs—On the first tee I drove between my legs.

No matter. If my memory lives at all It will not be because I played this game Ably or ill. I have a higher claim Than skill or stupidness with club and ball. I made a Word—a Word that grandly fuses Feeling with speech, that cozes

Acid and gore and gall;
And that same Word now every member uses,
And using, cries,
"This is indeed a prize!
Blest be the bloke who did this Word devise."
I am that bloke. It was not heard before
It flashed upon me when in hideous plight
I sought—and found—one Word that would unite

Exasperation's oath and fury's roar.

ceases,
This master-word releases
His very soul; no more
Need he go mad and smash his clubs to pieces."
And pat, so pat
I coined it—just like that.
If it's forgotten I will eat my hat.

"At last," I thought, "Man's brutish dumbness

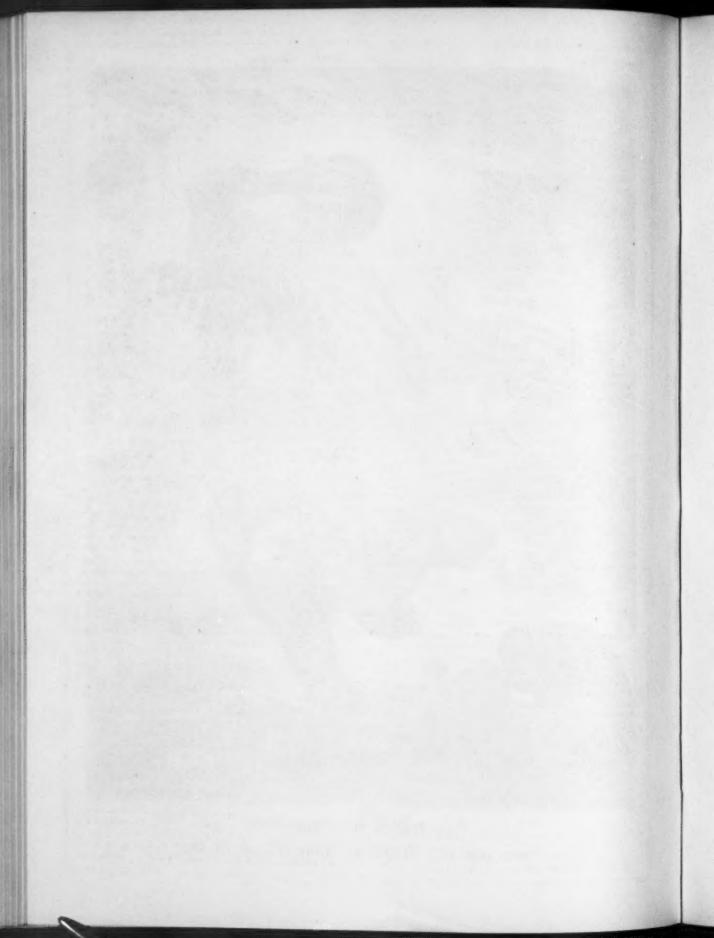
Haply my golf was matter but for mirth, But who so well has served his fellow-men Since Correz did his stuff on Darien Or the good Titan furnished fire to earth? Nay, future members still to be elected, Not born yet nor expected, Shall hear my Word; and then Its author's story will be resurrected. . . . Absurd, absurd! Yet so it has occurred; Posterity shall know me by that Word.

H. B.



THE DAWN OF PROGRESS.

"BUT HOW AM I TO SEE IT! THEY'VE BLINDED ME."



## Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, March 30th.-Lords: Debate on Italian Atrocities.

Commons: Air Navigation Bill given Second Reading.



THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

LORD CRUIL OF CRELWOOD, DEFENDER OF THE RED CROSS.

[The Order of the Knights of the Temple, which undertook to wage a continual war in dence of the Cross, was founded a.D. 1118, in the reign of Baldwin [L.]

Tuesday, March 31st,-Lords: Murmur together for three minutes.

Commons: Cotton Bill given Third Reading.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Lords: Debate on Afforestation in the Lake District.

Commons: Government defeated on Pay of Women Civil Servants.

Monday, March 30th .- According to one theory MUSSOLINI embarked on his Abyssinian adventure out of pique that a junior dictator should attract an unfair proportion of the world's headlines; and it would be a pity if the urgency of the Rhineland problem were to blind anyone to the fact that the country which set out to confer the matchless benefits of Imperial civilisation upon the black man is growing dissatisfied with the brief advances of its gallant native troops, with the rate at which its dare-devil young airmen are machine-gunning the unarmed sections of the Ethiopian people and is now reported to be using the abominable device of poison gas.

If these reports were true, said Lord CECIL this afternoon, then Italy had not only broken yet another of her treaty obligations but had committed as shameless an act as any in the

annals of war. A telegram which he read came from the daughter of the Emperor of Aryssinia, describing the tortures which the women and children of her country were undergoing. The Primate and Lord Markey spoke strongly in support of Lord Cecil, and for the Government Lord Halleax promised to verify the stories, agreeing that if they were true their gravity could not be exaggerated.

Lord MOTTISTONE, who is not prone to criticise the Italians, also agreed on this point. Whatever the subject under discussion, his own adventures in one or other of the elements seem never far from his mind. In his brief speech he mentioned to his peers how (1) he had spent six years in the front line of warfare, (2) exactly eighteen years ago to-day he had swallowed enough poison gas to kill a dozen ordinary men (the italics belong to Mr. P.'s R.), (3) he was the only survivor of a little band which had died of the gas-experiments they had conducted, and (4) he had marvellously emerged from the violent bombardment of a clearing-station in which he once lay wounded.

In the Commons, after Mr. Thorne had contributed the brilliant suggestion that Hitler should be persuaded to get married so as to preserve his balance (preferably, one would think, to a French lady of dominant personality), and the Labour Party had sought unsuccessfully to find official favouritism in the diversion of the



THE MASTER MARINER.

"May I ask the Right Hon. Gentleman if he is aware that I was on the bridge—[Loud Cheers from all parts of the House]—while the Queen Mary went down the Clyde?" Mr. Kirkwood.

Fascist procession past Buckingham Palace, there was a peaceful little debate about provincial legislatures in India, and later Sir Phillip Sassoon got a Second Reading for the Government's Bill to increase the subsidies to



APRIL WEATHER.

Mr. Attlee. "OUTLOOK FINE."
Mr. Baldwin. "BUT CHANGRABLE."

[On Wednesday the Government were defeated and un-defeated again in quick succession.]

civil aviation and to set up an independent body to take over some of the civil functions of the Air Minister. Lieut. Colonel Moore-Brarazon didn't like the Bill much because he said it fell short in its attempt to divorce civil aviation from its unhappy marriage with the Air Ministry, and the Socialists seemed to think it a typically Conservative measure. Mr. Baldwin promised that they should all have another pice grouse at it later.

another nice grouse at it later.

Tuesday, March 31st.—Sir John Ganzoni is a firm custodian of the Commons' gastronomy, and nothing that Mr. Leach could say would persuade him to allow samples of the margarine consumed by the Forces to be tried out in the Members' Dining-Room. He assured Mr. Leach that officially his Committee were not aware of Service diet and had no wish to import margarine into the House. Not, he added thoughtfully, for any purpose.

No one was very much surprised when Mr. Magnay, who comes from the Tyne, got up and painted a desperately gloomy picture of the fearful dangers from which the Queen Mary had so narrowly escaped during her passage down the Clyde. He declared that the



Anglo-Saxon Tax-Gatherer, "This is a nuisance! A mass meeting threatening death to all tax-collectors. But IT 'LL BE QUITE EASY TO COLLECT AS SOON AS IT'S OVER.

provision of a safer river for her sister-ship to negotiate was a national question, and suggested that if the Clyde were risked again the unfortunate vessel might find herself in the mission's projected activities in the Cart. This witticism inevitably brought Mr. Kirkwood to his feet to give vent to his astonishment at Mr. MAGNAY'S ignorance that he, Mr. KIRKWOOD, had himself been on the Queen Mary's bridge in the rôle of guardian angel, and that everything had passed off beautifully. As witness he pointed to Sir EDGAR BRITTEN, the ship's captain, sitting in the Strangers' Gallery, who could tell the House that she was the finest ship he had ever handled.

In the view of Mr. P.'s R. it may be worth noting-and now is your chance if it is-the only really safe way for the Government to get the Queen Mary's sister-ship down the Clyde will be to nationalise the banks.

The Bill to cut out redundant cottonspindles by agreement within the industry was read a Third time after a debate which was rather dull except when Mr. CLYNES, who was officially moving the Bill's rejection, stated that it would be a source of the greatest joy to him if it were a success. What a funny place Parliament is.

Wednesday, April 1st .- On behalf of

Lord HOWARD OF PENRITH, who was ill, Lord Elton asked the Government to consider the strong feeling which had been aroused by the Forestry Com-



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO? The result of Mr. THURTLE's grouse That there isn't a milk-bar in the House For a cert 'll Not be milk but mock-THURTLE.

Cumberland part of the Lake District and which had been expressed in a petition signed by various dignitaries. The charm of the English countryside, he said, lay in its irregularity, and if this scheme went through a visitor would find himself walking between rows of stark Christmas-trees set in straight lines and blotting out all the essential beauty of the landscape. This was a valuable economic asset; so were the sheep which would be displaced. Why not displace some grouse from the Yorkshire moors?

In the subsequent debate the Commissioners were on the whole kindly spoken of and the suggestion to appoint a Select Committee was not approved; but it was agreed that greater attention should be given to amenities, and Lord ZETLAND asked both sides to be generous.

A question of Mr. Dalton's showed that the Commons is as deeply stirred as the Lords in the matter of the Mr. EDEN had Italian atrocities. received from the British Minister at Addis Ababa a confirmation of the savage bombing of Harar, an unfortified town; and this drew from Mr. DALTON a demand that oil sanctions should be applied, and from Mr. MANDER a bitter inquiry whether these were the people who were going to police the Rhineland.

After Miss WILKINSON and others had argued that it was time the Government recognised the right of women civil servants to be paid on the same scale as men for the same work, and Mr. W. S. Morrison, frequently interrupted by the indignant Lady Astor, had put the Government's case that most men's responsibilities were greater, the House went into the Lobby on Miss WILKINSON's amendment and for the first time in its history the National Government was defeated fairly and squarely. To mark the importance of the occasion the House demanded adjournment, and rather unwillingly Mr. Baldwin agreed.

## De Detractoribus Suis.

Тноисн No High Fame May claim My Name, Nor Great Fate Be In store For Me. Try When pressed To Do My best: I write Light Verse That's bright And terse, That Rhymes At Times And might Be worse.

Yet if
To give
Some slight
Delight
I read
A screed
Or line
Of mine,
When
Men
Near
Hear,
They
Say.



"What Rot!"

Then I Reply:

"You Make But tasteless swine, Poor Churls, Who Take

This paste Of mine For Pearls."



The Strenuous Life.

"It was from an aerial slung between these masts that Melba, in 1920, sang the first broadcast music."—Evening Paper.

You had to go into training before you broadcast then.

## At the Play.

"LOVE FROM A STRANGER" (NEW).

Mr. FRANK VOSPER'S play, Love from a Stranger, is another instance of the perils that wait on feminine impulsiveness. There could be no one nicer than Cecily Harrington (Miss MARIE NEY), and it was pleasant to learn that she has won £10,000 in a sweepstake. We are not surprised to find she has doubts whether to go through with a marriage to which she committed herself some five years before. But we are a little surprised at the way she falls into the strange and greedy arms of Bruce Lovell (Mr. FRANK VOSPER), who suddenly appears from the great open spaces and who makes immediate and highly successful love to her.

Cecily takes the plunge, is off with the old love and on with the new. Her aunt (Miss MURIEL AKED) and the friend with whom she has lived for so long (Miss Norah Howard) cannot and do not approve, and there is no one who is a better hand-or perhaps one should say a better voice-at disapproval than Miss Aked. Her Aunt Louise was a triumph which came at the beginning of the evening and put everyone into high good humour for the creepiness that was to follow. To write such a part and to get Miss Aken to play it is but part of the great craftsmanship that Mr. VOSPER displays in

There are eight characters and they are all superbly cast. It is a common fault in crime-plays for the author to seek to provide light relief by comic detectives or servants when in fact the function of those minor characters makes it vital to the suspense and excitement that the audience shall take them with perfect seriousness. Mr. Vosper's gardener, his gardener's niece, his country doctor are all at once convincing and entertaining as characters. In particular Mr. S. Major Jones as Dr. Gribble was exactly right.

this play.

He made it plain what a worthy country practitioner he was, very anxious to stretch a point and make the health of the human race conform to its wishes.

In as far as there is a sub-action in the play it may be found in the quiet

development of *Ethel* (Miss ESMA CANNON), who in some six months comes on wonderfully and has her pick of the lads of the village. But this play only has these rich minor characters as luxuries. Its main theme is quite sufficiently arresting. Men who turn out to be not only crooks but



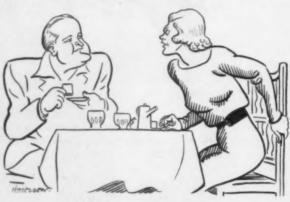
TWO RELIEFS FROM TENSION.

Hodgson . . . . Mr. Charles Hodges.

Louise Garrard . Miss Muriel Aked.

murderers are not uncommon on the stage, and the dramatist's problem is to make the gradual discovery arise naturally from all sorts of little instances.

Mr. Vosper, with his usual good judgment, has based his play on a



AN UNCOMFORTABLE MEAL.

COFFEE FOR TWO — MURDER FOR ONE.

Bruce Lovell . . . . . . Mr. Frank Vosper.

Cecily Harrington . . . . Miss Marie Ney.

story by Agatha Christie, a writer whose motto might be "You want the best clues; I have them." Cecily Harrington is not over-suspicious, but neither is she over-simple, and when the facts begin to point to the one terrifying conclusion she does not shut her eyes to them. In the lonely but

picturesque cottage where she lives her married life the climax approaches swiftly. We are prepared for it, but we are not prepared for the sudden and original turn which makes the last Act full of surprise and one of the best that have been seen in plays of this type.

Both Mr. Vosper and Miss Ney have to expend themselves to the full. Mr. Vosper shows only too plainly from the First Act the sort of man he is. His face and in particular his eyes are sufficiently expressive, and he might glance uneasily and suspiciously a little less obviously than he does. It is essential to the play that we should be able to see him as the attractive wooer of many women and that the strange and sinister side of his evil nature shall be content only to peep out on a few occasions.

Miss NEY went from strength to strength and gained enormously in the last Act from the easy naturalness and restraint of her acting up to the climax. This, we felt, was the authentic thing. This was exactly how a girl of character and good sense almost distraught by the greatness of her peril might act, these the sort of chances she might venture to take.

D. W.

# "HER LAST ADVENTURE" (AMBASSADORS).

There has never been a gentler moralist than Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. She does not preach at all, she sets out to interest and grip, and yet the lesson emerges at the end that sin is a mistake. It leads to all sorts of unforeseen consequences and it in particular nearly ruined Eva Bude.

Mrs. Bude (Miss Jane Carr) is not only beautiful but in her own line highly intelligent. But she is a widow who likes to go away with strange men now and again for a few days of romantic adventure. If she had read more of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's novels she would have been more quickly suspicious, but as things are she never finds out till Scotland

Yard tells her that Jim Malton (Mr. George Mulcaster) has very dreadful secrets to hide and is not up to mastering them.

Eva goes alone to "The Folly," and she is lucky that things are no worse. We were prepared for any kind of Bluebeard horrors when we reached that house and its disused kitchen. We are right in thinking there is murder afoot, and if we need prodding into gooseflesh quivers Miss ELEANORE WILSON, acting a tramp-girl whose name is known to the police but not to the programme, gives them to us in abundance.

But Eva's life is never at stake. What is in issue is her happiness, for this latest imprudent fling is to be the last, because she is about to marry honest John Welbeck (Mr. H. G. STOKER). Mr. Welbeck is not the sort of man one can imagine withdrawing from the marriage whatever confessions Eva might choose to make, and she is leaving her lucrative business post in any event. But if John learnt of her hobby she would never again be on the same pedestal, and though the pedestal, as is the way of such eminences, had its uncomfortable moments, Eva did not at all want to come off it.

Scotland Yard, in the person of Mr. Neville Brook, was all sympathy, but at one moment the prospects of ugly publicity seemed very hard to avoid. However, Eva escapes with a shaking; and all girls and widows can learn from her narrow squeak that the habit of spending week-ends with doubtful men

whom they meet in trains is not a safe one.

There was a fine touch about the construction of the play; the effects are not forced and the development of the action is quite gradual. We had time to see something of Eva at home before we followed her to "The Folly," and Miss CARR showed us a young lady who was at her best in her own surroundings. In the train she was rather strange, but gowned and at the piano in her country home she easily charmed many more people than John Welbeck.

Perhaps the play would have been more convincing if Mr. MULCASTER had acted Jim Malton as a more attractive man. He let the uneasy murderer dominate the eager lover at first sight, and contrived to look so crooked that we found it difficult to believe Eva wanted his ordinary daytime companionship at all.

The story did not seem to have dramatised itself without a good deal of painful translation into the medium of the stage, and would more easily

have fitted the film. For the number of scenes the period of central action was much too brief, and we were all let into the secret so much before Eva that at the end it was only a question of watching how she took it. If she thought little of her lover of two months before she had never expected



EXPRESS STRANGERS.

Eva Bude . . . . Miss Jane Carr,
Jim Malton . . . Mr. George Mulcaster.

to think of him again at all. She was left to bless in her simple lover's arms the useful inefficiency of the French police and the many and diverse uses of strychnine.

D. W.



INNOCENCE AND OFFICIALDOM.

Eva Bude . . . Miss Jane Carr.

Inspector Eaton . Mr. Neville Brook.

## Racing à la Mode.

(With acknowledgments to "Dresses at Aintree" in "The Times" of March 28.)

It is growing quite clear to all who give ear to the voice of the Daily Press that the space for accounts of jockeys

and mounts is growing perceptibly less; that writers of note, neglecting the tote and the usual racing thrills, cut ruthlessly short the cackle of sport to come to the frocks and the frills. So in view of these facts and the failure of Pacts to furnish material for rhymes, I beg you give heed to a topical screed inspired by a page of The Times:—

"The hats were all new-fangled and ranged from the tiniest toque to panamas quangle-wangled à la Bloomsbury baroque. Lady Delap wore a ciré straw cap with a chromium-plated gazebo, and Lady Miles Platting in coconut matting was chatting with Lady Skibo. Lady Waterstock had a gilt-edged frock with a platinum holophote, and Miss Sally Killick looked quite idyllic in broadtailed creosote. Lady Peggy Topp wore an Eton crop, and the Dowager Countess of Wells struck a novel note by trimming her

coat with scarlet pimpernels. Lady Adela Spink wore a stole of mink with a fluorescent frill, and Sir Jeremy Joule looked calm and cool in a suit of diaphanous drill. With a stuffed green mamba Miss Jelly da Gamba had crowned her chevelure, and the Duchess of Boodle in all-black poodle was quite the cynosure. The Countess Shalott wore a beige capote with a capercailzie feather, while Lady Portmadoc and Mr. Haddock waltzed into the paddock together. Lord Hilary Pim flew over from Lympne in a helmet of crimson crash, and Miss Patty du Clam wore Persian lamb with a taffeta calabash. Lady Aniline Stoke had a chipmunk cloak embroidered with Camberwell beauties, and Miss Henna Bundy wore salmagundy with Pompadour pampoo-

"Twelve Horses to Follow."

Daily Paper.

We'd rather know the three they will be following.

"Choise Combine to Help Santa Claus Home."—Local Paper. Hasn't the poor old chap got back yet?

"Required, Swimming Pool Attendant, live in."—Local Advt.

Not unless there 's a heat-wave, thanks.



Irate Film-Producer. "PAIN AND GRIEF, MAN, NOT HAY-FEVER!"

## Oxford Blues (?).

(Written on Friday, April 3rd.)

 $\begin{array}{c} \textit{Gay} \mid \text{ is the City of the Dreaming Spires,} \\ \textit{Sad} \mid \text{ is the City of the Dreaming Spires,} \\ \textit{Joyous} \\ \textit{Muffled} \end{array} \right\} \text{ her bells, } \left\{ \begin{array}{c} \textit{fortissimo} \\ \textit{and mournful are} \end{array} \right\} \text{ her choirs.}$ 

Hark how St. Hilda's altos greet the news!

Loud | chant | the shrill sopranos of St. Hugh's!

From Corpus, Pembroke and St. Peter's Hall The tenors  $\{trumpet \mid with \mid triumphant \mid call; \}$ 

While bass support around the City rolls in antiphonic  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} chorus \\ grumbles \end{array} \right\}$  from All Souls.

Bright as the brilliant sun o'er Black broods depression over Cumnor Hill, Is the glad Gone is the girlish glee of Somerville;

In Hertford, Oriel, Exeter and Queen's Are to be seen  $\{the\ sprightliest\}$  of deans,

Whose colleagues show { an equal ecstasy a like despondency In Merton, L.M.H. and B.N.C.

About the quads of Univ. and St. John's Deliriously dance delighted Creep dismal doleful disappointed dons,  $\begin{array}{c} \text{Each} \left\{ \begin{array}{c} carolling \\ mumbling \end{array} \right\} \text{ in his} \left\{ \begin{array}{c} exhilaration \\ \text{bleak humiliation} \end{array} \right. \\ \text{Some apt} \left\{ \begin{array}{c} and \ happy \\ \text{but sombre} \end{array} \right\} \text{Classical quotation} \end{array}$ 

Such as { "Io!" and "Kahos τε καὶ εὐ!" "σζμοι!" "Vae Victis!" "Proh!" or "Heu!" In Jesus, Wadham, Worcester, Magdalen, New,

Fast flies the fun, nor is it faint or
The lamp of laughter flickers faint and
In Balliol, Lincoln, Campion Hall and Keble.
No brighter than in Balliol, Lincoln, Keble.

Within St. Edmund's Hall, the House and Trinity

The sometimes sombre
The erstwhile sprightly | Doctors of Divinity

With swelling song are banishing their gloom Resemble more black harbingers of Doom And painting red Than members of the Senior Common Room.

The genial Proctor in his lair reclines, Resolving—next Term—to remit all Sor pleasure gets in counting up his fines;

The Public Orator, { with swelling chest, his face depressed, Is now, with lexicon and { sparkling } jest,

At an Oration for the next Encaenia

Whose wit will wing
Whose scorn will scorch

Trom Canada to Kenya.

In fine,  $\begin{cases} a \text{ } radiance \\ a \text{ } dull \text{ } despair \end{cases}$  is over all And Life  $\begin{cases} no \text{ } more \text{ } is \\ \text{ } is \text{ } Wormwood, \end{cases}$  Bitterness and Gall.

Such is the University. No less The town displays  $\begin{cases} unusual\ happiness. \\ its\ dudgeon\ and\ distress. \end{cases}$ 

From the gay mansions Behind dark windows on the Banbury Road
The infants of the dons have chirped and crowed. in howls explode.

Crowded Signary Silent 
Thus when we went to Press—and no one knew The issue of the Boat-Race. Now we do.

"I give the palm to ——, whose dancing, though ballroom-acrobatic, is of ballet-worthy intelligence, and really does express something."—Extract from Evening Paper.

We wish this did.

## Silence is Golden.

"Would you care to dance?" With a smile she rose Gathered the graceful gleaming folds Into a small white hand. We swung through the music lazily, Part of the rhythm seemingly. Her lips were parted, hardly into a smile-Just with the joy that is sad of a waltz And the glory of being young. The soft lights played on the gleaming waves Of her burnished hair and the shadows fell From her lashes dark and long. What was she thinking-dreaming thus in my arms? Probably that I was dull! To speak would have broken the mystery; Was my silence marring the harmony? Was she thinking of other dances, cheered maybe By laughter and wit that my lips refused to form? I cursed at my tongue-tied idiocy That was losing for me the only girl in the world. The music ceased—and at last she looked at me.

"Thank God, you have got the gift," she said,
"Of saying nothing when there is nothing to say.
I've spent the evening nursing a splitting head
And being nice to partners who would be gay."



"You can ask Squire about that there roof now, George. 'E's posted 'is third instalment of first 'alf-year's income-tax."

## Shorter Speeches.

WE see that yet one more movement for the shortening of Parliamentary speeches is promised. Not much will come of it, for the simple reason that here is one of the fields in which it is impossible to make rules. Those who think that five minutes of Mr.

is five minutes too much would welcome fifty minutes of Mr. Churchill at his best; but in a democratic body explicit exceptions cannot be made for individuals.

Yet there is a way. It is not a way which we would put forward for use in the august precincts of Parliament. But we have practised it with effect on a round - the -Empire oratorical expedition; and if the rebels mean business and are less in awe than we are-well, here it is.

We refer once again to the Speech Sweep, by which the interest can be maintained in the longest and dullest series of orations-for those at least who have drawn horses. At a public dinner, where the horses running are known and advertised, this is easily arranged. We put the President and the Mayor, the Bishop of X, Mr. Justice Y, the Principal Guest and the Chairman-Designate in a hat, and

draw. There are prizes for the Longest Speech, the Shortest Speech, and Special Prizes for the Best Remark and the Worst.

In Parliament, where, so to speak, there is no race-card and the names of the runners cannot certainly be predicted, there would be difficulties; but we suggest that these could be simply overcome by drawing for numbers and numbering the speakers in succession as they rose.

Thus, for the big Foreign Affairs

Debate of March 26th one could have put, say, the numbers 1–20 (and "The Field") in the hat. Actually there were only seventeen runners, but there were numerous undelivered speeches. No. 1 would have been the Foreign Secretary, who very finely, and rightly, occupied 56 minutes; and the fortunate holder of No. 1 would have won the prize for the Longest Speech.



SURPLUS!

The final order of the field was as follows:—

		inule
FOREIGN SECRETARY (Longest Speech Prize)		56
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE		45
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER		42
Mr. Dalton		38
SIT AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN	1	20
Mr. Churchill	1	28
Mr. ATTLEE		26
Mr. PRICE (Golden Mean Prize)		25
Sir Archibald Sinclair		24
General Sprars		22
Мг. Воотнву		21

 Commander Fletcher
 19

 Mr. Emrys-Evans
 14

 Mr. Nicholson
 13

 Mr. Astor (maiden)
 12

 Mr. Gallacher
 11

 Mr. Manton (Shorlest Speech Prize)
 7

 Average
 25

But these cold statistics do not reveal the latent drama. Mr. MAXTON (7 minutes) spoke early—No. 7. Seven

minutes in such a debate is almost a record; but every back - bencher who followed him was a possible danger. Mr. GALLACHER (11 minutes) ran him close. Imagine the excitement of the fortunate holder of Mr. MAXTON during Mr. GALLACHER'S and every subsequent speech! Whenever an orator began by saving "I shall not detain the House for long' he would cry, "Go on! Go on!" while all those who hoped to win the Shortest Speech would mutter grimly, "Hear, hear!'

There was little hope on this special occasion of anyone snatching the Long Prize from the For-EIGN SECRETARY. but as a rule it would be a near thing. And as the runners-up came into the thirties or forties, instead of that chill indifference which sometimes falls towards the end of a long speech, there would be warm interest and excitement, and eager ticket-holders

urging the sagging orator to continue. This, it is true, may not at first seem to be a direct step towards shorter speeches. But after the first few sweeps every speaker would have at the back of his mind the thought that the stop-watch was ticking, that the duration of his remarks was the subject of close and perhaps not kindly attention, and that even those encouraging cheers might be prompted only by the mercenary desire to profit from his garrulity. And this must have



"CAN I INTEREST YOU, SIR, IN AN UP-TO-DATE INCUBATOR?"

an effect. Whether it would be possible, within the bounds of order and decorum, to publish the list of prizewinners we do not know; but privately the Longest Speaker could always be thanked and congratulated for being so long, and such compliments could not fail to remain in his mind.

To console and preserve the interest of those whose horses were neither Longest nor Shortest there would be the usual Special Prizes—for the first speaker to say "unilateral," "following on," "anticipate" (in the sense of "expect"), etc.

However, as we have said, we do not think that any of this would be proper, and therefore speeches are likely to remain the same length.

# A New Way to Kill Old Patients.

"Doctors recommend the Invalids' Butcher to the aged and delicate."—Daily Paper Advt.

"Periodically we receive abusive missiles that are unsigned and naturally we do not know the authors."—Newspaper Leader.

Always write your name on a brick before heaving it at the Editor.

There was a young fellow from Sydenham

Who lost his best pants with a quid in 'em;

He found them again Down in Petticoat Lane, But there wasn't a quid-but a Yid in 'em.

"Supporters: A man and woman, representing Adam and Eve, wreathed round the waist with leaves, all proper."

Description of Coat-of-Arms.

We are glad to hear it.

<sup>&</sup>quot; No."

<sup>&</sup>quot;BUT THINK OF THE TIME IT WOULD SAVE."

<sup>&</sup>quot;I'M NO CARING ABOUT THE HENS' TIME."



Passenger. "This is a very slow ship, isn't it?"
Sailor. "Oh, I dunno. I reckon she can do eight knots—down'ill.."

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### A Poet's Portrait.

FOR a novelist to portray genius is always a hazardous venture, and Mr. Charles Morgan has been doubly bold, for Sparkenbroke (MACMILLAN, 8/6)—seventh viscount and twelfth baron of that title-is not only a man of genius but a poet whose poetry we are permitted to read. It is Mr. Morgan's triumph that we never doubt the quality of his art any more than we doubt the vitality of the man or his charm, his wilfulness, his imaginative intensity or that strain of mysticism which compels him to seek release and fulfilment in poetry and love and death. He is completely realised, and so is Mary, and so is George Hardy, who loves Mary and is loved by her, though not with the love which she gives to Sparkenbroke; and so indeed are those other characters who, not being so central, are more lightly drawn. Nor does the grave distinction of the writing, with its exquisite undertones, ever falter; while the proportions of the whole are as faultless as particular portrait and episode. As for Sparkenbroke, so for Mr. MORGAN, a story is not "an aggregate, however rich, of the experiences of life, but a selective pattern having its origin in them and made always with one purpose-to discover the form, which is the poetry, of character, and so relate it to the universal forms of humanity that whoever read was enchanted into perception and joy." That is just what this

story gives us. Mr. Morgan, believing in the reality of beauty, justifies his faith by his works.

### Chez Milady Hervey.

Poor old Madame DU DEFFAND, begging HOBACE WALPOLE to keep her in touch with his London of the seventeen-sixties, suggested that he would probably be passing much of his time with Lord "FANNY" HERVEY'S grey-eyed relict, known to an earlier generation as Molly Lepell (HARRAP, 15/-). This lady, it would seem, enjoyed two spells of courtship: one as maid of honour to CAROLINE of Anspach, one as a salon-holding widow, the friend of CHESTERFIELD, GIBBON and "HORRY" himself. Between these lies a tract of marriage endured with the bleak philosophy of the Augustans, for Molly was undoubtedly an Augustan with typically Augustan contacts; and so she is treated by Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart, having waited for this ideal biographer to cover the canvas that is her due. Scholarly, vivacious and sympathetic, with a knowledge of all the old material and the run of much that is new, Miss STUART has not only done justice to MOLLY but preserved the rhythm and accent of her world. Her subsidiary figures are often admirable; and her heroine's Naval son, with his picturesque marriage to ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH and his resolute championship of Admiral Byng, deserves every line that is lavished on him.

### Pickwick-Man and World.

Pickwick is an extraordinary work. (No originality

claimed.) It started as an ephemeral production, and now, after a hundred years, Messrs. DEXTER and LEY, two acknowledged authorities, have produced The Origin of Pickwick (CHAP-MAN AND HALL, 5/-), which deals mainly with SEYMOUR'S claim to have invented the central character. No doubt he did so far as externals go; but had he lived he would have realised that the outer shell of the man Pickwick bore much the same proportion to the Pickwick world as a map of London bears to the population of England. At the beginning he was the bigger man of the two; and the interest of this part of the book lies in its portrait of DICKENS the hired hack-writer expanding into a creator of vastness. But we meet another illustrator who was concerned with Pickwick in its early days, one R. W. Buss, who was tried as a successor to SEYMOUR and turned down. He lived to see Pickwick in its triumph, and to lament the fame that would have been his had he been connected with it. But it is all right. The name Buss is immortalised by his daughter, the well-known pioneer of female education. She lives in a poem, probably composed by some monkey who is now a grandmother, which, though hackneved like other great poems, may appear here for those who love Art for Art's sake. Thus-

> "Miss Buss and Miss Beale Love's pangs never feel. How different from us; Miss Beale and Miss Buss."

### Hanoverian George.

Appropriately Germany gives England the authoritative history of George I.'s reign. For King George I. knew no English and greatly preferred German to English ways. Forty years ago Professor Wolfgang Michael published the first volume of his great description of England under George I. Yet it is only to-day—and then only

thanks to the initiative of Professor Namier, the enterprise of Messrs. Macmillan and the skill of an unknown translator—that the subjects of King Edward VIII. can at last read in their own tongue of England under George I. (21/-). Although Professor Michael's canvas is vast, his mastery of his materials and his sense of proportion enable him to give to each figure its due prominence. The result is a picture filled with life and action. All I could remember of George I. was his inability to speak English and his curious predilection for excessively ugly mistresses. Besides confirming the accuracy of my recollection, Professor Michael has told me so much more that is both new and interesting about the Jacobite Rising of 1715 and other matters that I await impatiently the two concluding volumes of his memorable history.

### The Sleep and the Forgetting.

The lesson of Gallipoli (FABER, 15/-), written by JOHN NORTH, is so clearly and simply set forth that everyone at the



"You trod on my hat, Sir, as you stepped out."
"Ah, thanks. Then this must be my row."

Staff Colleges should read it. The writer has based his work on official histories, diaries and personal observation. It is a terrible tale of the utter incompetence of Commanding Officers, the intrigues of politicians and the patience under suffering of brave soldiers. It certainly seems curious that the Anzacs did not raid Whitehall after the evacuation and hold a lynching-bee. The Navy is not excused from blame in this detached and fair review, but the almost incredible apathy of the Army Seniors is placed before the reader in plain and acknowledged facts. It makes one a little nervous about the next war. STONEWALL JACKSON is dead, MUSTAPHA KEMAL (who won the Gallipoli campaign) is not available, yet it all might happen again with the sam? dreadful waste of life as in the Crimea. It is amusing to change one's thoughts from death to stores, and I liked reading of the despatch of provisions and luxuries to the semi-starved army only just before the evacuation. It took the Turks two years to take away what was left-"Many shiploads of jam and flour were sent to Constantinople'

yet the War Office had sent practically nothing until it was decided to leave the Peninsula!

### Old Lamps and New.

Having expressed but a qualified delight in Mr. T. S. ELIOT'S For Lancelot Andrewes, I hasten to welcome a volume incorporating half the old book with incontestably more valuable additions. Essays Ancient and Modern (FABER AND FABER, 6/-) contains "Lancelot Andrewes," "John Bramhall," "Bradley," "Baudelaire" and "Babbitt." The new material is of equal length, wider in scope, of greater topical interest and more persuasively "Religion and Literature" urges that the standards of Faith should make themselves felt in

general letters, and wisely deplores the "limited awareness" of devotional genius. "Catholicism and International Order"-with excellent points—is a little vitiated by the writer's intolerance of the League, whilst some may ask whether there is traly a narrower gulf between Angloand Roman Catholics than between Anglo-Catholics and Protestants. A pleasant study treats PASCAL as the most worldly of ascetics and the most ascetic of worldlings; while "Modern Education and the Classics" shrewdly urges a higher type of education rather than an ill-considered extension. Those who, like the reviewer, have a high opinion of Mr. NICOLSON'S Tennyson, will find "In Memoriam" a sensitive and illuminating footnote, as it were, to that particularly sound biography.

### "Salomon Sacked the Sunset."

I wish I were learned enough to appreciate all the scholarship which has gone to the making of Mme. TABOUIS' great book, The Private Life of Solomon (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-).

I am not able to criticise the historical accuracy (if criticism is needed) or to judge the choice of bibliography, but I can as an ordinary reader admire the way she has given political significance to a life that used to seem to me as remote as a legend. Memory of the apes and ivory and peacocks remains. but now I shall remember too the palace prefect, Ahilud, who was not pleased with them, "for ministers of finance are notoriously insatiable. What were these 420 talents of gold and these exotic wares compared with the ever-widening abyss of debt?" There are moments when the author's prose is so lavish that one can almost smell the scented woods of the Temple—"The cost of living was the one theme that all the housewives harped upon in their gossiping and complaining." I wish I could quote more from this tale of pride, love, ambition and conquest. As it is, I can only hope that other readers will enjoy this wise and picturesque book as much as I have done.

### For Heavier Moments.

Miss MARGIAD EVANS, in Creed (BLACKWELL, 7.6). imagines her readers asking, "Why write about sur people?" and very probably many of them will ask that. It is a dark book, full of unhappiness, of minds tormented by doubt and fear, bodies sunken in drunkenness or eaten by disease, and it is pervaded by the ugliness that sometimes seems inherent in industrialism. But her choice of subject is her own affair; all that her readers have any right to complain of is a certain difficulty in grasping the argument of her book, which seems to be implicit in the spiritual struggles of one Francis Dollbright, who, at first a sincere if narrow and self-righteous, Christian, is brought by suffering

and defeat to a point when he is not an unbeliever but the antagonist of God. Miss Evans has a strange and unusual power which comes so near to genius that because of it her unhappy story is well worth reading; her people move and breathe. and most of her readers will find, in her phrase, "a line of their own likeness" here.

A Long Drive. Mr. ZANE GREY wastes no time in The Trail Driver (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) before he despatches Adam Brite from San Antonio (Texas) on his way north with a colossal herd of cattle. Sixty years or so ago the dangers of such a drive were innumerable, and Brite's anxieties were not allayed by the fact that at the first camp a girl masquerading as a boy joined his expedition. Perhaps earnest seekersafter novelties will not regard this situation with unqualified favour, but time and age Mr. GREY has proved his worth in the realms of romantic and adventurous fiction, and the experiences of Brite, while his drive is

bunker, are related with indefatigable vigour. Wonderful feats of skill and self-sacrifice are performed, and the climax will not disappoint those who are prepared to follow Mr. GREY on whatever trail he cares to lead them.



"MAISTER AN' MISSIS BROON ARE DOONSTAIRS, MEM-WID YE LIKE ME TAE EXHEBIT THEM?

### A Welcome Selection.

The stories for which the title of The Cosy Room (RICE AND COWAN, 7/6) has been chosen date from 1890 to 1935, a fact by no means without interest to those of us who are admirers of Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN. His work is sometimes evasive and elusive, it is also, as in his title-story, occasionally ironical, but to lovers of style it is always a source of gratification. In "The Gift of Tongues" (1927) Mr. MACHEN says that he adores insoluble mysteries, a statement which I have no difficulty in believing, for his account of "The Islington Mystery" is a classic of its kind, perfectly successful in promoting sympathetic interest.

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THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING AN ALIEN.

### New Theme For Old Thebes.

- ["Until recently motor-cars were not allowed to circulate in the Necropolis area of the Theban plain. This veto has now been withdrawn, and cars may drive right up to the Valley of the Kings."—Travel Magazine.]
- I ASKED the Singing Memnon, that cold colossus,
- It now refrained from music when the dawn came up the sky.
- "Of old I sang the dayspring," it said, "but I have sworn
- To leave aubades in future to the pilgrim's motorhorn."
- To-day a bluer incense breathes about the hypostyles,
- It chokes the great recumbent rams which line the storied aisles.
- The dog Anubis sniffs around; its sniffs are all in vain.
- For motors now may circulate upon the Theban plain.
- Time was a driver might have feared the nuisance and expense
- Of breakdowns in the desert, but it gives him confidence

- To motor down the avenues of Egypt's richest kings
- Since Luxor learned to forge a crank as well as other things.
- The sands which yielded scarabs up now yield up screw and nut.
- Poor Khansu and poor Amen and—I need not add—poor Mut!
- These tourists will not even learn the tritest guide-book lore—
- "I drained the sump at Karnak . . ." "Yes, you're needing a rebore."
- I pitied one colossus which had fallen from its base,
- It looked so huge and helpless—it was lying on its face;
- But when the cavalcades went by, obsessed with gear and clutch,
- I could not help reflecting that it wasn't missing much.

### Charivaria.

It is recalled by a newspaper that Signor Mussolini was once employed by a butcher and might have become one himself. Might have?

The recent conversation between Herr von Ribbentbop and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in English, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE doesn't speak German and Herr von Ribbentrop doesn't speak Welsh.

Mrs. Marjoram, of Middleton, Suffolk, celebrated her centenary the other day. She is not, however, half as old as Thyme.

At Surat thousands lined the streets to watch the wedding procession of two expensively-dressed monkeys sitting in a decorated motor-car, the bridegroom being a reputed descendant of the god Hanaman. Darwin should have been there.

"A man should always throw himself into his work," says an efficiency expert. Unless of course he happens to be digging a well.

"Nothing pains me more than to see family relics under the hammer," comments a writer. He should try putting his finger in the same place.

\* \* \*

A centipede was found last week in a crate of fruit just arrived from South Africa. Poor thing! It must have had an awful time getting its sea-legs.

\* \* \*

In two hundred years, an authority on theatrical records discloses, only thirty-six actresses have married peers. It would be interesting to know how many have had the chance.

London's last bearded postman is still on duty at Barking. So take the children to see him these holidays.

\* \* \*

A thief who broke into a Kilburn boot stores made off with a box containing twelve boots, all for the left foot. The police are said to be searching for a man with two left feet.

A sportsman says he often feels that the first and second finishers should be hailed joint winners in a gruelling race. There is some hope for Oxford in this idea.

\* \* \*

"Is there anything more green than England in spring?" asks a nature note. Well, there's England in a Disarmament Conference.

According to a writer, the poetry of 1970 will present life as it actually is. We trust that it will then be better than it finds us at present.

"What use are cat-skins?" asks a correspondent. Well, they keep the cat warm.

Actors seem to be the only persons in the world qualified to answer the question, "Which came first, the bird or the egg?"

The Mount Everest Expedition have had to leave their

dog behind because it barks at night. Neighbours might complain.

"Lunatic Secured in Telephone Box," says a heading. It is not known whether he was sane when he entered it.

\* \* \*

In view of our climate at this season only the moth acts sensibly—by changing from white flannels into a heavy overcoat.

"What is the best insurance policy that a newly-married couple can take out?" asks a correspondent. One, we venture to suggest, against third-party risks.

## Clothes Repression.

[Our Child Psychologists now tell us that the discomfort of wearing clothes that shrink has a deleterious effect on children. "Clothes Repression" causes loss of confidence and tends to develop a Fear-Attitude towards Life.]

When I was young
My infancy was blighted
By foolish dread
Of goblins, strangers, attics dimly lighted,
Sounds heard in bed,
And lots and lots of things that normal teenies
(The Willoughbys and Daphnes and Irenes)
Faced unaffrighted.
And people wondered much
What I was at
To be (for shame, now!)
Such a spineless brat.
Alas! I feared the darkness, Mother's callers,
Attics and bed, because my shrunken crawlers
Made me like that.

As time went on My qualms had not departed; A candid nurse Remarked, "Young Master Herbert's chickenhearted: The child gets worse." Coward I was, and coward am I now, But no one had the faintest inkling how The thing got started. They gave me Ivanhoe And read me lots Of "Battles Long Ago" (Strong meat for tots). Fools! could they cure what Modern Mamma hails As "Clothes Represssion" with the virile tales Of WALTER SCOTT'S?

Now am I old
And still the same timidity
Has me in thrall,
And what was mere stupidity
When I was small
Is now a gross offence: the mischief's done;
That I am Public Coward No. I
Is clear to all.
And thus in course of time
So low has sunk
My self-respect that I'm
A hopeless funk,
And all because—yes, be it now confessed—
When I was young my disobliging vest
And pants had shrunk.



# THE MONEY GOES ROUND AND AROUND.

THE MERRY CHANCELLOR. "NOW THEN, DON'T STAND SHIVERING THERE—DANCE AND KEEP UP YOUR CIRCULATION."

## Infallibility.

MUCH has been written and much more still has been said on the subject of Time.

Time flies—or, as we scholars have it, Tempus fugit.

Time—procrastination is the thief of. Time—a stitch in, saves nine.

Turning to the realms of poetry, we learn that Time rolls his ceaseless course and robs us of our joys, and, in a general way, is still a-flying. (You probably have a BARTLETT's Familiar Quotations of your own.)

The part played by Time in the home has not, however, until this moment been dealt with adequately.

Only last Sunday morning I heard myself saying that it was a Funny Thing that no two clocks in the house ever told the same time at the same time.

The sentence, one is the first—or at any rate the second—to acknowledge, was deficient in literary grace as well as in actual truth, since there is in reality nothing in the least funny about the situation. Rather the contrary.

"The dining-room clock is always miles behind all the others," Laura said encouragingly.

But this was unjust.

"The dining-room clock doesn't count," I had to remind her.

"Charles always puts the kitchen-clock on ten minutes when he winds it, because Mrs. Aggitt is always behindhand, and that makes lunch more punctual, but it makes the dining-room clock look slow, which is quite unfair. As a matter of fact, if you compare it with the clock on the stairs, it's rather fast if anything."

"Oh, you can't go by the clock on the stairs," Laura said at once. "It always strikes either just before or just after the one in the hall, and I hear them both in the middle of the night and never know which is which."

I very much doubt whether Laura ever hears anything in the middle of the night, but I saw what she meant about the clocks.

"I can hear the cuckoo-clock too," she recklessly went on, "but of course it's utterly unreliable."

"Naturally," I said. "The cuckoo-

clock has given the children a great deal of pleasure in its day—in fact I'm rather fond of it myself—but it doesn't exactly tell the time. It probably isn't meant to. It just cuckoos. And frightfully well too. Many's the spring day when I've thought it really was the first cuckoo, and wished, and planned to write a letter to the paper and everything."

"How twee," said Laura—very absurdly.

I took the discussion back to a higher level with a reference—not, I hope, an ungracious one—to Aunt Emma's wedding-present of sixteen years ago.

"A blue mosaic frame, shaped like a heart and covered with little white

"And we present you absolutely free with this sweet-toned six-strenged professional Chilean guitar with every Sayve-Tyme Stove."

daisies and pink rosebuds, is a charming thing in its own way, but as a clock it's never really been wholly satisfactory. As far as I can make out it loses something like forty minutes a day. but not every day. Only on the days when it's been wound. On the other days it loses much more."

"And the musical clock on the mantelpiece is pretty hopeless. I mean, I love its little tunes and the way the little man pops out and beats the anvil, but it never has anything to do with the time it says it is."

Again I knew what she meant. In more academic phraseology, one has experienced difficulty in synchronising the numerous activities of the musical clock. Anybody possessing a clock that strikes all the quarters on a small anvil and also professes to tell the time in the usual way with its two hands will know exactly what I mean.

Laura then briefly disposed of our remaining timepieces.

"The poor little Dresden china one is more or less all right if you remember that it's always absolutely regular in the way it gains. You just add an extra four minutes all through the week and take a quarter-of-an-hour off on Sundays when Charles winds it, because he always puts it back a bit. But the one I go by myself, as often as not, is the one in my bedroom."

"Why?" I asked incredulously.
"Because I've lost my watch,"
Laura very simply replied.

"Have you looked in the mowingmachine, on the top of the nightnursery wardrobe, or inside your stocking-drawer?" I inquired, know-

ing the kind of place in which Laura's lost possessions are found, although never to her certain knowledge having been placed there by human hand.

Perhaps it was as well for an old and tried friendship that just then Charles came in—for the express purpose of winding the clocks.

ing the clocks.

"But which one do you go by when you set them?" Laura asked, evidently with a backward and profoundly mistrustful glance at the cuckoo-clock, the hall-clock, Aunt Emma, the musical clock and the poor little Dresden china one.

"My watch," said Charles.

thoughtfully: "In twenty-seven years I've never known that watch either gain or lose so much as a single second."

"Good heavens, how marvellous! Then we needn't really worry about how to tell the time after all?"

Charles in a short speech explained that nowadays, with wireless in the house, there need never be the slightest difficulty about punctuality—a statement which any wife or mother knows to be demonstrably false. Laura, however, was taken in by it, and again said "How marvellous!" and at once turned on the wireless in order that we might hear Big Ben proclaiming the hour.

We did, and Charles glanced at his watch.

Then he frowned slightly.

"Big Ben," he said coldly, "is about one-and-a-half minutes fast."

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"ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME IN, CLARA, BUT DON'T CALL ME 'SWEETIE' IN FRONT OF THE GIBL."



### The Show Must Go On.

THE peculiar circumstances of Sunday night reached their apex, or nadir, at the moment when the mechanical piano stuck halfway up the stairs; and if you contend that circumstances can neither reach an apex nor sink to a nadir you have (as Mr. Kibitzer would be the first to point out) another guess coming.

The mechanical piano had been removed, after some minutes of impassioned argument, from the café nextdoor. The proprietor could speak not a word of English, and the men who removed it only a little; it may well be therefore that he believed they were taking it away

for repairs. How wrong he was!
"Boys," Mr. Kibitzer had said to the three men he was employing to shift the piano, "it's a matter of life and death, the life and death of a couple of reputations-mine and that of Scugg's Peerless Glue. Make every effort, boys." "Sure, yas," said the first man. "Yis," said the second.

The third nodded.

The operative words in the whole affair were "Seugg's Peerless Glue." These stairs, up which the mechanical piano was being coaxed, led to a very small, far from important Continental broadcasting station, which was due in about ten minutes' time to radiate the Scugg's Peerless Glue Programme of Melody and Song for English listeners. Owing to some unforeseen circumstances, which included floods, influenza, a railway strike, and the fact that Mr. Kibitzer had omitted to post a lot of letters, the performers for this half-hour programme had failed to turn up. Possible performers in the emergency were:-

(a) Those who were just finishing the Biggs Unrivalled Inks programme. These were out of the question because they had to leave at once to keep other appointments.

(b) The gramophone. This was out of the question because it had performed too much that day already.

(c) Gloria, the English-speaking woman announcer. (d) Stan, the English-speaking man announcer.

With these two Mr. Kibitzer had discussed the situation. "As the only representative of the firm on the spot," he explained, "I have to do all I can. Better not have any of these locals. English listeners want English songs. Now if we had television there'd be nothing against Gloria. She looks good.

Gloria moved away and said icily, "Thanks a lot."

"But," Mr. Kibitzer went on, full of tact, pressed down and running over, "I don't think it's fair to ask her to sing for half-an-hour straight off. It's not fair to Sc-to Gloria.

Here Stan had to go and make an announcement. When he returned he said cheerfully, "Then there's me. I can't do anything but play the LAUREL and HARDY tune on the piano. I can juggle with a hairbrush and I can move my cars, but they won't go over the air.'

Mr. Kibitzer indicated that he himself was very musical in every way and that if only he had his piano-accordion or his ukulele the air would soon be resonant with Art.

As it happened, however, he had neither.

Gloria put in, "Are we counting our blessings, or what?" It is (fortunately perhaps) difficult to be sure exactly who first suggested that the mechanical piano from the eafé next-door should be brought up, planted before the microphone and fed with coins. The idea seemed to emerge like some obscure rhythm from the tumult of discussion; it seemed to blossom on the dust-heap of rejected thoughts like a grotesque flower, a battered orchid. But Mr. Kibitzer was far gone; time was fleeting, no one could help; on him alone depended Scugg's. . . . He took three workmen from

the floor below and got the mechanical piano. struggled up the stairs with it while Mr. Kibitzer rose slowly and majestically in the small old-fashioned lift, stopping from time to time and exhorting them through the orna-mental wrought-iron sides. "Take her easy, boys," he would say. "Won't do to rush a piano. It's a sensitive plant. Careful, boys; make allowances.

The stairs were rather narrow. Halfway up the corners of the piano got stuck immovably in the iron lace on either side. Mr. Kibitzer stopped at the landing out. "Boys," he said, "you disappoint me." Mr. Kibitzer stopped at the landing above and got

The boys regarded him sullenly, mopping their brows, as he stood at the top stair waving his cigar.

"Boys," he went on sadly, "you went at her with a rush when I told you to take her easy. This result might have been expected by any man of sensibility.'

Prompted, it seemed, by this word, one of them then began a detailed story about an aunt of his called Senzie or Sensy, who lived in a house with green and blue shutters, to which he in his youth had stuck bits of fish. Mr. Kibitzer

grew anxious.

"Boys," he said, "no one is more interested in home-life
"Boys," Lealing at stake. I call for a special effort, boys, and to heck with our friend's aunt.

The show must go on."

"I haf an aunt too, by Gott," announced the thinnest of the three

Mr. Kibitzer said was that so. "Now then!" he added. "Heave!

As they once more attacked the instrument it gave a loud clang and shot forth a number of coins, which cascaded down the stairs. The boys with one accord leapt after them. Alone with the piano, Mr. Kibitzer took off his hat, placed it on the top stair, and sat down beside it. "This is the end," Kibitzer. We'll have to run the old records through again, that's all."

Happily, however, it was shortly afterwards found that owing to a slight technical hitch of which the insouciant engineers had not thought fit to inform anyone, the station had not been transmitting at all for the past hour and would not be doing so for the next. On behalf of Scugg's Peerless Glue Mr. Kibitzer registered a sharp complaint about this inefficiency.

## Song of a Deserted Boss.

(With apologies to "My Bonny," to the tune of which this effort may or may not be sung.)

> My tupist id on her vaxation, My typiyt's awat by the seal My tuposg os in hwr vacaruim, Og bting baxl me typost to me.

Bromg bwek, brung baci. Oj wring vack mi t7pudy to me?to me. bY8: nqzp rlg mdb; Oh miron busk mo ypoots - - - oh dabn!

Our Versatile Craftsmen.

"Ladies' inside patched and welts water-proofed, 1/6d." Shoe Repairer's Bill.

Magistrate's Sound Advice.

"Binding her over for two years the Chairman told the girl that it was a most foolish thing to steal things and then to give them away."-Police Court News.

"Wanted armchair with lugs, and loud-speaker." Newspaper advertisement. By a deaf and dumb-waiter?







SPORTING EDITOR



OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR



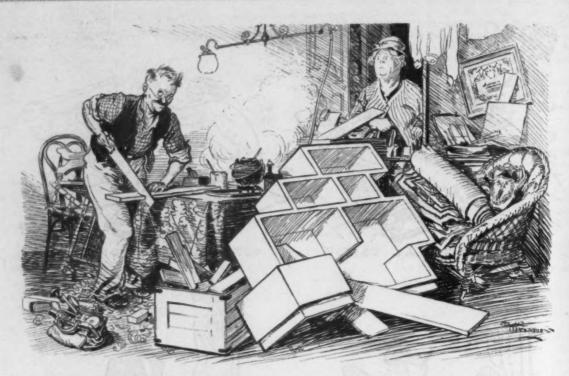
OUR DRAMATIC EDITOR



OUR FOREIGN EDITOR

IS THIS WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?





"I WISH YOU'D NEVER BIN TO THAT THERE IDEAL 'OME EXHIBITION."

### The Caller.

Usually, when people call at our office, Sidney is there to deal with them. Which I think is just as well. Because the rest of us will never really be any good at it.

Yesterday, for instance, we were having an argument about whether when you said "up Victoria Street" you meant going towards Victoria or away from it when Mr. Porter heard a sort of bang. At least when we had finished the argument he told us that he had heard it some minutes ago. "It sounded like someone coming into the passage," he said. "From the outside. And banging the front-door."

"It probably was someone coming into the passage," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Go and see who it is. And hurry up. Don't keep him waiting any longer."

"I went last time," said Mr. Porter.
"Hurry wp," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter,
getting off the table and going out.

"It was someone," he said. "He told me he wanted to see Mr. Harbottle. At once. I think he expected me to take him straight upstairs. But I wasn't having any. I showed him into the waiting-room and I told him to wait. That was pretty efficient."

"So he wants to see Mr. Harbottle," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Now, what does Sidney do in these cases?"

"He goes up and tells Mr. Harbottle," said Miss Elkington. "And he takes any letters and things there are so that Mr. Harbottle knows who the man is."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Any previous correspondence relating to the caller. Where's Sidney's tray? Ah, yes. Now, Porter, what's the man's name?"

"Well," said Mr. Porter, "I didn't actually manage to get that."

"You didn't ask his name?" said Mr. Chudleigh. "Really, Porter! How many times have I tried to impress on you that——?"

"Oh, I asked it all right," said Mr. Porter. "Only the front-door blew open and a lorry was going past. So I missed it. All I know is that it had an 'i' sound in it. Like Smith, for example."

"Then go back and find out what it is," said Mr. Chudleigh,

"But that will sound as if I hadn't heard it," said Mr. Porter. "He'll think I'm deaf or something."

"Hurry up," said Mr. Chudleigh.
"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter.
"That's funny," he said, coming back. "It actually was Smith."

Mr. Chudleigh turned the papers over. "Do you know how many Smiths we've had letters from?" he asked. "Seven. Five of them different Smiths. How are we to know which Smith it is?"

"Well, you can cancel that one," said Mr. Porter, pointing to the top letter, "because that Smith was in Australia last week, and this Smith doesn't look as if he could possibly get from Australia to here in anything like a week."

"What does he look like?" asked Miss Elkington.

"I didn't notice," said Mr. Porter.
"Just like anyone else, I suppose."

"Men are so unobservant, aren't they?" said Miss Lunn to Miss Elkington. "Was he handsome, Mr. Porter?" "I didn't notice. I tell you." said

"I didn't notice, I tell you," said Mr. Porter.

"You'll have to go back and ask his initials, Porter," said Mr. Chudleigh.

"But he'll begin to think I'm a positive half-wit," said Mr. Porter. "I don't mind being thought deaf, but when it comes to half-witted as well—Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter, getting off the table again.

"Shall I go, Mr. Chudleigh?" asked Miss Elkington. "That would be better, wouldn't it? I only want to see if he is handsome, Miss Lunn. Is my hair tidy? Shall I just ask him for his initials, Mr. Chudleigh? Or shall I ask him for his Christian name?"

"Ask him anything you like," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Only find out who he is."

"Well?" he asked when Miss Elkington came back.

"You know," said Miss Elkington to Mr. Porter, "he reminds me of somebody. I wish I could think who. Didn't he remind you of somebody?"
"No," said Mr. Porter.
"Was he handsome?" asked Miss

Lunn.

"Not handsome," said Miss Elking-"But he looked quite nice. I should say he was about thirty-nine. But he does look rather like somebody, Mr. Porter.'

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, "did you find out his initials?"

"Well, that's what was so stupid," said Miss Elkington. "I went in and I said, 'Did you say your name was Smith, Mr. Smith?' and he said 'Yes.' And I said 'Just Smith?' and he said 'Yes.' And then I couldn't think what to say next. I realised I'd started wrong. You see, I think he thought I was thinking it ought to be something hyphen Smith, or Lord Smith, or even Colonel Smith. And I couldn't go on asking about it, could I, Mr. Chudleigh?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Chudleigh.
"Because it might have hurt his feelings," said Miss Elkington.

Mr. Chudleigh sighed. "Look here." he said, rattling desperately among his papers-"we've got to find out if there is any previous correspondence here relating to this wretched Smith. Porter, go back and find out."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Porter. "Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

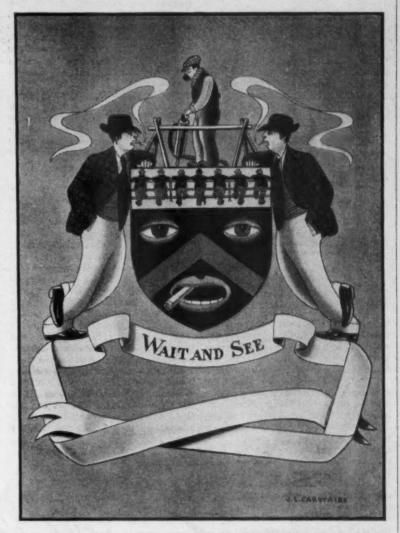
"Yes," said Mr. Porter. "There is. Definitely.'

"At last," said Mr. Chudleigh, diving into the tray again. "Now, which Smith is it?"

"I didn't mean that," said Mr. Porter. "I was speaking to Miss Elkington. There is a likeness. He reminds me definitely of someone." "Did you," said Mr. Chudleigh, "or

did you not manage to find out-"Oh, that," said Mr. Porter. "Yes. He said there wasn't any. This was what happened. I said, 'Have we any previous correspondence relating to you, Mr. Smith?' and he said, 'What?' and I said, 'Did we communicate with you?' and he still said, 'What?' and so I said, very slowly and loudly, 'Did we write?' and he said, 'No.' The man's a moron. The back of his head's completely flat."

"I thought Miss Elkington said he was nice-looking," said Miss Lunn.



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

THE UBIQUITOUS COMPANY OF LOOKERS-ON.

Mr. Chudleigh pushed the tray away. "Perhaps he rang up," he said. "Miss Elkington, go in and ask him if he

"I didn't say he was nice-looking," said Miss Elkington. "I only said he looked nice. I meant that he looked harmless. That was all.'

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh, "would you go and-

"Oh, I expect he's harmless all right," said Mr. Porter to Miss Elkington. "Morons are usually pretty harmton. less."

"Miss Elkington," said Mr. Chudleigh again.

Miss Elkington got up and hurried

"Well?" said Mr. Chudleigh.

"He hasn't," said Miss Elkington.

"He hasn't rung up?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"I was talking to Mr. Porter," said Miss Elkington. "He hasn't got a flat back to his head, Mr. Porter. I walked past twice, very slowly, and I had a perfectly good view through the glass part of the door. But he does remind me of someone. Someone on the flicks."

"Listen," said Mr. Porter. "I heard the front-door bang.'

Miss Elkington went to the window. "Come and look quickly, Mr. Porter," she said. "It's your last chance. Because there's Mr. Smith going down the steps now. I expect he was tired of waiting. And it is someone on the flicks, isn't it?'

### At the Pictures.

MARLENE AND AN HOUR TO KILL.

IT is long since the blonde MARLENE, the languorous MARLENE, the whispering MARLENE, the convolutionary and capricious MARLENE was with us; but a comedy of theft and love having



THE FUGITIVE THIEF. How TO ESCAPE NOTICE. Madeleine de Beaupre . MARLENE DIETRICH.

been arranged between her, the men's magnet, and GARY COOPER, the women's, and the title Desire having been bestowed upon it, all is well for their respective fans. Or should be.

But there are difficulties. MARLENE, you must understand, playing Madeleine de Beaupre, is under orders from her superior officers in Spain to get dishonest possession of a two-million-

franc pearl necklace and convey it to them; and this she does by the old device of first telling the Parisian jeweller that she is the wife of the famous Parisian nervespecialist, Dr. Pauquet, and that he will give the jeweller a cheque at six in the evening, and then telling Dr. Pauquet that she is the wife of the jeweller, who on no account must be worried by mention of money, and meanwhile vanishing. But surely Parisian jewellers make it part of their business to know whether famous Paris nerve-specialists are married or not? Even the sinuous effronteries of MARLENE would be useless against such exact information.

Passing that, however, we are soon in the midst of a romantic if familiar plot; for it chances that

at the same moment that Madeleine de Beaupre is motoring to Spain, alone, with the stolen pearls, Tom Bradley, a young and tall, heart-free-and need I add handsome—American engineer (GARY COOPER) is motoring to Spain, alone, on a brief holiday.

The rest is easy. There is first, at the

frontier, the convenient size of Tom Bradley's coat-pocket to receive, all unknowingly, the necklace; and there is then, on Madeleine de Beaupre's part, as she weighs the relative advantages of the life of crime and the life of Mrs. Tom Bradley, her surrender to the engineer.

That is the story, the end of which, I venture to think, more than one of the vast audience foresaw; but so long as it has brought back MARLENE the disdainful and seductive, MARLENE the sensuous and feline, who shall mention the word "threadbare"?

This being a rather poor time for film-stars, I thought I would substitute for the great firmament a lesser one and see what a News Cinema is like. For the special function of these places, which have been rising numerously near and far, is to fill the odd hour with which people are now and then confronted; and I had, so to speak, an odd hour. The one that I chose was the Tatler, in Charing Cross Road, and I may say at once that I was delighted: more than delighted: improved in mind; for if the place was typical, these News Theatres are magazines too, almost encyclopædias.

News as a matter of fact is secondary, unless of course the word means novelties. It is true that we were shown the Grand National, but we can see that everywhere. What we cannot see everywhere is the magazine, frankly



A FILM MAXIM.

Carlos Margoli (JOHN HALLIDAY) to Madeleine de Beaupre (MARLENE DIETRICH). "DON'T MIX LOVE WITH BUSINESS.

so called, that came next: The Gaumont British Magazine, most ingeniously and informatively edited by Mr. ANDREW BUCHANAN, entitled last week, I am sorry to say, "Would You Believe It?" Mr. Buchanan, who has been editing this miscellany for many years, ransacks the world for his themes. In the present kind of person who writes to the

case we began with trees, passing on to timber and carving, and in some almost natural way, not without more puns, reaching a pianist blindfolded playing Chopin on a piano covered



Fan to Madeleine de Beaupre (MARLENE DIETRICE). "I DON'T KNOW WHICH DEVAS-TATES ME MORE-YOUR STERNBERG STANCE OR YOUR LUBITSCH LOLL.'

with a dust-sheet; and, through him, pastrycook at a big London hotel fashioning birds'-nests out of marzipan.

Then we saw an elderly man in the midst of test-tubes and flames transforming particles of jewels into jewels themselves (a dangerous occupation) and slipping them, sparkling, on the fingers of the fair; and then finally Mr. BUCHANAN'S section of the screen melted into a deckful of sailors singing a chanty on the high seas.

A series of coloured rivulets and waterfalls, such as only the moving camera can recreate, followed, with music by JOHANN STRAUSS, and then came a vivid account of the battle that is continually being fought between birds and insects, and we were shown nuthatches, woodpeckers and humming-birds in their increasing consumption of pestsactuated not by any desire to destroy but to keep themselves, and especially their young, in a

state of fitness. They can eat, and do eat, said the lecturer, several times their own weight in insects per daya frightening thought.

Next came one of those series of Dumb-bell Letters which seem to be very popular, a dumb-bell being the







"TAKE A-EB-A SOFA, OLD MAN."

manufacturer asking him to replace a gadget that has been lost, and then adds a postscript telling him not to bother as the missing gadget has just been found. Sheer farce, I will admit, but quickly counteracted by the scenes from the Poplar Employment Exchange, telling us how efficiently and speedily the out-of-works can be provided with a job, and how exceedingly nice about it everyone is.

Next, another taste of humour in the shape of a Silly Symphony called Broken Toys, not too successful, with one doll talking like Zasu Pitts and another like W. C. Fields and some astonishing but not too funny evolutions; and so to the completion of the programme: a little play based on a dog poem by Rudyard Kipling. And so the hour was filled, teaching me what to do when similar gaps arise. To employ his own method of language, the editor of The Gaumont British Magazine is truly an Andy man.

E. V. L.

### Chance for the Lords.

Mr. MAURICE PETHERICK (Cons., Penryn), who has been quietly fighting the word-war in Parliament for a long time, put down an excellent amendment on the Report Stage of the Cotton Spinning Industry Bill.

The first clause of the Schedule concerning the Constitution, Quorum, Incidental Functions, etc., of the Spindles Board was—

"A person shall be disqualified for being a member of the Spindles Board if and so long as he is a member of the Commons House of Parliament."

Mr. Petherick's amendment proposed to leave out those twenty-nine words and "insert"—

"No member of the Commons House of Parliament shall be a member of the Spindles Board." (Sixteen words.)

The night was starry with amendments, and Mr. PETHERICK'S was not called. But what a grand chance for the House of Peers to strike a blow! I hope that they will have one of their leisurely and dignified debates about "if and so long as." This "if and so long as," Bobby, is a kind of monstrous aunt to the many disagreeable little "if and whens." "If and when," Bobby, is sometimes a useful fellow, where it is desired to say that action will follow

the fulfilment of the if-clause immediately. But at the moment I can think of no good setting for "if and so long as." "You may eat oysters if and so long as there is an B in the month"? No, that won't do.

If a person is a member of the Commons House of Parliament he is a member, and he is only a member so long as he is a member. "And so long as" could serve a purpose only if it were possible to suppose that a person might trickily cease to be a member of the Commons House before the date at which he ceased to be a member of the House of Commons; or could somehow be forgotten at the dissolution of Parliament and remain a member of the Commons House, but unofficially.

So Mr. PETHERICK receives the Blue Star of our Order; and there are three or four ready for the peers. A. P. H.

Lunch-Hour in the City.

"[THE STOCK EXCHANGE]
NIBBLING AT HOME RAILS,"
Newspaper Heading.

"Hampstead Borough Corporation Do Not Spit Around This Seat." Public Notice,

We never suggested they did.

### It Might Have Been Thus.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways; No need to specify

Beside what stream she spent her days: Suppose it X or Y.

'Twas a romantic neighbourhood Of course; and what was more A ruined Norman castle stood A furlong from her door.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Did Lucy; none the less
She had, to use a homely phrase,
An eye for business.

"Each year the tourists come and go, But all they find," thought she, "Is mouldering masonry, and no Facilities for tea."

So, taking paper, ink and pen, Upon her cottage gate She wrote the legend "Teas," and then "ALL CHARGES MODERATE."

Observe the fruits of enterprise! On the same site to-day The enchanted visitor descries THE BARBICAN CAFÉ,

A garage, snack- and cocktail-bars, Complete with pin-machines, A swimming-pool, a park for cars, Hard courts and putting-greens.

She lived unknown; but those who know

Say Lucy soon will be A Business Potentate, and owe The difference to tea.

### Chequered Passion.

"I am in love," said Simpson.
"With love?" I asked curiously.
"Or with some glorious specimen of English girlhood?"

"With Gwladys Hocking—I don't think you know her—and I don't know what to do."

"Introduce me," I said, "if that's all that's troubling you."

"Don't be a fool. I want your advice."

Nine times out of ten when a man in Simpson's condition asks for advice all he really wants is encouragement. I determined to give it him.

"Listen to me, Simpson," I said earnestly. "You are in love with this girl. You cannot doubt it. Your heart tells you so. But is she in love with you—that is what you are uncertain of. Am I right?"

"She isn't."

"You think not. But she may be. Nothing is impossible. Every day scores of the most extraordinary-

looking men are getting married Look at the illustrated papers if you doubt me. I know exactly how you feel. 'Good heavens!' you say when you look in your shaving-mirror of a morning, 'what chance has a man with scarlet ears and a receding chin got with a girl like that? And my nose! She'd simply laugh at me.' Isn't that what you say? Of course it is. But you've no right to say such things, Simpson. At least you've no right to say she would laugh at you. For all you know she may admire red ears."

"I know it sounds ridiculous," I went on, as he seemed about to speak, "but you must remember women are incalculable creatures. So don't be too humble. Stick your chin out—sorry, old boy!—I mean square your shoulders, remind yourself that appearances aren't everything, and go in and win. Take her by storm. 'Gwladys,' you must say, giving it plenty of w—'Gwladys, I adore you! You are mine, do you hear me?—mine!' and then before she has time to deny it catch her up in your arms and crush her fragile head against your heaving bosom. If that doesn't do the trick you can go to America for all I care and shoot craps."

"It's all very well to talk, but you don't understand."

"Why, what's the difficulty?"
"She plays chess," said Simpson

miserably.

There was an awkward silence.

"Oh, well," I said at last, "it might be worse, you know. It might be bridge or something."

"I think it's perfectly wonderful of her to play chess," said Simpson hotly. "I reverence her for it. It was at a tournament that I first saw her. She looked so sweet and desirable sitting there, a tiny frown furrowing her brow, her little hand toying idly with a bishop—"

"Tut!" I said.

"—I fell in love with her at once. And when, with an infinitely graceful movement of a pawn, she brought the game to a conclusion I knew that there could be no real happiness for me till the day when those clear blue eyes were raised to mine and that dear voice whispered, 'Mate!' to me."

There was a good deal more of this kind of thing which I omit. But gradually the kernel of the situation began to emerge. Simpson's chess, though dashing, is still a good way below the Alekhine class. It would take him months of hard study, I gathered, before he could hope to give Miss Hocking a game—years perhaps before her eyes could be expected to light up with admiration at his mastery

of the Sicilian Defence, the brilliance of his rook-work, the deft handling of his knights. Nor was this the worst. There was another man, a slyboots, Simpson said, by the name of Barnett, with whom his Gwladys constantly played and whose chess was of a splendour and subtlety that made even hers seem childish by comparison. You would have thought (and I suggested as much to Simpson) that here he had nothing to fear. No person living can stand being continually beaten at chess; certainly no girl of Gwladys's intelligence would dream of condemning herself to a life of perpetual checkmate. But you would be reckoning (as I did) without the fiendish cunning of the man Barnett. For Barnett realised the danger. Deliberately, so Simpson told me, he set out to lose to her. Not easily-oh, no, he was too clever for that-but suddenly and dramatically, at a moment when the game seemed to be his, he would make a false move, crack would come one of Miss Hocking's knights against his unguarded queen, and then manfully and with an apologetic little smile he would resign. How could a girl help feeling tenderly disposed towards a man who so continually afforded her the sweetest triumph that chess can bestow?

It was thus, said Simpson passionately, that the snake Barnett was luring his Gwladys to destruction. Only after marriage, when the unsuspecting girl was his, body and soul, would he show himself in his true colours. Then no doubt he would beat her mercilessly night after night, harassing her pawns, reiving away her bishops, beleaguering her poor king until the distraught monarch had no place of succour left. Her life, Simpson said, would be hell.

"Leave it all to me, Simpson," I said.

Three days later I stood by Simpson in his comfortable flat, watching Barnett and Miss Hocking at grips. Even to the inexperienced eye it was obvious that Miss Hocking was getting the worst of it. Her pawns were scattered, her left battle was riven, here a bishop, there a knight was hard beset. Barnett could hardly delay his false move much longer.

It was time to put Plan XVII. into

operation.

"Miss Hocking," I said, with a little bow, "I congratulate you. A beautiful position."

Miss Hocking said nothing and Barnett raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, I don't know," said Simpson. "He can take her knight, you know."



Irish Groom (to Novice). "Whativver ye do, Sor, don't pull his head off. He 'll need that to push past THE POST.

"Not without losing his bishop."

"But if she does that he'll take her queen.'

"And fall into the trap?"

"O-ho!" said Simpson, who knew his part, "I hadn't seen that.

"We oughtn't to be talking like this, I know," I said to Miss Hocking, "but of course a player of Mr. Barnett's calibre would never make an elementary mistake like that, would he?'

Still, he's got to do something," put

in Simpson.

"Well, I know what I should do in his place.

"I don't tunna thank you," said Barnett coldly. "I don't think I need any help,

gested Simpson.

"Resign!" growled Barnett. "Humph!" and he brought a knight to bear on Miss Hocking's king.

"By Jove!" said Simpson. "Morton's Fork!"

It was too true. With diabolical cunning Barnett had drawn a bead simultaneously on Miss Hocking's king and one of her rooks. A pretty flush mantled the girl's cheeks as she side-stepped neatly with her king.

"No trap there, I hope?" said Barnett cruelly, removing the rook.

Miss Hocking sullenly advanced a pawn, and I drew Simpson aside.

"We must be careful, Simpson, At any moment he may come to his senses and throw away his queen. Keep him angry at all costs.'

Barnett had just swept a bishop into

"Ha!" cried Simpson loudly. "A bad slip."

"A player of his experience too," I added, shocked.

"Check!" said Barnett savagely. Miss Hocking interposed one of her few remaining pieces.

"Check!" said Barnett again, taking

Miss Hocking laid a quivering finger on her king. Tears of rage and mortification trembled in her eyes. Never before perhaps in all her chess history had she suffered such a public humili-

Two moves later Barnett took her

"A fatal error, I suppose!" he said, looking up with a triumphant

"I think so," I said softly, taking up my hat. "But you must ask Miss Hocking."

As I reached the door I caught the sound of falling chessmen, followed by the low vibrant tones of a woman chess-player in extremis. "Beast!" she seemed to me to be saving.

Out in the street a hand was laid on my arm.

Simpson!" I cried in astonish-"What are you doing here? You should be at Miss Hocking's side, comforting her-

"That woman," said Simpson—"a woman who can't keep her temper when she loses! Tchah! Let's go and get a drink."

We drank, without much hope, to the future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. E.

### World-Shaking Events.

"ARMY STAMPS IN EGYPT."

Daily Paper Heading.

"It is in the circumstances not extravagant to say that the clouds are gathering in Eastern Asia."-Scots Paper.

All right then, go ahead and say it.



"TRYING FOR A DRIVING-LICENCE, ARE YOU?"

## "It's All in the English Tradition."

ALAS! I must try to arise from my bed
And compose a conventional letter
To dear Mrs. Wade, at whose cottage I stayed—
And the sooner I do it the better.
I'm feeling a wreck, I've a pain in my neck
And a spasm of sharp indigestion,
A terrible liver, arthritis and flu,
I shudder and shiver and may not pull through—
But to say so is out of the question

#### For-

It's all in the English Tradition, I fear,
To evade what is really the case;
This isn't quite right, but it's very polite
And the pride of our insular race.
It's known for a fact that the essence of tact
Is to seem unreservedly grateful
To well-meaning friends who transform our week-ends
Into something distressingly hateful.
So now I will summon diminishing strength
And concoct an epistle of suitable length
(Disregarding my frightful condition)
To show that at heart I'm an integral part
Of the wonderful English Tradition.

"My Dear Mrs. Wade,—I have never enjoyed A more truly felicitous visit.

The house is a dream [I was stunned by a beam]
And the cooking [Oh, Lord!] was exquisite.

I'd like to see more of your husband [a bore],
And I dote on the country [not really].

The picnic at Hammer [east wind] was such fun—
And, thanking you [——her!] for all that you've done,
I remain, always, yours [in]sincerely . . ."

#### Oh.

It's all in the English Tradition, I fear,
To tell lies till you're blue in the face,
And the bounder or crank who is shamelessly frank
Is considered a perfect disgrace.
So, aching with cramp, I will search for a stamp,
With a moistureless tongue try to lick it,
And crawl back to bed with this line in my head:
"It may not be right, but it's cricket."
And finally, should I be nearing my end,
I respectfully beg some relation or friend
To attend to this slight recognition:
"IT CAN'T BE DENIED THAT THIS CITIZEN LIED,
BUT HE STUCK TO THE ENGLISH TRADITION."



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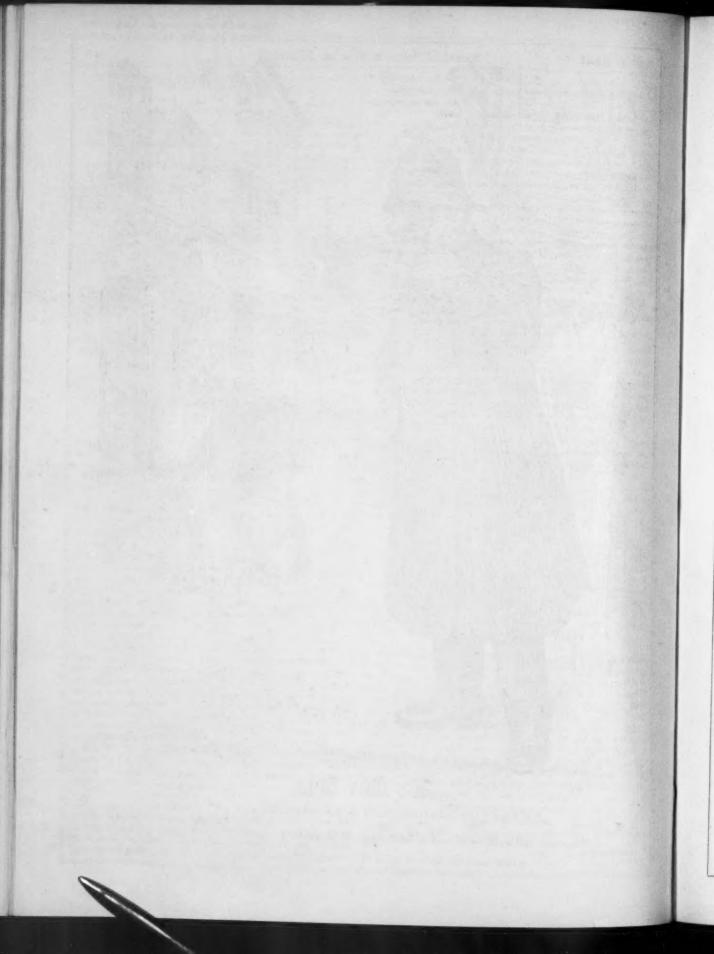
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P.C. JOHN BULL.

"WHEN CONCILIATION DUTY'S TO BE DONE—
TO BE DONE,
THE POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE—
HAPPY ONE."



### Impressions of Parliament.

Friday, April 3rd.—The FOREIGN SECRETARY was warmly received this afternoon when, in answer to Mr. ATTLEE, he rose to report on the diplomatic situation. He had told Herr von RIBBENTROP, he said, that, while the Government considered the latest German proposals as deserving of careful study, they noted the absence of the contribution towards confidence during the interim period for which they had asked.

For their part in this matter of easing negotiation, however, the Government were giving to the French and Belgian Governments certain undertakings, to come into effect should conciliation ultimately fail, and also proposed to engage in conversations. between the General Staffs of the three countries, which would not increase our political obligations. These would take place in London, and could not be considered as prejudicing the settlement for which they all hoped.

With Mr. ATTLEE's suggestion that all the League Powers, and not merely

the Locarno Powers, should be brought into conference when the time came, Mr. EDEN admitted himself in sym-

It will be remembered that the Government's absurd and amorphous measure, the Betting Bill, originally contained a clause directed against the football pools, but this was quickly dropped as proving too unpopular. This afternoon, Mr. A. P. HERBERT having unsuccessfully tried to lodge an objection on a point of order, Mr. R. J. RUSSELL moved the Second Reading of his anti-Pool Bill, making great play with the deterioration of the nation's character and the necessity for keeping football clean.

The debate which followed was mainly remarkable for Mr. BARR's statement, worth noting in the mouth of a Socialist, that "we had come to a point when it was recognised that liberty ought to be wisely curtailed"; for Mr. McGovern's honest outburst against the Bill, saying that, although a non-smoker and a teetotaller, he resented the insinuation that the worker was incapable of deciding for himself how to spend his money, and pointing out that the

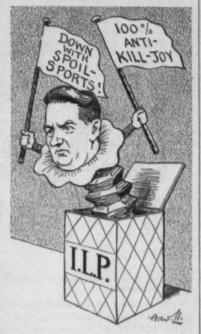
Churches themselves indulged in lotteries; and for the speech of Mr. A. P. HERBERT, in which he described how professional football existed by bartering half-backs as if they were cattle, and begged the puritans for God's sake to leave a little folly in the

The Bill was happily flung out with no mean force.

Monday, April 6th .-To-day's debate was a strange hybrid affair, technically to do with the pay of women civil servants and yet blossoming into a full survey of foreign policy.

The PRIME MINISTER opened by saying that he did not take the view that the Government's defeat last week showed that it had lost the confidence of either the House or the country, and that he could not agree to equal payment of women civil servants, partly because it would only lead to still higher pay for the men and partly because it would tend to queer the pitch of women in industry

Mr. ATTLEE, painting a ghastly picture of the irresolution with which our foreign policy was being misconducted, declared that it was most improper for a Government to be beaten



JOHN-IN-THE-BOX.

[In the Debate on the Pool-Betting Bill Mr. J. McGovern springs a surprise on the House.]

on Supply and yet to go no way to meet the views of the House. According to him the Government had a large share of responsibility both for the Abyssinian tragedy and for the German coup, and its inept leadership was

bringing us nearer war.

He was followed by Sir Archibald SINCLAIR, who roundly blamed the Government for not having gone ahead with the oil, coal and steel sanctions, the embargo on shipping, and the direct assistance which ought to have been given to the Abyssinian Army. This last phrase, as might be imagined, brought a roar of protest and cries of "You mean war!"; and, though Sir Archibald "plainly and frankly" insisted that there was a difference between "direct assistance" and war, it was one which the House clearly found difficult to grasp.

After Miss WILKINSON had brought the debate back for a moment to women's pay, Mr. CHURCHILL took it abroad again with varied criticism of the Government's foreign policy. So far as he could see, he said, we had



Alice Maxton. "OH, IF ONLY THESE THROBBED NO LONGER.

During the debate on the foreign policy of the Government Mr. Maxron expressed his horror at the jingoism both of the Liberal and the official Labour parties.]



THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF TOSCH SELECTING PICTURES FOR THEIR ANNUAL EXPURITION.

fallen between two stools; for, while we had not assisted Abyssinia we had mortally offended Italy and pressed France into a course of action which had given the Germans their opportunity to reoccupy the Rhineland. What about the suggested re-distribution of the mandated territories, he asked, a matter on which the Government had spoken with several voices? In his view we had to face a great growth of German power, and the only sane way to face it was through a concerted League of Nations which had made up their minds.

Mr. Maxton, at any rate, is consistent; and he delighted the House by condemning the Jingoism of the leaders of the Labour and Liberal parties. Sir Austen Chamberlain urged that the lesson of the Abyssinian War was that we could no longer be vague about collective security.

Mr. Eden once again refuted the criticism that the Government had allowed the Abyssinian affair to develop without protest, and explained that the Government's aim was, by the end of the summer, to see all the nations of Europe members of the League, which would bring a new structure of security. And finally the Chancellor accused the Opposition of bluff, and made it clear that

in no circumstances would a demand for a transfer of British Colonies be tolerated. Even in the case of Mandated Territories, he said, no provision existed for their transfer.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO? In the political hurghley BURGHLEY Has made his mark urghley, His laurels Olympic Have become Junior Impic.

### Donald Duck, Film Star.

THERE have been few more rapid triumphs in the cinema world than that of Mr. Donald Duck. A short time ago nobody had heard of him; now he is an outstanding personality of the screen. And yet, in actual fact, he still is, as he began, a minor star in a constellation. The Michael Mouse Company, to which he belongs, has always been remarkable for its team-work. Mouse himself and his attractive leading lady, Minnie, are no doubt at the head; his gallantry and devotion, her skill at the piano and general gaiety, are constant and valuable characteristics; but Claribel Cow, Harold Horse and the admirable Pluto, to mention no others, are little less prominent, and all play into each other's hands with laudable unselfish-

Mr. Duck, on the other hand, is an individualist. Whatever may be in progress, from the moment he saunters casually on he has to be in the middle of it. The fact of its being no concern of his makes no matter. To those around him he is intensely indifferent, He will queer anybody's pitch without turning a hair. If an orchestra is playing and he chooses to spoil the effect with an absurd little pipe, the



, 1936 ssing on in some out more adfolded covered him, hotel ipan. I the smess wels chan-ping as of Mr. een ors as. ets he desired the smess of th

orchestra has to stop, not he. He will, in short, interfere with anything; but, if anybody dares to interfere with him he flies at once into an unseemly

But he puts it across. His aplomb, his ineffable complacency, his calm assurance that what he does is right, and the way he sticks to it however wrong it may be, even the close-eyed balefulness of his tempers, make him somehow a lovable creature. He has a likeness to Mr. Chaplin in always playing the same character, and to Mr. Robey in the cheerful confidence of his welcome.

He is of course a thoroughly selfish actor, and the wonder is that the other members of the Company have stood him so long. Impenitent and impervious to advice as he undoubtedly is one supposes that off the floor he is an agreeable companion. For ourselves we wish him joy. There is only one Donald Duck.

Dum-Dum.

### A Doughty Street Ditty.

When as a youth I came to Town
To earn my bread and meat,
I did as Mr. Dickens did
And lived in Doughty Street.

The windows of my attic looked
Across a sea of grey,
And up amongst the chimney-pots
I watched the pigeons play.

There, in that unromantic spot, I watched them bill and coo, And vowed I'd be a novelist Like Mr. DICKENS too.

But though I struggled hard for life And even studied Law, I never saw the characters That Mr. DICKENS saw.

The smiling eyes of Pickwick
Were never mine to see,
And Sam and Tony Weller
Were quite unknown to me.

I searched in vain for Wardle,
The host of Dingley Dell;
And though I once met Jingle,
I never knew him well.

The Nicklebys, I think, had moved—We were not meant to meet,
Though I stepped into the footprints
Of Mr. DICKENS' feet.

Young Twist had gone, and Fagin too, My missing them was sad; But then I never had the eyes That Mr. DICKENS had.

I lingered often in that street,
And paused before the gate,
And looked up at the plaque upon
The wall of Forty-Eight.



"PARDON THIS INTRUSION. WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK YOU TO REPEAT THE DUET YOU HAVE JUST RENDERED?"

I wondered if some future day
Would see another plaque
Set up upon another wall
Behind CHARLES DICKENS' back.

Alas! the years have swiftly flown,
Nor has my vow come true—
How could I hope to draw the folk
That Mr. DICKENS drew?

And yet I think in Doughty Street
I've peeped beneath the lid
Of the box of human passions
As Mr. Dickens did.

And though the world has passed me,
Nor has my life been felt,
I'm glad I lived in Doughty Street
Where Mr. DICKENS dwelt. FEZ.

"WHIPS TO DEAL WITH SLACK M.P's."

News Heading.

It seems rather drastic.

"The speaker was quite certain that the eleventh hour had struck, and they were driven to the conclusion that the twelfth hour was about to strike."

Report of Speech.

Why not stop the clock?

"ANY PERSON may obtain instant relief from Sciatica, Lumbago, or Rheumatism by sending two three-halfpenny stamps to —...

B.A.—I am ready to believe your statement.—J.A.K."—Personal Column.

We wish we could say the same.

# of a Golf Club.

Steward, Roughover Golf Club, per young Pullcork (Page).

5.30 p.m., 5th March, 1936. SIR,-Please to come quick for the Club House is on fire.

your Obedt. Servt., E. W.

From Phineas Pumply, Captain Roughover Fire Brigade, per John Logg, Driver.

5th March, 1936. SIR,—Apology Sir, for not being with you yet, but as soon as we has the hose patched we will be around.

P. PUMPLY, Captain R.F.B.

From Mrs. Whelk (his Mother), 103, Southward Street, London.

5th March, 1936.

MY DEAR BOY,-I wired you three hours ago to know if you are all right, as the Stop Press in my evening paper stated: "Roughover Golf Club in Flames. Fire Brigade unable to cope with Conflagration.'

Darling, I am so worried at getting no reply from you, but am comforting myself with the thought that you will have your hands too full to be able to send word.

> Your Loving. MOTHER.

P.S.—Did you ever get the stockings I sent for Xmas?

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club, at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

5th March, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,-Why is it that as soon as my back is turned and I go away for a well-earned holiday you start playing the giddy ass?

I have just seen in the Stop Press of my evening paper that the Club is in flames and the Fire Brigade unable to put them out. I suppose this is some more of your tomfoolery.

Kindly note that there are in my locker: A golf coat, £6 6s.; my favourite golf ball (I never lost a match with it yet), 17s. 6d.; my spare teeth (the ones I always use when playing Sneyring-Stymie), £15 15s.; and all my clubs, which, being pre-War, can never be replaced, £37 10s.

When, therefore, making out claim against the insurance company, see that these items are not overlooked.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.-If you have forgotten to insure More Letters to the Secretary the Club my claim must be met out of your own pocket.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., at the Hotel Royale, Snodderton.

5/3/36.

DEAR SIR,-I observe in this evening's paper that the Club has been set on fire, and I have been wondering if you have been burnt to death. It would really serve you right if you had, as I am quite sure it was all your fault.

In case, however, you may still be alive, will you please let me know if my locker was completely gutted or only partially so. On your report coming to hand I shall know just how to make out my claim against the insurance Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE. P.S.—I trust the new member was not burnt; he owes me 1/6.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Thursday, 5th March, 1936.

Dear Sir,—My housekeeper has just told me that the Club has gone up in flames. It is a bit of bad luck that I am confined to bed with a chill and cannot come over and see the fun.

I am consoling myself, however, with the thought that the oil painting in the Reading Room of Sir Henry Pluke-Straddon (Captain of the Club in 1903) will have been destroyed, for I have never been able to tolerate the way the man peers down at you from the walls with that abominable sneer. At times when I was writing letters he gave me the impression that he was reading what I had written, and I have frequently had to give it up and finish my correspondence at home.

By the way, if the gannet (killed by the gutty ball in 1892) was not rescued before the place was burnt I will be glad to provide a new one. It is a curious thing that whenever I stroked its beak before going out to play in a match I always holed at least a couple of long putts.

Yours faithfully. L. NUTMEG.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free Lance Journalist, Roughover. (By hand).

6/3/36.

DEAR WHELK, -I enclose the cutting from this morning's local paper in case you have not seen it. If I called round this P.M. could you give me some dope on the Club's history, also some facts about your own life? I think the time

is ripe to do something on the lines of "Britain's Firefighters" or "Heroes of 1936.

> Yours sincerely. MARCUS PENWORTHY.

[Enclosure]

"GREAT HEROISM AT LOCAL FIRE. SECRETARY AND STEWARD SAVE THEIR

At about 5.30 P.M. yesterday dense volumes of smoke were seen to be coming from the North Wing of Roughover Golf Club, and it was not long before a large crowd of interested spectators had collected.

Originating in the Secretary's Office, the blaze was soon localised to this room by the very gallant efforts of the Club's efficient Secretary, Mr. Patrick Whelk, who was most ably assisted by the House Steward, Mr. Ephraim Wobblegoose. Indeed, so successful were they that it was not long before they had completely dealt with the outbreak.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is assumed that an electric wire fused in the floor beneath the Secretary's Office, as a large area of carpet and woodwork was badly charred, with most of the panelling on the north and west walls. Several account-books and the Minute Book were also destroyed.

It was singularly fortunate that the fire did not spread to the Reading Room and Locker Room, where there was much valuable property.

Mr. Whelk, on being interviewed after his combat with the conflagration, shyly remarked: 'I did very little; the Steward deserves all the credit for putting out the flames.' Our representative then chatted with Mr. Wobblegoose, who was taking a wellearned rest behind a glass of ale. Mr. Wobblegoose was visibly moved when he said: 'I only did my duty, and I hope I shall never have to do it again.'

Mr. Wobblegoose is a keen gardener, and specialises in daffodil culture. He is also a subscriber to this paper.

It is expected that at the Urban Council meeting on Thursday someone will ask why the Fire Brigade did not function."

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club. 7/3/36.

Mr. WHELK, DEAR SIR,-As you wish me to let you know in writing what claims I shall have regarding the fire, this is to certify that there is burnt off me-

My Trousers, 25/-My Coat, 30/-My Tie, 1/6 My Both Boots, 15/-



together with my braces and collarstud broken, which comes to 1/9 and ld. respectfully.

Then Sir, there is my beard which is all singed and badly burnt in parts but I suppose it will not be much use making a claim for it, although it will never be the same again and I valued it highly.

yours Sir,

E. WOBBLEGOOSE.

P.S.—Annie (the waitress) has a heel off her shoe along of her getting a fright when the alarm sounded. She says I am to say it will cost her ninepence to have it sewn on again.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club, at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

7th March, 1936.

SIR,—I have just read your letter all about the fire; but why in the name of fortune, man, did you put it out? Surely you have enough brains left to realise that if you allowed the thing to burn to the ground the insurance company would have rebuilt it for us on up-to-date lines.

To my way of thinking you have tossed aside a golden opportunity of

thoroughly modernising the Club House—and not only that, but I am badly in need of a new set of clubs, as mine are getting hopelessly out of date.

With regard to the Minute Book being burnt, I take it that you deliberately threw the thing on to the flames when you had the chance, thus destroying all written evidence of your many backslidings.

Yours faithfully.

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have received a copy of the local paper referring to your gallant efforts and great heroism. It makes me sick. Knowing you as I do, I can only conclude that you filled the "representative" full of liquor and then told him what to write.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

7th March, 1936.

My DEAR WHELK,—I have been worrying about the letter I wrote to you this morning, as I think I was perhaps a little harsh; but, after Roughover, this London air always gives me an unholy liver, and it only began to mend before tea this afternoon.

Would you care to come up one day next week? We might go to the British Museum and have a good fling afterwards.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

G. C. N.

#### Ups and Downs of Royalty.

"Queen Salote, of Tonga, heard and saw for the first time in her lift a talking picture in Auckland last night."

New Zealand Paper.

"Hitler then made reference to the end of the Word War, and President Wilson's 13 points and the creation of the League of Nations."—Glasgow Paper.

Three most important subjects.

"One of the temporary propellers which were removed from the Queen Mary at Southampton to-day. New propellers are taking their place."—Newspicture Caption.

This will come as a shock to those who expected that paddles would be fitted.

"The Empire Frozen Produce Co., Ltd., (In liquidation)."

Ceylon Paper.

The Tropics have evidently proved too hot for it.

### At the Revue.

"SPREAD IT ABROAD" (SAVILLE).

SPREAD it abroad, indeed, that, flying in the face of current fashion, London is actually being entertained by

a revue in which good stinging satire and not idiot sentimentality is the dominant note. For this miracle Mr. HERBERT FAR-JEON, as author, and Mr. C. DENIS FREEMAN, as producer, are mainly responsible; and all those who agree with them that satire has been for too long absent from our theatre, and that spectacle is no compensation for lack of wit, should go and register their vote through the box-office of the Saville, for if once it can be shown that there is money in irony then we shall get plenty of it. And we need it, unless we are to forget altogether how to laugh at ourselves.

Spreaditabroad, too, that there is an excellent cast to project Mr. FARJEON'S clever jests, and that Miss IVY ST. HELIER, Miss DOROTHY DICKSON AND Mr. NELSON KEYS are given a lot to do, and do it well. The settings are simple, the dresses are not particularly good (though the Chorus are well-turned-out), and, apart from two tunes, "Spread it Abroad" and "These Foolish Things," I was not struck by the music; but I must confess that these

drawbacks seem small beside the central fact that the dialogue is really worth hearing. Too often the reverse is the case, and one emerges from a revue with eyes so dazzled by gorgeous décor and brain so numbed by swooning ditties that it is only after a strong cup of tea that one grasps the true paucity of the lines one has been offered.

I specially welcomed "The Charge of the Late Brigade," a demonstration by Miss St. Heller and Mr. Keys of the many aspects of the crime of coming late to theatre-seats. Very, very funny they make it, but also very pointed. A large number of the audience had arrived late. May the moral have sunk home.

These two are towers of strength, and their exploits are too many to be detailed. Miss St. Helier's "Yvonne Arnau" is unbelievably good, and our old favourite, Mr. Keys' "Jack Hulbert," actually sprouts the famous chin in as diabolical an optical illusion as this wizard has ever devised. Their impersonations of the Western Brothers and of opera-stars falling out are magnificent. In two

sketches, of a lady in a café looking back over her past and of a small dressmaker, Miss St. Heller recaptures in her own inimitable way the braveness, the sadness of *Manon la* Crevette, and in a third of an actress in



TRACING THE ABYSSINIAN FRONT.

Mario . . . . Mr. Nelson Keys. Customer . . . Mr. Lyle Evans.

the future dictating her reminiscences of 1936, she is riotously funny. Mr. KEYS' imitations of an Italian barber



ABSINTHE MINDED.
MISS IVY ST. HELIER.

making use of a customer's head to give geographical point to his remarks on the conduct of the Abyssinian campaign is memorable, and so is his handling of the delicate part of poor Major Osgood, who gets locked into the

Members' Bar at Newbury racecourse for six weeks. His reproduction of a sequence from a very flickery old film is so promising that its brevity is disappointing, and his contrasted portraits of two headmasters, ancient and modern, ought somehow to be televised to the Headmasters' Conference, where they would be very helpful.

Miss Dickson is at her best in a cruelly effective little sketch in which, as a returned holidaymaker, she insists on showing her snaps, and she and Mr. LYLE EVANS sing a charming and almost sentimental ditty about QUEEN VICTORIA. With hersketch of the exhausted little Cockney bicycle-racer dragged to the microphone Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD scores heavily; she and Mr. Evans are prominent in an amusing skit on first-night antics in the foyer, and Mr. Evans squeezes the last bitter drop of satire out of the brilliant sally, "Dirty Songs," which castigates the people who judge cabaret by the angle of its descent. Add the singing of Miss TESSA DEANE and the dancing of Mr. WALTER GORE and Mr. WALTER CRISHAM,

and there is still much to say of a large and accomplished cast.

From such a good programme I should vote for the jettisoning of the rather cheap honeymoon sketch, and the Highland dance, which with its setting seemed to come straight off a shortbread-tin.

I nearly forgot to say that Miss St. Helier's "Lady Houston" is quite up to the high standard of The Saturday Review.

"Sale,—Lady's Fur Coat; Chest with deep drawers,"—Newspaper Advt.

A kind of all-in garment.

"FRANCE APPEALS TO HITLER."
News Poster.

Just as the French feared it would!

"The distinctive characteristic of the stripe is its line-like composition."

From book on textile design.
The things these fellows think of!

"The bride was charmingly attired in white satin, and carried a bouquet of red carnations, and trailer."—Wedding Report.

All ready for going away in?



#### ARE YOU FOR KEEPING OUT OF ISOLATED EUROPEAN ENTANGLEMENTS?

[MR. Punch's question and some answers given to him by men and women, chosen very much at bandom, from all walks of life—After the manner of the Popular Press.]

## Shoe-Strings in Vienna.

One day in the late spring of last year I noticed that the right-hand shoe-lace in my brown pair of shoes was going to break off just where it goes into the first hole. Three days, I gave it. That night it rained torrents, and I think the dampness in the atmosphere must have increased the tension on the lace, because it broke early the next afternoon just when I was stepping off a bus. Luckily, although I was hardly prepared, I kept my nerve, and, despite the difficulty of keeping the shoe on, managed to limp to a quiet street. There I was able to tie a temporary lop-sided knot with the long end that was left, but I knew that, as the shoes weren't anything like finished, I'd have to replace the lace.

Perhaps I am too sensitive and delicately minded, but it didn't seem as if I could go into a shoe-shop and buy one pair of laces, although I shouldn't be surprised if people are doing it every day. On the other hand, it looked ridiculous and a bit affected to ask for a dozen pairs of brown shoe-laces. There was the practical certainty too that if once I went inside a shoe-shop I should be landed with a pair of shoes which I didn't want. It wasn't the fear that I might be coerced into buying shoes that worried me so much as the foreboding that out of foolish embarrassment I should make the suggestion myself. If it had been a backstud it would have been different. I find it easy to buy studs singly and have never even thought of going on to buy a suit just to ease the situation.

Well, for a week I did nothing overt, although I didn't let the matter drop from my mind, for I was still wearing the brown shoes, and every time I tied the temporary knot I made a mental note that I must buy a new lace. The reason why I didn't wear my black shoes was that the back of one of them had become bent in too far and rubbed against my heel. Then one morning I got the idea that shoelaces were the kind of miscellaneous ware you find in small tobacconists or haberdashers. I don't know where I got this idea but it involved me in the purchase of a pipe and six collars which didn't match any of my shirts. By now the other end of my lace had snapped with the additional strain and I was barely managing to tie a very small tight knot with the terminal wisps. I ought to have explained that after the first break I pulled the whole lace through the holes until the two free ends were of equal length and long enough to hold a small bow knot. I also cut off the small tin tag from the good end to remove the unbalanced

Shortly after this I left with some friends in a small car for a holiday in Austria. I was still wearing my brown shoes and consequently had to put up with a lot of offensive remarks about my laziness in going abroad with a broken lace. I had got over my first uneasiness by then, however, and was becoming quite attached to the broken thing. The only trouble was in the mornings, when I had to unravel the small tight knot which I couldn't be bothered untying at nights.

All went well across northern France and through the Black Forest. When we came to the border town of Füssen I took it into my head to buy a pair of sandals, and for a time forgot about my shoe trouble.

Nothing much happened for the next few weeks except one Sunday when we went over the Brenner into Italy for a picnic. That day the carburettor went dry. This happened often, and we were in the habit of stopping and resting before putting it right. This time I thought I'd fix it myself

while the others slept by the side of a little lake. I am completely ignorant of engines, but this trouble had occurred so frequently that I knew exactly what to do. I fetched an old bottle which we always kept filled with petrol for emergencies. Somehow or other it happened to be empty. Evaporated probably. So I got out a green spoon of some composite material which we used for scooping petrol from the tank at the back of the car to fill the bottle. The petrol was pretty low down in the tank and I couldn't grip the spoon flat enough to hold any. With a resourcefulness which rather pleased me I hit on the idea of tying a piece of string round the neck of a very small bottle which had held some stuff for curing hay-fever and lowering this into the tank until it filled up with petrol. About seventeen trips with the small bottle ought to fill the carburettor and the big bottle, I calculated. The only thing which kept me from carrying out this ingenious and simple plan was that I couldn't find any string lying around in that part of the Brenner. I was loth to wake up the others because I wanted to give them a pleasant and unexpected surprise, besides showing them I could handle a difficult situation better than they thought.

It was then I remembered my shoe-lace, and I hauled out my shoes from under the back seat. After a pretty tough tussle with the knot I pulled the lace out of the shoe. tied it round the neck of the hay-fever bottle and let it down into the tank. The lace was pretty short by this time, however, and the bottle didn't quite reach the petrol-at any rate so that it could lie flat and let the petrol pour in. I had to take a spanner and, using it as the rod part of a fishing-rod, gripped the lace between the vice parts, as it would have used up too much lace to have tied it on. I think the spanner must have been oily, for the lace seemed to lose its grip and dropped with the bottle into the tank. I couldn't figure out a way of getting them out of the tank and had to stop another car and borrow petrol. We got the tank cleaned out at Innsbruck, but the lace was in a pretty shocking condition, practically finished.

We decided to return by Vienna. When we arrived there I was still wearing my sandals, the soles of which I had since discovered were made of old motor-tyres. While we were in the city I thought I'd better wear shoes. Perhaps it was some odd unconscious association with the name of one of the musicians connected with that city which was behind my move back to shoes. More likely it was because the Vienna pavements make sandals rather painful to wear.

Next morning I slipped out of the hotel early and sona found a shoe-shop. It may have been due to something in Vienna which drives away complexes and groundless fears, but funnily enough I didn't experience any difficulty in marching in and asking in loud ringing tones for a pair of brown shoe-laces. My German isn't very good and the nearest they had was a pair of brown boot-laces. Rather than cut them I looped them round my ankles after a fashion which I improvised at the time. The effect is rather jaunty and has aroused much admiration, but I'm pretty certain that one of the laces is to give way shortly. Stil, it isn't so serious with boot-laces, and I shall be in Vienna again this summer, so I'm not worrying.

<sup>&</sup>quot;USEFUL MANŒUVRE.

Ashby, the Oxford bow, was twisting his tongue from side to side as he tried to emulate the courage of his colleagues."

Yorks Paper.

It helps to keep the boat steady.







Farmer. "I thought I sacked you yesterday?"

Farm-Hand. "Ay, you did; and don't you do it again. My faither didn't 'are take on about it."

### Page of Charterhouse.

EMPTY at the Reform stands "PAGE's chair,"
Where for so many years he held a sort
Of unofficial and informal court,
Wearing his homespuns with a regal air.

For there was something kingly in his mien, Shedding on all who came within his sphere An influence benignant and sincere, Majestical and luminous and serene.

He had both wit and wisdom for his dower, But was exempt from pedantry or pose; He wrote the purest un-Johnsonian prose And wore his learning lightly, like a flower. He loved the Classics in their ancient tongue, Yet never earned the name of "neophobe"— Witness the helpful aid he lent to LOEB In anglicizing what they said or sung.

Gentle and kindly save to those who scorned The calling he exalted, or who sneered At things of good report which he revered, He passes greatly loved and deeply mourned.

And though that noble voice is hushed and still,
His spirit cannot pass into the night,
Or the last message he was moved to write
Pleading for international goodwill. C. L. G.

And

He



"MR. ALBERT BLOGGS WILL NOW SING FOR US 'YOU CANNOT DO THAT-AR-THEAH HEAH."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Deos Qui Novit Agrestes.

MR. HILAIRB BELLOC might almost say of rural Sussex what Thring of Uppingham said about liberty to teach: "Let me finish by begging your pardon for having broken silence in a lost cause." Yet if the topography and history of every English shire were handled as he handles his own, lovers of England might be heartened to defend what her ravagers might be discouraged from attacking. Cut off by wedges of morass from Kent and Hampshire, backed by the unpropitious Weald, The County of Sussex (Cassell, 7/6), though in speech and architecture little differentiated from its neighbours, has highly characteristic inhabitants. How their traditional pursuits and modes of government were determined, how they reacted to old invasions and may react to new ones is the theme of an essay delightfully expanded into a volume. With the past at his finger-tips Mr. BELLOC leads the rider, the pedestrian and the boatman along Roman roads, through hangers and combes, up the Arun, the Adur and the Cuckmere and over such submerged townships as seaweed-entangled Selsea. Learned, enthusiastic and lucid, his book is a pattern of its kind.

### Millionaires at Play.

"Man is but a reed," said PASCAL, "the most feeble thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed." For some reason

obscure to me, Miss REBECCA WEST has taken the title of her new novel from this saying. The Thinking Reed (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) is a long book and contains plenty of characters, but though there are reeds enough among them there is singularly little thought. Some years ago, in William Clissold, Mr. WELLS had his say about the horde of idle rich who haunt the Riviera. He noted in passing their extraordinary activity, the way in which they rushed aimlessly from place to place in order to escape from the necessity of thought. Miss WEST deals with them at full length: she exposes before us a whole gallery of most unpleasant people, most of whom have nothing to do but gamble and play at falling in love. With her curiously assorted pair, Isabelle and Marc, we are taken to Antibes, to Le Touquet, to Mürren, to all the resorts where her specimens abound. Marc Sallafranque, the millionaire maker of automobiles, is almost the only person we meet who does not afflict the reader with a sense of nausea. He is a fool, but a good-natured fool, with flashes of sound sense, and Isabelle, who marries him in a fit of pique, gets a better husband than she deserves. The merit of the book lies in its biting satire. The author can turn a phrase with the best, and she scarifies the unspeakable Lady Barnaclouth, with all her self-satisfied Lauriston clan, well enough, and places M. and Madame d'Alperoussa before us in a sufficiently unflattering light. But as a novel, though no doubt it will have a big sale, the book does not impress me. It is impossible to take any real interest in any one of the characters—except possibly Marc Sallafranque.

#### Bird Secrets.

If any English bird that flies
Has managed to elude the range
Of W. K. RICHMOND'S eyes

It must be something rare and strange-

And lucky too, for in his bag
Of victims of the watching game
Only a few are left a rag
Of reputation to their name.

He probes their secret hearts and states Which of them fight and which are

Those which are faithful to their mates
And those which sport the roving eye;
In England's Birds (from FABER) all
Is told, and if you feel a doubt

Whether his yarns are slightly tall There's every chance to catch him out.

For almost always we're assured
Of time and place for what he sees,
And there's a wealth of choice; he's
toured

Breckland, the Pennines, Epping, Tees.

Up north, down south and close at hand—
He's even watched the fowl that lurks
On so unpromising a strand
As one of London's waterworks.

#### Under Five Roof-Trees.

So promising an impulse as that of writing biographies of your homes might, I feel, have yielded a more perfect book than Houses as Friends (CAPE, 10/6), though I give Miss DOROTHY PYM full marks for the originality of her conception. The trouble, I take it, is that the five dwellings commemorated are not sufficiently predominant. Miss PYM should have had the courage of what (you imagine) were her first convictions, kept the human biographical-and still more the human autobiographical-element in its place and concentrated on her houses and gardens as Sir EDWIN LUTYENS' enthusiastic little foreword leads you to expect she will. For how interesting these homes are: "Picts'

Barrow," the yellow-brick residence of her childhood; "2, Rue Gustave Doré," the Versailles scene of her Continental "finishing"; "Harrold Hall," the Bedfordshire seat of her early married life; "The Old Cottage," Thackeray's former dwelling off Kensington Square, and "Boleyn," the unspoilt setting of a typical post-War ménage! "Boleyn" is the most sympathetic portrait, "2, Rue Gustave Doré" the most picturesque, "Harrold Hall" a trifle spoilt by the caustic touch which the writer seems to have inherited (with other and more desirable qualities) from the unparalleled "ELIZABETH."

#### A Tough Island Story.

Mr. JACK B. Years, following the example of some other artists of distinction, has written a novel. It is called *The Amaranthers* and is well and truly published by Heine-Mann (7/6). As far as it is about anything it is about an



"YOU B'AIN'T EZACKLY BIGOTIVE, WILLIAM, BUT YOU BE WHAT I MID CALL A BIT UNIDATERAL."

island and a railway and a revolutionary club and a brass band—oh, yes, and a lot of other things besides. One reviewer, at least, had great difficulty in finding any trace of coherence in it, and after struggling through twenty pages, he gave it up in despair. However, clearing his mind of prejudice and bracing himself for the effort, he made a second attempt and found a certain pleasure in taking it as it came; and eventually discovered that all the book needed was an occasional blank page—say one in every ten—on which he could rest and recover his breath before continuing the struggle. The story is not divided into chapters, but rolls on relentlessly from cover to cover. It is a hotehpotch of curious and fantastic little word-pictures—many of them left in a sketchy condition and loosely strung together in a very untidy manner. If James Joyce and James Stephens had collaborated and agreed to avoid

unseemly language and subjects they might have produced something like this-but not quite, for Mr. YEATS has his own particular whimsicality. At times it seems to have a meaning, but more often it eludes all mental grasp. It charms and exasperates and sometimes evokes a laugh, and ends by making the reader feel as if he had fallen into a spate of tumultuous words, out of which he has just managed to crawl, breathless and exhausted, but with the impression that somehow it has done him good.

### Country Pleasures.

Books about the country tend to be either sloppily sentimental or maddeningly informative. Mr. T. H. WHITE'S peculiar charm is that he avoids these pitfalls like the plague. He likes "the Shire," that "undiscovered in which he lives, at least as much for the fun he can get out of it as for its intrinsic charm and beauty; and he gives information not as an encyclopædia but as one who is aware of his own ignorance and realises that others know even less. Shooting, fishing, hunting and flying, these are Mr. WHITE's passion—though that is a

GORGEOUS

WIRELESS

stronger word than he himself would use, and in England Have My Pones (COLLINS, 8/6) he takes us round the year with him in the pursuit of one or other of these pastimes. Plenty of people have written about shooting and hunting before now, but few with the eagerness coupled with the coldly analytical brain of Mr. WHITE. Even in the excitement of bringing down a brace of partridges he is capable of asking himself what exactly is the attraction of the sport, the justification, if you like, of the killing. His answer, that

a sport is worth while just in so far as it calls for the exercise of the highest skill, forms in a way the motif of the book. Parts of this book may not appeal to everyone some, for instance, may be bored by the long accounts of learning to fly, though I personally found them interesting, and I doubt whether many readers will share the author's enthusiasm for grass-snakes; but these are trifles. It is a book to buy.

#### A Middle-Aged Hero.

I feel that I have just cause of complaint against Mr. J. W. N. SULLIVAN because his latest novel, A Holiday Task (JONATHAN CAPE, 7/6), seems to promise so much more than it performs. It is excellent reading, and two at least of the people introduced to us, the middle-aged and dissatisfied James Pagham and little Mr. Cardwell, once a famous medium and now a man of wealth, are exceptionally interesting, so that we long to find out what will make James happy and of what guiding interest Mr. Cardwell's eccentricities are the cloak. Mr. Cardwell is as funny and fascinating a little fellow as one has met in fiction for some time, but, save for making James's job pleasanter and giving some good parties, he might as well not be there; and James, we are led to suppose, is cured of his malaise by becoming the possessor of a mistress as well as a wife, and of a child

by each—a recipe for happiness in middle-age that is somehow not too convincing. Mr. SULLIVAN tells a story so well that it is difficult to forgive him for not making sure that his story was worth telling.

#### Pot-Pourri and Causerie.

Even if Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, like J. Cæsar, deems it wise to retire year by year into winter quarters, I hope that during the summer months he will continue to sally forth and collect additions to My Vagabondage (Cassells, 8/6). Nothing comes amiss to him; whether he is inspecting a hospital, visiting an island or looking over a factory he is always a keen and sympathetic observer. True to his title he roams from subject to subject and from place to place; for instance, he jumps from roses to a coalmine without making any unreasonable demands upon his readers' mental agility. "It is an offence," he says, "against God and man to pay no attention to what nourishes body, mind and spirit," and forthwith we are given a chapter on food and wine, of which all cooks and cellarers should take especial heed. Not by any means the least reason for

admiring Mr. VACHELL is that in a world of flurry he remains conscious of life's urbanities.

"OUR CENTRAL BARBERING (WIRELESS) IS MUCH APPRECIATED BY NERVOUS SHAVERS."-Advt.

### Good Footwork.

Walking in Cornwall (MACLEHOSE, 7/6) deserves the praise which Mr. A. L. Rowse, in a foreword, bestows upon it; for Mr. J. R. A. HOCKIN, himself a Cornishman, has whole-heart edly tackled his task; and, although he has not neglected to consult honoured authorities. the most valuable part of his information is what I venture to call first-foot. I could wish that Mr. HOCKIN did

not think the Lizard "weird," but apart from this tiny complaint I welcome a writer who is so fully alive to the charms of the Cornish coast and countryside. A map and some well-chosen illustrations will add to the pleasure of those who accept Mr. Hockin as their guide.

#### Life Before Death.

Miss Elinor Mordaunt begins her new novel, Prelude to Death (Secker, 7/6), with the first part of the Épilogue, which made me suspect, as did her Foreword (explaining the method and title), that I was going to be confused by some elaborate conjuring-trick with Time. But it is all quite straightforward, in spite of an Epilogue in three scattered parts. We first meet Anna in an hotel full of semi-invalids with "a passion for the unexpected, spinning their ill-health round them like a cocoon." Soon we are switched back to her rather dashing childhood, and follow the course of her life. A proposal by a parson, marriage to a half-caste, desertion, ten years of peace in the country, another sudden and even stranger marriage make a full though never overcrowded story, which is saved from being too sad by the irony of the style and the courage and clear thought of the heroine. I doubt if Miss MORDAUNT has written a better book, and I should like to thank her for letting me know Anna.

b si n 10 si su mi lui

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House-hunting Mamma. "REMEMBER, DEAR, ONE COULD BE A LADY IN THE 'NUTSHELL'-IN 'BALMORAL,' NEVER."

#### Charivaria.

At Bath an Abyssinian cat spent three weeks up a chimney. The poor little creature thought the Italians were after it.

When two Hungarian statesmen fought a duel with pistols, both missed. Purposely, it is believed, with the intention of making each other feel too small to be an easy target.

"The politicians of to-day are just as sensible as those of the last generation," declares a writer. That's just the trouble.

An inventor claims to have discovered how to manufacture lightning for use in warfare by nations who agree not to use it.

Somebody dislikes the idea of heaven as an eternal Eisteddfod.\* Still, it is an inducement to the Welsh to be good.

The extravagantly high pay of "intellectual" writers in Soviet Russia, to which attention is drawn, is calculated to aggravate the unrest in Bloomsbury.

Complaint is made that museums close too early. One effect of this is seen in our crowded cinemas.

"It is important news that there is a possibility of creased trousers becoming unfashionable," says a tailor. So important that it should really be printed in the Stop Press.

A trip for Devonshire farmers has been arranged to enable them to examine agricultural conditions in Yorkshire. Grumbling will be carried on through interpreters.

"I have at last seen my ideal home," writes a reader. And probably it won't be long now before she marries him.

A pair of wagtails have made their nest in a watering-can. Instinct probably tells them that Nature will ensure their being undisturbed.

"I've half a mind to become a scenario writer," says a correspondent. That's all he'll want.

An eminent hairdresser is said to number famous artists among his friends. But not, one fancies, among his clients.

There was a record number of marriages in Sweden last year. It is well known that the best matches come from Sweden.

### Pastoral Note.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Just a line to tell you how much I am enjoying my stay in this quaint little old-world spot, buried in the heart of the country. Do you know we are fourteen miles from the nearest train? Yet I don't feel in the least lonely or depressed by being cut off in this way from my fellow-beings. I suppose Mother Earth is a companion herself in a sense and saves a man from feeling altogether isolated in circumstances like this. Not that there aren't others staying in the house here, and the villagers and so on, but you know what I mean.

I have been watching some cows in a field which I can see from my bedroom-window. They have a way of swishing their tails about while they are feeding, etc., to keep off the flies; though of course there are not very many flies about at this time of year, so that they do not swish their tails about as much as they would be doing if the year were more advanced—say in September, when flies are a great deal more numerous. However, from time to time they swish them about, and it is very interesting to watch them. Horses do the same thing, as you probably know, but there are none in the field, so naturally I haven't actually seen them.

Another curious thing about cows is the way they get up when they have been lying on the ground, as they sometimes do—to rest, I suppose. They get up at the back first, and then, once their back legs are straight, all they have to do is to straighten their front legs and there they are, up! Horses do it the other way round—something to do with their knees, I believe. Cows have their back knees at the front, if you see what I mean, whereas horses have them at the back, i.e., facing the opposite way to the way they are going (isn't it absurd?), and consequently the two animals get up in different ways. I don't quite know why this is so, but it is most interesting to watch them—at least it is interesting to watch the cows; the horses, as I say, I have not seen.

There is a most extraordinary bird here which keeps hopping about on the lawn making odd little "weep-weep" noises. Don't imagine that I mean it is actually a "crying" noise. Birds have no eyelids, or rather their eyelids shut from the bottom upwards, just as desks do sometimes—though not often, I admit—and consequently they are unable to cry. It's the tear-ducts, you see. I simply mean that the sound the bird makes may be represented by the words "weep, weep," repeated at frequent intervals. What do you think he could be? He has a habit of stopping every now and then to peck at the ground, as if in search of food, but I expect you will be able to identify him easily enough from what I have already said. I say "he," by the way, but of course I can't be certain of his sex. If he lays an egg or anything I shall know better where I am.

There is a sparrow too which sometimes comes and perches most precariously on the very top of the weathervane. Every moment one expects to see him topple off, but he is absolutely fearless and will stay there for hours on end, singing very sweetly. How different are we humans from sparrows! Even to stand on a church tower fills me with terror. Still, if one could fly I daresay much of this feeling of distress would disappear. What do you think?

Spring is rather behindhand in this part of the world—something to do with Easter being late perhaps (or isn't it? One gets so confused with these movable feasts); but anyway there is surprisingly little greenery to be seen for the time of year. I was out for a walk yesterday with

Agatha and Jimmie (you remember the twins? Keen naturalists both) and we all remarked on it. Agatha told me of an amusing old country saw concerning the oak and the ash which may be new to you. According to whichever of the two is out first, so one is supposed to be able to say whether there will be a "soak" or merely a "splash," i.e., heavy rain or only showers. You may imagine how eagerly we examined both oaks and ashes to learn what was in store for us, but neither species as yet shows any signs of bursting into leaf. Agatha could not tell me what this might portend. Fine weather perhaps.

Upon my soul, I was almost forgetting to tell you about the lambs! How they frisk! They will run, two and three together, for perhaps fifty yards in one direction, then turn about and dash back helter-skelter to the place they started from, or even further. I watched a number of them the other day for quite half-an-hour without being able to discern any plan or purpose in what they were at. I think it must be simply high spirits. They are pretty creatures and it is sad to think that they must one day grow up to be dull old sheep, unless of course—but one hardly likes to think of the alternative. I have quite made up my mind to eat only imported lamb for the future.

I hoped to have something to tell you about pigs—of which there are four in a nice sty across the road—in particular about the manner in which they get to their feet; whether, that is to say, they follow the procedure of the horse or the cow or, as is possible, adopt some method of their own. But so far none of the pigs opposite has moved, and I have learnt little. When pigs breathe, by the way, the whole body moves—a curiosity which may interest you.

A bullfinch got into the pantry this morning! Yours, H. F. E.

### Surrey Gardens.

- "THERE is plenty of time," Says the Peony;
- "I am growing quietly and beautifully."
- "There is plenty of time,"
  Says the Rose,
- "My petals are unfolding."
- "Lovely shall be my bud," says the Poppy, "Scarlet and simple;
- "But-there is plenty of time."
- "There is no time at all," says Daphne, Dancing in silver slippers.
- "No time at all," says her Mother,
- Busy with invitations.
- "No time at all," says her Father, Fagging at the office.
- "Not a bit of time," says the Vicar, Fast arranging services.
  - "Will no one look at me?"
    Cries the rich garden.
  - "Just for a minute— The phone is ringing!"

"STOCKINGS (TO MAKE WEAR AND KEEP THEIR COLOUR).

Before wearing black woollen ones stand for 10 minutes in boiling water coloured with washing blue."—Laundry Hint in a Cookery Book. Then you needn't wear them at all.

"Lambing.—Ewes, the property of Mr. W. Thomas, Llwyn, have presented their owner with quadrupeds and triplets."—Welsh Paper. Better than quadruplets and tripods, anyway.



# MOANING AT THE BAR.

[The Legal profession is suffering severely from the extraordinary but welcome decline of litigation.]

# Mr. Shagreen's System.

Mr. Shagreen's motive, I think, for disappearing at intervals is to provide himself with certain blank periods in which he may afterwards locate some staggering adventure. In such times nobody ever seems to see him or know where he is; they form the ideal ground-

work for the subsequent embroiderings of fancy. It was after a particularly long interval of this kind that I recently saw him in London, and, luckier than usual, I caught sight of the last wisp of such clouds of glory as he happened to be trailing. To be exact, I saw him climb down from a fire-engine outside a bird-and-snake shop, with a small grey monkey sitting on his hat.

When he saw me he removed the monkey from his hat with a courtly gesture and addressed it: "Say 'How d' ye do ? ' Sidney.' Greetings over, the three of us watched the fireengine hum away, clanging its bell. Then Mr. Shagreen replied to my question; he had been away by himself engaged in mathematical, financial and sporting pursuits.

"Well, when I say by myself," he corrected, "I am forgetting that dear companion of my joys and sorrows, that perennial fount of substantival monism, epistemology, fun and games, that armour against fate. I refer to Sidney."

I gazed in some awe at Sidney. He blinked at me, spat and cursed with modest affability.

Mr. Shagreen had been feeling in his pocket, and he now produced a piece of paper on which he wrote—
1-1-2-X-1-1-X-1-1-2-1.

He asked me what I thought that was. I said that had anyone else shown it to me I should have thought it was a forecast in a Points Pool of the results of twelve football matches, each I indicating a home win, each 2 an away win and each X a draw.

"That's what it is," he said. "I am expound."

happy not to have to explain. It took some little time to explain to Sidney."

"And does he understand now?"
"I hardly think so." He held out
the piece of paper to Sidney, who ate
it. "No, as I thought. He cannot free
himself from the spell of natural
phenomena. Incurably objective."

"Forgive me," I said, "but why did you have to explain to Sidney?"

Soot. "Dinna put a plate in front o' me sae quickly when I'm listenin' tae a church sairvice. It gies me quite a turn."

Mr. Shagreen leaned against the window of the bird-and-snake shop with Sidney sitting on his foot, and admitted that it had not been strictly necessary. "I began by doing a lot of unnecessary things. But now at last, after months of solitary labour, I begin to see the light. Not long hence I expect to have made several thousand pounds."

"Not long hence cricket," I began, "not football——"

"I am aware of that. Let me expound."

you would be absolutely certain of having one set right."

I said it was optimistic to suggest that by that time I should be certain of anything.

"Now in the past few months," said Mr. Shagreen, unheeding, "Sidney and I have given much deep thought to this question." A slight elerical intonation crept into his voice. "We do so feel that the most is not being made of the laws of probability. Sidney-by the way, Sidney is a descendant of one of those monkeys that might have been used by HUXLEY to type in a few million years all the books in the British Museum—Sidney and I are of opinion that the stature of this formidable number may by the taking of thought be reduced."

Here the proprietor of the bird-and-snake shop emerged and gave us a powerful glare. When he had gone Mr. Shagreen resumed—

"Take, for instance, those two examples—the twelve ones, the twelve X's. Is it not ludicrous to suppose that the twelve chosen matches will ever have those results? Add a

third comic row, twelve twos, and you reduce the number of probabilities by three. Thank you very much."

three. Thank you very much."
"Don't mention it," I said; but Mr.
Shagreen had here addressed an old lady who had given him a penny, which he pocketed with gratification.

"Comic examples," he proceeded, "including the military 1-2-1-2-1-2-1-2-1-2-1-2-1-2-2-X-2-2-X-2-2-X, run into some thousands—I forget how many. Next we come to the row before and the row after each



Accepted and affected Suitor. "I want to say—I can't say what I feel—but what I do say is, you are both depinifely—ergs."

of these, which it would be absurd to suppose will ever turn up. After this there are all the results that have turned up, in this and previous seasons; lightning never strikes twice in the same place; and the rows before and after each. By such deletions Sidney and I reduced the number of probabilities to an even five hundred thousand."

"A mere bagatelle," I agreed.
"Now by precisely similar methods," said Mr. Shagreen earnestly, "that five hundred thousand can be reduced and the resulting figure again reduced.
What suggests itself to your mind?"

What suggests itself to your mind?"
"I hardly like to say," I said. "Ask
Sidney."

"Do you not see that by successive reductions you will eventually get to one completely unobjectionable row of symbols—next week's correct foregat?"

We all pondered for a time, Sidney with particular depth. At last I inquired carefully whether it was by those means that Mr. Shagreen proposed to make his several thousand

"Indirectly," he said. "It is the system I mean to sell. Sidney and I are sick of the work. What will you offer?"

"My condolences," I said, and, raising my hat to Sidney, I went away. But I like to think that the whole regrettable affair was due to my having come on my friend before he had had time to set his imagination to work and decide what he really had been doing. One thing that gives me a little hope is that there was no place in this sad story for the fire-engine. R. M.

"Oxford Group Founder."

Jersey Paper.

And so Cambridge won again.

"No 'Blushing Bride' To-day.

More Civil Marriages."

Daily Paper.

Our rude forefathers resent this innuendo.

### Rhymes of Revolt.

(Suggested by a recent article in "The Times" on "The Decline of Waggling at Golf.")

at Golf.")

Since gipsies, raggle-taggling,
Still haunt the open roads,

And geese are in their gaggling Immune from penal codes; Since hucksters, fiercely haggling, No interference know,

And slattern folk, tail-draggling, All unmolested go; Since quaggas still are quaggling

And Dorset lets the aggling
Of Agglestones go free,
I'm dashed if I stop waggling

My driver on the tee. C. L. G.

"With the sanction of Government the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to notify that the 9th Bengal Cavalry will in future be designated the 9th Bengal Cavalry."

Indian Paper.

Ah, but now what will they call the 9th Bengal Cavalry?

#### Ibsenania.

- (A nightmare induced by a too hurried consumption of plays during a recent cycle.)
- The curtain rises to disclose a Motley collection of stores, plush curtains, French windows, and aspidistras. Hedda Gabler, Nora Helmer, Hilda Wangel and Rebecca West are discovered on a sofa. Other characters move restlessly from chair to chair.
- Rebecca. We must let in the daylight now. It was I that lured-
- Hedda. Why, there is a perfect tide of sunshine in the house already!
- Rebecca (coldly). You do not understand. It was I that lured-
  - Hilda (ecstatically). There is a sound of harps in the air! Hedda. Did you say air or hair
  - Nora. When I dance the Tarantella my hair comes down. Hedda (excitedly). I will seorch off Thea's hair.
- Mrs. Solness. No, no; anything to do with a fire belongs to my story
  - Hedda. But you can't fire a pistol.
  - Mrs. Solness. I could if it were my duty.
- Torvald Helmer. Your most sacred duties are to your husband and your children.
- Mrs. Solness. I try to submit myself. But when my dear dolls were burnt with the house
- George Tesman (starting). Not our house—the villa I bought for Hedda? But we had no dolls there.

  Nora (indignantly). Of course not! It is I who live in
- The Doll's House. And my dolls are my three beautiful children; but you can't see them just now, for they are out.
- Solness (to Hilda). Then you can be the child here for the time being.
  - Hilda. I shan't cry.
  - Mrs. Helseth. Little children do not cry at Rosmersholm. Hedda (hissing). Thea's child! I will burn it!
- Solness. As a builder the fire was the making of me. Now I build homes for human beings.
- Nora. My husband understands very well how to make a house dainty and attractive. He can't bear to see dress-
- making going on.

  Mrs. Helseth. No, no, it is brooms Mr. Rosmer doesn't like to see about. And there is someone at the door.
- Solness. It is the younger generation!
- Hedda. It is those everlasting aunts. Mrs. Helseth. No, it is Mrs. Kroll, who has always been on the high horse with me.
- Torvald (who has evidently not been listening). Horses, even low ones, would be awkward in a flat. I prefer a squirrel or a singing-bird-a skylark, for instance.
- Rebecca. No, white horses—white horses of Rosmersholm. Nora (to Rebecca). Torvald is speaking of me. I am his squirrel and his skylark.
- Rebecca. And my white horses are only ghosts.
  - (Myself (startled). Ghosts? Oh, I don't really think I can bear-
  - Mr. LEON M. LION, in association with the Arts Theatre of Cambridge (soothingly). It's quite all right. We aren't including Ghosts in the present cycle.)
- Nora. Shall I dance the Tarantella?
- Hedda. I danced until I was tired. Then I married George. Now my vocation is to bore the life out of myself. Nora (tragically). Thirty-one hours to live!
- Rebecca. It does not take as long as that to throw oneself into the mill-race.

- Hilda. It would be better to fall from a tremendously high tower, with the sound of harps
- Hedda. I cannot play the harp. But I will play dance. music on the piano. Then I will sssshoot myself.
- Torvald (with feeling). That would be the miracle of
  - [Several other characters nod in vehement agreement.
- Hilda. It would be much better to fall-Rebecca. -into the mill-race.
- Nora. Ah, the icy black water, the unfathomable depths! Mrs. Solness. Water would have put out the fire.
- Hilda. But then I should not have had my castle. I want it! I want my castle in the air!
- Rebecca. I want to play my part in the new day that is dawning!
- Nora (cheering up). I want my macaroons!
  - The curtain falls to the sound of shricks, splashes, shots and the munching of macaroons.

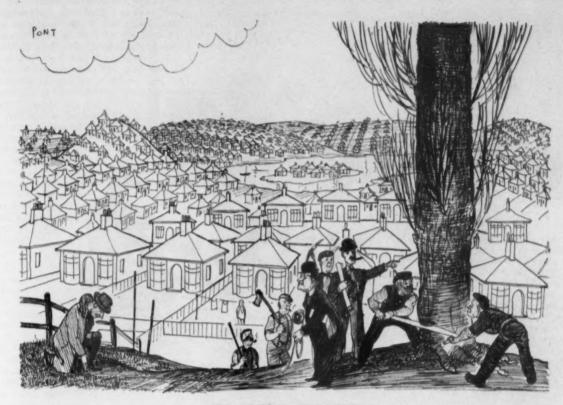
### Spring Golf.

#### (End of Another Perfect Day.)

An acid east wind whines in from the bay, The snarling golfers barward wend their way; The day is done—an icy twilight falls On the fouled course, on greens pockmarked by balls. A sullen owl hoots curses o'er the links And each soul-sickened caddie homeward slinks. Greenkeepers drag their implements away To lie concealed in darksome holes till day-They only pause to spare a passing scowl And perhaps an oath (to reinforce the owl) As they survey the scarred and blotted grass, The divots left to lie by many an ass. Leaning against the doorpost of his den The sad sardonic Pro reflects on men Who never learn, although they hear him say The same things every hour of every day. His lips are tight and taut, his eyes are grim Through brooding on questions women ask of him He turns to his Assistant to remark, "Lock up now, George. Thank God it's nearly dark!" The golfers grind and clash their hobnailed shoes Across the club-house floor, then glumly choose The fearsome potions needful to restore The health and strength they 've leaked from every pore. The Steward comes, a man bereft of hope, And drearily he serves to each his dope. Upon the suffering Sec. then they inflict The horrid tale of that day's woes-depict The hooks, the cuts, the putts that should have sunk Until he wishes he were deaf or drunk. Outside the skies let down night's gloomy cowl To muffle all save that ill-omened fowl (Now mousing o'er the links) the dismal owl.

#### Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

- "Hundreds of women admirers mobbed Reggie Meen, former British heavyweight boxing champion, and his bride, Miss Wini-fred Ada Littlewood, when they left Oadby Parish Church, near Loicester, after their marriage to-day.
- The Rev. B. R. Cooper, who performed the ceremony, said, 'You are entering into a contest which is not going to last for just two minutes.'"—Liverpool Paper.
- "Take a tip from Gail Patrick, Paramount Pictures star, and serve waffles at an informal buffet supper. Everyone makes his own of comes. Everyone makes his own of come."—Singapore Paper.
- Now, then, make up your mind: what are they made of?



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

DETERMINATION NOT TO PRESERVE THE RURAL AMENITIES.

# Boycott.

THREE or four of Edith's friends had dropped in to tea and I had retired gloomily to the seat under the window.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe.

"About what?" asked Edith.

"About the new grocer's shop that's opening in the village," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe with satisfaction. "There's no doubt about it whatever because I had it from my maid who is walking out with Grabb the carpenter, and he's fitting up all the shelves and things. It's right at the end, past the post-office."

"I noticed that something was going on there," said the Vicar's wife, "and I guessed it was a new shop, but I never dreamed it would be a grocer's. Old Bloggs will be furious after having a monopoly all these years."

"Perhaps it will teach Bloggs to be a bit more efficient," said Mrs. Hogg. "He's the inefficientest——"

"There isn't such a word as 'inefficientest,' I broke in.

"That's only because the man who

wrote the dictionary didn't know Bloggs," said Mrs. Hogg crushingly. "And the man isn't civil either."

"He's terribly rude," said the Vicar's wife. "Only vesterday he used the most frightful language just because I said tinned peaches when I meant tinned pears and he had to move a few dozen things out of the window to get at his only tin of peaches before I remembered that the Vicar said last time we had peaches that he'd sooner have pears for a change. As if I were responsible for the Vicar's foibles."

"There's no doubt Bloggs deserves

"There's no doubt Bloggs deserves a proper lesson," said Edith, "and this new shop opening will be a good opportunity to give it him. I suggest that we form a Bloggs Boycott Society, everybody agreeing to deal at the new place until Bloggs mends his ways."

"I think that's a really good idea," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "We could send him a round robin detailing our complaints and telling him that we wouldn't spend a penny in his shop unless he acceded to our demands. For instance, he's always been frightfully disobliging about delivering things. Last Wednesday he got quite

sarcastic because I phoned down and said I wanted him to send the boy up with a couple of nutmegs. Said that the boy had just recovered from flu and he didn't know whether he'd have the strength, and would I mind if the boy made the journey twice to be on the safe side."

"And that boy of his has just done exactly as he liked," complained Edith. "I'm sure he had most of our fruit last year, and when I complained to Bloggs that apples and things were disappearing every time the boy delivered anything he said that it was probably the birds; and when I said that it was a queer sort of bird who could throw the cores through the bathroom-window and hit my husband when he was shaving, Bloggs just laughed."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

After they'd all gone Edith condescended to ask me my opinion of the Bloggs Boycott Society.

"I think it's a splendid idea," I said,
"except that Bloggs told me this
morning that he's closing up his old
shop and that the new one beyond the
post-office is his."



"I suppose what makes paintings so expensive is the cost of the colours, not to speak o' the bloke's time a-layin' of 'em on."

# Painting the Boat.

We are painting the boat. We are happy. We do not care if it snows. This is fortunate, for it feels like snow.

A criminal north-easter hisses along the foreshore and bites through my back. I am standing deep in mud and my sea-boots leak. My feet are falling off. It is the spring. It is going to hail. The tide is crowding in and soon I shall have to clamber aboard. No matter, for then I shall have an excuse to thaw the body before the stove. And if it snows I shall have an excuse to paint something in the cabin. We swore that this year we would paint only parts of her exterior, for the sake of respectability and to comfort all those good watermen on the tideway who remark politely that she could do with a coat of paint. For she is crumbling, the poor old boat, and this must be her last year of active life. Nevertheless, once one begins painting a boat it is tempting to continue, it is difficult to stop, it is impossible to stop. And so I do not care if it snows.

Meanwhile here I am defying the spring and slowly covering her long port flank with good white paint. It is a pitiful task, for at this close range, necessarily confronting every inch of the old lady, I can no longer ignore her imperfections, her horrid wounds. A longshoreman, passing behind me, says, not so politely as I should wish, "Take care you don't put the brush through her." "Too right," as the girls of Melbourne used to say. "Too painfully right." When I scrubbed this same port flank, making ready for the painting, I had to stay my strong hand here and there because great flakes of rotting timber were falling from her aged side, great cavities and craters were appearing, and I was afraid that suddenly I might find myself peeping through into the ladies' cabin. And now, true enough, I feel that if I paint too fiercely the brush may penetrate into the larder or the lavatory through some tender spot. But I will be gentle, I will thrust putty into the wounds and splash paint over the putty and hope for the best. Where is the putty? As I expected, the putty has fallen off the

bucket into the mud. Never mind—I am painting the boat. Let it hail.

Even her wounds, her tender spots, her large areas of flaking and crumbling and of simple non-existence seem noble and inspiring as a plug them with putty and try to conceal them with paint. For I can remember nearly all their histories. This nasty little place, now, that was Gravesend, Easter Monday, last year, when that incapable youth in a motor-boat brutally rammed her in mid-belly, putting me aboard. And very nearly sunk her, the silly adolescent, a few yards only from the pilots' pier. What agony, what rage, what a terrible dent in her side—and yet how polite we all were! But we brought her home from Gravesend through a hostile wind and had her side straightened and patched; and here she is, still afloat, with this honourable woundstripe through which the rain trickles slowly into the port lady's bunk. Never mind. A little putty and a lot of paint. It is her last year of life.

And here is the crack she had one summer night from a moored lighter

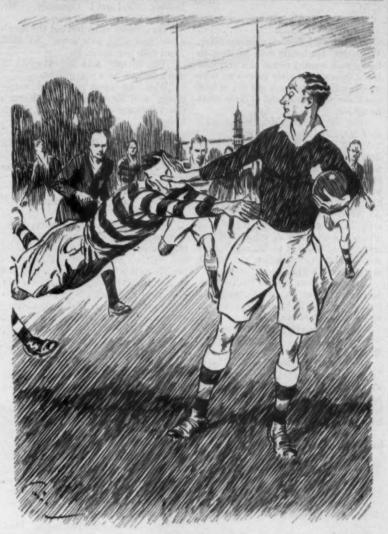
in the Chelsea Reach. Still nearer to sinking then. But that, I confess, was my own fault, for I was exchanging unintelligible abuse with the pilot of a collier, and in the thrill of altereation neglected my navigation. Never mind. Now, when we pass, the pilot and I wave hands and blow kisses. Let us paint the poor wound; it will never be

painted again.

And here is the place where she was biffed in the blackness of the tunnel at Blisworth, on the Grand Union Canal, travelling to Birmingham. It was 7 A.M., many years ago, and I had hayfever badly; and while I sneezed she met something. Ah, those were days! Never mind. There is white paint in my eyes and white paint in my hair; but her port flank, shattered or sound, is white and glorious again. Here comes the hail.

Outside it is still hailing, or maybe worse, for it is pitch dark within the vessel. But at least it is warm; and all the family are huddled together, like NOAH's brood, each with a paint-brush itching in the hand. It has hailed too long, for-I knew it would happenwe have begun painting the interior. I said we would NOT paint anything inside; everything was smart enough inside; she was doomed; it was a waste of paint and trouble andeverything is being painted now. It began simply enough with my upsetting a pot of blue on the floor; and to use up the blue paint on the floor I naturally painted the cupboard blue. It was then clear that the shelves would have to be done as well, for they looked dingy above the brilliant cupboard. family started on the shelves; and, since it was still hailing, I did the table and a chair. The family retaliated with the bed-posts and the coal-box and the tea-tin. Everything is blue now. It is impossible to stir without touching blue paint. One breathes blue. But I slipped away to what we call the engine-room and painted the fly-wheel of the engine green. And this, I think, is the most beautiful spectacle of all.

It has stopped hailing. The Arctic blast has abated. I creep out, feeling a little guilty about the cupboard and the fly-wheel, to admire the pure white port flank of the boat in the treacherous and anæmic sunshine of the spring. Alas! while our backs were turned, small boys have passed along the foreshore and merrily flung stones into the mud, so that the pure white flank is speekled with horrid black, not to mention the hail. Never mind. That can be remedied. We are painting the boat.



SHAKESPEARE ON RUGBY.

"WE LIVE NOT TO BE GRIPPED BY MEANER PERSONS."-Henry VIII., Act II., Scene 2.

And now there is all the finicky, topof-the-table work to be done, the little squiggly bits, where green trespasses into white, and blue drips horribly on to green. What anxiety, what toil and care! But how important! What do the Budget and the Polish Corridor matter? We are painting the boat.

For six days we have been painting the boat; and every day some new and unsuspected area appears, insistently demanding paint. We have not the heart to refuse, for this is the last time. She does not keep the rain out now; she will hardly keep the river out through another winter. She is doomed. And so we cannot say, "That can wait till next year." It is now or never. Nor will we say, "She is not worth it." She is worth anything. She shall die splendidly. For she was born in the great grim year 1914, and has seen many adventures and travelled to Birmingham of the one part and Gravesend of the other part. She shall have all the paint she asks, though we know it to be but a funeral garment. There is paint in my ears and in my hair. I have a fear that one morning I shall wake and find that the family have painted the anchor. Last night I dreamed that I had painted the carburettor. I smell of turpentine. There is paint in the bathroom and paint on the drawing-room chairs; and all the family have chilblains. Never mind. We have painted the boat. A. P. H.

#### Tact.

WE know all about tact in our office. When Mr. Harbottle told us that he had a man coming to see him and that if the man staved after twelve we were to use a little tact and get rid of him somehow we understood at once what he meant.

"Get rid of him, Mr. Harbottle?" said Mr. Chudleigh, blinking:

Yes," said Mr. Harbottle. don't mean that you're to march him out by the collar. Ring me up and give me a message. Tell me there's someone waiting to see me. Tell me my old aunt's died. Tell me anything," said Mr. Harbottle, seeing Mr. Chudleigh still blinking, "anything that will give me an excuse to get rid of the man. Only make it tactful. It's that man Walker. He's important, and I can't afford to offend him.

At twelve, then, Sidney took off the receiver. "There's someone down here to see you, Mr. Harbottle," he said in an expressionless monotone.

We were standing round listening. "What did he say, Sidney?" asked Mr. Chudleigh.

"He couldn't hear," said Sidney, "so he's shutting up the window." He waited. "Mr. Harbottle," he began again in a louder but still expressionless monotone, "there's someone down here to see you, Mr. Harbottle.'

"Well," said Mr. Chudleigh, "did he hear that?"

"He wants to know who the man is,

Mr. Chudleigh," said Sidney.
Mr. Chudleigh was obviously taken by surprise, but only for a moment. "Ah," he said, smiling. "He's entering into the spirit of the game. What shall we tell him?'

There was a silence. "Do you know." said Mr. Porter, "I can't think of a single name except my own.'

That's just how I feel," said Miss Elkington. "It wouldn't be any good telling him any of our names, would it? Because he might really think it was one of us, mightn't he?

"Matthews," said Mr. Porter. "Why should I think suddenly of Matthews?

"That was the man who came this morning," said Miss Elkington. "It wouldn't be any good saying him either, because Mr. Harbottle might think he'd come back, mightn't he?"

There was a prolonged splutter in the receiver. Mr. Chudleigh took it from "We haven't managed to Sidney. find his name out yet, Mr. Harbottle." he said. "We thought that before we asked him we'd give you a hint that he'd come. A hint," shouted Mr. Chudleigh. "What's that, Mr. Har-

bottle? Find out? Certainly." Mr. Chudleigh rang off.

'He says we're to find out the man's name and why he's here," he said, and ring him again."

"You know," said Mr. Porter, "I don't believe he's playing.'

"Well, we must think of something," said Mr. Chudleigh. "Where's the telephone - book ? What about Roberts?

"That's a good sensible name," said Mr. Porter. "What would a man called Roberts come here for?'

"To mend the window on the stairs," suggested Miss Elkington. "Hopeless," said Mr. Porter.

"Why?" said Miss Elkington. "It

wants mending.

"Yes, but," said Mr. Porter, "Mr. Harbottle wouldn't see a man who'd only come to mend a window, would he? That's rather clever of me. No, Mr. Roberts is the sort of man who has to see Mr. Harbottle. No one else will do. And he can't see Mr. Harbottle with people called Walker knocking around. Why not? Because he wants to take a photo of Mr. Harbottle sitting at his desk, leaning his right arm on his blotting-paper, with a fountainpen in his hand-

"And his chin pushed forward, and looking straight at the camera," said

Miss Elkington.

"Captains of Industry: Number One," said Mr. Porter. "Or: What Will You Be at Ninety-Five? Only he ought to have a moustache," Mr. Porter went on, picking up the receiver, "and there isn't really time to grow one. Still, we can buy one out of the petty cash. Hullo, Mr. Harbottle. About this man here. He's called Roberts, and he-

"Stop!" cried Mr. Chudleigh. "Porter, you can't go telling Mr. Harbottle that people want to take his photo, and suggesting that he should actually

"Now, look here," said Mr. Porter, hanging the receiver up, "you didn't think I was going to say that, did you? That was just my innocent fun. I was going to tell him something much more likely.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Chud-

I was going to tell him that this man Roberts had come to mend the window on the stairs," said Mr. Porter, taking the receiver off again. spluttered; very loudly this time. "Is that Mr. Harbottle?" he asked. "About this man, Mr. Harbottle."

'What man?" roared Mr. Harbottle. "This man called Roberts," said Mr. Porter.

There was a kind of rattle. Mr.

Porter's expression changed to one of blank despair.

"He thinks," he said, turning round and putting his hand over the mouthpiece-"he thinks I said his Uncle Robert. Hullo. Yes, Mr. Harbottle. He says," he went on, putting his hand back on the mouthpiece, "that his Uncle Robert's in Edinburgh. What do I do now, Mr. Chudleigh?

"You can't let him down in front of Mr. Walker," said Miss Elkington. "I know. Say he is in Edinburgh and he's waiting on the telephone. Say that's what you meant all the time.

Mr. Porter took his hand off the mouthpiece. "Hullo," he said. "Yes, that's right, Mr. Harbottle. Your Uncle Robert's rung you up from Edinburgh. Yes, I know. I was trying to break it to you gently, Mr. Harbottle, because I thought it would be such a surprise if you heard he'd rung up all the way from-

Mr. Chudleigh seized the receiver. "Hullo," he said. "Hullo. What's that?" A look of slow horror came over his face, and he turned round. "I believe he thinks I am his Uncle Robert," he said.

"Play up to him," said Mr. Porter happily. "Say 'How are you, my boy?" That's what uncles always say.

"I'm quite sure he doesn't really think you're his uncle, Mr. Chudleigh, said Miss Elkington. "He's bluffing. To take Mr. Walker in. So all you've got to say is, 'Your aunt's dead, my boy,' and he'll understand.

Mr. Chudleigh cleared his throat. "Hullo," he bleated desperately. "This is your Uncle Robert.'

"It's marvellous," said Mr. Porter to Miss Elkington. "Uncle Robert to the life.

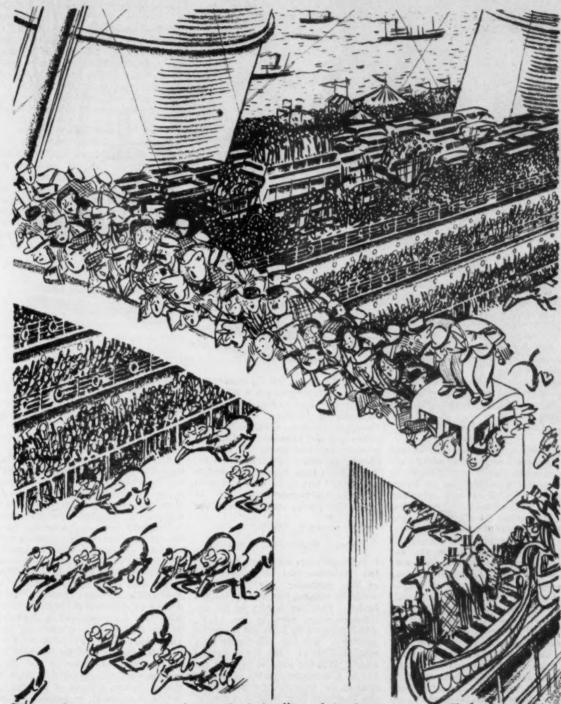
There was another rattle from the receiver. "What's that?" asked Mr. Chudleigh. "Yes, Mr. Harbottle?" He turned round, his hand in his agitation over the receiver.

"I don't think you heard him properly, Porter," he said. "He says his uncle died ten years ago, and he-Mr. Harbottle, that is-is very busy writing a letter, and he wants to know what we mean by disturbing him.'

Mr. Chudleigh took his hand off the receiver. It was still crackling as he hung it up.

"You know," said Miss Elkington, "I've got a sort of idea. Shall I go

up and look?"
"Yes," she said when she came down.
"That Mr. Walker must have gone some time ago. Mr. Harbottle was sitting there writing. He looks frightfully angry. So I just put my head in and looked round and came away. That's tact.'



The Derby threatens to clash with the first sailing of the "Queen Mary." To facilitate the broadcasting of both events, could they not be combined, by running the race on deck?



The I.L.P. Top Hat.

DESPITE a temporary lull in the brighter sorts of murder, editors are beginning to find it very difficult to arrange for enough space on front-After Italy and Abyssinia there came Germany and France, and then Japan and Russia, and then the Government was defeated. And finally, just as though things were not difficult enough already, Mr. McGovern appeared in the House of Commons in a top hat. Actually the whole thing was not as alarming as it sounds. Within a few hours a reassuring statement had been issued explaining that Mr. McGovern had only done it for a bet and the worst of the crisis had passed. But it has left its mark. For now somebody has sent the Independent Labour group a top hat, and a further statement has been issued to the effect that at a special meeting of the Party it was resolved to use the hat "for symbolical purposes only.

Now this, I feel, is tantalising. Had the hat been contemptuously flung into the river or given to one of the House servants, or returned, the gesture, though democratic, would have been rather dull and foreseen. Had it been merely kept and worn, the gesture, though involving a Class Betrayal, would have been human and understandable. But to be kept and used for symbolical purposes only. . . . It brings the queries surging hot to the lips.

#### (1) What is the hat going to symbolise?

For most of us the wearing of a top hat symbolises that we thought that at this particular "do" everybody would be wearing top hats, so we had better. This can hardly be its significance when worn by the I.L.P., which presumably lacks our bourgeois snobbery. The hat will clearly be a symbol of revolt. But revolt against what? Will the idea be to wear the hat as a sarcastic symbol of protest against the wearing of top hats by the Favoured Few or as a symbol of passionate demand for top hats all round? Personally I favour the wearing of the hat as sarcasm and irony, with the intention of bringing wearers of top hats into ridicule and contempt.

This, however, raises the fascinating question of—

#### (2) How is it going to be worn?

A hat can be worn comically, respectably, dramatically, colourfully and forcefully. But how does one wear a hat sarcastically or ironically? A Homburg, yes. Much can be done with a Homburg. I myself habitually wear a Homburg with an interesting mixture of cynicism, world-weariness and visionary idealism. It would be equally easy for the I.L.P. to wear a Homburg with the brim drawn down in a bitter sneer. But a top hat is essentially a rigid and inexpressive structure. Had it been an opera-hat it could of course have been worn balanced on the head in the folded state, symbolising the inevitable collapse of capitalism. Perhaps the idea is that before rising to put a Point of Order in the Hat, members of the Party will first perform the symbolical gesture of kicking it, sitting down on it, or bashing in the crown. After all, hats have always held a peculiar place in the rise of democracy. It was the presence of "so many shocking bad hats" which impressed the IRON DUKE in the first Reformed Parliament, and it was KEIR HARDIE'S cloth cap which symbolised the first appearance of Labour in our Legislature.

Keir Hardie's cap symbolised the beginning of the battle against the power of the top hat. What could be more subtle, more effective than for the I.L.P. to appear with a sample of the old enemy as an ill-kept, battered and ruffled pensioner, exhibited, like Samson, captive and powerless?

#### (3) Who is going to wear it?

It is difficult to believe that a hat has been found which can equally well be worn by, say, Mr. Maxton, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. McGovern. It is all very well to set out to symbolise Comedy, but if you are not very careful, doing it with a hat, the effect is going to be symbolical of Swollen Head in some and deplorably low Cranial Index in others.

# (4) How far is symbolism going to be carried?

If the principle of expressing one's views in clothes, and moreover expressing them sarcastically, once gains a footing one can quite well visualise the whole thing ending in a sort of complicated fancy-dress dance atmosphere. The I.L.P., its appetite whetted by the hat, will go out and buy itself a tailcoat, a white waistcoat, a gold watch, a carefully-rolled umbrella, a shootingstick and a monocle. We shall have Mr. Maxton intervening in a debate on the Naval Estimates in an admiral's full-dress uniform and cocked hat, worn with withering contempt, and Mr. McGovern shouting interruptions in a debate on education in a symbolical Other parties can Oxford accent. hardly fail, in self-defence, to follow suit. Mr. BALDWIN will sum up on the Means Test in a sardonically patched coat and ironically frayed trousers, and we shall read-

"Mr. Chamberlain, who was received with loud Government neckties, was subject throughout to a running fire of bitter Opposition trousers. Later, however, the House responded well to his good-humoured spats. Mr. Attlee, replying for the Opposition, commented on Mr. Chamberlain's speech in an ironical cummerbund. . . ."

There is even a faint possibility that if the thing were carried to its logical conclusion there would be no need to speak at all. Members would express their views purely in sarcastic sartorial symbols. There is, however, one thing which the I.L.P. should get clear. It may be desirable to have symbolical



"Whit are they takin' ma case the Avizandum for? Could they so juist leave it in Glesca?"

clothes; it may be effective; it may be excellent tactics, but I should hate them to think that it was new. For years we have had with us the frequent appearance of Mr. J. H. Thomas in dress-clothes. And beside the profound sociological symbolism of that, a mere top hat fades into insignificance.

"West Brownich Lose Ground."

Headline in Sunday Paper.

Another housing estate?



"Quiet garden square near Hyde Park. Real hot water. Bang on Tubes." Newspaper Advt.

To make the taps work?



Agent. "THERE YOU ARE, MADAM, A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE BEST EARLY BUNGALOW PERIOD."

# The Meteor Flag.

- THERE were rumours in the byways, there were rumours in the clubs,
- The spirits of the Stock Exchange were low,
- The national discomfort had extended to the pubs,
- And everybody's nerves were on the go; But for those that didn't like us 'twas the other way about, Their thumbs were at their noses and they spread their
- fingers out;
  For England's star was waning and her flag was up the spout,
  And they didn't give a solitary blow.
  - But the Government and Admiralty Board Felt a pressure that was not to be ignored,
  - And so wide the feeling grew
    That we started asking who
    The devil was the First Sea Lord.
- For our battleships were few and they were mostly out of date;
- Our submarines were not what they should be; The tale of our destroyers was distressing to relate:
- The tale of our destroyers was distressing to relative hadn't got a cruiser worth a d.;
- Our guns were ineffective and could just about compare, To our obvious discomfort, with our weakness in the air; And the personnel, though noble, was a prey to mal-de-mer, Which affected their efficiency at sea.
- But the Government were thinking, deeply thinking, all the while;
- Our Premier, with a strength he's never lacked, Was meditating greatly how to do the thing in style; The Admiralty Board was swift to act;

- With calmness, not with panic, they reflected, and agreed As a first outstanding measure that the really vital need Was to tinker at the uniform with energy and speed, Which is subtle but, when tumbled to, the fact.
- There are major innovations in the cap, I understand; The badge will be amended, and the peak;
- The gloves, we learn in future will be thrust on either
- hand (Toujours la guerre, and highly magnifique);
- For graver ceremonial the shoes will be of buck, Which I gather is imported, by a miracle of luck; And, with something for the boat-cloak and a lot of other
- truck,
  Oh, where's the man to libel us as weak?
- Go, tell our foes, if any, and our friends, if such exist (There may be some, for what they hope to get),
- Of all this great upheaval—I can give the merest gist—
  And let them know we're 'ware and waking yet;
  Be lifted up, you British, when the goodly truth you learn,
- For the new Dress Regulations ought to suit us to a turn, And the meteor flag of England still invincible shall burn On an Empire where the sun can never set.
  - And we all of us can bless with one accord The Government and Admiralty Board,
    - With acknowledgment, of course, For a Premier of resource,
  - And a bouquet for the First Sea Lord. Dum-Dum.



# EXPERT ADVICE.

SHADE OF ABD-UL-HAMID. "I DEFIED THE CIVILIZED WORLD AND DID MY BEST TO EXTERMINATE THE ARMENIANS—AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME."



"WE SO LOVED YOUR LECTURE, PROFESSOR, WE'RE ALL PLATO FANS NOW."

### The Demonstrator.

For some time Ballykealy has been watching with interest the efforts of Mr. Mooney to keep pace with the modern business methods of his younger rival at the opposite side of the street-a man who, having spent several years in America, brought home a strong belief in the importance of advertising stunts. So that in spite of himself the once placid Mr. Mooney has now to keep a wary eye upon the other establishment in the hope of going one better than Yankee Maher. But he admits that the strain is terrific, while brooding regretfully upon the less complicated days of the past-days of which he has said: "You could put a thing upon the long finger then, an' if so be you were late for a thing to-day sure you'd be in good time for it to-morra!

In spite of his superior knowledge of advertising the honours in this struggle for supremacy are not always with Yankee Maher. His lordly and unexpected offer of a free banana with each one that was purchased was successful while it lasted, in that it filled his shop temporarily with the other man's customers. Fortunately, according to his disapproving and untravelled wife, it did not last very long.

"We bet Mooneys wid the ban-ans at the time," she told a friend, "but thanks be to God we hadn't a whole lot of them, and what we had was gone a kind of disorganised. 'I'll give a ban-an for every one that's bought,' says Shaun, an' he was punctyal to his word while he had them. That's the worst of them," she added thoughtfully; "once they begin to repine at all they do go to terrible exthremes."

This temporary advantage was completely overwhelmed by Mr. Mooney's absent-minded "cut" of a halfpenny per pound in the price of a new consignment of sugar. This mistake was caused, it seems, by an inability to withdraw his thoughts even for a moment from the snapping of the rein that was guiding the horse of his choice to what he insists was certain victory. Thanks to the rush of customers that followed so closely on the heels of the broacher of that consignment, the sugar, like the bananas, soon came to an end and the halfpenny was reinstated. Whereupon those clients of Yankee Maher who had strayed to the other shop went back to him in the sure expectation of some new novelty. And they were not disappointed.

It was old Mrs. Dolan who first

It was old Mrs. Dolan who first spread through the little town the astounding story of the Demonstrator. Driven abroad at an early hour by the

discovery that her tea-caddy was empty, she had arrived at Maher's just in time to see a tall figure in white rise from behind a temporary counter near the door and busy itself with a small saucepan and a spirit-lamp. The spate of patter released by this action was interrupted by the terrified shrieks of the early customer, but undaunted the Demonstrator began again.

At every open door on her way home Mrs. Dolan added a little to her firsthand account. "He ruz up out of nowhere, white hat an' all," she said dramatically, "an' the starch actchilly cracklin' in him. 'No one can start the day right,' he says, 'widout a cup of hot Desecrated Soup. But whatever else you may do,' says he, 'don't make a cold-storage out of your stummick, saving your presence, for that's able to desthroy you. Take your choice,' says he, 'which soup you'll have. There's Mocked Turtle an' Tomata an' a lot more. I tell you what,' he says to me, 'I'll give you Mulligatonyasther on account of you bein' the first.' An' that's where we had the splashing match, for in he pops a little square into a cup of bilin' water an' med another great oration. 'I have the water in this hand,' he says, 'an' the Desecrated Soup in the other, an' the most important fayture of all is that the two of them must co-incide.' I had to



Guide. "CARAMBA! LOOK, SEÑOR! THOSE DEVILS OF GOATS HAVE EATEN OUR BRIDGE AGAIN."

dhrink it there on the minute an' nothin' to pay out only to listen to him, an' Yankee Maher standin' at aise wid the two feet like thriangles."

For nearly a week Ballykealy drank hot soup and listened to the dark warnings of the Demonstrator against the danger of chilly food. So strongly did he feel upon this subject that no one dared to tell him of Mr. Mooney's latest bid for supremacy—the installing in his shop of a refrigerator from the depths of which vanilla ices might be obtained by delighted patrons. "He'd go altogether besotted if he heard tell of it," they said protectingly of the stranger, and were glad when he spoke of a new job to which he would move in a day or so.

On the April morning of the refrigerator's first appearance as a working concern old Mrs. Dolan was again the earliest shopper. Through the open door she was in time once more to see a tall figure rise from behind it and, skilfully spreading a wafer with ice-cream, clap another on top, while he broke into unstinted praise of the sandwich as an article of diet. "There's only one way to start the day right," he said, "an' that is with a vanilla ice."

It was the Demonstrator. D. M. L.

# Mr. Silvertop and the Amethyst Ring.

"Being insured affects folk in two ways," Mr. Silvertop remarked, as his screwdriver bit steadily into the window-sash, "either it makes them so they can 'ardly be bothered to look for a mislaid 'andkerchief without plaguing their wretched company, or else it turns them so perishing conscientious they'll wear themselves to a shadow 'unting before they'll make a claim. Ever tell you about old Lady Bullfinch's ring?"

"Never," I said.

"She's a decent enough old buster, lives in a big 'ouse out Wimbledon way, and I've done all 'er odd jobs now for a long time. Well, one day about this month last year I drops in with a new 'ot-tap for the Gents' Cloak and to my 'orror I finds Cook and the other maids climbing about the 'ouse on all-fours.

"''Ere, 'arf-a-mo',' I ses, 'are you playing at bears or 'ave you all been converted to one of them Eastern religions?'

"'Not me,' ses Cook, 'I likes to be comfortable when I goes to church. 'Er ladyship's gone and lost 'er amethyst ring, and we're a-looking for it.' "At that moment out sweeps 'er ladyship from the drawing-room. 'Ah, Silvertop,' she ses, 'you've 'eard the sad news?' 'And very distressed to 'ear it, milady,' I answers. 'I 'opes it was insured?' 'Yes, fully,' she ses, 'but naturally I can't claim until I'm certain it's really lost.'

"I admit my 'eart sank a bit at that, knowing 'ow thorough she could be," Mr. Silvertop confessed.

"'I've a sort of sneaking feeling it may 'ave dropped down the crack be'ind the drawing-room mantelpiece,' she went on. 'I want you to prise it out and make sure for me.'

"Well, I did my best with 'er. I told 'er she was in with a sound company and there wasn't no need to go knocking the 'ouse about by way of precaution. But she would 'ave 'er will, and the long and short of it was I 'ad to pull the 'ole ruddy mantelpiece off to satisfy 'er. A day's job it was, and of course there wasn't no ring be'ind, only a few torn 'a'penny stamps and an invitation to a party what 'ad been over for three years. wasn't daunted. 'Never mind,' she ses, 'that's Possibility Number One ruled out.' And she pulls a bit of paper from 'er bag and crosses it off. 'Number Two is Squiggles.'

"''Ow d' you mean, Squiggles, milady?' I asks, knowing Squiggles to be the fattest Persian cat you ever clapped eyes on.

You know what a terror 'e is for chewing things,' she ses. 'Like as not 'e's swallowed the ring, so I'm going

to 'ave 'im X-rayed.'
"Believe it or not," Mr. Silvertop adjured me, "the next morning the poor old chauffeur 'ad to round the animal up and take it off in a basket

to the Vet's.

"While 'e's doing that we'll all make a thorough search of the garden. she ses. 'I don't see 'ow I can possibly 'ave dropped it out there, but we've got to make sure.' So out we goes, she and Cook and the three maids and I, and we combs the drive and the paths until I was so sick of looking at gravel I could 'ave screamed. Cook found a bent 'arf-crown, and Ellen the parlourmaid found a button, and I picked up some of the 'air-pins what kept falling out of 'er ladyship's 'ead with the stooping, but there wasn't a smell of a ring.

"When we'd finished John the chauffeur gets back with Squiggles and a letter from the Vet saying 'e's very sorry there's no trace whatever of any ring, but it may interest 'er ladyship to know the cat's got a large metal door-knob inside 'im, and also what 'e takes, from the shape of the nose, to be a small bust of Napoleon.

"As a matter of fact it didn't interest 'er a bit. But a funny sort of look comes into 'er eye. 'Corlumme!' I ses to myself, 'now for it. She's going to tell me to take the chimney-stacks down and 'ave a peep inside them.'

"Silvertop,' she ses, 'now that I come to think of it, I've got a terrible abit of playing with my rings while I'm 'aving my bath. Do you think-

'No, milady,' I breaks in quickly, for I've taken the liberty of examining the filter under the plug-'ole, and no ring could get through it.' It was a risk, for of course the filter would 'ave let through a 'ole shop-windowful of rings, but I knew that once the old lady was on the warpath she wouldn't think twice about 'aving every pipe in the 'ouse to pieces. And there are limits.

"Well, if that's so,' she ses, 'then I believe I know where the ring must be. It must 'ave rolled through one of the cracks in my bedroom-floor. Get the furniture out, and you start lifting the

boards, Silvertop.

"That was a nice party, that was. Every ruddy board ad to come up while she flashed a torch down the gap. By the end of the day I 'ad lumbago and 'er temper was getting very short, but she'd got to the end



"PUT THAT DOWN, YOU IDIOT, THAT'S A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT I BROUGHT

of 'er list, and at last I persuades 'er to send in 'er claim.

"The company didn't make no trouble. It told 'er jewellers straight away to make another ring same as the first, and one day about six weeks later it wrote and said it was 'appy to tell 'er that its Mr. Jenkins would be coming down to see 'er that morning with the new ring in 'is pocket.

As luck would 'ave it I was working on the bell-push outside the 'all-door as their Mr. Jenkins drove in. 'opped out of 'is car just beside me, a very superior young gent, and as 'e did so 'e stooped suddenly and picked something up, within a yard of my feet. Then 'e looks at me as if to say, 'Crumbs! what a pity you was all born

" 'Oo wants a nice amethyst ring? he asks. 'We've got one to spare.'

# The Dog's Day.

THERE are so many people who While friendly to the dog Are distant to the kangaroo And cold towards the frog.

### Spring-Cleaning Valhalla.

"LEIPZIG.-9.30. 'The Dust of the Gods' (Act III).

Radio Programme in Daily Paper.

"7.30: Subject, 'Purgatory.' Anthem, 'Come Let Us Return' (Goss)."—Church Announcement in Australian Paper.

You go ahead-we'll wait.

#### Father Does Himself Well.

"The bridegroom arrived at 4 p.m. accompanied by Mr. ——, as best man, and shortly after the bride arrived with her brother. She was led to the altar by her father supported by a bridesmaid."—Penang Paper.

### At the Play.

"KING LEAR" (OLD VIC).

VERY boldly and successfully the Old Vic have rounded off their season with King Lear. They knew their ground, for it is not two years since Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN first made his name in the West End with this exacting part. He has grown in stature since, and the authority which marks him is more marked to-day. Except for an obvious vigour of body and clear-cut decision of movement, his Lear is a quite astonishing transformation of a very young man into a senile and failing man of fourscore and upwards. Lear is majestic in decay and, alike in his great courtesy and sudden impatience, a true King.

It is part of Mr. Devlin's achievement that the other players are at their best when he is among them, and that he not only plays the part at a high level but, like a strong swimmer, keeps up the heads of many lesser players. He made the insults offered to the old King peculiarly indefensible, the loyalty of the Fool and Kent obvious and natural, and the King's madness a last crowning affliction, the ruin of a noble man.

Some critics have found the Fool

(Mr. Morland Graham) rather old to be called "boy" and to be so nestling, but this seemed to me to be a cunning stroke of good production, because nothing better illustrated the age of *Lear* than that his *Fool* should be aware of the passage of the years.

Miss CATHERINE LACEY was so successful in making Regan a natural shrew that it was hard to understand how Regan ever escaped even paternal detestation; and as Cordelia Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT did all that small part allows and showed transparent goodness of heart. By comparison Miss Dorice Ford-RED was less happily cast as Goneril. Her delightful talent belongs to later centuries than this and to richer parts. Goneril'shardness came with difficulty. and she never looked implacable, so that her sudden reversal of her agreement to allow Lear fifty retainers came with startling brutality from a figure which might stand rigid and displeased but never looked set in wickedness.

Mr. ALEC CLUNES as Edmund looked wicked enough, with a dash and go



THE WICKED, THOUGH NOT UGLY, SISTERS.

Regan . . . MISS CATHERINE LACEY. Goneril . . . MISS DORICE FORDRED.



THE BEGINNING OF LEAR'S NONSENSE.

King Lear . . . . MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN.
Cordelia . . . . . MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT.

which redeemed his villainies. He would be a good choice to play HAROLD if 1066 ever became the theme of a grave play. The old tradition that the good are somehow rather ineffective received too much support both from Mr. Christopher Casson, who brought out the old Earl of Gloucester's simple good-heartedness much more plainly than his courage and force, and from Mr. Douglas Mathews as Albany.

The impression was left in the final lines of the play that only Kent (Mr. ION SWINLEY) would really be equal to sustaining the gored state. Mr. SWINLEY'S performance of an attract. ive part was a little masterpiece. He showed a man assuming a character and enjoying it. Mr. GEOFFREY KEEN as Edgar had the most difficult of the minor rôles, with streams of nonsense that had to be glib and that sounded strange on the lips of a man whom it was not easy to credit with so much invention. The piling of his nonsense on top of the Fool's is a disfigurement of the play: they clashed instead of blending, and clash the worse the more ably the parts are played.

The scene where Gloucester has his eyes put out was played with a grim realism that only lacked blood or the semblance of blood; and in general the

verisimilitudes were completely sustained with a minimum of scene shifting. Only the soldiers were a little too gentle and footmanlike, and at times the pace at which the lines were said robbed them of their force. "Man must endure" was one passage thus lost. It is a standing temptation to Shakespearean actors to get carried away by their lines and to declaim them, and even to invent and fill in the lines if memory lags behind speech. With so experienced a company as this which played Lear these blemishes were few, and the curtain fell before a moved and grateful audience who knew they had seen a great play powerfully and memorably played.

"BABY AUSTIN" (STRAND).

This is as good an example as you could find of the sort of theatrical optimism which beats all the bands of understanding. If you were to go out

into the street blindfolded and ask the first man you knocked against to step inside for a minute and listen to a rough outline of this play, I am con-vinced his verdict would be that its chances for a successful run were small. If he happened to know anything about the stage (which would be unnecessary in order to make a sound common-sense judgment) he might add wistfully that where the theatre was concerned you never really knew, but that in this case he was pretty certain.

Yet the author of the play was Mr. B. C. HILLIAM ("FLOTSAM" of the

and the few developments which occur are concerned with the origin and disposal of an illegitimate infant abandoned on the doorstep. There is much shouting and bustle and misunderstanding, punctuated by such devices as the window-curtains falling athwart a number of the cast and the entry of a maidservant who has always to be told to lift her feet.

Even such a skilled comedian as Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS cannot raise many laughs when her activities are confined to the part of an ancient lady who only ceases inquiring where everyone is in order to complain that "THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

A month in the country sufficed to change the whole nature of Lord George Hell, and at this swift tempo three hours proves quite sufficient at His Majesty's Theatre for the story of The Happy Hypocrite's change. In fact there does not prove to be quite enough matter to Mr. Max BEERBOHM's fantasy to make a whole evening's play. What there is is excellent, but the décor, the generous and varied cast and the rather less generous provision of music do not quite cover up the gap that is



"'Hello!' cries the new-born baby,

Mrs. Oxley. . . . MISS MADEL CONSTANDUROS. Henry Northorpe . MR. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.

Roland Pugh-Jones . MR. MICHAEL SHEPLEY. Phoebe . . . . . . MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL.

Janie Northorpe . . . MISS MARY JEBROLD.
Amy Oxley-Dobbins . . MISS MARGARET MOFFAT.

B.B.C.), an experienced entertainer, its sponsor was Mr. B. A. MEYER, an old hand at management, and Mr. LESLIE HENSON staged it. Such a knowledgeable team might have been expected to realise the fatal limitations of the play long before they presented it to the public; but somehow it seems they didn't. Whatever the reason may be for the uncertainty of the judgment of theatrical experts, the case for trying out new plays on men-from-the-street at early rehearsals is strengthened every day.

A moorland guest-house, run by amateurs whose incompetence is intended to provide much of the humour, is the scene of this farcical comedy, nobody ever tells her anything. Not left by the absence of a robust central that there is ever very much to tell her. anyway.

In equally sad plight are such good performers as Miss MARY JERROLD, Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY, Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT, Mr. AUBREY MATHER and Mr. JACK LIVESEY, who all work heroically in their several ways to instil life into the story

The play is prefaced by Mr. EDWARD COOPER at the piano, who sings several witty songs in his breezy intimate manner. He has a marked flair for this kind of entertainment, and his imitation of Mr. COWARD singing in To-night at 8.30 is excellent parody.

plot.

Lord George Hell, in his unregenerate days, has a magnificently evil face and is as bad as bad can be, but, from accident or design, the dramatists secure sympathy for him by their picture of his Regency milieu. Perhaps fast life in the circle of the REGENT was as dull as it is here shown to be. Perhaps the witticisms were as lame and laboured and the boredom as evident as it is shown at Carlton House. The programme whets our appetite for rips and roysterers, but there was very little ripping and roystering. Even Garble's, though beautifully staged, only provided very simple

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Where's my parents, which may they be?' "-W. S. Gilbert.



"GRANDDAD, IF YOU PUT MORE PEP INTO IT WE'RE READY TO SHOOT."

entertainment. It was charming entertainment, but not what one imagines the rips and roysterers would have found very exciting, and the impression remained that they went to *Garble's* for the sake of going somewhere.

In such a world virtue had everything to be said for it, and after he has reformed, Lord George finds plenty to occupy him in the Kensington woods. The very high level of the scenes was fully maintained in the mask shop of Mr. Eneas and in rural Kensington, and the scenery did its full share in sustaining the peculiar atmosphere necessary to the play.

It was the gods Amor and Mercury who jarred. In most plays with gods or devils their appearances are carefully timed and yet more carefully limited. That is the true convention with fairy queens, but Amor and Mercury, tolerable enough in a drop-scene at the outset become bores when they insist on sharing the life of the town and then the life of the country. They made havoc of Mr. Eneas and his shop, which before their appearance was a quiet delightful place.

It is in the shop that we first see the wonderful mask which is to enable wicked Lord George Hell to learn to look like Ivon Novello, but it is in Kensington that nature brings about the inner transformation.

Jenny Mere (Miss VIVIEN LEIGH) can produce unsophisticated simplicity in any quantity required with an easy charm which allows no hint that she is playing a part. Miss Isabel Jeans as La Gambogi represents a type not special to The Happy Hypocrite but common to the main tradition of fiction. There are classic ways of being a wicked adventuress on the stage, and Miss Jeans sailed through her part giving just that right touch of gaiety which explained why Lord George had been so greatly attracted.

There are some good minor characters, notably Julius, who has been brought from the country to learn mask-making, who is played by Mr. Tony Halfpenny, and the delightful spy (Mr. Malcolm Russell), who walks about the woods disguised as a muffin-man. The play as a play would be strengthened if these and other little parts were brought out more strongly.

D. W.

# Another Puppy.

The last puppy described by me if anyone can describe a puppy—was a spaniel.

This one, with luck, is going to be a Dinmont. I say "with luck" because he runs a thousand risks, not least

from the heels of two Shetland ponies whom he delights in infuriating.

There were Dandie Dinmonts before Sir Walter Scott's Guy Mannering, but they were then called Border terriers.

This puppy, born in Bethnal Green and now let loose in the country, has a sense of escape which confers a double capacity for naughtiness.

He is far too fond of coal.

He is without fear and also without memory.

He never remembers that he was nearly kicked to death yesterday.

When he is in the room he does not allow you to dress. He snatches and pulls every garment away. He undoes shoe-laces.

He undoes shoe-laces not only in the morning but throughout the day.

He eats everything. First he investigates, then he worries, then he chews.

The first corrective switch that I cut for him, he ate.

He likes slippers best.

Of all the looks in the world there is none so defiant, so sly, so fraught with purpose, so ingratiatingly wicked, as his when he walks a few yards ahead with a slipper in his mouth and, glancing back, shows a little white corner of his eye.

His mouth is of course his one prehensile member. He can wag his tail, which every day grows longer, to indicate pleasure; he can use his paws for trotting and to scratch; but everything else is done with his mouth. He eats with it, carries with it, laughs with it. First the little black nose; then the mouth; and then the fun.

His eyes are very searching and very bright, and if they are looked at steadily for longer than he thinks right, he barks.

He barks also when a ball runs under a piece of furniture and he cannot follow it. But he barks most when the indiarubber cat's head squeaks.

erves as interruption and distraction.

When worn out with mischief he falls asleep with astounding sudden-

It is a pleasure when he is asleep.

Every now and then he suddenly begins to run furiously in circles, round and round the room. In dodging pursuit, this dog is as clever as a footballer with a soul.

Nothing is safe from him because, although so low, when he gets on his hind-legs he is tall, and elastic at that. Things that normally belong to the ground or to chairs now must be placed on high shelves. This, while tantalising, makes him laugh.

God help rats when he is fully grown!

It will be sad when he is Mr. Din-

Without this cat's head I should mont, and full length, and his ears are probably by now be insane; but it up, and his eyes are hidden behind wireentanglements. Puppies are best.

> He takes an odd interest in flowers. He goes from bed to bed examining daffodils and anemones and tulipleaves and giving them a friendly lick. Then he will bite a daffodil in two and pass to some other occupation.

> He cats all the old letters and envelopes that he can scrape out of the waste-paper-basket. Some day he will eat a cheque, and then I must carry him to the bank and write my signature on his stomach.

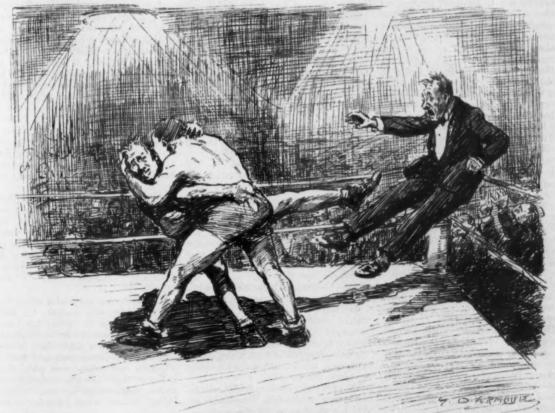
> The second corrective switch that I cut for him, he ate.

And the third.

He comes as near to putting his hands in his pockets as any dog can.

He little thinks he is a bread-winner.

E. V. L.



ALL-IN WRESTLING.

THIS SPORT WOULD APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT WRONGLY NAMED.

# My Voice.

THEY did not look the kind of people who would destroy my worldly happi-The girl had an attractive friendly smile as if she found life amusing; the man looked sympathetic, as if he were used to comforting the weary pilgrims in this vale of woe.

My voice for sixpence! Surely a record of my voice was worth sixpence. What pleasure it would give my aged parents! What a surprise when they found my voice on the breakfast-table! How they would rush to the gramophone, leaving their bacon and eggs to get cold while they sat with tears of joy in their eyes listening to the voice of their beloved daughter!

That was how I pictured it. I faced the microphone. What should I say? On these occasions I believe people send inspiring messages or become exquisitely humorous, but as the arrow moved to START all that I could remember was that I had left my best stockings at home on my last visit. I said so. And stockings led to shoes and scarves and gloves, and a reminder not to overfeed my dog. I pulled myself together. I was halfway through and I had said nothing humorous nor inspiring. I decided to make a joke.

I made the joke. Surely, surely that is the last joke I shall ever make. Its point was left out because I did not notice that the arrow was nearing STOP, but I am glad it has been preserved for it is certainly my last.

The sympathetic gentleman said kindly: "Now you can listen-in to your own voice."

I smirked. I had always rather fancied my voice. Pleasant, I fancied, interesting; perhaps not beautiful, not strictly beautiful, but the kind of voice any woman might be proud of.

I placed the phones to my ears. listened. I heard an Oxford accent. An Oxford accent! The kind of voice that is mimicked in every pantomime. The kind of voice you hear on the wireless. The kind of voice that makes my father say: "There should have been a bucket handy when that woman was

That was my voice. There was no mistaking it. There was the request for stockings and gloves from the lefthand drawer. Those were my words. Cockney, Billingsgate, Tyneside, Liverpool-ANYTHING rather than those refined noises at the back of the human

gentleman, for the charming girl was true worth.

looking a little amused-"er," I said again, hardly liking to open my mouth "do you think the machine is a little out of order?

"Let me hear," he replied kindly, picking up the phones. "No, Madam, that is a very good reproduction. Very good indeed.

I paid my sixpence. I took the bus in the wrong direction. I took the bus in the right direction. I got out of it. I sped down towards the Embankment. A woman asked me the way to Trafalgar Square.

I shook my head.

"Scusi, Signora, Espagnole, étrangère," I answered, doing my best to look cosmopolitan. Never, never would I speak an unnecessary word

I dropped my voice into the Thames. My aged parents would eat their eggs and bacon hot. I should have to write for my stockings. I went back to my room. I crawled upstairs, avoiding a friendly invitation to a cup of tea. In the passage I met Miss Smithers. Odious woman.

"You look tired, dear," said Miss Smithers, by which she means, "You look plain, and I'm very glad I saw

you looking plain.

"I am a little tired," I answered, for a glorious revenge was welling inside me; "I've just been making a record of my voice. My dear, it's wonderful. Only sixpence. I did it for my parents. You and your fiancé should both go and get one done."

"Well, that's an idea," said Miss

Smithers.

"It's a very good idea," I answered. And so it is, for if there is one person in London with a worse voice than Miss Smithers it is her fiancé.

Or so I should have said two hours ago. Now, alas! I know another.

### Father and Son.

I was standing on the up platform of our local station when I first saw them. And as I stopped to admire, it struck me that they were as near my ideal of the young Englishman and the English boy as any I had ever seen.

The father, about six feet in height. with a strong, clean-shaven, kindly face, light curly hair and a typical slim English figure, was standing by his son -a handsome well-set-up youngsterexplaining the advantages of owning the house one lives in.

There was a rapt expression on the boy's face as though, forgetting his throat. That was my voice. wild boyish dreams for the moment, "Er," I said to the sympathetic he were suddenly realising his father's

"I'm only a boy, Dad," he seemed to be saying, "but so clearly have you put the case that even I, despite my lack of experience, can appreciate the value of the lesson you have taught me this day.

Some little time clapsed before I saw them again. They were at the same spot on the up platform as when I had first noticed them. But how changed! I was shocked-almost incredulous! For in that short time a frightful deterioration had set in. A straggly dirty beard disfigured the man's face now, and a clumsy pipe hung weakly from the corner of his mouth, while his fair hair, instead of glistening in the morning sun, was half concealed by an obscene bowler many sizes too small for his head. The effect was depressing in the extreme.

As for the boy, he was gazing vacantly through a huge pair of spectacles—apparently fashioned from key-rings-at the billowing smoke that rose from the eigar between his teeth. His upper lip too was in urgent need of a shave. And the corners of his mouth curled upwards in a bestial leer.

I saw them frequently after this. And on each occasion the deterioration was more marked. The father acquired, amongst other things, a walrus moustache, an idiotic monocle, Dundreary whiskers, a feather in his bowler and a frightful cast in the left eye. His eyebrows too were arched in a manner that gave him an expression that was positively devilish.

The boy was even worse, both in appearance and manner. For with ears standing at right angles to his face and his fair cheeks marred by innumerable spots, he had fallen to treating his father's remarks with open con-

"You've sure spilt a bibful, Pop!" he was saying when I saw them last, together with such flippancies as "Put a sock in it, old un!" or "Ses you!" or "Yore telling me!" What time the father had taken to addressing his offspring variously as "Rat," "Worm,"
"Shrimp," "Louse" and "Cheesemite.

I spoke to our old porter about it.

"Ah!" he said darkly, "I know whose fault it is. It's them 'Igh School boys. Put a nice poster up there and along they comes with their blasted pencils and fountain-pens and drors in whiskers and pipes and puts them balloons out of the mouths and Young writes rude words in 'em. idjits! Course, when I ketches 'em at

And he walked away rubbing his horny hands in happy reflection.



Welfare Worker. "Would you like me to read to you, Mrs. Green?"

Mrs. Green. "Please yourself, Miss; it won't do me no 'abm."

# Metempsychosis; or, The Transmigration of Souls.

(With apologies to Tom Hoop.)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The last time I was born,
I had four feet, I had a tail,
I had a crumpled horn;
And what a placid life I led:
I never laughed or wept,
All day, head down, I munched

All day, head down, I munched the grass,

At night I simply slept.

I did not drink, I did not smoke Too many cigarettes.

Too many cigarettes, Nor gamble on the Stock Exchange,

I never ran up debts;

I never sat up much too late Holding the worst of cards,

I did not try to understand The works of modern bards. My thoughts were white and innocent,

As was my language too;

I never was provoked beyond A mild melodious moo.

In fact I was impeccable, And sorry am I now

To think I'm farther off from heaven Than when I was a cow. J. C. S.



"I ONLY WANTED TO MAKE MYSELF A XYLOPHONE."

#### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### A North-Country Childhood.

In reading personal revelations that involve other people one should, I feel, be able to hear both sides. for instance, did ALEXANDER the coppersmith think of ST. PAUL and Mr. Gosse, senior, of little EDMUND? What did her hard-working Lancashire mother, her conventional architect father, the heckling schoolmistresses of her Protestant school and the cooing Religious of her Catholic one think of Miss Dorothy Whipple, whose youthful autobiography unrolls itself with a curious mixture of candour and cattishness in The Other Day (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6)? The candour strikes me as more noticeable in the first half of the book, the heroine's earliest days in what at a shrewd guess is Blackburn being presented with a racy detachment absent from the second and more "motivated" section. Here she seems to become prejudiced against rather than critical of her world; and the prejudice strikes me as retrospective rather than recaptured. But she has retained throughout a touching sense of the child's sensitiveness and helplessness; and her pictures of the tragic ends of the calf with the white forehead and the scheme for making an income out of radishes have the right ROUSSEAU touch of rankling and unforgivable pathos.

#### American Pot-Pourri.

There is so much well-recorded history, so much soundly-meditated criticism in American Wonderland (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 18/-) that the disjointed records of Mr. SHANE

LESLIE'S four Transatlantic visits may well outlast more pretentious chronicles. He has performed the rare service of rendering the country attractive to the right people. He has perceived it, he says, with antennæ, not with fieldglasses; and the antennæ have intruded sensitively into some of the best picture-galleries and libraries in the world. You may regret that the Battle Abbey Charters, the Drummond Missal and the Ellesmere Chaucer are in Transatlantic cold storage; but it is something to know that the bereft compatriot can still see them. The records of the writer's American forebears too make excellent reading, as does the journal of the English uncle who got passes from LINCOLN and LEE during the War of Secession and thoroughly enjoyed himself in both camps. The present, however, rightly predominates: from the Colour question to ornithology, from sessions of the Supreme Court to tea with Father COUGHLIN. Gangsters, the insurance fiend and the banker who declared that nothing was lost save honour are only heard "OFF." A happy and a memorable book.

#### Parisian Atmospherics.

M. Jules Bertaut's Paris, 1870–1935 (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12/6), very well translated by Miss R. Millar and edited by Mr. John Bell, is, as he says, an attempt to recapture the atmosphere of that city during the past fifty-five years. To do this he has had to take everything into account, however seemingly momentous or trivial. For that is the nature of "atmosphere." It is like the flavour of a well-prepared dish; you can never be sure which ingredient is the most important, but you can be quite sure that none can be left out. Thus we have glimpses of Thiers and Clémenceau, Zola and Boni de

CASTELLANE, La Fille de Madame Angot and Cubism, the Panama and the DREYFUS affaires, the building of the Gare St. Lazare and of the Eiffel Tower, the Entente Cordiale, and the introduction of the bicycle, five-o'clock tea and the cocktail. All these ingredients and very many more have been mixed, and it has been so well done that one feels that almost everything, epoch-making or ephemeral, has happened in Paris at some time or another, that they are all worth just the amount of space that M. BERTAUT gives them, and that he has omitted nothing that really matters. I happened to be there when LEON-ARDO'S "La Gioconda" was stolen. It seemed almost like the end of that part of the world. But M. BERTAUT doesn't mention it.

#### "Ex Africa."

This book's about a land more old
Than erst METHUSELAH,
Thereof an odyssey is told
In High Street, Africa.
We're told how fare, through thick
and thin,
Matron and maid and man

Matron and maid and man From Cape to Kilindini in A Ford delivery-van.

Henry Birch Reynardson relates
This most delightful tale;
Saltpetre here no noise creates,
But big game never fail;
The light guitar on outspans lone
Now holds our camp beguiled,
And now we feast with those who
own
Some palace in the wild.

This BLACKWOOD issue is, I'd say,
Most charmingly expressed;
I'd venture it since many a day
Of "travel" books the best;
Its atmosphere is lovable,
Its atmosphere is all
Things that are bright and beautiful
And creatures great and small.

### A Century of Russian Music.

Much has been written of late years about Russian music and musicians, but there is a great deal of new matter

—drawn largely from Russian sources—in these studies of Masters of Russian Music (Duckworth, 18/-), by M. D. Calvocorssi and Gerald Abraham. Living composers are excluded, with the exception of Glazunof, who died since the book was in the press, and the chapter on him is the least satisfactory of all, since it gives no account of his sufferings during the War. As for the rest, from Glinka to Scriabin, though differing widely in achievement and talent, they were, with hardly an exception, short-lived, unhappy, desperately temperamental and martyrs to ill-health. The amount of space devoted to their ailments and physical disabilities is perhaps inevitable and quite in keeping with a certain school of musical criticism, but does not tend to exhilarate the plain person. Several of



LUXURY DE LUXE.

"I read in a newspaper that the crow's-nest of the Queen Mass is electrically 'eated."

"WOT IT'S COMIN' TO IS THAT THEY WON'T EVEN PASS AN ICEBERG UNLESS IT'S BIN 'OTTED UP WITH OILSTOVES."

them are fully entitled to the title of masters, but they were not masters of themselves. The industry of the authors is undeniable, and they show remarkable candour in their criticisms. The book is void of hero-worship; it is undeniably interesting, but as a revelation of the pains and pathological penalties of genius it forms a powerful testimony to the value of what President HARDING described as "normalcy."

#### Here, There and Back Again.

Travellers' tales (especially from American sources) are usually taken with plenty of salt, but Mr. RICHARD HALLIBURTON, in his Seven League Boots (GEOFFREY BLES, 16/-), rings true (although I could not accept, word for word,

ANTI-AMUSEMENT

LEADUE

the confession of Ermakov, who helped to murder the CZAR and his family). But the book is most entertaining and shows the author to be a persistent "go-getter." He really crossed the Alps on an elephant, following HANNIBAL'S route by the St. Bernard Pass, and got as close to the Kaaba at Mecca as eight miles without knowing a word of Arabic or a single Moslem prayer. When stopped he did not waste time in repining; he just telephoned a request and induced IBN SAUD to come and meet him and give him an interview-good optimism and a long chance. I think I like best his impartial chapters on the internal conditions in Russia. He criticises freely yet sees certain good things in the U.S.S.R. régime and sees light coming through the darkness in twenty-five years' time. I think it was rash of him to marry and divorce his stout interpreter all in two minutes just to test the procedure: supposing she had jibbed at the second ceremony? It is a pity she didn't.

We should have had another chapter to make us smile.

#### Nautical "Fixes."

The various "fixes" or, in shore-going parlance, mile-stones on the road of life called to mind by Captain LIONEL Dawson, R.N., in his slice of autobiography entitled Gone for a Sailor (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-), cover a period of fourteen years between the day when the author "first put his uniform on" and the fateful first week of August, 1914. His reminiscences range from the tragic to the farcical, from sea routine to shore diversions, equestrian and otherwise, and his pages abound with amusing anecdotes and pen-portraits of old Navy types such as still

existed in fair numbers in the Fleet of pre-War days. The years of Captain Dawson's service as midshipman and sublicutenant were those of the final transition from the ideals of "spit and polish" and the school of "stick and string," and his book, apart from its more superficial qualities of readability, provides an interesting study from the point of view of a keen and on the whole an open-minded observer of that phase of Naval development. This particular period is one which so far has been little written about. It was one during which the Silent Service was rather exceptionally true to its nickname, and Captain Dawson's plain and unvarnished account of the lives lived in gunroom and wardroom by the generation which was so soon to provide the Admirals and Captains of the Great War has therefore an historical value of its own.

#### North and South.

It is impossible to read Our Two Englands (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6) without a quickening of sympathy for those who want work and cannot get it. "Science," Mr. J. L. Hodson says in his Epilogue, "has marched. Men are broken on the machine," and he goes on to draw a tragic picture of the many towns and districts where the struggle

for mere existence continues day by day. Incontrovertibly true is his statement that there is one England of the north and another of the south, and for relief from the grim conditions so prevalent in the former he takes us to the prosperity of the south. But wherever Mr. Hodden's travels take him he is always a humane and humorous observer of life, and to accompany him is both instructive and entertaining. Surely the time will soon come when no book as important as this will be sent out into the world without an index.

### "Sportin' Lectors."

As Number Fourteen of The Sportsman's Library Mr. WILLIAM FAWCETT now gives us Fox-Hunting (PHILIP ALLAN, 5/-). This is a compact and useful publication both for the novice and the veteran and is written with the knowledge and experience of both a follower and an M.F.H.

I think I enjoyed best the chapters on Stable and Saddle-room and Hunting on Foot. In the section on Hunting Kit. however, the author makes the sweeping statement that "it is no use wearing a scarlet coat unless one is the member of a Hunt. . . . To come out with a plain gilt button is the height of bad taste." But some can only hunt infrequently and pay a cap. A pink coat is a compliment to the Master and pack. Again, broken knees should not be treated with cold water only; fresh creamy milk (even when the wounds are of largearea) makes the hair growagain. Mr. FAWCETT has great hopes of Pony Clubs and the young generation keeping foxhunting alive. I agree

"Any fool can see that."

"Well, I can't."

"Well, Nearly any fool."

that it all rests with the children and with their instructors to maintain enthusiasm; but I fear that the growth of building and the electrification of the railways will prevent these keen young ones coming out hunting with grey hair.

#### Points of View.

Colonel R. J. Blackham, "greatly daring," has embarked upon an extensive task in Woman: In Honour and Dishonour (Sampson Low, 12/6), and the amount of information he contrives to give in his two-hundred-and-seventy-six pages is little short of amazing. It is, however, beyond the wit of man to deal adequately in a short chapter ("The Pen and the Press") with women's work in the world of literature; and I wish that the account of Women Masqueraders had been omitted and the space given to those who were more important and less freakish. But for the rest Colonel Blackham has fully carried out his expressed intention of preventing his book from becoming stodgy. Temptations to quote from this volume beset me, but, resisting them, I will be content to say that the author has in the main done justice to his subject, and that the illustrations are in harmony with the text.



#### THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

ENTHUSIASM FOR GARDENING.

### The Gardeners' Calendar.



HEN January comes be sure To spread your garden with

manure.

In February, wild or tame, Do not omit to do the same.

When March brings out the first green shoots Dig it well in among the roots;

And through the sweet days of April Repeat the process with a will:

Nor let May find you taking rest, But ply your barrow with a zest.

In June the soil grows dry and rough, So mulch it well with liquid stuff, And carry on throughout July With the same succulent supply.

In August, while the skies still burn, Let artificials take their turn;

But with the first September rain Back to the farmyard once again.

October brings an autumn blessing On him who lays a good top-dressing,

And through November's fog and mists In rich replenishing persists.

Then let the last load crown the year Before December's frosts appear.

If after this you fail, you'll know, Sir, That you must stick to the greengrocer.

H. C. B.

#### Charivaria.

A GERMAN scientist calculates that if all the clouds could be rolled into one they would weigh six hundred million pounds. This would of course include the silver linings.

Somebody has computed that if everybody in the world was six feet high and a foot-and-a-half wide the whole human race could be packed into a square box measuring half-a-mile in each direction. It would be interesting to

have this stated in terms of Underground trains.

"I do not know what to make of some modern novelists," writes a critic. It might be a good idea to try to make novelists of them.

"What can one do when sparrows build their nests in one's pipes and completely block them?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. One can smoke cigar-

\* \* \*

ettes.

A Chinese soldier has been charged with robbing a superior officer. It would appear that he was found with a field-marshal's wallet in his knapsack.

\* \* \*

One of the Burlington House carpenters, who for years has submitted paintings of his own to the Acad-

emy without success, declares that he will never try again. There would be little surprise in Art circles if he were to resign.

"Why not extend the oyster season for another three or four weeks?" asks an hotel manager. And call the next month "Mary"?

"By lying in bed too long," says a doctor, "you will catch things." But not the 8.59.

\* \* \*

An explorer in Tibet has failed to find a mountain higher than Everest, but intends to search again. Meanwhile Everest is considered high enough to be going on with.

A recent eruption in the bed of a New Zealand lake threw up hundreds of columns of steam and mud. It must have been almost like a book of memoirs.

\* \* \*

The latest invention is an electric toothbrush. It works in conjunction with toothpaste, which it meets by appointment outside the tube.

An Australian woman golfer returned a score of 75 while wearing a bathing-costume. She couldn't have gone round in much less.

\* \* \*

"British trains go all over the world," says a trade paper item. Especially when you want to get somewhere in a hurry.

\* \* \*

"What is the best thing to do when one has a troublesome cough?" asks a sufferer. Many people seem to think it a good plan to go to the theatre.

\* \* \*

A sailor was imprisoned for stealing a pair of scales. His defence that he did it in order to weigh the anchor was dismissed.

\* \* \*

"What does it cost to go to Oxford?" asks a correspondent. They will tell you that at Paddington.

\* \* \*

A Surrey poultry farm has been turned into a

racing stable. This has explained the mysterious phrase about cutting the cackle and coming to the horses.

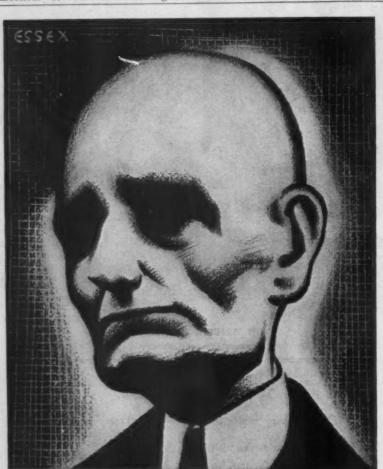
\* \* \*

"Where is Britain's best baby to be found?" asks a writer. In any home where there's a baby.

"This week-end I am down at Walton Heath, where Sir Emsley Carr has installed a chromium-plated cocktail bar at the golf club and introduced all kinds of up-to-date furniture and atmosphere. He has also reduced the charge for luncheon to a mere half-crown. This deserves to meet with success, particularly if they get the greens back to the high standard of two years ago."

Sunday Paper Gossip.

Cabbage was cabbage in those days.



COUNSEL FOR GAS (BARON ALOISI).



# SOUTHWARD HO!

"AFTER DIFFICULT NAVIGATION, WE ARE IN VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. WE WILL REACH IT WITH SAILS SPREAD. WE SHALL CARRY WITH US, AS ALWAYS, THE FORCE, THE JUSTICE AND THE CIVILISATION OF ROME."—Signor Mussolini.

### Monsieur Paul Narrates.

#### XI.-The Rivals.

"SINCE love," said Monsieur Paul, "has such power over mankind that your Monsieur BARTLETT has required some four columns of his index to record its influence on the poets alone, it is not to be wondered at if it should deeply affect two musicians called Livese and Pierre.

Ulysse and Pierre.

"These two were the First Violin and the First Trombone in an orchestra, and the object of their affections was the pretty girl who played the harp. As the girl, whose name was Juliette, appeared to favour both her suitors equally, each of them naturally sought for a means of gaining an advantage over the other, and to this end Ulysse

arranged SCHUBERT'S 'Serenade' as a duet for the violin and harp, which gave him the opportunity of rehearsing it in intimate privacy with Juliette and eventually of performing it with her with great applause.

applause.
"This proceeding, however, was regarded with great despondency by Pierre, who at once realised that the music of love, although ideally suited to the violin, would lose much of its charm if blared through an instrument more adapted to 'The Ride of the Valkyrie.' Having ascertained that even such comparatively robust

compositions as 'The Bedouin Love Song' and 'I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby' failed, as expressed upon the trombone, to produce any romantic effect, the unfortunate man decided to explain his disadvantage to Juliette herself.

"'Do not think,' he said to her, after congratulating her gloomily upon the success of her duet with Ulysse, 'that my failure to make a like offer arises from any lack of ardour. But you will realise how I am placed. No man would be likely to win a girl's favour by expressing his love for her through a megaphone, and the trombone unfortunately cannot be induced either to warble or to yearn.'

either to warble or to yearn.'
"'My dear Pierre,' replied Juliette,
'your situation is indeed pitiable and
one must admit that the trombone is
a gross instrument quite unsuited to
the tenderer emotions. But if you love
me why do you not learn the violin?

There is a grace about the violin, a tendresse which wrings the heart.'

"'But,' objected Pierre, 'to learn the violin is excessively difficult. It would take time.'

"Juliette shrugged her pretty shoulders. 'Enfin,' she said with a sigh, 'if my love means so little to you that you shrink from a violin——'

"'You are unjust!' cried Pierre hastily. 'You know very well that for love of you I would not shrink from the Trumpet of Doom itself. It was only the delay which worried me. But have no fear. I will learn the violin.'

"Ulysse meanwhile arranged the love-song from 'Samson et Dalila' as a second duet, and when he had played it with all the fervour at his command he suddenly cast aside his bow.

"'Juliette,' he cried, sweeping the

"THIS REMINDS ME, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT A VERY SIMILAR EXPERIENCE I HAD IN LOWER POGOLAND ?"

hair from his brow, 'I have been silent long enough. From the ecstasy of my playing my passion must be sufficiently apparent. Be mine!'
"'Tiens!' replied Juliette, meticu-

"Tiens!' replied Juliette, meticulously striking the final chord, 'how abruptly you express yourself! You should realise, mon ami, that this accompaniment is far too complicated to have afforded me leisure to take note of any ecstasy you may have been evincing. And in any case I do not like the violin. It is effeminate.'

"Ulysse was thunderstruck.

"'But this is abominable!' he cried desperately. 'These are words to destroy one's faith in human nature!' He smote his brow. 'It is Pierre,' he shouted, 'who has seduced you with his trombone.'

"'Ah, the trombone!' said Juliette with the sigh of a Desdemona. 'There is indeed a virility about the trombone. While the violin bleats of love the

trombone calls heroically to battle.
Why do not you learn the trombone?'
"'Immediately' shouted Ulyson

"'Immediately,' shouted Ulysse with a dramatic gesture, 'it shall be done!' He rushed from the room.

"Ulysse and Pierre devoted themselves ardently to the study of their new instruments, but, as Pierre was temperamentally unsuited to the violin as much as Ulysse was antipathetic to the trombone, their progress was slow. But at length Pierre, hearing one day a mournful sound coming from a room in which the orchestra were accustomed to rehearse and supposing that the Second Trombone was having difficulty with a new part, opened the door to investigate and found Ulysse practising.

"'What is this?' said Pierre, staring at Ulysse in astonishment. 'Do you

attempt the trombone?'
"'In truth,' replied
Ulysse with an uneasy

casualness, 'I am learning it for a relaxation.'
"This is strange, 'said
Pierre suspiciously 'for

Pierre suspiciously, 'for the very same idea has prompted me to learn the violin.'

"They stared at each other with mistrust.

"'Enfin,' said Ulysse at last with a shrug, 'it is perhaps better to be frank. Doubtless you are in reality attempting the violin for the same reason that I am mastering the trombone. But I warn you, my friend, that you are wasting your time. Juliette, as I have good reason to

know, does not like the violin.'
"'On the contrary,' said Pierre
warmly, 'it is you that waste your
time. Juliette detests the trombone,
and it is at her behest that I am
breaking my heart over the violin.'

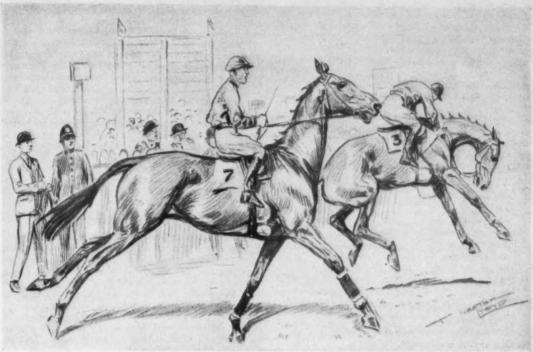
"'You are mad!' cried Ulysse.
'With my own ears I heard her disparage the violin as unmanly. Why else should I degrade myself by blowing this trombone?'

"They regarded each other for a time in silence.

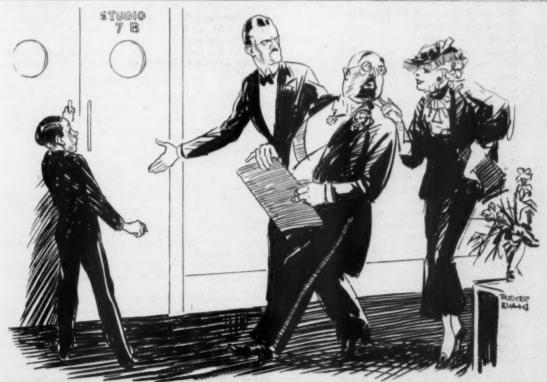
"'It would appear,' said Pierre at last in a thoughtful tone, 'that we have been deceived.'

"'One would say,' agreed Ulysse reflectively, 'that we have been mocked.'

"'But what does it matter,' said Juliette reasonably when this was suggested to her, 'seeing that the man to whom I am affianced is a stockbroker?"



"Put yer smer on 'im! A strait-jacket 's what 'e wants."



"Say, Mr. Ambassador, don't be too depressing with your 'European Crisis,' 'cos I follow you with 'We're All Going on the Ricketty Racketty Razele.'"

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# My Second Cousin Gilbert.

My second cousin Gilbert, A grocer bold was he, And dealt in sugar, And jams (In rich, in sharply-flavoured jams), And tongues And China tea, In candied peel, In rice, In hams (In succulent and noble hams) And ginger fiery. (Root-ginger, stem- and also ground-My second cousin sold, Conveyed from half the world away.) And many a spicy hold Brought chutney and dried apricots Out of the seven seas To stand by homely English goods Like butter, eggs and cheese. Reflect: those currants Came from Greece; These golden-crusted dates Were ripened in Arabia And jogged in clumsy crates By camel-caravan to lie On Cousin Gilbert's counter-Why (the thought is poetry Romance! The stuff the B.B.C. Delights to put across!) They came perhaps from Samarkand! How bitter is my loss; Oh, how I envy Cousin G. Amidst the marmalade! Why was I not apprenticed to His fascinating trade? You picture him (As WELLS would say) As slowly he allots Tea to its proper Canister And thinking, "Injia . . . " (dots). A bland, a bouncing little man, But dreamy, but jocose. . . .

Poor Gilbert! And he hates the job, He doesn't want to groce.

# The Bogchester Chronicles.

A Day with the Archæologists.

"Meadows, lay out our stoutest boots this morning, for we have many carucates of land to cover. The Bogchester Archæological Society is investigating the Roman drain in Cæsar's Meadow and many important discoveries are likely to be made. Is the chariot at the door? Ah! I see it is. Give me my toga and I will be off. On to Cæsar's Meadow, Henry, for the eleventh hour is already past." Indeed when I reach the scene of operations I find that

Indeed when I reach the scene of operations I find that most of the members have arrived before me. Mrs. Gloop has already excavated a large piece of pot with the point of her umbrella and the Vicar is showing great interest in a formation of clay from the plasticene period. Sir George Gorge, who has also arrived, tells me that Professor Quagmire from Clumphampton University has promised to pay us a visit later in the day.

#### THE WORK BEGINS.

For the present most of our energies are directed to digging down through solid clay to the Roman drain or ditch that runs across the field. It is hard going and we soon begin to feel the effects of our labours. The actual manual work of course is being done by a party of workmen from Bogchester, but on us falls the equally arduous and more responsible task of watching them dig.

Spurred on by Sir George's offer of half-a-crown for any Roman relic uncovered, they are working with great determination and rapid strides are being made. But we are now joined by a member of a less desirable sort. Captain Featherstonehaugh wanders on to the scene, to the annoyance of those of us who are aware of his great archæological ignorance and patronising ways. Fortunately, owing to the fact that he has not paid his subscription for the last two years, his opinions carry very little weight.

"Enjoying yourselves, what?" he asks in a condescending manner as he seats himself on a bank in the sunshine.

#### AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

At this moment one of the workmen in the ditch beneath the Captain digs up a fine specimen of pottery. I bound forward in an attempt to forestall the Captain, who is reaching out with idle curiosity to pick the relic up. A short argument now breaks out.

"All right; let go. I've got it."
"Will you leave go of this specimen?"
"And will you please stop pulling?"
"Kindly drop this Roman remain."

As might have been expected this important fragment is broken in two during the discussion, and the workman now adds his voice to the tumult by demanding half-a-crown for each piece. Sir George hurries forward with an offer to take charge of the discovery himself, and the argument breaks out again.

It is interrupted by the workman, who has now resumed his digging. "Here you are, gents," he cries, "plenty for

We cluster round the ditch to find that he has unearthed three more fragments of what appears to be the same vessel. Sir George satisfies him by handing over ten shillings for the complete find, and we assemble to fit together the pieces of this important discovery.

#### WE ARE NOT SATISFIED.

The vessel, now almost complete, appears to me to be a particularly fine specimen of Samian ware. But, examining the surface through his magnifying-glass, the Vicar

notices the significant and extremely interesting fact that a Chinese inscription is stamped on the base. It is, it seems, to be left to the Bogchester Archæological Society to provide conclusive proof that Roman Britain had trade with China.

At this juncture Captain Featherstonehaugh, who has suddenly lost all interest in the proceedings, shoulders his way into the gathering. "If you ask my opinion," he says, "I should say it is an extremely fine specimen of a twentieth-century ginger-jar from the Corporation rubbish-tip over there."

This ridiculous suggestion would probably have been ignored altogether had I not noticed, glancing swiftly round, that the workman responsible for the discovery had drawn yet another fragment from his pocket and was dropping it into a hole he had dug. In view of this we reluctantly feel it advisable to include the vessel among the large number of objects in our collection which are labelled "Authenticity Doubtful." And at the same time we decide that an even stricter watch must be kept on the workmen employed.

#### A PAUSE IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

For the moment this proves to be unnecessary, as just then the foreman announces that they are all going home to their dinners. "Ah!" says Sir George, "a capital suggestion. We will all disperse now, and let us see if we can do even better this afternoon."

"But what about Professor Quagmire?" cries a voice

from the background.

It is true. Should the Professor arrive to view our work while we are all away at lunch he will get a very wrong impression of the diligence of the Bogchester Archæological Society. And as Sir George and I are the only members capable of explaining the situation to so great an authority it is decided that I shall stay behind and shall be relieved later by Sir George.

For a time after the others have departed I am content to remain seated on the bank speculating on the tide of history which has flowed in the distant past through the drain at my feet. But after a while I feel the urge to play a more active part, and, taking one of the spades from the bank, I climb carefully down into the deep trench dug during the morning.

#### THERE IS A DISASTER.

It is my intention to scoop out a tunnel at right-angles to the trench in the hope of striking the ancient Roman rubbish-tip expected to exist here. You may be sure that I set to with a will. In the space of half-an-hour I have advanced several feet and am entirely surrounded by the soil I have removed.

And suddenly, without the slightest warning, the disaster occurs. The tunnel caves in and then the walls of the trench itself collapse all round me and I am imprisoned from the neck downwards in soil, incapable of moving hand or foot. Mercifully I am unhurt, and I settle down to await with what patience I can the return of the workmen.

#### PROFESSOR QUAGMIRE ARRIVES.

Many minutes elapse, and then in the distance I hear the sound of voices. I am about to call loudly for help when a sudden thought strikes me. What if this should be Professor Quagmire? How am I to explain my position to him? Above all, what will he think of the abilities of the Society if he finds but one member to greet him, and that one imprisoned in a trench of his own making? I decide to suffer in silence, and hope for unostentatious release on the return of Sir George.

And it is indeed the Professor. Though unable to turn my head in his direction, I recognise his measured tones behind me. And dissatisfied though I already am with the situation, I am still further dissatisfied when I realise that Captain Featherstonehaugh has somehow managed to encounter the Professor and is now taking him round the workings.

"Yes," he is saying in patronising tones, "I think I am the only member who can claim to be a serious archæologist. As you see, the other members have already got tired of it and have gone home. But of course from our point of view

they are much better out of the way.'

#### DESPICABLE DECEPTION.

There follow further questions from Professor Quagmire, and I grind my teeth with rage as I listen to the Captain's condescending and totally inaccurate replies. But there is a sudden pause in the conversation.

"Ah!" says the Captain, with a new note in his voice.
"There is just one interesting discovery which we have made this morning. We have not completely uncovered it yet, but it looks very much like a life-sized figure of a

satur.

"Most interesting," says the voice of Professor Quagmire behind me. "I have not got my glasses with me, but I have

no doubt that you are right.'

The next instant I feel the point of his umbrella prodding me in the nape of the neck. "I am afraid it has deteriorated a lot in the ground," he remarks mildly. "It's all soft."

"Yes," says the Captain, "and you will notice that the features are very rough and unfinished, which suggests that art at this period in Roman Britain had reached a very low

level. My own theory . . .'

Their voices trail away into the distance, while I am left seething with rage, not only on account of the injury to my own feelings but at the thought of the despicable deception which has been practised on our distinguished visitor. Shortly afterwards Sir George arrives, accompanied by a party of workmen, and I am released from my unfortunate imprisonment. As I had expected, Sir George takes a serious view of the Captain's high-handed actions, and we debate whether he shall be asked to resign from the Society.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

The next day a long article by Professor Quagnire appears in *The Clumphampton Mercury* describing the great discoveries that have been made at Cæsar's Meadow by the Bogchester Archæological Society under the direction of Captain Featherstonehaugh. But as a result of this totally inaccurate account subscriptions to the Society arrive from all over the county and twenty new members are enrolled, so that to a certain extent good comes out of evil.

But I am by no means satisfied that subscriptions obtained by such questionable means will in the long run further the cause of science in Bogehester.

H. W. M.





"THE MRS. JENKINS-SMYTHE!"

### Dress Regulations.

(The Officers' Club of a certain garrison town has recently banned the wearing of shorts in the Club-house.)

LICENTIOUS and brutal they call us in war, But nevertheless we uphold the proprieties Even more strictly than ever before.

Lend us your ears and approve what our fiat is: As from to-day we've decided that Nemesis Overtakes all who wear shorts on the premises.

Come in your uniform, come in your rags, Come in your tweeds if you think you look nice in

Come in pyjamas or grey flannel bags;
But come in your shorts and you'll never come twice
in them:

Be you a General or merely a Subaltern, Even the worms on the lawn of the Club'll turn.

Britons have always been known to combine
A great reputation for hardy and dressy men;
Even in the jungle we dress when we dine,
Except for a rare and untypical specimen;

Except for a rare and untypical specimen; Yet there's an element who in their folly would Rival the rig-out of Marlene and Hollywood. We are the leaders of fashion, the hub
Of decent Society, civil and military;
Shall it be said that the Officers' Club
Failed in its duty of rousing the dilatory?
Others have followed from time immemorial
Where we have led them in matters sartorial.

Now we have acted, I firmly believe
The danger is over and people can breathe again;
Doomed is the fashion of ADAM and EVE,
Of those who would have us revert to a wreath

All that is needed is strictness awhile and a Chucker-out able to deal with a Highlander.

Come in your uniform, come in plus-fours, Come in the corduroy trousers you beagle in, Come in your waders or come in jodhpurs, Come in those knee-breeches footmen look regal in;

This is your Club: you may do as you please in it, Always provided you don't show your knees in it.

# THE HOTEL RADIO.





" HA! THE RADIO-



LET'S HAVE THE GOOD OLD NATIONAL."







H'M-WHAT'S ON?



THINK WE 'LL TRY MIDLAND."







OH, HOW LOVELY!



BUT WE MUST HAVE RADIO PARIS."







CAN'T STAND FOREIGN STUFF-



EXCEPT BERLIN."













"I MUST HAVE A TALK ON BEES THAT'S JUST COMING ON FROM PRAGUE."

### At the Pictures.

DICKENS AGAIN.

LET me say at the outset that it would be a good thing if, when a new film takes two hours and ten minutes, the managers of cinema theatres announced this unusual length outside. Suitable arrangements for the unduly long session could then be made. As a matter of fact, I saw every minute of A Tale of Two Cities, but I did so only at a sacrifice; and although it is good throughout, I think that the last half-hour could be wisely compressed.

Between them Charles Dickens and John Martin-Harvey have already familiarised so many persons with the dénouement, that its approach might be made swifter. Such acceleration is one of the penalties of putting an old story on the screen. But apart from this, A Tale of Two Cities is excellent material for the new medium and it has been admirably adapted.

If by the film version of David Copperfield many of us were disappointed, there were reasons enough. For one, this novel depends not on plot but on the presentation and development of character in the author's own way, and our ideas of the principal figures had been fixed long before Hollywood had heard of the book and had begun to look round for a castfor W. C. FIELDS, for example, a professional funny man with a red nose, to take on the divine attributes of Mr. Micawber. But in A Tale of Two Cities it is not the essential DICKENS that we find at all, the DICKENS to whom the human comedy made a constant appeal, but the melodramatic DICKENS who put story before rumination, surface before depth, and, more than that, had a very fine story to tell. Hence it is far better suited to film treatment.

I may repeat at once that it has been handled in a masterly way, both by the producer and the performers, from RONALD COLMAN, say, as Sydney Carton, to EDNA MAY OLIVER, who has a very dry way with her, as Miss Pross; from ELIZABETH ALLAN, as Lucie Mannette, to E. E. CLIVE, who made us laugh as the Judge. How many English actors there are in this American picture, I cannot say, but twang is curiously absent; and how much it cost. I dare not, in these days of additional income-tax, even think; but the taking of the Bastille, involving a gigantic mob of Parisians and soldiers, must have meant an outlay of untold gold.

A Tale of Two Cities here, as everywhere, must of course be Sydney Carton's, and I personally never expect

to see an impersonation more romantic or gay or sympathetic than Ronald Colman's, but I still feel that more pains might have been taken to make him at the critical moment look more like *Charles Darnay*, for whom (and



HER OFFICIAL CHUM.

Lucie Manette . . ELIZABETH ALLAN.

Miss Pross . . . EDNA MAY OLIVER.

Lucie) he did the far, far better thing. So worthy indeed is this pictorial version of DICKENS'S story that, although I have no notion what their respective duties are, I should like to put on record the fact that it has been "produced" by DAVID O. SELZNICK and "directed" by JACK CONWAY.



HIS RIGHT-FACE MAN.

Joe Cooney . . . Jack Oakie.

Kerry Bolton . . . Warner Baxter.

There are two things about King of Burlesque which must at once be said, one good and the other not so good: or, if you prefer, one hot and the other not so hot. The hot thing is that in this picture we find again, to our great delight, the old JACK OAKIE, the JACK OAKIE who was in It Never Can Happen

Again and who, by his departures from the standard of fun which he then set up, has made us ever since think of the title of the film as deplorably true. Until now it never has happened again. But in King of Burlesque he is once more our old friend with the round face that cracks and creases into irresistible smiles; and if because of the laughter we cannot always hear what he says, the reason is that the producer (or director) of the show did not realise how popular he can be and therefore did not "time" him rightly.

The thing that is less hot is that the only knock-out blow which is delivered—when WARNER BAXTER as Kerry Bolton disposes of his rival, the grand-opera singer, and gets his overcoat back—is delivered "off." We hear the sound but see nothing, except through the amazed and gratified expressions of the others. Our eyes are, in short, defrauded of half our pleasure. At least mine were, for I like blows on the films, and I left fearful that the new humanitarianism may be setting in.

For the rest, King of Burl'sque is full of lively fun, and even if we cannot quite understand the fickleness of New York audiences as recorded in the film, or the actual quality of the revised and successful revue, the rehabilitation of Kerry Bolton comes as a welcome turn of the wheel. WARNER BAXTER and JACK OAKIE bear the brunt of the attack, but I fancy that the best performance is that of Mona Barrie as Rosalind Cleve. E. V. L.

# A Business Proposal.

THE Manager sat all alone Pleading down the dictaphone In his most persuasive tone, His fruitiest and ripest.

This was no sales drive he had planned,

No contract that he hoped to land, But he was offering his hand And heart to Jane, his typist. Alas! the blow to managerial pride, That very afternoon the girl replied:

"Dear Sir,—Re yours of even date To hand, while I appreciate Your offer, I would beg to state Already a first preference Has been extended.

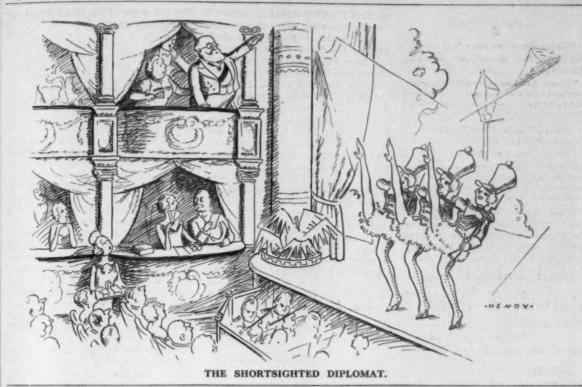
I remain,

With compliments, Yours truly,

P.S.—If raising this again In future, please quote reference."

What use was it for him to persevere? She hooked the Chairman later in the year.

M. H.



## The Form.

An air of gloom hung over the barparlour of the "Black Boar." Colonel Hogg's moustache drooped sadly over his tankard, Johnson-Clitheroe looked as though he had just lost a favourite aunt or his pet pair of plus-fours, and my own face, reflected in a bottle of Scotch, gazed back at me with a sort of fragile wistfulness.

"I got a nasty note from the incometax man this morning," I said, "reminding me that he hasn't yet received back the form he sent me last month."

"I got my reminder this morning," said the Colonel, "and Johnson-Clitheroe got his. Evidently the fellow has made a mass-attack on Little Wobbley. Several times I have taken my form out of the envelope and started to fill it in, but I just haven't had the strength to finish. I wish we could think of some way of paying the fellow out."

Johnson-Clitheroe's eyes gleamed. "Couldn't we all send him a form?"

"What sort of a form?" asked the Colonel.

"A form which he would have to fill in before we could fill in his form," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "A form asking him questions about his form." So we borrowed a large piece of paper from the landlord and devised the following:—

## To Samuel Bloggs, Esq., Inspector of Taxes.

I have received your form dated April 5 and will deal with it if you will be good enough to supply the following information:—

(a) Is your name really Samuel Bloggs? If so, what are you going to do about it?

(b) If a lady, please state Mrs. or Miss.

(c) How long have you been inspecting taxes, and what does it feel like? (see Note 3 of Appendix).

(d) With reference to the form you want me to fill in, would you prefer me to use (i.) blue ink, (ii.) red ink, (iii.) black ink or (iv.) real turtle soup?

(e) See (f). (f) See (e).

(g) Are there any little Bloggses? If so, have they been vaccinated?

(h) In case I decide not to pay, please send me a brochure (illustrated if possible) of all the prisons within easy cycling distance.

(i) This should be read very carefully in conjunction with (j), taking into consideration any relevant factors covered by (e) and (f).

(j) If a negative answer to (i) has been given this section must be com-

pleted in detail and witnessed by two policemen, the President of the Board of Trade and a trained seal. If, however, full details have been given under (i) (taking into consideration any ipso facto jurisprudences enumerated in (e) (see (f) and Appendix Z (green)) the whole thing may be filleted and served with a light dressing of mayonnaise and basic slag.

(k) I notice that on your form there is about an inch of space at the bottom of page 1 without any writing on it. Please state whether you would prefer me to fill up this space with—

- (i.) A limerick about a young lady of Goole.
- (ii.) A portrait of HITLER. (iii.) An ode to Spring.
- (l) to (z) See Appendix.

"It's not bad," said Colonel Hogg, "but you keep on saying 'see Appendix' and there isn't any appendix."

"He can use his own," said Johnson-Clitheroe. "I'm sure there's enough of it for both of us."

"Good fashion points this week have been ... the Duchess of ——'s plastically set curls and black woolly suit trimmed with the tag ends of a hundred bootlaces."

Social Gossip.

So that's where the tags of our bootlaces have gone!

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It is proposed, we hear, "on an early day" to put down the following Question:—

"To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has observed the use of unnecessary full-stops in titles and headings on the Order Paper, of which examples are

# AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

and whether, for the sake of economy and good printing, he will request His Majesty's Stationery Office to give attention to the diminution of redundancies."

There can be no ill-feeling about this, for His Majesty's Printer and Mr. Punch's Printer follow the same practice. But the latter is relenting. At the top of this page you will read—

> PUNCH, or The London Charivari April 29, 1936

It used to be-

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.
April 24, 1869.

But you will still read— Charivaria.

The Observer's Printer is on the same side:—

ITALY'S SWEEP.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE WAR.

AN ASTONISHING CAMPAIGN.

END OF THE ETHIOPIAN EMPIRE.

SANCTIONS AND RUIN.

(By J. L. GARVIN.)

I do not know of any other paper which has the same habit. The Times headings and titles are austerely stopless—

THE TIMES MONDAY APRIL 20 1936 even where the title of a leading article is a complete sentence—

THE COUNCIL MEETS

and even Punch and the Observer permit PRICE SIXPENCE and TWOPENCE to stand alone; but Punch is

PRINTED ON WEDNESDAY.

and the Observer is enjoying its

145TH YEAR.

What these two great organs do is not my business. But the King's Printer is spending my money; and every day in his voluminous and excellent labours he must be spending much of it on redundant full-stops. I can count nineteen which appear to me at least to be redundant on a single page of the Order Paper before me; and since Parliament met there have been fifteen hundred such pages.

I have too great an admiration for the King's Printer to suppose that he does anything without a plan and purpose, and I should like to ask him, with respect, what is the plan and purpose behind all this full-stoppery. Full-stops and colons and commas are not ornaments but instruments. (At least. I never knew anyone who obtained æsthetic pleasure from the contemplation of a full-stop or semicolon; and not even the most modern poet has offered to the public a lyric consisting of nothing but commas, though that may come.) They are intended surely to assist the understanding of written words by indicating what words should be connected or divided: and where a word cannot possibly be connected with any other word, as

TWOPENCE

NOTICE OF MOTION

there is surely no need for a punctuation-mark.

The full-stops therefore in

and ORDERS OF THE DAY.

MIDWIVES BILL :- SECOND READING.

are mere superfluous adornment (and I am not hotly in favour of the semicolon). But if we are to have superfluous ornaments on the great Order Paper of the House of Commons cannot we do better than the rather drab and unexciting full-stop? Why not

> AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC BUSINESS!!!

> > Notice of Motion ? . .

ORDERS OF THE DAY %

MIDWIVES BILL;: @-SECOND READINGS

This at least might stimulate interest in a dull programme of business.

And His Majesty's Printer is strangely inconsistent. When he is printing the Order Paper he is all spotty, like the Observer—

21st APRIL, 1936.

But when he is printing *Hansard* he is, at the top of the page, as austere as *The Times*—

8 APRIL 1936

-though on the cover he slips back to

WEDNESDAY, 8TH APRIL, 1936.

The volume is numbered thus— Vol. 310. No. 67. But the pages of the Order Paper are simply numbered thus—

1471

Why not-

1471.

Why not-

OFFICIAL REPORT.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. House of Commons.

What does it all mean?

And you, reader, do you put a full. stop at the end of your signature? You will find that you do if you write a letter to most of the daily papers. though in the same papers there is no full-stop after the names of the contributors-a queer distinction. I find that about a third of my correspondents do this thing. I wonder why. I often do it myself, but that is because I have a special signature to show the bank that my cheques are genuine. and a full-stop is part of this cunning device. But have you the same excuse! Look into your heart, reader. And look about the world. You will find that once you have given your mind to this affair the world is much more exciting; for though, as so often happens, "there is nothing in the paper," the hunt for odd spots will still furnish interest. And do not say that this is an unimportant matter. A spot on the Order Paper is, as it APH\* were, a spot on the sun.

[\*Merely to show that by exercise of our supreme authority we can always cut out full-stops when we please.—ED. "Punch."]

# As Others Hear Us.

The Honest Opinion.

"I WANT your honest opinion."

"Well, it's very nice of you to say so. I don't really know that I'm qualified——"

"Yes, yes, you are. I don't know anybody whose opinion I'd rather have. Only you must be absolutely honest and completely straightforward. Never mind about hurting my feelings."

"If you really want an honest opinion-"

"Yes, yes, I do. Mind you, I think myself it's the best piece of work I've ever done in my life. What I mean to say is, that I can't help feeling it's a marvellous theme, and I think I've treated it in the only way one could treat it—I mean, it's thoroughly powerful without being exaggerated, and although you may think it's painful in places, at the same time it's got plenty of light relief, and that terrific sort of inevitability that the Greek tragedies

always have. If you know what I mean.

Oh, yes. Though-

"Ah! I know exactly what you're going to say. The ending. You think the ending unsatisfactory. But actu-ally, artistically speaking, it was the only possible thing to do."
"No, I didn't exactly think the end-

ing unsatisfactory. I was only rather

wondering whether-

"The public would understand it? Well. I dare say they won't. That can't be helped. I don't suppose that in SHAKESPEARE'S day the public understood Hamlet for one single minute. But do tell me, what did you really feel about the dialogue? I suppose you noticed that I employed a completely new device for the dialogue?" "I'm inclined to think

"Stop! I know what you're going to say. Don't say it. The whole thing is simply a question of convention. If you make up your mind quite firmly to fling every literary convention in the world overboard before you begin to read at all, I'm sure you'll realise that

my technique for dialogue is actually almost exactly similar to the one employed by the very greatest writers all through the ages.'

'Yes?

"Oh. ves. Definitely. You'll see it is, if you just think it over. Now, tell me what you felt about the characterisation. Quite candidly, mind."

"Well, let me see. Your central figure, who comes in about the middle. the Patagonian scavenger-

"I knew everyone would make exactly that mistake! I knew they'd say he was the hero of the book. Do you mean to say you didn't realise that the real hero is the epileptic half-wit who only comes into the last chapter?

"I'm afraid not."

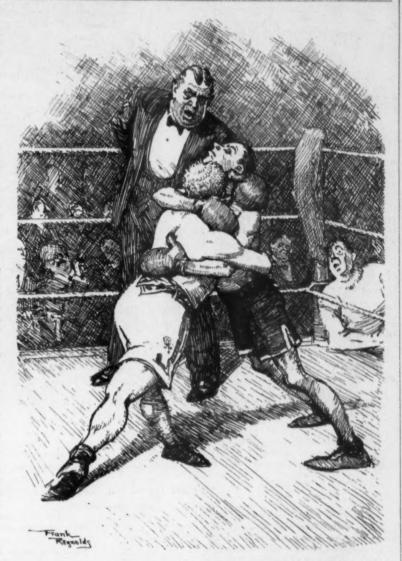
"Ah! I know exactly how that happened. You didn't bring a really open mind to your reading of the book. I'm sure you quite meant to, but it's so difficult to get out of one's little rut, isn't it? Next time you read it, you'll probably get the whole thing into much better proportion. Tell me, did you feel the plot was logically worked out?"

"To be quite honest-

"You're wrong. Utterly, completely, entirely wrong. Don't mind my saying so. But it's really laughable. Because, of course, as a matter of absolute fact, that plot was worked out to the last inch. There wasn't a loose thread anywhere. I satisfied myself as to that all right.'

"Still, I'm afraid I didn't quite follow all the intricacies of the triple murder at the bottom of the flooded

coal-cellar."



East-End Referee. "OI! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? GENEVA?"

"Really? Well, of course I want you to be absolutely candid-as I've said all along-and if you feel the whole thing is complete rubbish you'd better say so. I shall quite understand. Naturally, having spent the best part of three years toiling and moiling over the thing, denying myself sleep and rest and recreation and practically everything else in the world so as to get it done, I can't help feeling ratherbut it doesn't matter. I'd much rather you told me the truth. If you feel it's all been so much waste of time, please just say so. I want you to. I'd rather you did."

"No, no. You quite misunderstand

"Now, please don't try to soften it. asked you for your honest opinion and I wanted your honest opinion. I'm not at all the kind of person who minds criticism, however severe. On the contrary, I welcome it. I may have my faults-I don't say I haven't-but if there's one thing that nobody can say about me, it is that I can't take unfavourable criticism in a thoroughly sporting spirit."

"Really, I-

"Not another word! Don't speak! Don't move!! Don't breathe!!! I know exactly what you mean. You want me to throw the whole thing into the fire. I knew that was what you'd say, all along. E. M. D.



"MANNERS, PLEASE! SAY 'THANK YOU."

" REALLY, MOTHER, I'M MUCH TOO FAGGED TO GO MONKEYING ABOUT WITH 'PLEASES' AND 'THANK-YOUS.'"

# On First Hitting a Boundary in Spring.

Now let all Nature join
In triumph jubilant this day with me—
Beasts of the field, fowls of the air,
The finny tribe, and whatsoe'er
Walks in the paths of the sea—
Yea, flowers, bushes, shrubs and trees
(All willow-trees!)—
All that has life and breath
Come, gather round and shout yourselves to death,
For I have hit a four—
A genuine boundary, and added to the seore!

It fell upon a day
When April had withheld his showers sweet;
The wind was still, the skies were blue,
The pitch was newly rolled and true,
The creases trim and neat,
The bowling left-arm, round and slow
(Yes, very slow!),
The screens were large and white—
In short, I felt like staying there all night.
And so I hit a four—
My first for half-a-dozen seasons past or more.

The time was half-past three,
The telegraph showed 42 for 9;
The tigers they had come and gone.
The fieldsmen had their sweaters on,
The ball retained its shine;
So no one dreamed the last man in
(Yes, last man in!),
A rabbit plain to see,
Whose average to date was 1.3,
Would dare to hit a four!
And yet he did. But how? Endure one stanza more.

The bowler ambled up.

A fast full-toss, he thought, would be enough.

No need for guile, for swerve or spin,
For good-length shooters, breaking in,
Or any funny stuff.

But at the crease he tripped somehow
(I care not how!),
The ball came dropping slow;
My whirling blade despatched it hard and low,
And I had hit a four—

A genuine boundary, and added to the score!



# THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

THE PUNCHING-BALL. "DON'T MIND ME, SO LONG AS THIS HELPS TO GET YOU IN TRAINING FOR MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS."

Apri

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## Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, April 21st.—It was a Budget without many frills, but slightly



SAMSON AGONISTES.

["The disappointing thing to him about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement was that it revealed an altogether unpleasant healthiness about the Capitalist system." Mr. Maxton on the Budget.]

sterner than had been expected.

Clearly the expansion of the Services would prove costly, but talk of loans was in the air and it wasgenerally thought that growing industrial prosperity would benefit the Treasury enough to make increase in taxation unnecessary. Kindly but very firmly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dissipated this optimism when he announced that in order to balance his deficit of £21,000,000 he would have to impose another 3d. on the income-tax payer and another 2d. a pound on the tea-drinker; adding that since defence benefited all classes all classes must contribute.

His review of the last year showed that it was studded with satisfactory surpluses, an unusual number of rich persons having died, payers of incometax having been peculiarly conscientious about their arrears, and Customs and Excise having gone with a swing.

For the current year, times being hard, he proposed no extra allowance for debt redemption, but he was determined, he said, to make this generation pay for its additional defences, which would be covered for the time being by the increases in taxation. Loans would come later.

The Treasury is at last taking notice of the ingenious evaders. These gentlemen have dodged their last, for Mr. Chamberlain announced that he was about to put an end by legislation to such devices as one-man companies (for surtax evasion), the transference of capital abroad, and educational trusts. From the last alone he hoped to gain two-and-a-half millions, which he proposed to distribute amongst the hardest-hit by raising the income-tax allowance for children to £60 and that for married couples to £180.

His only other benefactions were the formation of a Company with a capital of a million pounds to assist in financing small businesses in the Special Areas, and a tax on imported lager beer to help the British producers of this vital commodity; and the remaining points of the Budget were the renewal of the present duties on key industries for ten years, and the abolition of the Road Fund, whose surplus of over £5,000,000 the Treasury are pocketing.

For to-day comment was formal. Mr. ATTLEE made out that the Government had only themselves to blame for the vast sums they were spending on armaments, and hated the tea-tax; Sir Archibald Sinclair spoke of a Budget of shattered hopes, and Mr.

Maxton, admitting that tea was his one gigantic vice, bemoaned the unpleasant healthiness of the Capitalist system.



HIS MAGNUM OPUS.
(Etruscan Ware.)
COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

On the motion for the adjournment Mr. Wise raised the question of the mandated territories, and asked for a clear Government statement. The extreme views on either side having

been aired by Mr. AMERY and Mr. GRENFELL, Mr. THOMAS assured the House of the safety of the Colonies and said that the mandated territories could not properly be discussed until and unless the point was raised by some other Government; and he denied that other nations had not the same access as we to raw materials in these territories.

As for Mr. Churchill, he took the line that the door should be either open or shut, but not left flapping to and fro.

Wednesday, April 22nd.—In the resumed debate on the Budget the bigger guns of the Parliamentary artillery reserved their fire, and although a number of the smaller calibred pieces made interesting reports, the bombardment became desultory towards evening.

Mr. Pethick - Lawrence's attack was not particularly impressive. Although anyone who knows will say that the shares of aircraft companies are absurdly over-valued, he



A DISMAL DUET.

DIRGE BY MR. PETHICK-LAWRENCE AND SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

"He could not remember so depressing a Budget."

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence.

"He shared the gloomy apprehensions expressed by Mr. Pethick-Lawrence."—Sir Archibald Sinclair.



SPRINGTIME IN OLD FAN-TANG.

COURT POETS RECITING VERSES IN PRAISE OF THE GRAND SLAMM'S FAVOURITE FLOWER.

insisted that the vertiginous rise in these shares was a proof that armament profits were in no danger of strict limitation; and he repeated the old tag that the new expenditure on defence was the outcome of a shilly-shallying foreign policy which, in its failure to checkmate the aggression of Japan, was responsible for the later European complications, but he omitted of course to explain how the Japanese affair could have been better handled without the precipitation of a major war. On the financial side he blamed the Government for the fact that the revenue was growing so insufficient that additional burdens would soon have to be met by borrowing.

To Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR the CHANCELLOR seemed like a man wandering round in a circle in a financial Sahara, and he reminded the House that, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was now pleading abnormal conditions, the world slump had not saved Lord Snow-DEN from his criticisms. In his view a crushing level of taxation had been reached, and the risks of war could only be extinguished by economic as well as military disarmament. Why had the CHANCELLOR not mentioned the fact that if therevised unemployment assistance regulations, now overdue, modified the Means Test-as they should

—additional expenditure would be involved? And why no reference to our American debt?

One of the most thoughtful maiden speeches to which the House has listened for some time came from



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. BOOTHBY dotes
On herrings and oats,

These often mean a lot To a Scot. Mr. Minto Russell, the Conservative Member for Darwen. There were only 3,000,000 direct taxpayers out of 31,000,000 electors, he said, and he would welcome a broadening of direct taxation, counterbalanced perhaps by the remission of equivalent indirect taxation, in order to bring about a more general responsibility. Many will agree with him.

Points from other speeches were: Sir William Davison, regret that the Chancellor was financing his special needs by taxation instead of by Treasury Bills or 1% Bonds followed by National Defence Loan at 1½% or 2%; and Mr. Anstruther-Gray, criticismos the showmanship of the Chancellor, who should have prepared the country for increased taxation, so that it might now enjoy a feeling of relief at getting off lightly.

For the Government Mr. W. S. Morrison replied that to blame it for not having stopped the Abyssinian war was only in effect to blame the League, on which the Government founded its foreign policy, and commented on the slightness of the criticism to which the Chancellor had been subjected. As for the American Debt, the Labour Party forgot too easily that when it was paying the Debt it was receiving from other countries more than it was paying out.

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"WE ALWAYS WINK AT PARKER'S ECCENTRICITIES."

#### The Hell of It.

Two men talked in a clattering train, and I was a silent third; I closed my eyes in the name of peace, for nothing of sense I heard;

But on my ear as I passed to sleep th' important statement fell: There are over a hundred million billion saxophones in hell.

SAINT PETER sat at the entrance-gate, and a new-made ghost came by:

"And what were you on the earth, my friend?" "A maker of music I."

"And was it the flute or the violin, the harp or the hoarse trombone?"

"No, I," said the new-made ghost with hauteur, "I was a saxophone."

Saint Peter laughed with a loud Ha, Ha; he laughed with a full Ho, Ho;

"This isn't the place for you," he said, "you'd better get down below;

They've special arrangements there, I'm told; you'll find it will suit you well;

There are over a hundred million billion saxophones in hell."

Down, down, the keen ghost went; the great doors clanged behind;

He found good greeting and hearty cheer, and everyone seemed most kind;

They led him off to a noble space where, far as the eye could pierce,

Was a riotous glory of saxophones, goodly and bright and fierce.

His mouth watered, his eye flashed; he asked in a trembling voice

"Can this be true?" And a courteous impreplied "You can take your choice;

We make no charge." And the well-pleased ghost with a proud yet reverent air

Took up the largest in easy reach and tootled it full and fair.

Never a bray came out of its gape; he tackled it once again, No bleat; a second, a third, a tenth, a dozen he tried; in vain; Scores and scores he blew and he blew, and flung in a rage aside;

And "What's all this?" he bellowed at last, and the courteous imp replied:

"We've noises here that shatter the nerve and shrivel an inmate's pores;

But even here we must draw the line, and the line is drawn at yours;

There are over a hundred million billion saxophones, it's true;

But never a sound in the whole blamed lot; and that's what's hell for you."

Dum-Dum.

# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Barnabas Hackett, Member of Roughover Golf Club.

OEAR SIE,—I do hope you will not mind my writing and suggesting that the Club should start a small museum. After all, time is jogging on, and, although many of us remember the early days of golf only too well, generations to come would, I am sure, be interested in such relics as old clubs, gutty balls, etc.

As I feel sure my suggestion will appeal to you I am sending herewith one of the original socket-headed drivers.

Yours faithfully, B. HACKETT.

P.S.—I would suggest that the big glass case in the Reading Room be used for this purpose and the cups at present there be transferred to the long top-shelf in the Bar.

P.S. 2.—Why not circularise members about it? I am sure there must be quite a few who could send you something.

From Ignatius Thudd, Roughover.

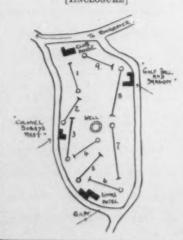
9th April, 1936.

Dear Sir,—With reference to your circular about the Muscum I enclose herewith a plan of the layout of the Old Course which used to be situated at the back of the town. I hope it may be acceptable. There was a great outery from the older members when the course was shifted to its present site in 1895. I never realised until I studied the plan recently why this was.

Yours faithfully,

IGNATIUS THUDD.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Museum. 9/4/36.

Dear Sir,—I enclose some hairs from the Aberdeen Angus bull which I hit with my drive at the second hole on May 1st, 1921. I discovered them adhering to my ball and I have kept them in the back of my watch-cover ever since.

As a matter of historic interest I may say that for a time they brought me the most amazing good fortune, but for the last four years they have been worse than uscless.

I suggest that in showing them you have them tied up with a small piece of blue ribbon and laid out on white satin in a black pill-box.

Yours faithfully, L. NUTMEG.

P.S.—I am leaving to the Club in my will the cornet which I played at the last Annual Dinner.

From Rupert Bindweed, Fig Tree Villa, Roughover.

Saturday.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose for the Museum the sketch of a coat-of-arms which my brother blazoned for the Club in 1905. It comprises: "Argent on a fess of gules between 3 rabbits at gaze vert, as many golf-balls argent"; or at least that's what I think he told me it was.

The Committee at that time were an extremely ignorant set of men, and they turned it down.

> Yours faithfully, R. BINDWEED.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Mrs. Wobblegoose, Stewardess, Roughover Golf Club.

Dear Sir,—I have been hearing from the Steward all about the Museum and Sir I felt that you would be interested to have the chop-bone on which Admiral Sneyring-Stymie's brother-in-law broke his eye-tooth in 1929.

It has always been one of my treasured possessions, but if you would like it I should be most welcome to give it up.

Yours faithfully, LOTTIE WOBBLEGOOSE. From Doctor Edwin Sockett, Medical Practitioner, Roughover.

14/4/36.

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Club Museum.

DEAR WHELK,—In reply to your circular I enclose herewith the score-card pencil I extracted from George Humpitt's abdomen last June.

I am also sending along the salmongaff with which General Sir Armstrong Forcursue won the fourth hole in his match with Prince Suva Ibrahim bin Mackintosh Abdulla on 10/7/34. Please find as well the stuffed mongoose which the latter left on my hall-table by way of a fee when I patched him up.

Yours sincerely,

E. SOCKETT.

From John Baggs, Caddiemaster, Roughover.

Tuesday.

MR. WHILK, SIR,—Hearing about the museum I enclose herewith the autograph of the late House-Steward that went off with the case of liquer brandy and afterwards got jailed for stealing the Town Clerks signature ring.

Although Jos. Stewart was a Club Servant I never got my one and six.

Yours Sir, JOHN BAGGS.

JOHN DA

[ENCLOSURE]

Jos. Stewart.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

1.4/4/96

DEAR SIR,—I am sending by Special Messenger for the Museum the stuffed trout which I killed with my second at the fifth (stream hole) in 1923. You may have heard that there was some difference of opinion at the time as to whether it was my trophy or not, some maintaining that it had been killed by an otter, others that it had died of old age.

The fact, however, remains that when I came upon the fish it was lying in shallow water with my golf-ball close beside it. To me the evidence was quite conclusive and I felt more than justified in having it mounted.

Yours faithfully, Charles Sneyring-Styme.

P.S.—The skin of the fish was not very well preserved before it was stuffed

and in hot weather it is apt to become slightly offensive. I have found that if the body is rubbed with a solution of arsenious acid, white soap, carbonate of potash and camphor and then fumigated this will help.

From Mrs. Whelk, 103, Southward Street, London.

14th April.

MY DARLING BOY,—How very interesting about the Museum! I enclose the letter you wrote me when you were originally appointed Secretary of the Club. There is a lot in it about what you thought of the members. I am sure it will be most acceptable and, in the light of events since then, most interesting.

Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—I am also sending one of the old red golf-coats. It belonged to your father. I'm afraid I ought to have had it cleaned, but I dare say it won't matter in a men's club.

From Miss Gwendoline Makepeace, Love-in-the-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I enclose a sketch of Sir Henry Pluke Straddon, who was Captain of the Club in 1903. Sir Henry—and I knew him very well—could never putt in the ordinary manner, and this drawing was of one of the many odd stances he adopted. Do note the looking-glass.

At one time he putted by lying on his side and using only one hand.

Yours sincerely, G. M.

[ENCLOSURE]



From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

SIR,—The smell in the Reading Room since you started that dam museum is intolerable. This morning I had to read my paper in the Locker Room. Unless you do something about



"I THINK THE EDITOR IS EXPECTING ME. I'M MISS RIDGEWAY."

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISS."

this immediately there will be trouble.
Yours faithfully,
Armstrong Forcursue.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Dear Sir,—I have tried moth-balls, disinfectant sprays and even the new floor-polish which the traveller said would rout the beetles but Sir it was all no good, so I did as you bid and burnt everything, General Forcursue and Club Members helping.

Hope the chill is mending and you will be back soon.

yours Sir,

E. Wobblegoose. G. C. N. Bad News for Old Swingers.

"BIGGER ARMY LEAD."
Newspaper Headline.

S. O. S.

"Advertiser wants to get (a) a Siamese Cat. (b) Someone to play chess."

From a Chinese Paper.

"WHY PAINT STAYS ON WOOD,"

Daily Paper.

Why paint them at all for that matter?

"Spurs' New Move.
Albert Hall at Outside Right.
Big Problem."
Evening Paper Headlines.

Gigantic, even.

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# At the Play.

"WHITEOARS" (LITTLE).

It is perhaps somewhat remarkable, seeing how very large the Dominions are, that they do not manage to take up more space on the English stage. Miss Nancy Price, at the Little Theatre, makes a powerful effort to redress this injustice, and Whiteoaks will give a new and very vivid idea of home life in Canada to those who do not already know the delightful Whiteoaks family in the pages of MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

The play is one of those always successful plays which centre round wills. In the first two Acts we wonder who is going to get the grandmother's money, and in the Third Act we sit with all the virtuous large-mindedness of people not personally interested and see how very badly most of the Whiteoaks behave.

As the grandmother, Miss NANCY PRICE has a grand part, in which she has to dominate the stage whenever she is on it. This is not one of those parts in which the needs of the play call for a restraint and a self-elimination on the part of the actress. On the contrary, she has to be as overpowering as she knows how. She holds

her little court and bestows rings or raps, plays games, indulges in broad reminiscence, yet the production very skilfully makes it plain that it is only when she is present that she compels the attention of her family.

The grandchildren live their own busy outdoor life. The four grandsons between them show every type of character, and the three brothers of Finch (Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD) are much more than mere foils to him. The oldest, Renny, the finest character in the play, is acted by Mr. ROBERT NEWTON in a way that gains the complete sympathy of the audience for all that he has to bear. The second brother, Piers (Mr. Ellis IRVING), is meant to be rather unpleasant, the tormentor of Finch. The youngest, Wakefield, provides a delightful part for a young actor who has to be interested in everything, as Mr. TONY WICKHAM easily contrives to be.

It is the older generation, Uncle Ernest (Mr. Frank Birch) and Uncle Nicholas (Mr. Aubrey Dexteb), who carry the play at times into very broad comedy. They are characters more of the type one would expect to meet in a play about an English boarding-house. One is driven to speculate on



SOLILOQUY BY BONEY THE PARROT.

what manner of life it can have been that has made them develop as they have. Their sister makes perhaps the best remark in the play, in a fury of



RICKETY PROPS.

mortification after the will has been read out, when Renny assures his uncles and aunts that he has not grudged them their board and lodging during the many years they have all made their home with him: "I only wish we could return the food!" ahe exclaims before setting out in a dudgeon for England.

As Finch Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD has to act a part of the Young Woodley type, showing the struggles of adolescence and the loneliness of a misunderstood boy. Finch has great musical talent, but the Whiteoaks family, which lives mainly for horses, cannot be expected to appreciate so exotic a growth. He is forbidden to use the piano and has to creep out at night to play the organ in the church nearby. It is these nocturnal visits which draw upon him the eagle eye of his old grandmother, who makes the amusement of her later years the problem what to do with her considerable fortune.

Miss PRICE and Mr. Haggard play capitally opposite one another in scenes which are swift and dramatic and yet always natural and true to life. There is nothing in which people are more incalculable than their final testamentary bequests, and the subject

is at once rich in human interest and dramatic possibilities.

This play concentrates on this one portion of the Whiteoaks' Saga, but readers of the admirable work of MAZO DE LA ROCHE will hope that the great success of this experiment in dramatisation will lead to us seeing more of the whole of a very interesting family.

D. W.

"THE FROG" (PRINCES).

London seems to be in for a season of successful adaptations of the work of one author by another. This latest, based on EDGAR WALLACE'S The Fellowship of the Frog, should gladden many hearts, for it brings proof that Mr. IAN HAY can handle brilliantly the peculiar WALLACE formula of humour hand-in-hand with thrills, a formula which was a great and individual contribution in the field of light entertainment and one which has been sadly missed. There are plenty more of WALLACE'S stories waiting to be dramatised, and it is to be hoped that Mr. HAY will lose no time in getting on with the good work.

part in the old tradition to Mr. wonders of nature, but intelligently GORDON HARKER, who invests Detectused as here they introduce some of

tive-Sergeant Elk with a pompous splendour which irradiates the whole piece. Mr. HARKER'S sardonic Cockneys are works of art. This one, baulked of promotion by an irreparable weakness in English History and particularly by an inability to recall under stress of examination which of the four Georges came first, views life with the sagacious independence of a bachelor who considers that he knows it through and through. He is the best sort of wag, and I am glad to report that before the end he has become Inspector Elk. When Richard Gordon of the Yard, a charming young officer of the Hendon School whom Mr. JACK HAWKINS easily plays, is put in charge of the drive to exterminate the Frogs, he selects Elk as his second. These two go very well together.

The identity of the arch-Frog is baffling all attempts to discover it, but there is no doubt that he is personally responsible for the brilliant organisation behind a widespread outbreak of murder, theft and blackmail which is terrorising the country. He has his spies everywhere. Confidential news leaks even from the Yard itself. He maintains an iron discipline, and Frogs who bungle their work croak quickly. Sufficient clues are at hand to enable Gordon and Elk to narrow the hunt, but time and again the unexpected throws them off the scent. Shoals of red herrings are drawn by the adroit authors across the path of the Frog, and, although we are pretty certain that we are meeting him frequently amongst the characters, we have to abandon suspicion after suspicion and mentally beg the pardon of numbers of virtuous

There are no fewer than seventeen scenes, and the rapid cuts from one situation to another, often on "curtains" furiously exciting, are made possible by an ingenious mechanical stage which slips prepared scenes into position in a few seconds. Trick stages can become a positive bore

I think the first thing to be said when they encourage spectacularlyabout the play is that it gives a rich minded managers to wallow in the



RECORD EVIDENCE.

Stella Bennett . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . MISS CHRISTINE BARRY. Richard Gordon of Scotland Yard . Mr. Jack Hawkins. Detective-Sergeant Elk . . . . . . MR. GORDON HARKER.



DETECTIVE-SERGEANT ARRAYED FOR A RAID. Ezra Maitland . . . . Mr. Henry Thompson. Detective-Sergeant Elk . Mr. Gordon Harker.

the slickness of the cinema to a theme of action. Even the catastrophic effects of an infernal machine can be shown us and quickly cleared away; but in which scene this outrage occurs I should be the last to tell you.

Let me repeat that Mr. Hay has

done the job conspicuously well. EDGAR WALLACE'S plays were so vivid partly because he had the price-

less knack of giving even his minor characters round individualities of their own, and Mr. HAY's work is marked by a similarly sympathetic quality. And for the smoothness of the production Mr. HERBERT BRYAN des serves every praise. In brief, for I shall say no more about it lest I give the tiniest fraction of the show away, you should visit the Princes if your fancy favours a well-made "spot-thecrook" play in which the processes of logical deduction are put second to the importance of making you laugh and grip your chair by turns.

> Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, Mr. CYBIL SMITH, Mr. FRANK PET-TINGELL, Mr. PERCY PARSONS, Mr. HAROLD FRANKLIN and Mr. HUGH BURDEN frog-marched mysteriously and effectively through the serried shoals of the red herrings; by reason of their sex Miss CHRISTINE BARRY and Miss Janet Megrew were exempt from suspicion and carried this distinction with credit. ERIC.

## Meal of the Moment.

A FEW days ago Mr. Punch's tame Gastronomer had a dream in which he found himself at a banquet given by an unknown host to a number of oil magnates. The banquet took place in the Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva in a replica (built at enormous expense, of which Great Britain bore a proportion of 92 per cent.) of one of the rooms used for this purpose in the Quai D'Orsay. The menu

Hors d'œuvre Génevoise Soupe Sans-Espoir Medaillons Mussolini Langue à la Française Sauce Italienne Canards Société des Nations Mais de villages sautés Soufflé aux grenades Bombe Croix-Rouge

Awaking, he could not recall what wines were served with this momentous meal, but he remembered that both Negus and Lagrima Cristi were conspicuous by their absence.



# House-Warming.

By the time you read this it will be hard (I hope) to remember what the very cold weather was like. In the last (I hope) spell of it, Mr. and Mrs. Mohican went without enthusiasm to spend the evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bimber. If the weather had not been so cold they would havegone cheerfully—they liked the Bimbers—but the house was one in which they could never get properly warm, and that was apt to unsettle such social accomplishments as they possessed. Therefore when Mrs. Mohican received the invitation on the telephone she accepted at once only because she had forgotten for the moment what the weather was like.

"And anyway," she said later in an attempt to cheer up her husband, "surely it will have got warmer by then. This can't last."

But it could last, as don't we all know?

They set out for the Bimbers' house in a biting wind. The taxi-driver, after driving for a moment or two, gloomily slid back the glass partition and inquired whether he had heard correctly. When told he had he said, "That's on the 'eights, that is. All right livin' up there in the summer. But in the winter there's some folks ought to do like the Eskimos, change their abby-tats."

Mr. Mohican said between chattering teeth that it was news to him that the Eskimos changed their habitat in the winter, and the taxi-man admitted that possibly he was thinking of some other animals. "But I got a brother knows the Antarcticker like a house afire," he declared.

Mrs. Mohican, who was sometimes willing to go to extreme lengths to keep a promising conversation going once it had started, and who besides felt that warmth even in a simile was something, asked what the brother's name was; but by that time the taxi-driver had misanthropically slid his window shut again.

"An interest in taxi-men's brothers," Mr. Mohican warned his wife solemnly, "is the first step on the downward path."

"I was merely en—atchoo!—eouraging family life."
"The road to hell," said Mr. Mohican sombrely pulling out his handkerchief, "is paved with taxi-drivers' brothers."

Oppressed with similar gloomy thoughts and recalling other occasions when, after visiting the Bimbers, they had rattled their icy feet on the floor of the taxi all the way back, they were silent for most of the remainder of the journey.

When they arrived the taxi-man made no further remark, contenting himself, just before he drove away, with breathing heavily several times and making a few sinister passes in the air, apparently to convince himself his breath was not as solid as it looked.

The Mohicans knew better than to be reassured by the

warmth that greeted them as they entered the Bimbers' house. An open cab-shelter, they knew very well, would have seemed warm at that moment. The house was in an exposed position, and the Bimbers gave it no help. It was not that they grudged the provision of fires; simply they were constitutionally unfitted to feel the cold and it never struck them that anyone else felt it.

But as the evening wore on Mr. Mohican found to his astonishment that all was well. He was perfectly comfortable. He did not remember ever having been so warm in this house except during one of the 1934 heat-waves. Indeed the room was so uniformly and efficiently warmed that he was inclined to feel drowsy; he could see that his wife, who was sitting by the fire, would have preferred not to be so close to it; and as for the Bimbers, the warmth was so pronounced as positively to worry them. Mr. Bimber would turn from time to time and inspect the fire with a look of bewilderment, and twice Mr. Mohican noticed him mopping his brow. Mrs. Bimber went round opening windows a little wider, which made, Mr. Mohican was happy to perceive, no difference at all. The maid's face was always somewhat red and shiny, but its appearances that evening reminded the Mohicans of some beacon shining from afar, or even anear.

A warm occasion, take it for all in all. In the taxi on the way back Mr. Mohican told his wife of all the considerations that had in the end prevented him from asking the Bimbers whether they had installed central-heating. Mrs. Mohican heard him patiently to the end and then told him of the answer she had received when she had asked: No. Both agreed that even a trifle too much warmth, such as they had been given this evening, was preferable at the moment to a great deal too little, such as they usually got.

"If there were special circumstances this evening," Mr. Mohican said, "let's hope they'll be repeated."
"I doubt it," said his wife. "The Bimbers won't rest now till they discover the reason. When they do they'll

now till they discover the reason. When they do they'll guard against it grimly, even if it means changing their abby-tat."

"I wish something like this whotever it was had

"I wish something like this, whatever it was, had happened when we went in February," Mr. Mohican said. "I wasn't properly warm after that until five A.M. and I had to get up at seven."

Later he said: "But I'll bet there was a catch in this."

He was right there. They heard the next morning that the Bimbers' house had burnt down in the night; it had been quietly smouldering the whole evening.

R. M.

# Homage to the Vine.

(Correspondence in a Sunday paper has recalled the interesting fact that ever since a French General in the Napoleonic Wars ordered his men, on the march to join the armies of the Rhine, to stop and salute the vineyard of Clos-Vougeot, that practice has been observed by every body of French soldiers passing its gates.)

WE celebrate our beer in song as "glorious"
And cherish the inveterate belief
That it has helped to make our arms victorious
When backed and fortified with British beef;
Yet while we claim that beer a great care-killer is
And wax quite lyrical on whisky vats,
Neither to breweries nor to distilleries
Do we, on passing, ever raise our hats.

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"Who do all the steam-rollers belong to, Miss Smith?"

"THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION."

"LUCKY BEGGARS!"

Cider allays the thirsty English throttle,
And gin, with It or tonic, has its use;
But all that's best in jar or flask or bottle
Comes from the grape's exhilarating juice;
And, though some cricketers you still may meet with
Content with shandygaff and nothing more,
That homely beverage can not compete with
The produce of the wonderful Côte-d'Or.

In home-made drinks our native nomenclature
Is mostly short and commonplace, if terse,
And seldom does it tend to elevate your
Aspiring bard to the high peaks of verse;
Nor are our placid hearts disturbed from keeping
Their normal course when ginger gaily pops,
Or moved to an eestatical upleaping
Whenever we behold a field of hops.

Let those who will stay on the water-waggon;
The epicure who exquisitely dines
Finds in good Burgundy his favourite flagon
And honours France as the true queen of wines,
Since she of all the highly-cultured nations
Stands in a category quite alone
By offering military salutations
To vineyards where the choicest crus are grown.

C. L. G.

#### Without Comment.

"The anthem 'Shout Alleluia,' by Caleb Simper, was rendered at the morning and evening services, Mrs. Dora Screech (contralto) taking the solo."—Newspaper Report.

"Grey Flannel Trousers Cleaned. Back Like New in Four Days."—Advi.

Yes, but what about the front?



"DEAR KATE! WE HAVE NOT SEEN EACH OTHER FOR MANY YEARS!"

# Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### Credo of an Artist.

AQUINAS may be at the back of Mr. ERIC GILL'S little volume on The Necessity of Belief (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), but CARLYLE at his most apocalyptic is stylistically to the fore. The book is primarily a recognition of the paramount importance of personality and personality's rights and duties: secondarily an indictment of a world which affords few facilities for either. Belief is essentially religious. The writer believes in God as a sound builder believes in stone; and his book does not concern itself with theological proofs, only with "an impressive body of convergences." These, which undoubtedly abound, are mingled with characteristic attempts to justify the ways of Omnipotence in their less popular manifestations—the problem of evil, for instance, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments-apologetic, always ingenious and sincere, but perhaps not so invariably convincing. Our Catholic *Teufelsdröckh* is naturally at his best on the incongruous conditions in which the human soul. made for God, finds itself in London, Paris, Berlin or Rome; and in maintaining, as he rightly does, that the fruit of the Christian law was social justice, "though I do not say that the law never failed or that the fruit was always plentiful."

#### Liberalism in Lavender.

The Victorian Liberals strike one as having fulfilled their obligations to party and mankind with notable sangfroid: witness Lady Aberdeen's harmonious pictures of public

and private life, The Musings of a Scottish Granny (CRAN-TON, 6/-). Born of a great banking house particularly favoured by the QUEEN-who actually kissed the seventeen-year-old Lady Ishbel arising out of her presentation curtsey—the writer married a peer converted to Liberalism by his ardour for peace, and became a great Gladstonian hostess. As a débutante she enjoyed the dinner-parties where you might sit for an hour-and-a-half next to a Cabinet Minister, and the country-house visits where policy could be quietly determined in the absence of reporters. Subsequently she and her husband found themselves "in for" Ireland, and she describes their campaigns for Irish industries and against tuberculosis, together with the less arduous days of his Governorship of Canada. Mr. GLADSTONE figures among the strawberry-beds of Dollis Hill; Mr. CHOATE provides the better of the book's two best stories. Naturally Lady Aberdeen regrets her spacious age; and even those who do not wish it back will be very willing to let their present be informed with the generosity of her past.

#### Mr. Nichols among the Prophets.

In the first part of *The Fool Hath Said* (CAPE, 7/6) we are taken on a conducted tour from doubt to faith. It is a stimulating journey, for Mr. Beverley Nichols is a guide with an admirable enthusiasm for his subject. His method of imparting his information (of the truth and importance of which he is so obviously convinced) is not, however, altogether a wise one. His party may reasonably resent the doubts which are continuously being cast on their staying-power and the arguments, not seldom rather

fatuous, which are put into their mouths that their cicerone may triumphantly refute them. The second part of Mr. NICHOLS'S book, beginning with a not unimpressive account of the Group movement, consists of a series of discussions of Christianity in relation to sex, war and money. Here too, since for Mr. Nichols Christianity means the pure milk of the Gospel, there is much to admire; but here too there are grounds both for criticism and for irritation. Mr. NICHOLS begs too many questions and shirks too many of the difficulties in the way of the brave new world of his ideal; and, although "changed," he has not altogether put off either the bright young journalist or the sentimentalist of the garden path. His passionate conviction is to be respected, but he might have written a more valuable and acceptable book if, forgoing his sallies and his Aunt Sallies, he had given us a plain account of the spiritual experiences which led him to his present position.

### A Poet-Revolutionary in Prison.

It is good that there should have been publication, and now translation, of the letters written by ERNST TOLLER during the five years of confinement which he suffered for his part in the Bavarian revolution of 1919. For to read these Letters from Prison (LANE, 12/6) and the poems given with them is to dwell with the revolutionary spirit at its finest and to contemplate the progressive enlargement of a nature originally generous. Toller more than once expresses his terror of the mental and moral deterioration which menaces the prisoner; but for himself that fear was groundless. His moods of bitterness are but momentary, his angers sanctified by their occasions—the petty tyrannies and spites of his gaolers and the crimes committed in the name of an ill-found republic; while his uncannily accurate prescience of the more hideous "shape of things to come" gives ground enough for pessimism. But his preoccupations are not exclusively political or revolutionary, nor ever narrowly so. If his plays, the performance of which he might not witness,

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are part of his politics he is an artist above all things and, as these letters abundantly show, a doctrinaire neither in politics nor in art. There is tenderness with his trenchancy, sweetness with his strength, and he is exquisitely responsive to such poor evidences of the process of the seasons as come to him through the iron bars. The story of the swallows that nested in his cell runs like a silver thread through the fabric of prison-grey, culminating in the poignant and lovely series of poems which they inspired.

#### Speaking of Conrad. . . .

If readers as a rule inclined to avoid a book on the art of the novel are attracted to Mr. Edward Crankshaw's



"Ha! Ha!! Look. Da ship 'e sail in one minute. Last chance. Very dirt cheap. Only three pound. All reight, one shillin'-an'-siggspence. and even den I do not get many profit."

by its title, Joseph Conrad (Lane, 8/6), they will not, I think, have reason to complain of what they find. Mr. Crankshaw says it is impossible to examine Conrad "for his own sake, which is our main purpose in these pages, without generalising about the novel, qua novel." Conrad, unlike most writers in English, took the novel seriously as an art-form and studied his effects; he did not write in that state of semi-consciousness (often strangely considered laudable) which allows any character at any moment to take the story out of the author's hands. The best review of this book would probably be a transcript of the list of chapters, in which Mr. Crankshaw has followed the admirable method of enumerating not a succession of vague

titles but sentences, mostly from CONRAD's work, each summarising a part of his thesis. Everyone capable of reading CONRAD, or any other author, for something more than the bare story, the "yarn," the "what-happened-then"—everyone in fact who has passed the elementary stage in reading, should enjoy and profit by this book.

## Chaps will be Chaps.

"When I tell you that not once but on three separate occasions he sent his man Meadowes out into the Park with instructions to carve his, Archibald's, initials and those of Miss Cammarleigh on the nearest convenient tree with a heart round them, you will understand something of the depths of his feelings." From whose pen but that of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE could a sentence of this kind have come? It is embedded, with other jewels, in his new collection of short stories, Young Men in Spats (JENKINS, 7/6), and to many connoisseurs it is likely to be the Koh-i-noor amongst the many rival brilliants on exhibition. Eight of the stories are adventures which befell members of that singular focus of nitwittery, the Drones Club, and are described in

its smoking-room; the medium for the other three is our old wassailcomrade, Mr. Mulliner, most amber of mouthpieces. By far the fun-niest, "Uncle Fred Flits By," is the account of how Pongo Twistleton was forced by financial pressure to accompany his nobly imbecile uncle in an after-luncheon foray upon the suburbs. I rank this story as one of Mr. Wodehouse's very best. Of the others here, "Good-bye to All Cats," telling of *Freddie* Widgeon's ghastly experience at Matcham Scratchings, is at the top. To be honest, apart from these two the batch

is not quite up to the usual standard, but this is not to say that most humorists would not have been well content to have written them.

#### Marie Lloyd.

Miss NAOMI JACOBS, setting out to pay a debt of friendship, presents in Our Marie: A Biography (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) what is in effect rather an apologia sharpened by indignations that do her heart credit than an informative biography of that large-hearted, tempestuous, imprudent, candid, witty and audacious woman of genius that was MARIE LLOYD. But which of us that knew her as the supreme adored comédienne of her time, laughed till we ached at her Rabelaisian innuendoes and learned through her to see something splendid and vivid in the common life of simple, obscure, naughty, kindly, courageous people, cares what trivial or malicious gossip had to say of her? She was an artist-that is all we need to remember. And it seems a pity that for the generation that did not know her the author should not have attempted that critical appreciation of her work for which her lively mind and her stage experience eminently fit her and which would have gone some way to explain our seemingly exaggerated enthusiasms. One thing indeed we praisers of past time are told

which the artist herself never let us see—that ill-health and a profound unhappiness clouded her last years. "She died of a broken heart" was her doctor's unprofessional opinion.

#### Former German Colony.

Those who seek to obtain a genuine knowledge of the Colonial Services cannot do better than study Tanganyika Memories, by GILCHRIST ALEXANDER (BLACKIE, 10/6). The author was formerly High Court Judge in the mandated territory, having previously served in Fiji. He begins by describing in some detail the daily life and work of officials. In this section, I think, a little more selective power should have been exercised, for the anecdotes and particulars are not all of equal interest. Later, when he comes to discuss Colonial problems, he deals with them in a judicial and judicious manner. He is inclined to favour legal practitioners, but for the most part his comments are just and pointed, as when he observes that "in official life the spectacle of a junior betraying brain-power in excess of a senior is an indecency amounting almost to outrage." He reveals too in all unconsciousness his own delightful

personality. A charming book for steady or random reading.

### Revenge.

In A Close Call (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) the policeman's lot is most assuredly not a happy one. I cannot explain this statement without diminishing the pleasure of reading Mr. Eden Phillpotts' story, but I can say that Inspector Hunteman, who apart from one act of indiscretion was an estimable man, found himself in a thoroughly unenviable position. So convincing indeed was the evidence against him that even those who had worked



"I WISH I'D NEVER GOT INTO THIS UNDERWORLD STUFF."

with and under him for years were forced to believe that he had committed a cold-blooded murder. Devourers of detective fiction will for once have the strange experience of finding the police completely baffled, and Mr. PHILL-POTTS performs a feat of ingenuity in finding a suitable climax to his well-written tale.

## Sense and Nonsense.

In Written Humour (A. AND C. BLACK, 3/6) Mr. A. A. THOMSON has given sensible advice to budding humorists. Neither Mr. Thomson nor anyone else can teach people to be humorous, but he certainly does help those who are blessed with a sense of the ridiculous to put this enviable possession to practical use. One rule, he says, will never go off the gold standard: "Take your work seriously, but not yourself." Apart from the value of this book to "aspirants," Mr. Thomson has some amusing stories to tell, and he has also shown a real appreciation of writers who in various ways have added to the gaiety and laughter of the world.

## Smith Minor Gives It Up.

"The action of Sulphuric Acid on Zinc causes an eferv efferv efferr efferr fizzing to take place."

From a Schoolboy's Examination Paper.

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"YES, ZUR, OI BE ALL FOR PEACE. YE ZEE, IF WAR DID BREAK OUT IT 'UD BE MY JOB TO PUT A GAS-MASK ON T'OWD BULL."

## Charivaria.

looked £1,800 in a safe. He should deduct that amount writer. Such as tight-rope walking, for instance. when making out his next income-tax return.

A pleasant feature of the recent strike of waiters in a London restaurant was that several regular diners were not the man who had backed it. informed of what had happened until the next day.

A county cricketer's grandmother has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. Is this a record for county cricket?

Efforts are to be made to induce farmers to regard the buzzard as a benefactor. Difficulty, however, has been experienced in persuading them to take this view of the Milk Board.

Divorced people in Soviet Russia are to be specially taxed, with an increase for each subsequent divorce. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN didn't think of this.

"The mosquito has several feminine traits," says a naturalist. No. 1: Stinging you for its supper.

A scientist says that reindeer develop horns to save their heads from bumps. This rather shakes the theory that reindeer developed horns to make hatstands.

A BURGLAR who broke into an Oxford Street shop over- to wander from the straight and narrow path," observes a

Last week a horse which had collapsed was restored by artificial respiration. Nothing, however, could be done for

Wedgwood pottery, we are told, has an unbroken tradition. "Unbroken" is good.

"It surely upsets the holiday-maker to feel that Britain's cliffs are disappearing," says a beauty-lover. Especially if he happens to be standing on one of them at the time.

Somebody suggests that the honeymoon is a survival of marriage by capture. Others associate it with capture by marriage.

A fire recently broke out in a Derbyshire village railwaystation waiting-room. But very fortunately it did not spread to the waiting-room fireplace.

An Army doctor says that some old soldiers have a genius for malingering. Or, to put it otherwise, an infinite capacity for faking pains.

A certain South American tribe calls the month of March "There are certain professions in which it is disastrous Rarmorrooroo. It must be an excellent time for oysters.

## The British Rabbit.

WHEN I was reading The Times one day last week my eye caught the unspeakably beautiful headline, Antiquity OF THE BRITISH RABBIT, and I could not very well allow the occasion to pass without trying to write a sad little song about it.

> THE British rabbit is old And his heart is filled with tears, He is covered with moss and mould And the dust of the years. No longer he loves to play In the woods and fields and chases, He is old and worn and grey And his fur comes out in places.

The British rabbit is tired, The strength of his limbs relaxes, He follows the route required And he pays his rates and taxes; He sits in his small abode And fills up the list of voters, And he cannot get over the road Because of the blasted motors.

He can hear the owls at night-The native kinds and foreign; And his spirit is torn with fright; He goes back into his warren. Slowly his eyelids blink, And he spends his days in dozing, And whenever he wants a drink He finds that the pubs are closing.

He clothes himself and he feeds As the Masters of Earth compel him, And he never gets what he needs But just what the papers tell him. The British rabbit is old And his heart is filled with tears: He is covered with moth and mould And the dust of the years.

EVOE.

## Purple Bits of Hemingway.

(A sort of reminiscence of that eminent writer's "Green Hills of Africa.")

So it was then, the sentence finished, I there with the pen still dripping in my hand, the others there too, watching, pleased that I had finished the sentence, I pleased too that I had finished the sentence, knowing that the way to write a sentence is as long as there is you and the sentence, just as the way to write a book is as long as there is you and the book, and the way to peel an apple is as long as there is you and the apple. Pop came up.

"That's four hundred words, easy," he said.

"You finally made it." "Sure I made it."

Looking at the sentence, watching it there the way you would watch a column of print in a phone-book. The way you would watch a page in a dictionary. The way you would watch anything.

I asked her how it looked. "Swell," she said.

"She's all right," I said to Pop.

"She's swell.

"Sure she's swell. She's damn swell."

"Sure she's damn swell."

"She's fine."

"She's all right," Pop said.

The wind blew in from the west, we there and feeling it, Will not there and not feeling it. In fact, nobody who was not there feeling it. Pretty soon we saw Will coming back. He was walking with his head down, coming fast, so you could not see his face, it hidden and down so you could not see it. You could not see how he looked. I mean it was hard to see what he looked like with his head down that way. I don't know how I got this you stuff mixed in with the we stuff I began this paragraph with. I can generally keep them apart. That's technique.

'He don't look so good," Pop said. "He looks all right. He looks swell."

"He has bad luck."

"Sure he has bad luck. I have bad luck too. Everybody has bad luck. Only once in a while I turn in a four-hundred-word sentence." I could feel I was beginning to brag and I didn't give a damn.

Pop looked at me. "He'll feel bad."

"I feel bad myself."

I moved the sentence so Will wouldn't see it as he came up. It's tough on Will, I thought. He came up and put his pen down.
"Hello. Hello," I said.
"Hello."

"Did you do one?"

"Sure. Sure, I did one."

He threw down some paper with his sentence on it. It was a hell of a sentence. I looked at Pop. Pop looked at The back of my head moved.

"Hell," I said to Pop. "Count it." My voice was dry the way your voice is when you want something to drink. Pop counted it. It was five-hundred-and-two words long.

Will looked all burned up. "I nearly had a better one, he said. "Five-hundred-and-seventy words and not a

semicolon in the whole damn string."
"——" I said. I took a drink. The others were quiet, looking at me, knowing the way I felt. She poured me another drink, it hissing into the tumbler the way anything hisses into any tumbler, it hissing and bubbling up and around, it bubbling . . . I did mean to carry on this sentence quite a while but I can't think of anything else to put in it.

"Darling," she said, "never mind. You'll get a better ac. There's lots of paper left."
"Oh, sure. Sure," I said.

"Wait till we get the typewriter," Pop said.
"Sure, the typewriter will fix it." I began to feel better. 'Congratulations, Will."

"Thanks."

"Congratulations, everybody." The drinks were getting to work. "Say, I've got millions of congratulations. Help yourself. Have some more congratulations, Will."

"What for?"
"Hell," I said. "Anything. You were in the war."

"Sure I was in the war. I was in the front line. I was the brains of the front line."

"I was the brains of the back line," Pop said. "What line were you the brains of?" he said to me.

"There weren't any brains where I was," I said.

"You're telling us."

"Wise guy. Pop, he's a wise guy." "Sure he's wise. He's tough too."

"We're all tough. Look at Tolstoi. Look at the advantages of abnormality.

I guess I was wrong there. I only write that kind of stuff, I never say it. It never comes in dialogue. It's too



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# FOILED!

[In a White Paper issued on the 28th April it is stated that His Majesty's Government are "convinced that the time has not yet arrived when women could be employed in the Consular Service or in the Diplomatic Service with advantage to the State or with profit to women."]



"I rang, Mrs. Bracegirdle, because I know you would be happier if you did something about this."

subtle for dialogue. It comes in the middle of a paragraph, quiet, after the first few lines, you reading, it sneaking up on you the way the period sneaks up on you when you are writing a sentence, you not expecting the period, it sneaking up on you, you writing, remembering I said you were reading only three lines above, thinking how complicated this sentence is getting and wondering how I am going to get us all out, forgetting that in this kind of sentence you don't try to get out, you stop in your tracks, it getting longer and longer, just to show you the way I can write a sentence even though there is no room here for a fullsized one, knowing that I can stop at almost any comma, maybe a little out of breath but not worrying about how I

Pretty soon I got cheerful again. "By " I said, "you should see me handle my participles."

## As Others Hear Us.

#### The Good Story.

"OH, that reminds me of Robert's adventure with the woman we met in the hotel at Marseilles. You must hear all about that. Robert, you must tell the General your funny story about Marseilles."

"There's nothing really very much to tell, dear."

"Oh, but there is. Don't you remember how thrilled the Browns were when you told it at dinner that night? You'd love it, General.'

Well, well, come along, Robert, old man; let's hear it."

"Robert really tells it terribly well too. However many times I hear it I always enjoy it."

"Nonsense, dear."

"No, no, Robert—it's really a marvellous story and you tell it beautifully. I shall never forget one afternoon at the Robinsons. They loved it. So did the Admiral last week. And don't you remember how I made you tell it to those people we met at the races?

Really, dear, you'll make the General think it's something wonderful, and it's simply nothing-nothing at all.'

"Well, out with it, old man.

"Really, there's nothing very much to tell. It was

Now, dear, you must tell it properly. Begin at the very beginning and go right on to the end, you know. Tell it the way you told it at the Smiths' cocktail-party. (He had the whole room in a roar—honestly, General.) Go on, dear."

"It was simply that we stayed the night at Marseilles on the way home last month, in one of those hotels-'It called itself 'Hôtel Splendide' or something. You

know the way they do."

Yes, and our room happened to be on the third floor-"It was number ninety-nine. Not that it makes any difference, but that was the number. I remember quite well. Ninety-nine. Rather funny, wasn't it? Still, it hasn't anything whatever to do with the story. Go on, dear."

Well, naturally one used the lift to go up and

And the lift stuck. Just about halfway, you know. So that Robert, who was in it, couldn't get out. And this French lady was in the lift too. Go on, dear."

'She was a Frenchwoman whom-

"We'd noticed downstairs in the dining-room. Tell the General, dear, how we used to see her sitting at her little 36

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table in the window with her child. She had a small child with her, General, so like her that we knew it must be her little boy. We'd often noticed them. Go on, Robert."

"This woman was in the lift when it-

"But not the little boy. She hadn't got the little boy with her."

"No, she hadn't got the little boy with her. So, as we

were stuck there, we started a conversation."

"Robert's French isn't his strong point, General. I must tell you that or you won't really get the point of the story. But I mustn't interrupt. Go on, dear. You and the French lady were stuck in the lift and you began a conversation. At least, she began it, talking French, and Robert could only make out about half what she said. Go on, Robert."

"She began to tell me something about the child, and

that he was going to school or something--"

"No, no, Robert. It couldn't have been school—he was much too little. He was being sent on a visit to some cousins. Or was it an aunt? I believe it was an aunt."

"Still, dear, it doesn't really matter."

"Oh dear no, not in the least. It doesn't make any difference. Besides, I'm almost sure it was an aunt. His father's sister, you know. Anyway, we'll say it was his father's sister. So you said, Robert, didn't you, something about something or other, and she said something about missing the child—le cœur d'une mère—you know the way they talk, General. And go on, dear; what happened next?" "Well, it was just that I—"

"You see, you must remember that Robert doesn't

understand French very well."

"So I rather misunderstood what she was saying, and I thought she meant—"

"Yes, but, dear, you're not telling it right. You told it much better that night at the Harveys. Don't you remember? The time that Jane Harveyhad on her black-and-white striped frock—not that that has anything to do with it. At least I think it was that night. Though it might not have been. She might have been wearing her yellow. Still, it doesn't matter."

"Well, the point is that I quite misunderstood what this

woman said, and-"

"And he thought she was talking about sea-sickness all the time. You see? Cœur d'une mère—and mal de mer and mal au cœur! Wasn't it marvellous? And I must say I always do love the way Robert tells the story." E. M. D.

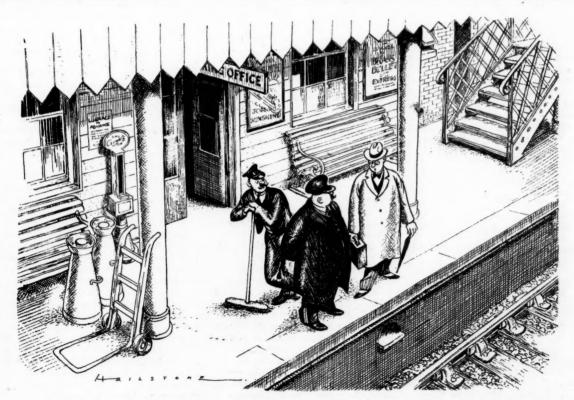
#### Our Hard-Working Councillors.

". . . The Manchester Corporation, he said, employed about 34,000 people, and last year there were no fewer than 1,574 meetings of committees and sub-committees. The Gas Department produced 6,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas last year."—Daily Paper.

"Yesterday M.P.'s were saying frankly in the lobbies at Westminster that the leakage should be probed."—Daily Paper. Far better, surely, to get a Committee to sit on it.

"To tell the story of Blackpool since the turn of the century would be a kind of impertinence. It emerged from the age of beards and knick-knacks to express itself in smooth-shaven concrete sweeps."—Newspaper Article.

This is real progress. We have always held that beards are no advantage to a sweep.



"YES, SIR, SOMETIMES I MUST CONFESS WE DO FEEL A BIT LEFT OUT OF THINGS. WHY, IT MUST BE TWO YEARS OR MORE SINCE THEY CAME TO FILL UP OUR CHOCOLATE-MACHINE."

## Tea.

WHAT is tea, the tax on which is causing so much oratory and indignation? The tea-tree, I learn for the first time to-day, is "closely related to the well-known ornamental shrub the Camellia." and its Latin name is Camellia Thea (Linn.). This attempt of the lowly tea-plant to climb into high society is touching, and it is surprising that tea's publicity-men have not made more use of its aristocratic connection. "Camellia Wine" might bring in many who scorn the simple tea.

But many things are surprising about tea. The hold it has upon the Island Race, for example. Look in your Encyclopædia Britannica at the figures of "Importation and Consumption." "Great Britain and Northern Ireland," it is there asserted. "consume more tea than all the other countries combined." In 1927 we imported for home con-

sumption

416.152.552 lbs.

The United States, generally supposed to be fair tea-tipplers, was second on the roll, but imported only

88.518.696 lbs.

And the total figure for all countries was

792,348,500 lbs.

So that G.B. and N.I. swilled more than half the world's supply.

And this habit follows the flag. Australia and Canada, with their tiny populations, were third and fourth in the list.

The figures for "Tea consumption per head" are rather thrilling too:-

Great Britain	n	an	d	,	No	ri	hern	lbs.
Ireland								9.4
New Zealand								9
Australia								8.3
Irish Free Sto	ut	e						7.6
Canada								4
Holland								3.2
South Africa								1.7
United State	8							.84
European Ru	18	sia						.27
Germany								.18
France								.07

Staggering figures, fellows! Is it not strange that the Island Race, scorning the horrid habits of foreign lands, should make such surrender to a heathen product and extract its principal beverage from a shrub which cannot even be grown within its own

The tax, now raised to 4d. (Imperial) and 6d. (foreign) has been even higher. In the bad days of WILLIAM and MARY

it was five shillings a pound. In 1852 it was 2s. 21d. In 1900 it was 6d., in 1904 8d. and in 1914 (how did we endure it?) a shilling.

One important mathematical problem which arises in the present discussion is: How many cups of tea go to

a pound?

Experiments I have made gave me the answer: "About 200." But I allowed one for the pot, and my spoonfuls may have been too generous. For another encyclopædia I possess, published many years ago, says: "Ts. costing up to 1/8d. per lb., should make about 220 cups to the lb., while more expensive Ts. make about 280 cups. A gargle of T. is strongly recom-

mended for sore throat."

It is a sum to which every citizen should try to find an answer. Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., in an earnest assault upon the gargle-tax the other day, spoke of a factory canteen which proposed now to raise the price of a cup of tea from a penny to a pennyfarthing, "because a farthing is the smallest amount that can be put on to the cost." "That," as she rightly said, "represents an increase of 25 per cent." But 2d. is very far from being 25 per cent. of two shillings; and the answer is, surely, that the canteen is profiteering, though it may be that they are being compelled to profiteer by our queer coinage. For, supposing that there are 200 cups to a lb., 200 farthings make 4/2d. (do they not?); so that the canteen is making a profit of 4/- on a tax of 2d.! The proper person to abuse, therefore, is not the CHAN-CELLOR but the canteen. It will then be said, "But how are they to get the tax back?" Well, it remains to be proved that they are not getting too much for their cup of T. already. For they are charging 200 pennies, or 16/8, for serving a pound of tea which cost, perhaps, 2/-; and 200 cubes of sugar can be bought for 6d. I do not know about 200 dollops of milk, or the "overheads," but I suspect that there should be a margin there.

Nevertheless, I sympathise with the poor tea-drinkers, provided that they do not paint too brightly either their own virtues or the merits of their delightful beverage. I agree that all "the little comforts of the poor" (Mr. ATTLEE's moving description of T) are taxed too highly. But T. will still be the most-favoured comfort. A pound of tea, they say, lasts our dear friend the Average Man nearly six weeks, since he consumes only nine pounds a year; and on a pound of Empire tea at, say, 2/-, he will now pay a tax of 16 per cent. But if he buys a sixpenny packet of ten cigarettes he pays a tax

of 50-60 per cent.; and if he buys a glass of the best bitter he pays a tax of 45 per cent., and these comforts will not last so long. He cannot, if he is poor, buy whisky at all (though beer may be bad for his rheumatics) since the tax on that is 200 per cent.!

And the staggering fact remains that the Naughty Comforts (Tobacco, Beer. Wine, etc.) are to contribute to the revenue this year the sum of £185.000,000 (enough to pay for all the Defence Forces and, I think, Education as well) and the Good Comforts (Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Sugar, etc.) only £20,000,000.

The Average Teetotaller and Non-Smoker, therefore, pays at least nine times less in indirect taxation than the Average Low Fellow like you and me. But he has the same voting power and the same claims on the Defence Forces. So vast a discrepancy in a democratic State could only be justified by some outstanding virtue in the favoured citizen. But where is this? Those who avoid tobacco and beer do not do so as a rule because they are good but because they do not like tobacco and beer. They choose their own diet and "comforts," as others do; and, though they may be congratulated on choosing those least heavily taxed, they have no obvious claim to be regarded as specially good citizens. Indeed, if it could be shown that they shunned tobacco and beer in order to avoid taxation, we all know what should be said against them.

And where is the particular virtue in T. (apart from its undoubted fitness for use as a gargle)? It is a mild stimulant. like coffee; but my medical dictionary asserts that coffee is more wholesome. It is a comforting habit, like the cigarette or pipe, and, as those, it may be used to excess. It is a convenient way of making milk and hot water palatable. It is delightful. If there were no more T. we should all suffer inconvenience and regret. But the health of nobody, I think, would suffer. It cannot, strictly, therefore, be described as a "food" or even a "necessity." Indeed, there is a good deal of evidence that as used to-day, in many quarters, it comes near to being a vice and a clog on the wheels of the nation's

work.

The world may well connect this huge national habit with that increase of softness which most of the world perceives or suspects in our nation to-day. But everybody likes T.; and so do I. And if the T.-fans would leave it at that I should sympathise more warmly still. But they will put on this insufferable air of virtue. And so, with some reluctance, I record the hard truth about T. A. P. H.

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## Unknown London Celebrities.

#### The Bus Partner.

ALLOW me to introduce myself. I am one of London's most successful Bus Partners. My talents do not extend to the Underground or District Railway, but in the realm of the London Passenger Transport omnibus I am practically unrivalled.

My technique is simple but effective. The other passengers do the rest. Upon boarding a bus I merely select an empty seat facing the way we are going, and sit down. This is a signal for everyone to be seized with a sudden desire to sit next to me. It may be someone already in the bus, or the next passenger who enters—but the result is the same. Before I have time to settle myself comfortably I have a partner sitting beside me.

I once thought my speciality was nervous old ladies, who apparently saw in my proximity some measure of security, but now my field of popularity has widened, and I cater for all sexes and ages. The old ladies, however, were my first introduction into successful bus partnering, and I have an affection for them. They may be classed roughly under two headings:—

(a) Thin Old Ladies, with umbrellas and bulky parcels, with a tendency to chat; and

(b) FAT OLD LADIES, who spread all over me, with a tendency to go to sleep.

The first have unmanageable umbrellas which either fall continually to the floor, or jab me down the side of my shoe; and the second, though peaceful, are rather overwhelming and difficult to dislodge when I wish to alight. Allied to these are my OLD GENTLEMEN partners. They usually have large and cumbersome newspapers, the holding of which necessitates their elbows being well squared into my person. On the top of the bus they usually smoke pipes. But whether from the innate honesty of my countenance or the fact that I take up little room, the truth remains that my old gentlemen partners are steadily mount-

Of the younger members of both sexes I have a pretty regular assortment of supporters. The knitting girl-typist returning from work has every confidence in my not disturbing her knitting; engaged couples, unable to get a whole seat to themselves, will fly to me as a haven of refuge, the other sitting behind me or on the opposite side of the bus. I admit these are more quickly changed for other



"EXCUSE ME, BUT DIDN'T I ACT NEXT TO YOU IN THE CROWD SCENE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERSEL?"

partners, but while they last the separated swain behind will engage his beloved in animated conversation, with the result that I get a share of the general breathing of hot air on the back of the neck.

Finally my sphere of popularity ends with two especially successful lines—that of the Child being seen off by its parent, who indicates my highly desirable vacant seat, and the MOTHER AND BABY. The latter may be said to be the crowning point of the really experienced bus partner. I am the Mecca and goal of all mothers with babies travelling by bus. If they cannot sit beside me they will sit in front of me or behind me—anywhere near me, so that little Henry will be able to

poke me when I am not expecting it. It gives me a fright, but don't the little darlings love it, and isn't mother pleased at their friendly advances?

These partners also need smiling at from time to time, but I do not grudge them their pleasure. The mother with baby has a fatal fascination for my company, and I admit my obligations. Though I have lollipops thrust into my face and Teddy Bears thrown at my head I maintain my reputation and am proud of it.

Who wants a perfect Bus Partner?

## History Without Tears.

"Morton's Fork was a method by which Henry VII. stung people at both ends." Indian Matriculation Paper.

## The Joneses

(Being a masque in a judiciously mixed style, designed to demonstrate to a generation blinded by the glamour of the cinema that even the screen's most lucrative themes would find richer and more moving expression in the methods of the authentic drama).

Scene—The exterior of the Jones's house in Ditchwater Alley.

Enter from within Mrs. Jones, a cloth cap on her head and a hatchet in her hand.

Mrs. J. Forth from the portals of this gloomy seat I, Sarah Jones, with vengeful purpose dire Gravely emerge, awaiting that dread hour (Sweet hour to other wives but dread to me) By men named closing-time; when to these halls Blindly will wheel his weird circuitous course My husband, flown with insolence and stout: His last offence. For this incisive axe, Versed heretofore but in the ingenuous craft Of hacking coal, now newly consecrate To grislier uses, shall unseam his scalp And stretch his bibulous carcase on the floor Inanimate, nor more susceptible To healing herb or Æsculapian cup Than that rotund one whom (so poets feign) A royal legion failed to recompose.

## Enter Chorus of Charwomen.

Semich. 1. The valleys are wrapped in a shroud of mist
And the mountains are touched with snow,

Semich. 2. And the chilling lips of the East have kissed The fields where the roses blow.

Chor. Why, Mrs. Jones! What dost thou at thy door? Mrs. J. I patiently await my lord's return.

Mrs. J. I patiently await my lord's return.

Chor. Thy expectation owns no distant term,

For in good time here comes thy noble lord.

#### Enter Jones.

Jones. Back from the tavern with fallacious tread
And voice upraised in loud and obscene mirth
I reel inebriate. Hail, sweet consort, hail!
What rich repast, what mess of savoury meats
And curious herbs have those fair hands prepared
To glad the heart and sate the appetite?

Mrs. J. One that shall prove the measure of my love.
Rare is the dish, and never by thy lips
Yet tasted, but methinks it passing sweet.

Jones. Come, then; let me attempt this succulence.

Chor. (aside). What meant our Sarah by that last remark? [Exeunt Jones and Mrs. J. within.

## CHORUS:

Semich. 1. O Drink, unconquered in fight,
Thou loosest the warrior's might
And dimmest the eyes of kings.

Semich. 2. We're often inclined to think
'Tis a terrible thing, the drink—
Port wine and shandy and things.

[The door opens to reveal Jones and Mrs. J. seated together in a loving attitude on a couch. Behind them stands a child of singular beauty.

Semich. 1. But see, what wonders greet our anxious view! Semich. 2. Why, if it is not little William!

II. O innocence! what canst thou not achieve?

No sooner had I laid my curly head

(A pillowed gem) upon its wonted couch Than loud uprose from out the inferior gloom A horrid din, as Centaurs there rejoined With Lapiths fierce their vinous discord old. Whereat descending I beheld this man And this his consort in ambiguous strife Grimly opposed: she with a hatchet armed Urged on the war, with pots and saucepans he And all the artillery of the kitchen store. No rest: I straight betwixt the jarring pair Fell, and in clear nor all un-bell-like tones Entreated them and called their names; and they Stood for a while astonied, then with tears Embraced each other and copious vows professed-She to refrain the rancours of her tongue Henceforward, he to sign the abstemious pledge. So may the swell of angry passions yield Before an infant's prayers. Where force is vain, Curls will succeed and lisping still prevail! The door closes.

Chorus. These events have been somewhat depressing,
But rich is the moral they teach,
For children are ever a blessing;
We're glad we have seventeen each.

[Execunt.]

## How to Destroy Alarm Clocks.

No doubt it is due to the *laissez-faire* spirit of this jaded and disillusioned age that the problem of how to destroy alarm clocks has never hitherto been given the careful attention and study which its importance warrants.

It is true that occasionally, on having just been roused into a nerve-shattered wakefulness by the explosive matutinal cacophonies of these devilish devices, any number of people have then and there firmly resolved to work out an efficient system for destroying them; but a careful search has revealed that not one of these resolves has found actual expression in any published work.

As a result, the problem is now met with only the haphazard trial-and-error methods of each individual as the occasion arises. This condition is deplorable, for when it is realised that the problem is one that arises in millions of homes on morning after morning (on Monday mornings, anyway), it is apparent that the cumulative waste and inefficiency of such a condition must have the most grave and far-reaching social consequences.

In now laying before the public the methods and devices which I have worked out after twenty-five years of study and research devoted exclusively to this great problem, I therefore feel that I am filling a long-felt want.

(1) The first method which I here present has been designed to appeal through its clever ingenuity to those of a more scientific turn of mind. I call this my "Automatic Self-Starting Pile-Driver Method." Its principle is illustrated in the diagram below. (Fig. 1.)

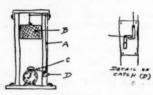
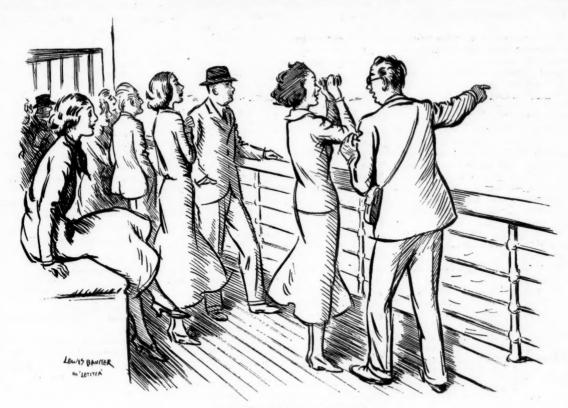


Fig. 1.

The cord (A) which supports the heavy weight (B) is connected with the catch (D), which in turn is connected



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"SO THAT'S REALLY THE ACROPOLIS? How terribly thrilling! And there seems to be some sort of building on the top of it."

with the clapper of the alarm (c). Thus, when the alarm commences to strike, the catch (D) is pulled apart, causing the heavy weight (B) to fall upon the clock, destroying same. If this method is used it has been found advisable to hide beneath the bed-covers at the first stroke of the alarm

(2) The second method is a more simple one, but it has the advantage of providing a very satisfying medium for the expression—and consequent healthy elimination—of one's anger-impulses on being awakened by the alarm. The diagram below (Fig. 2) is self-explanatory:—

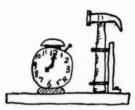


Fig. 2.

(3) My third method has been designed for those of a literal and straightforward nature, and indeed in many ways is the most satisfying of all. I call this my "Pot of Boiling Oil Method," and it is what its name indicates. (See Fig. 3.)

The alarm clock (A) is quelled by being hurled into the

pot of boiling oil (B). A criticism that might possibly be levelled against this method, however, is that the pot of oil must of course be kept boiling all night, with the result that its fumes have sometimes been known to cause the



Fig. 3.

suffocation of its devotees, thus making it immaterial whether the alarm goes off or not.

Space does not permit the inclusion here of the many more equally scientific devices which I have worked out, but I would be glad to forward my booklet on the subject, which describes these in full, to any reader requesting same if he will remit with his letter of request the small sum of £5 3s. 6d. to cover the cost of printing, postage, etc.

In the meantime, should none of the devices described in this article appeal to your own temperament, I suggest the adoption of either of the following as temporary and makeshift methods pending the receipt of my work:—

- (a) Throw your alarm-clock away; or
- (b) Don't set the alarm.

# The Everyday Week-End.

"DID you notice on your way up the body of a bald man slightly above the middle height lying on the halflanding?" Geoffrey asked as he greeted me in his study.

"Yes," I replied, "I noticed it, but I didn't look closely enough to see who it belonged to."

"It was no one you knew," he told me; "Osterbitzen, his name was. I happen to be his sole heir. He was a trader in the Levant, but no one quite knew what he traded in. Rather a mysterious fellow. He had a sphinx tattooed on each elbow. Cigar?" "Thanks," I said. "How was it

Geoffrey put a glove on his right hand and took a Venetian stiletto from

his pocket.
"This," he said, "right between the shoulder-blades.'

"Are you calling in the police?"
He shook his head. "No, not yet. It's hardly necessary. Osterbitzen's private detective is on the job-Osterbitzen had an idea this would happen and he brought his man along with him. And then there's my own man; it's his job to look into this sort of thing. Besides, when you've got a house-party of old friends, all the most delightful people, you don't want policemen crashing about. They'd almost certainly imagine that one of my guests was responsible for poor old Oster's fade-out, and everyone would be questioned.'

"By the way, who is here this week?" I asked.

"Oh, the usual crowd, more or less. Jimmy Grierfish-

'Did he know Osterbitzen?"

"Well, yes and no. They met years ago in Port Said. There was a scandal of some kind, and I've heard it said that Osterbitzen had been blackmailing him ever since, but there's probably no truth in that. Then there's Conchita la Beriopleeka, the woman Oster was engaged to before he married Julienne Reutemann—that was a long time ago, of course-and her present husband, Hambar Stupordasch. He was the accountant Oster dismissed shortly before he sold his heroin business in '29. Then-let me seethere's Bertie van Ogthrush; he had no connection with Oster that I know of, though he has lived in the Levant all his life. He's a collector of Venetian stilettos. I thought this one might belong to him, as it has his initials on the blade, but Bertie tells me he's never even seen it. Who else? Well, there's Jack McStendhal-he's the

man, you know, that Conchita was first engaged to-and Miriam de Stutz-Bentley (you know Miriam, of course; she's Grierfish's girl), and the Countess von Ochbedov-you know, the woman who was suing Osterbitzen for breach of promise in '27. I think that's the whole crowd. They're all people who constantly stay here, and straight as a die, every one of them."

I was baffled.

"So that only leaves the servants?" I said.

"I would rather you accused my guests than my staff," Geoffrey said, with a flash of the hauteur that has gained him the soubriquet of "Gentleman Jeff" throughout the shires. "Every one of my servants has been with me for years. I've had Joe Bogg since he came out of Broadmoor in '32; Duggins came to me when Osterbitzen sacked him in '28, and Alice Apple was one of the best girls they ever had at Holloway, so the Governor told me. As for Hi Yu, my little Chinese pantryboy, I never had a more trustworthy servant."

"Then what is your own theory?" asked.

"The simple and obvious one," Geoffrey answered-"suicide."

\* I was not altogether satisfied, and my suspicions increased after dinner that night when Grierfish and Miriam de Stutz-Bentley were found stretched beside Osterbitzen, each skewered with a stiletto precisely similar to the one Geoffrey had shown me. Nor was I in any way reassured next morning when the Countess von Ochbedov, screaming, "The snake, the snake! Cairo in the nineties! How it brings it all back!" rushed down the main stairway and collapsed, crumpled and lifeless, on the mat in the hall. But I kept my fears to myself. Geoffrey, I could see, was worried, and I was afraid lest anything I said should hurt him.

"Charles," he said to me after church on Sunday, "you've heard, I suppose, that Ogthrush has just been found on the billiard-table strangled with his own suspenders?'

I squeezed his hand sympathetically. "I know how that sort of thing hurts," was all that I could say.

"And has Bogg told you that McStendhal's gone?

"Gone? Gone where?"

Geoffrey raised his hat reverently. "Some poison unknown to Western science," he said quietly. There was a science," he said quietly. There was a lump in his throat. "You must for-give me," he said. "You know how it is when old friends go-go out yonder.'

I thought of those words next morn-

ing when Geoffrey was found in the kitchen-garden with five bullet-holes in his dinner-jacket and a sphinx roughly sketched on his shirt-front with the words: "Enfin, mon ami!— (Signed) THE OLD BRIGADE" in violet crayon. It was then that I telephoned for the police.

I listened entranced while Divisional-Inspector Bewley, one of the most brilliant minds of the C.I.D., told me, clue by clue, how he had solved the mystery.

"But surely it was a most extraordinary thing," I said-"seven sepa-

rate suicides!

Seven is nothing," the Inspector said, "for an English week-end party."

## A Visit to Robotsville.

I've never dwelt in marble halls Or visited "stately homes";

scant exchequer can't rise, à la FLECKER,

To lapis-lazuli domes;

But my outlook has gained expansion Of late in a long week-end

At the ferro-concrete mansion Of a prosperous City friend.

Outside the house was bleak and white, But, once you stepped inside, The methods of lighting were most

inviting

And thoroughly justified. To call it romantic or scenic Would be to exaggerate:

It was horribly hygienic And terribly up-to-date.

Resort to manual labour Was kept at a minimum; There wasn't a corner for any Jack Horner

To sit and extract a plum. There were no odorous stables, No sound of a horse's hoof:

There were no triangular gables Or chimney-pots on the roof.

When I sat I had to balance Myself on a steel-tubed chair; All coal was banished and dust had vanished.

And I breathed "conditioned" air: The kitchen shone with a chromium sheen:

There was wireless on every floor, And a neat little television screen On the back of the kitchen door.

returned with mingled feelings, For, while I was forced to own That in Robotsville amazing skill By the architects is shown,

A house that lacks an open fire Can never be cosy or snug,

And it made me long with a deep desire For the old Victorian fug.

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"This is Sir Og Jones's secretary. Who is that, please?"



"SIR BASHAN SMITH'S SEC-RETARY SPEAKING. . . SIR BASHAN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO SIR OG JONES AT ONCE, FLEASE—URGENT."



"CERTAINLY. PUT HIM THROUGH."



"THANK YOU. HULLO."



" Hullo."



" HULLO."



" HULLO."



" Hullo."



" Hullo."



"WELL, WHERE IS SIR



"Well, where is Sir Bashan?"



"OH, BUT I DAREN'T DISTURB SIR BASHAN TILL SIR OG'S ON THE LINE."



"AND I DAREN'T DISTURB SIR OG TILL SIR BASHAN'S ON THE LINE."



"So there's nothing we can do for them?"



"No, nothing. Good-bye, dear."



"GOOD-BYE, DEAR."



"HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING SINISTER?"

### The Zoo Last Year.

No one can deny that there are too many books: even some of those that our Learned Clerks have to review. But in spite of such an output of the real thing, bound in cloth, I have been reading vet another publication, a slender thing in paper, and have found it extremely interesting; indeed, much more so than certain of the pompous. I refer to the Report of the Zoological Society of London for 1935, which has just been issued and is continuously informative, from its record at the beginning of the achievements of Sir PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL, now retired, and the description of the Okapi which, in 1935, the KING OF THE BELGIANS gave to the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCE OF WALES gave to the Gardens (where, alas! parasites killed it), to the concluding List of Donors to Whipsnade Park, which comprises twelve Mountain Hares from Mr. A. C. GLADSTONE and four Mountain Hares from Mr. H. S. GLAD-STONE, a Sika Deer from the Duke of BEDFORD (the President), and two Common Herons from Mr. J. COWLING. But fancy calling those infrequent, lonely, long-legged things "common"!

Between these extremes the Report contains a vast amount of information, including details of the first four Vampire Bats that have been acquired, which—and this will disappoint students of the macabre—are fed entirely on the blood of horses "defibrinated"; and of Captain H. W. GIBBINGS, who. in recognition of his care of the Vampire Bats, was presented by the Society with a gold cigarette-case; and of the two Manatees from the West Indies. who, unlike the Vampire Bats, are vegetarians and eat lettuces in a temperature of 80° F.—a degree of heat which, during the past Easter holidays, must have made them feel very superior; of the birth, on February 17th, of the first baby Chimpanzee, who was christened Jubilee and is doing very well, thank you; and of the vast and curious supply of food that the inmates of the Zoo need, for not all, I can assure, want either blood or lettuces. shrimps, for example, in 1935, there was a consumption of 1,095 pints; 226,943 bananas; 3 tons 13 hundredweight of grapes; 50 pineapples (very moderate); 488 pounds of cherries (who wouldn't be inside a cage?); 25 tons 16½ hundredweight of potatoes; 835 cucumbers; 533 pounds of dried flies; 223 pounds of golden syrup; 470 pounds of ant-eggs; 27,810 eggs; 45 tons 9¼ hundredweight of herrings and whiting, and of course buns in huge numbers; but they, being extra, are not specified.

One of the novelties is Pets' Corner, where certain safe animals may be handled and caressed—a derivation, I rather fancy, from a similar enclosure at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Here you may (if you like) get on terms with a Chimpanzee, a Lion-cub, a small Python, a Giant Tortoise and a litter of young Pigs, and be photographed with whatever ally you choose, the Chimpanzee being, in 1935, the favourite. Meanwhile plans for a separate Child-ren's Zoo in Regent's Park are in preparation; but whether they really want it-whether all the Zoo is not the Children's Zoo-is a question. To return to our friend and camera companion, the Chimpanzee, while he is every day treated in Regent's Park to a tea-party, at Whipsnade he has had a special island prepared for him, and, since he refuses to cross water, this

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is o d island is without bars. As the Gibbon also dislikes to cross water, an island is being constructed for him.

The greatest number of visitors to the Gardens in recent times was 2,225,662 in 1928. Last year there were 1,962,136, and, since every year the Zoo is better, I wonder about the decrease. The popularity of the Aquarium is, however, rising.

It is when we come to the List of Donors to the London Gardens that I begin to be nervous, because I too in my time have tried to give things away, but I never gave away anything zoological, not even, like Mr. A. C. Banfield, a Slow-worm, and perhaps I ought to begin. The generosity of people all over the world depresses and startles me. From the List, which is very lengthy, I choose only a few examples, largely for their odd sound; but there are hundreds more, chiefly Budgerigars and Marmosets. JOAN BLACKETT gives an Agile Wallaby; Mrs. A. J. BRUMMITT, twenty Salamanders; Mr. G. J. BYRNELL, a feline Douroucouli; Mr. Godfrey Chatfield, a Schmidt's White-nosed Monkey; Mrs. TILSTON CRUMP, two Superb Tanagers; Mr. E. R. S. Ellis, two Spectacled Cayman (or Caymen); Mr. EDGAR HOLDEN a Fat Dormouse, and Mr. H. STAPLES an ordinary Dormouse; Mr. A. G.

LOWNDES, thirty-six Fairy Shrimps; Professor W. ROWAN, twenty Evening Grosbeaks; the captain and crew of the *Stalingrad*, a Polar Bear; Mrs. D. TAYLOR, a Cactus Conure, and Mr. J. B. NORRIS, a Bosman's Potto.

I don't even know what a Bosman's Potto is, or indeed what many of these strangely-named creatures are. But wouldn't it be funny if one day, during a revolution, the animals got the upper hand and presented human beings to the Zoo? Then we should perhaps read in the Report that a Bosman's Potto had given a Mr. J. B. Norris. E. V. L.

## A Modern Serenade.

Oн, pray, Miss Blenkinsop, look down, Fling wide your metal casement, Nor let your hand-wove curtains flout

A maidenly effacement;
For though I know the serenade
Is moribund or dying,

Yet in your praise this song I sing, My tuneful fingers plying.

I will not name you as a rose
All freshly washed in dew,
I will not mention harebell toes,
It is not strictly true;
But in the manner of to-day

I will without cessation

Describe the inner man which you Have raised from sublimation.

Our mutual self-consciousness,
Our egos linked shall soar,
Repressions be no more repressed,
Each self we will explore;
Oh, what diversions may be ours
What pleasures be enjoyed
In cultivated mental bowers
While we are Jung with Freud.

So pray, Miss Blenkinsop, to me Extend some welcome ray, For here, a blushing Ph.D., I woo you, bright B.A., Oh, join your intellect to mine That through unending ages Our names may one and splendid shine On countless title-pages.

## An Impending Apology.

"Although her hull is pierced and three of her holds are full, Mrs. — has refused to leave the barque without her husband." North-Country Paper.

"... I am anxious that it should be finally wiped out instead of being left in the air in this manner as a kind of hidden sore between the two nations which is apt to cloud discussion between the two nations. I hope that the criticisms I have made will not seem improper."

An M.P. on the American Debt.

Only, perhaps, to purists.



THE SPRING OF 1936.

Mother Thrush, "This is the last time I hatch out an early brood."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS FRESH AIR.

## Our Cocktail Party.

WE gave a cocktail party at Little Puddleton;

We suddenly felt hearty and thought it would be fun;

"We'll ask the entire neighbourhood and gin them up," we said

"And if Daddy doesn't like it he can darn well go to bed."

The Partingtons were dubious, the Squire's wife refused;

The Vicar was lugubrious, Miss Rinse was not amused;

The Colonel said that kind of show was not much in his line.

The Greens said if the Pincks were asked, alas! they must

But all our soul was in it and we coaxed each one to say They would "drop in for one minute and then quietly slip away":

And so at length the scene was set with bottles by the score.

A wealth of Woolrich ashtrays and potato-crisps galore.

The Vicar came quite early: he said he wouldn't wait
As he loathed a hurly-burly. (He left at half-past eight.)
The Partingtons descended next and brought a shy young
niece

Who stood immovable and mute beside the mantelpiece.

The Greens were in a hurry in case they met the Pincks, So to ease their natural worry they bolted several drinks; Two rising old church-workers next, and then the village bore:

And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more and more.

The Doctor and the Colonel were full of fun and chaff, While through the din infernal was heard Miss Rinse's laugh;

The Squire's wife said cocktails tasted nicer than she knew (We rang up to inquire to-day and hear she's pulling through).

In hoarse appassionatas my father and the Squire Were waving chippolatas and running down the choir; The Curate told some limericks; the Partingtons' shy niece Was seen to be behaving like a very brazen piece.

And thus our party ended—with a Cochran-worthy snap, With loving-kindness blended and only one mishap—
The Pincks had engine-trouble which would take till half-

The Pincks had engine-trouble which would take till halfpast nine,

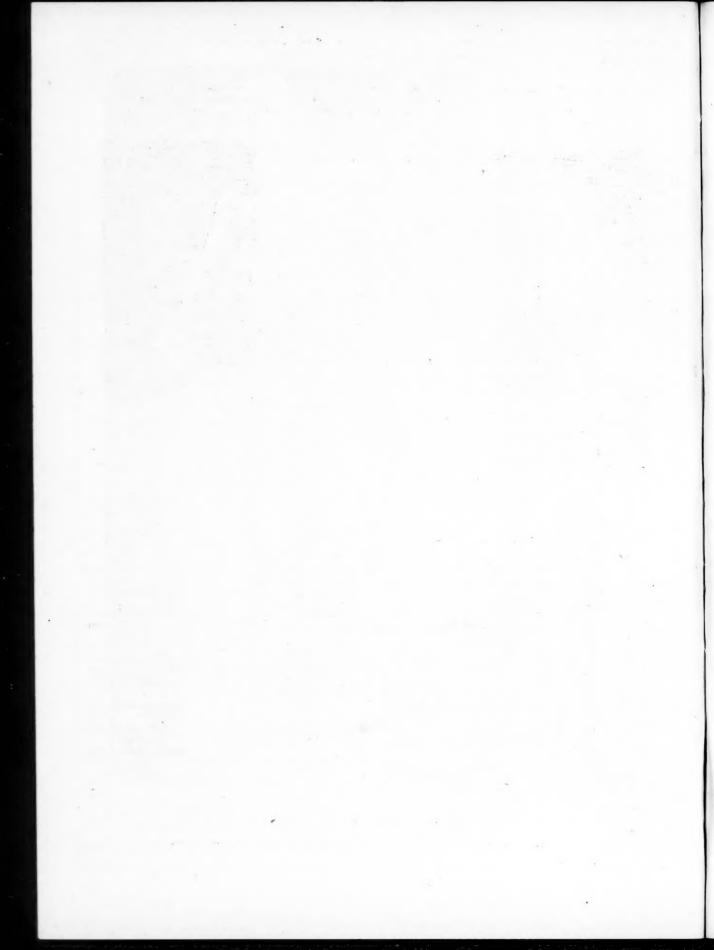
But we heard the Greens insisting they should both go

back and dine.



AT THE ACADEMY OF NATIONS.

THE LEAGUE. "AND TO THINK THAT I ONCE POSED FOR THAT!"



# Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, April 27th.—Commons: Debate on Budget Resolutions.



DIOGENES WITH A DIFFERENCE.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
IN SEARCH OF A DISHONEST MAN.

Tuesday, April 28th.—Lords: Bill to Abolish Trial by Peers given Second Reading.

Commons: Debate on Budget Resolutions.

Wednesday, April 29th.—Lords: Debate on Position of Abys-

Commons: Debate on Ullswater Report.

Monday, April 27th .- Unrest at the delays in League action showed itself in a number of questions this afternoon, Mr. Cocks asking Mr. EDEN to propose a Suez blockade of poison-gas supplies and to threaten to leave the League unless immediate and effective action were taken, and Miss RATHBONE urging him to persuade the League, or, failing that, the Government, to grant a loan to Abyssinia. In reply Mr. Eden was guarded; but to a question from Captain CAZALET he admitted that British Red Cross units had flown the Union Jack as well as the Red Cross without deterrent effect on the gallant Italian bombers.

After an assurance from Mr. BALDWIN that the Government had no intention of handing over any of the mandated

territories to the control of other nations, and after Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had announced that the Chairman of Lloyds was engaged in a searching inquiry into the alleged leakage of Budget secrets, the House turned to the details of the Budget and the public's cup of tea.

Ignoring the CHANCELLOR'S statement that he had purposely increased the tea-tax because he felt that the burden of extra defence should be borne by every class, the Labour Party sought to show that the tax was a cruel imposition on the poorer people. Miss Wilkinson insisted that the preference granted to Empire tea had only handed over a large proportion of the trade to Dutch growers. Mr. SILVERMAN contributed a pleasant little speech in praise of tea, which he said produced a calm and equable spirit and enabled its consumers to think widely and deeply about things. And Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who knows a mountain from a molehill, put it to the House that 9s. per year per household, a fair estimate of what the tax would cost, could hardly be described as crushing.

When the question of educational trusts was reached various Members made clear their feeling that there should be discrimination between revocable and irrevocable trusts, and Mr. Chamberlain promised to deal sympathetically with this point in the Finance Bill.

Tuesday, April 28th.-Lord SAN-

KEY'S very sensible Bill to abolish the trial of peers by peers has stirred the Upper House almost, but not quite, as much as the suggestion made last year to abolish rabbit-gins, which



SPRING-CLEANING IN THE LORDS.
CHARLADY-IN-CHIEF: LORD SANKEY.

brought most of the peerage hurrying up to Westminster, their pockets bulging with snares and nooses.

As Lord Sankey pointed out, no real criticism had been directed at the

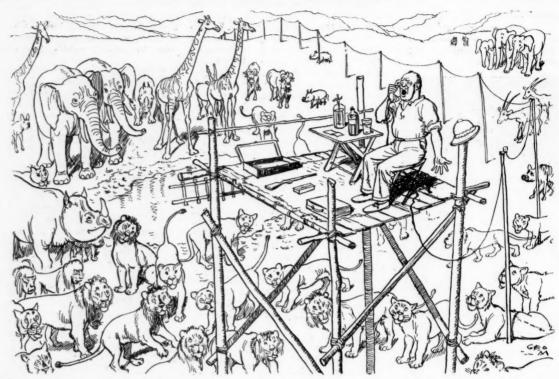
Bill because none could be made, seeing that this so-called privilege involved such personal disadvantages as liability to a second trial at the Central Criminal Court or at one of the assizes, no right of appeal and no right of challenge to peers sitting in judgment, and such public disadvantages as waste of money and dislocation of the Courts of Justice.

In spite of these unanswerable arguments several peers, in particular Lord CORNWAL-LIS and Lord LIVERPOOL, spoke with great earnestness of the Bill as if it were designed to uproot the entire structure of the Upper House and rob them of their dearest possession. Lord Cork seemed best to sum up the matter when he said that the trial of Lord DE CLIFFORD seemed to him to detract from the dignity of their lordships' House, being an exhibition of a steam-hammer taken to crush a walnut. The motion to



"KEEPING WATCH FOR THE UNION JACK."
(After the painting by Barrolossi.)

[A Committee has been formed, under the Chairmanship of Mr. L. AMERY, to watch the question of mandated territories.]



"That you, Chippendale? You blithering ass! You've packed my air-gun instead of the Winchester!"

reject the Bill was defeated by 62 votes to 35.

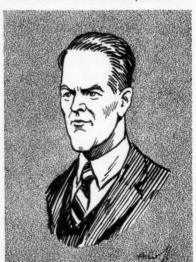
Many people will sympathise with Mr. Manders' suggestion this afternoon that the German Government should be invited to say what it thought about the passages in *Mein Kampf* on foreign policy, but no one will be surprised that Lord Cranborne saw no useful purpose in it. Best-selling authors can be very touchy about their work.

To-day's debate on the Budget was

Wednesday, April 29th. - Lord DAVIES' motion in the Lords that a Commission on the lines of the Lytton Commission should be set up by the League of Nations to go into the whole business of the Abyssinian dispute met with small encouragement from the Government, and his censure of the postponement of more effective sanctions drew from Lord STANHOPE the rebuke that his policy would plunge this country into war. The Lytton Commission was not a practical parallel, said the UNDER-SECRETARY, for it took over a year to report; and it was far too early to talk of the League's failure when the stranglehold of the present sanctions was already having its effect.

In the Commons' debate on the

Ullswater Report on Broadcasting the House seemed to be pretty generally agreed that the B.B.C. should be kept free of advertising, needed more money, was inclined to treat its staff in too autocratic a manner, and on the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Big game
Brought Lord CLYDESDALE fame,
For he never could rest
Till he'd had a shot at Everest.

whole had very well earned an extension of its charter; as Major Astor said, in other countries it was regarded as a model.

Mr. LEES-SMITH emphasised the Government's responsibility to see that the enormous power of the microphone was not abused for political purposes, as it had been, he thought, in 1931; Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS strongly criticised the position of the B.B.C.'s staff, whose private lives seemed to be subject to a dictatorial control and who suffered from restrictions far more stringent than those applied to Civil Servants while not enjoying the Civil Servants' advantages of security of tenure and definite system of promotion; Major Astor believed that the relay exchanges should be entrusted to the B.B.C., who should be responsible for their policy, and condemned the broadcasting of advertisements; Mr. E. C. Davies spoke of broadcasting as the greatest instrument invented for the peace of the world; Mr. Ammon asked that the working-classes and the younger generation should be represented on the governing body of the B.B.C., and the P.M.G. in reply said he hoped that very soon a further debate on the subject would be held at which the Government would announce their proposals.

FROM MAY 4" UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IS EXTENDED TO INCLUDE AGRICULTURAL WORKERS



"It will mean that we must adapt our machinery to the Rural Background"
(Mr Ernest Brown: Minister of Labour, in a Broadcast address)

# At the Play.

"RETURN TO YESTERDAY" (EMBASSY).

Return to Yesterday at the Embassy Theatre is an adaptation from the French. It is not an adaptation in the sense that The Late Christopher Bean or Storm in a Teacup are adaptations. It is much more clearly a rendering in English of a French story in its French setting.

Albert Molinier (Mr. CAMPBELL Gullan) is a very complete French politician of a rather engaging type who gives Stock Exchange tips with a more graceful air than it is easy to associate with English politicians. He is a single easy-going man of the world who does not let his troubles oppress him, and so we see him meet and surmount a quite serious threat to his private comfort.

Marie Bruyere (Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) is a successful actress in her own right, but she relies none the less on his protection, and with his help she lives in luxury. It was not always so, and there reappears in Pierre Mouranoff (Mr. Louis Borell) the lover of her early days, an ardent young Communist who had been deported ten years before. He seeks to take up the threads of their old life, and Marie is anxious to do so too.

The theme of the play is the extent to which women take the colour of their surroundings and are impressionable, and it depends for its success on very fine and sensitive acting by

Miss Francçon-Davies. She has to show that the fidelity, the treasured memory of Pierre, is all quite genuine; only it does not fit in with the new way of life to which Marie Bruyere has grown accustomed. The dramatist pitches the note rather high. He makes Pierre Mouranoff completely unchanged after ten years absence, with all the simple wholeheartedness of an adolescent agitator and a romantic. We are left feeling that ten years of rather hard experience have made wonderfully little mark, but this enables the audience to contrast Marie Bruyere as she is with the environment from which she came. Pierre has not changed, and so he takes her back to the same surroundings. There she meets a Communist comrade of the old days, Perillard (Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY).

Those who saw Mr. Lathbury last summer in Our Own Lives will have another chance to see him in the rôle, which he plays with such perfection, of the faithful friend and stand-by, the elderly bachelor, verging on mild



THE PRESENT THAT INTERFERED WITH THE PAST.

Marie Bruyere . MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-

eccentricity but full of kindliness and friendship. The scene in which Perillard and Pierre talk about the American Federation of Labour and entirely forget that there is a beautiful and fashionable actress in the room is one of the best in the play.

Miss Ffrancçon-Davies is an actress of great subtlety, and she brings out with many delicate touches the mingled emotions that Marie goes through. There is mortified vanity, there is bitter annoyance with herself that she should have forgotten her Communist past and be quite unable to repeat the famous speech by JAURES on "Youth." There is a keen love of the comforts and luxuries which she now commands, the presents that prevent her from recovering her past. In the last scene she has hysterics when Pierre again gets into trouble with the French police, and we watch the struggle when she has to determine whether to abandon everything and join him or whether to face the fact that his return was a mistake and came too late.

It is part of the excellence of the play that the final arguments of the astute politician, fresh from talking idealism at a London Conference, turn on *Marie's* duty to the other members of the company. The part of *Marie Bruyere* is one which very few actresses now to be seen on the London stage could have portrayed in all its mixed emotions and alternations, but it proves well within the large compass of Miss Ffranggon-Davies' talent.

D W

"THE SHADOW" (PLAYHOUSE).

When the notorious Lady Schofield was found murdered in the bedroom of the London hotel where she had been staying under an assumed name the police immediately arrested the hotel-porter, who had some of her jewellery in his pocket, and sent out an S.O.S. for the couple who had been staying in the next bedroom and who had left before the murder was discovered.

The British public, acutely intuitive in these matters through its graduation in the school of the Sunday Press, was not slow to arrive at the reason why these two failed to come forward; and we, having spent the first scene in their bedroom, were able to appreciate the full horror of their hideous situation. Far from being a married couple hailing from Edinburgh, as recorded in the hotel's



PARLOUR BOLSHEVISM.

Pierre Mouranoff . . . Mr. Louis Borell.

Marie Bruyere . . . . Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

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register, they both came from that most efficient filter for the detection of particles of scandal, a cathedral city, where *Ralph Dexter* (Mr. CECIL PARKER) was the leading solicitor, married twenty unhappy years before

to an inhuman dragon, and Marjorie Austin (Miss EILEEN PEEL) was the young wife of an elderly vulgarian. For their little jaunt to London they had covered their tracks with immense care, travelling separately halfway round England, and they were not particularly concerned during their last night at the Hotel Axminster, knowing that Lady Schofield was next-door, when the shadow of a man, whom they were certain they had seen in the hall, was suddenly thrown, crossing their balcony towards the next room, on their blind. It was not until they had returned to Linchester and safely settled down again into their respective niches that the bomb burst in the newspapers and they realised that their evidence was probably the only thing which stood between the unfortunate porter and execution for a crime which had almost certainly been committed by the man with the shadow.

Their dilemma was essentially dramatic. Neither was a coward, but Ralph, who knew that his wife would never divorce him and that his practice would fall to pieces at the first puff of rumour, had very much at heart the happiness of his only daughter, about to marry a young Linchester doctor. For her sake he decided to await the verdict on the accused porter. Six weeks went by, six ghastly weeks in which he and Marjorie could only exchange covert and miserable sentences. At the end of that time the porter was condemned to death, Ralph decided to go and tell the police what he knew, and Mr. H. F. MALTBY pulled out a trump which gave an unexpected twist to the story and a new tension to the Third

Clearly there are two ways in which a dramatist can make use of this main situation. He can either throw the emphasis on to the behaviour of his characters in moral emergency, on to the resilience of their integrity against temptation, or else he can go out for a lighter entertainment depending on the easier thrill of whether they will be found out. Mr. Maltby has chosen

the second course, and after his neatly made First Act he was hard put to it to carry over the interest to the dénouement, falling back on reserves as unsubstantial as a clerical figure-of-fun and a rather silly quarrel between



A SHADOW IN SHADY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Ralph Dexter. . . . Mr. Cecil Parker.

Marjorie Austin . . Miss Eileen Prel.

The Shadow . . . . Mr. Cecil Humphreys.



SUBSTANCE AND MATERIALIZED SHADOW.

Ronald Austin, J.P. . Mr. H. F. Maltby.

Andrew Latham . . . Mr. Cecil Humphreys.

rather silly young lovers; but the Third Act picked up considerably.

After the First Act, in which she was excellent, Miss PEEL had little to do except faint; Mr. PARKER gave a very creditable and well-observed performance; the author himself played with unselfish skill the part of *Marjorie's* coarse old husband, whose personality

grew upon us as the play procedeed; Miss Margaret Damer as Ralph's wife made abundantly clear the reasons for his infidelity; both Miss Marjorie Taylor and Mr. John Robinson, as Angela Dexter and her fiancé, were

better than their parts; Miss Ruby Miller's brief appearance as poor Lady Schofield was a clever impression; and Mr. Cecil Humphreys made a neat job of the Borough Surveyor, except that he was surely dressed in far too stylish a manner. Or do Borough Surveyors really look as diplomats should but don't?

I was delighted to note that in the Dexters' garden the producer, Mr. Howard Leslie, used steel-shafted flowers, whose merits I urged some years ago in these pages. Those who, like myself, rebel against the feeble jokes which Nature cracks at the expense of us gardeners will realise the delight of saying, "Ah, Simmons, it's time you screwed the blue begonias into the north bed." Eric.

"The beauty of a car," says a writer, "is that you can drive away and forget everything." Including the luncheon-basket.

One of the cleverest police theories about the fourteen-yearold Southend boy who was missing from home for three days, was that he had run away to sea.

A Welsh tinplate worker can whistle continuously for four hours. Errand - boys wonder what stops him.

\* \* \*

"I'm afraid girl-cricketers who wear flannel trousers do not appeal to me," declares an author. Then he has never umpired in one of their matches.

It has been found impossible to take a census of monkeys. They simply tear up the forms.

A feature of the annual garden-party held in a Sussex village is a stone-throwing competition. Seaside landladies and estate-agents who enter are always given a suitable handicap.

"Biting in all-in wrestling matches is deplorable," declares a sports-writer. It is certainly bad taste.

## Plain Words at Potterham.

SPEAKING on behalf of the National Candidate in the

Potterham By-Election I said:-

"We are standing on the edge of a precipice. One step forward, a single movement in the wrong direction-I had almost said in any direction-may, nay rather most assuredly will plunge us if not into destruction at any rate into circumstances to extricate ourselves from which would call for a combination of skill, judgment and good fortune such as can hardly be looked for at a time when not only we ourselves but every nation in the civilised world is hard put to it to extricate itself-I would rather say rehabilitate themselves after the period of unparalleled misfortunes into which we—that is, it were, or was, through no fault of our own some few years ago most unhappily—er—plunged. The National Government may be relied on not to take that step.'

(A Voice. "What step?")
"The step over the precipice to which I had occasion to allude just now. Believing, as I do and as, in spite of the most persistent and ill-mannered opposition I shall continue to believe"—(Cheers)—"in the integrity of the British

(Another Voice. "What about Nova Scotia?")

-Believing, as I say, in the integrity of the Empire-(Several Voices. "Does the Government intend to give

up Nova Scotia to Chile?")
"The Government has already expressed itself in no uncertain terms on the subject of Nova Scotia. Government takes a strong, I may say a typically British line on this matter. The Government is not considering Nova Scotia. So far from having any intention of transferring Nova Scotia to any other country whatsoever, the Government has not yet heard of Nova Scotia. Should the Government be at any time officially informed of the existence of Nova Scotia the Government will at once take all necessary steps to ascertain the position of Nova Scotia, its extent and all other information relative to the matter in hand, so far, that is, as it may affect the safety, the security and, in a word, the preservation of our glorious Empire. Turning to the question of the restrictions of Imported Glue under the Glue (Imports) Act of-

(First Voice. "Answer the question.")
"I have not yet stated the question. The imposition of a duty on glue, as the gluemakers of this country are the

first to admit (About Fifty Voices. "Answer the question about Nova

Scotia.")

That question has already been answered. For the benefit of those of you who may have arrived too late to hear my earlier remarks"-(Laughter)-"I will, however, add this. No suggestion has yet reached the ears of the Government that any alteration in the status of Nova Scotia is or has been in contemplation, whether in this country or, and I use the term in its vaguest possible sense, elsewhere. Should any such suggestion be ultimately made by a responsible Power, the Government would of course immediately give its most careful consideration as to what problems, if any, were raised by the suggestion and whether the situation contingent thereupon were such as to call, in their opinion, for a review of the whole question or, in point of fact, not. In the meantime the Government is reserving its attitude.

"As regards the plight of gluemakers, more particularly in the eastern districts of England during the years-

(A Voice. "Is the speaker aware that a British goat has been maltreated in Valparaiso?")

"I am not interested in goats."—(Cries of "OH!" and "AH!")—"We have more important matters to discuss

to-night than the treatment of goats in Valparaiso."
(A Voice. "PALMERSTON—" and general hubbub.)
"My friend may rest assured that if the reports of this alleged incident prove to have any foundation, the Government will make full inquiry into the facts of the case and take what further action seems to them to be necessary. Nothing is to be gained at the present moment by scaremongering. The sanctity of British subjects and British possessions is and will continue to be the first care of the present Government. But to demand compensation for an injury, without first ascertaining that that injury has in fact been received, would be the action not of a responsible government but of an autocratic and tyrannous despotism. What proof have we that a British goat has been mishandled in Valparaiso? None. It is not even certain whether any animals of British extraction were present in Valparaiso at the time of the alleged incident. What is certain is that at the end of 1931 British gluemakers were faced with immediate ruin owing to the dumping of enormous stocks of foreign glue on these shores. There is no need for me to tell the people of Potterham, whose glue-making traditions go back for hundreds of years and whose 'Stick-to-it' policy has long won for them the admiration and respect, I will not say of their countrymen, but of the whole civilised world—there is no need, I repeat, for me to tell them that it was the bold and fearless action of the National Government which in that dark hour brought new hope to the hopeless and drove the wolf of poverty from the doors of the stricken gluemakers of East Anglia. Nor does that action represent the sum of the Government's achievements. Potterham will remember-

(A Voice. "Is it not a fact that the surrender of Nova Scotia to Chile would expose every goat on the island to the risk of maltreatment similar to that suffered by the ill-starred animal in Valparaiso? And in view of that fact does the Government still propose to continue its cowardly

policy of partitioning the Empire?")

There was no reply.

H. F. E.

# Beauty and the Beast.

How very kind is Nature! She takes the greatest care Of every sort of creature: She clothes the polar bear With lovely fur upon its back So that it shall not feel the lack Of winter underwear.

She forms a pleasant delta At the opening of the Nile To be an all-night shelter For the weary crocodile, Where it can lie and stretch its legs Or shed its tears or lay its eggs In most commodious style.

Wiser than other creatures, Man wished to take a hand, And added various features To those which Nature planned: The cinema, the modern store, The factory and many more; And what on earth he did it for It's hard to understand.

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# "Absent Subscribers, Please!"

To live within earshot of a house or flat which has been temporarily left empty and to hear the telephone-bell ringing its heart and soul out in a monotonous, intermittent, piercing, relentless soprano is to plumb the bitterest depths of agony and impotence. You can do nothing to relieve the pathos, the hopelessness of the situation. You can do nothing to put a stop to the wasted effort. Least of all can you do anything to shut the sound out of your ears. You can only wait until the perseverance of some distant and unknown human being is finally thwarted by the words, "Surry, there's no replay."

It seems a pity, therefore, that the Postmaster-General does not revive and pursue with more vigour than before an experiment which he tried some time ago—the Absent Subscribers' Service. It worked like this: supposing you lived alone in a servantless flat, or supposing you ran a oneman office and felt, about twelve o'clock, the need for a quick one, you could, by paying a fee of sixpence, tell the Exchange what time you were going to be back, and also ("if it is desired that such information be given") the reason for your absence and the telephone number where you could be found in the meantime. All this the Exchange contracted to pass on to anybody who might chance to ring you up.

It was a brilliant idea, but it failed to catch on and the experiment had to be abandoned. I cannot help feeling that this was only due to lack of imagination. The possibilities of the scheme were never properly developed. It was all too cut-and-dried. Facts are crude unappetising things and should seldom be served up raw; moreover, their preparation and garnishing should be varied for each recipient. What we need—and it would be worth paying far more than sixpence for—is to be able to say something like this:—

"Mrs. Wotherspoon speaking. Brompton double-nine-double-nine. Will you tell anyone who rings up that I shall be out until six o'clock, please? Anyone ordinary, that is. But if it seems to be a frightfully deaf old lady who speaks very slowly, will you please say that I've gone out for tea and dinner, and don't know what time I shall be back? And if it's that woman at Belgravia four-three-two-one—the one with such an unpleasant voice—



 $\it Jarge.$  "Now us be plighted, Mary, 'ee'll send that there Clark Gable 'is photo back, won't 'ee? "

please tell her that I'm sorry to miss her, but the Duchess positively insisted on my going to tea this afternoon. No, don't say what Duchess, because then she might try to ring me up there to see if it was true. Some women are so underhand.

"I don't suppose my husband will telephone; but if he does you can say that I've gone to the National Gallery and shall be there the whole afternoon. And—and if that young man rings up again—you know, the one with the nice voice and the slight French accent—you might tell him that I'm at the Maison Vague having my hair waved, and he can come and pick me up there if he likes; but that if he doesn't turn up I'll meet him at Toselli's for tea at half-past four. Now, are you quite

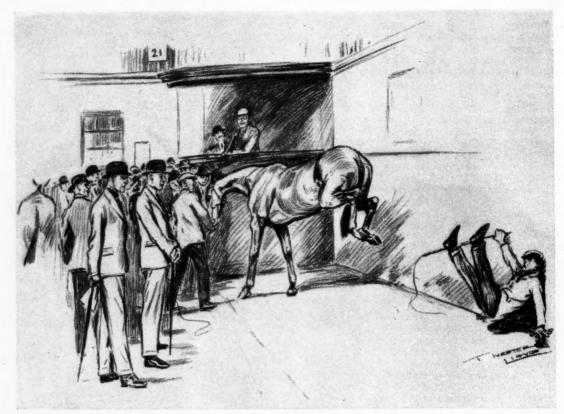
sure you've got all that right? Thank you so much.

you so much.

"Oh, by the way, there's one other thing. Romanetta's may ring up—the dressmakers, you know, in Hanover Square. If they seem to be getting at all tiresome would you mind telling them that I've just gone abroad and I shan't be coming back for a very long time—if ever. What? No, I've left no address. . . ."

Thus humanised and extended the Absent Subscribers' Service would be certain of success; our neighbours' ears would be spared, their nerves allowed to relax; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be able to rely upon a new, rich and unfailing source of income.

Jan.



" How 's THAT?" "BOUNDARY, I THINK."

# Strange Orchestra.

ANYONE who has ever heard a furnace sighing would have recognised at once that the long-haired little man in the black soft hat was sighing like a furnace. Under the influence of a half of mild-and-bitter he cheered up sufficiently to talk.

"Times aren't what they were," he said.

I agreed that No, they weren't.

Take me," he invited. "I'm a musician. I've played with all the best symphony orchestras in the country."

I asked him what instrument he played.

It's a long story," said the little man, and sighed again as the bottom began to show through his beer. Encouraged as before he went on.

When I was a kid they wanted me to learn the piano. But no, I wouldn't take the trouble. Then they tried me with the violin and it was the same story. Same with the cornet and the saxophone and even the tympani. Just lazy, I was.

"Well, then, when I was about twenty I began to get what you might call the music fever. Fair crazy I was to play in an orchestra. And then of course there wasn't anything I could play.

"But one day I was passing a secondhand music-shop and I saw something in the window that seemed to me as if it had been put there on purpose by Providence. It was a wind-and-rain machine. Believe me, Sir, I took out all my little savings and I bought that machine, and I practised on it until I was well-nigh perfect.

But then the trouble was that there was only one piece of music scored for a wind-and-rain machine, and that was STRAUSS'S Don Quixote. So I travelled up and down the country for years, just playing that one part. Do you know, Sir, in time I got so well-known that they used to feature me with a red spot-light, and on one occasion I was hailed by the Press as 'the only great virtuoso among living wind-andrain machinists.'

"However, I soon decided that there was not enough scope for me as a oneinstrument man. Now, before I took

up a musical career, I was a typist in an office. So what did I do then, Sir? Why, I went over to Germany, and I learnt to play the typewriter part in HINDEMITH'S opera Neues vom Tage. See, Sir? I had to expand.

"And it wasn't half a bad job either. because during the course of the opera I could rattle off the whole of my week's correspondence. Course, sometimes I hadn't any to do, and then I had to content myself with 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.' But it all sounded the same; and after a time I became so good at it that the conductor allowed me to double the three electric bells in the same composition. I tell you, Sir, I was fair versatile.

'From there, Sir, I went from strength to strength. I rattled the chains in Schönberg's Gurrelieder, and I worked the motor-cycle engine in HINDEMITH'S Der Lindberghflug. I fired off the guns in a gala performance of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. On one never-to-beforgotten occasion I was allowed to play a group of solos—Alfredo Cas-ella's Three Pieces for Pianola."



"THESE ARE SOME OF MY LATE HUSBAND'S CIGARS. I DO HOPE YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL RIGHT. I'VE PUT SOME MOTH-BALLS WITH THEM.

He broke off, overcome by the mem-

ory of his former greatness.
"There's nothing I couldn't have done, Sir," he went on after a while. "I used to look in my Musical Dictionary of an evening and find out what to do next. Treasures there are, Sir, waiting for the right man to come along and play 'em. Mozart's Andante in F major for the barrel-organ, and Fantasia in F minor for clockwork. I never found out what a clockwork was; but give me one and I'll play it.

"Well, Sir, all that's a thing of the past." He felt in his breast-pocket

and produced a bedraggled presscutting. "Rationalization, I suppose they call it," he sneered as he handed it to me. It was a paragraph about a new cinema-organ for which it was claimed that it could imitate anything from a mosquito buzzing to a lion

roaring.
"This is the age of machinery," I commiserated.

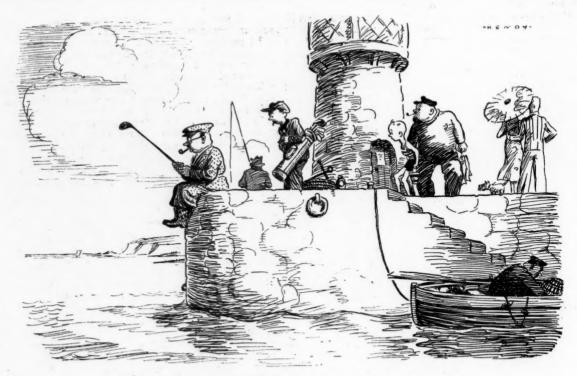
"It is. But I am not beaten yet." He poured the last half-inch down his throat defiantly and stepped out into the street as if he were walking on to a concert-platform. He wheeled his newest instrument a hundred yards up the street and began to play Red Sails in the Sunset. You could see by the way he turned the handle that he was a real virtuoso.

"Traveller with sound connections for bathing, swim, and beach suits. State area covered."—" Wanted" Advt.

Modesty forbids.

"She flashed a grateful smile, and with a rustle, and a faint squeak of a hinge, she was gone."—Short Story.

Evidently she was not well oiled.



STRANGE LAPSE BY A MAN WHO COMBINED A FISHING AND A GOLFING HOLIDAY.

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

## When Thought is Speech.

I THINK I can safely prophesy your rising from Mr. ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD'S brilliant little study of the art of conversation with a keen appetite for more. Scholarly, vivacious, witty, and so evidently enjoyed as to be contagiously enjoyable, Good Talk (LOVAT DICKSON, 6/-) goes gaily into the heart of the most human of accomplishments. Animals, it is true, exhibit the root of the matter, but man emerges into history as a full-blown talker, the most civilising and sociable of the arts being held in reverence by an Egyptian CHESTERFIELD of the twenty-ninth century B.C. Talk among men and women is, our author believes, the most fruitful. Apart, the sexes tend towards tap-room or tea-cups; and in a society where natural differences are discounted conversation is apt to assume a hermaphrodite sterility. We have now so many escapes from life that we have ceased to cultivate life itself-and, with it, conversation. Note too our savage reversion to slogans. But these things go in cycles; and we may yet attain, if not to the perfection of the salons, at least to such sound native performance as that of Dr. Johnson-in many respects the finest performance of all.

#### Here, There and Everywhere.

Widely representative of that wide range of hers but somewhat unequal in handling, Mrs. Wharton's latest cluster of short stories exhibits her only once at her incomparable best. "Charm Incorporated"—originally and more befittingly called "Bread Upon the Waters"—portrays the exceeding great reward of an American business man

who finances with inimitable American long-suffering consignment after consignment of his noble Russian wife's poor relations. Deft characterisation and genial irony render this short tragi-comedy as memorable in its way as The Children—always, to my mind, the peak of its writer's achievement. For the rest, "Pomegranate Seed" peters out into one of those vague supernatural dénouements particularly infuriating to the tracker of a concrete mystery; "Permanent Wave" is a light-handed sketch of an embryo elopement; "Confession" good sound melodrama—a "dark lady" encountered in Egypt by an American valetudinarian; and "Roman Fever" worth re-reading, after an apparently unproductive first perusal, for the sake of the final sentence towards which its every word converges. With "The Looking Glass," which has affinities with Villa Rose, and "Duration," which somewhat farcically opposes two Boston centenarians, The World Over (APPLETON-CENTURY, 7/6) closes an unequal but interesting series.

#### Miss Vicki Baum is Monotonous.

For one who thought Results of an Accident amongst the most important novels since the War, it is sad to have to report Career (Bles, 7/6) disappointing and vexatious. In its theme, as it is treated, there is material for a long short story; the beginning is good, and the end, though it is easy, satisfies; but between these two, like the row of books between two book-rests, lie a long series of dismally squalid episodes so little varied in character that one feels they might have been indefinitely extended. When her artistlover goes to prison for punishing with a bullet her unfaithfulness the heroine sets herself to become a great prima donna in order to acquire wealth and influence with which to get him free; and the men who help her towards this end she rewards with the only means at her disposal. That

she does so out of an enduring love for Basil scarcely mitigates the wearisome repetition in fulsome detail of her affaires, and that she reaches her goal is somehow, by the time it is reached, not a matter of much interest. Now and then there are flashes of Miss BAUM'S extraordinary power of showing objectively the subjective effects of deep emotion. There are some vivid character-sketches and one brilliant description of the impact of prison-life on a sensitive character; but there are too many passages which belong to the August deck-chair novel.

#### "Lonsdale" Library.

The volume now confronting
The reader's gaze is this—
Deer, Hare and Otter-Hunting
Of Seeley Service's
So famous sportsman series,
Called "Lonsdale," and I'd claim
That the newcomer here is
Well worthy of the same.

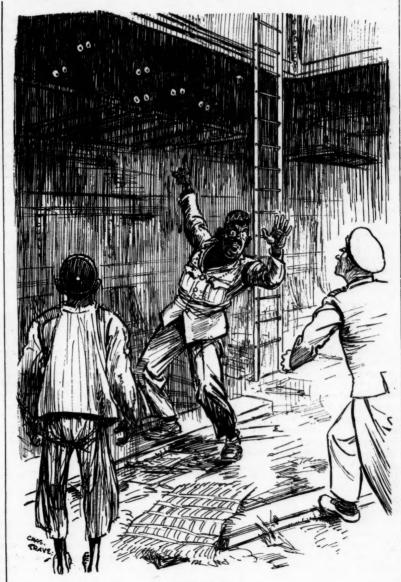
Nine authors do the telling
And, like the Muses nine,
Each author is excelling
In one belovéd line;
When every pen inveigles
I'm loth to pick and choose
Yet where the theme is Beagles
A bay I can't refuse.

But surely here one has it—
Each knowledge he'd like best
Of Otter Hound or Basset
Or Stag-Hound's stately quest;
And how the photographs too
In which our book abounds
Show Masters and their staffs too
And all their mottled hounds!

#### Queen of Blackmailers.

There was something rather engaging, let us admit, in the character of Miss Harriette Wilson, who may be said to have ruled the demi-monde in the later days of the Regency. Her Memoirs, republished more than once, are something long for the general reader, so Mrs. Angela Thirkell has skimmed the cream of them in The Fortunes of Harriette (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6), adding an account of the

erring lady's later years, gathered from her own two novels and other contemporary sources. Certainly the fair Harriette (her real name was Harriot Dubocher) had a sufficiently surprising career. She was the sixth of fifteen children, born of impecunious parents, and it soon became clear to her that the only path open to a girl of spirit was to find a "protector." Lord Craven was the first of a long line of noblemen who assumed the rôle. Among her visitors, by her own account, were most of the great men of that epoch, including the Duke of Wellington, of whom, in her Memoirs, she tells an amusing but highly improbable story. The fact is Harriette was an inveterate liar, and few of her stories will bear investigation. But she was an amusing liar, and she had plenty of pluck and go. Even in



STOWAWAYS.

Serang. "Sahib, come see! Ebbery one from Habana. Six Sahib. I count de eyes."

her blackmailing she preserved a sort of honour. For when she found her charms beginning to wane she used her *Memoirs* as a means of raising money from those of her former friends and lovers who shrank from the glare of publicity. Those who paid up were generally handled with more delicacy than the rest—which was something. I have my doubts whether it was worth while to bring HARRIETTE to the front once more, but Mrs. THIRKELL has made a fairly readable book out of her material.

#### Machiavelli.

Machiavelli and His Times (HEINEMANN, 10/6), ably described by Mr. D. Erskine Muir, are perhaps nearer to us to-day than at any time since the great Florentine's

death. His famous manual of political precepts styled The Prince has been so often misunderstood and misquoted that Mr. Erskine Muir has rendered a very necessary service to Machiavelli's memory by revealing its true nature. His portrait of Machiavelli as a wise man who realised that the prosperity of states and their rulers depends in the last resort upon the common weal is convincing. Moreover he shows clearly that Machiavelli did not believe in duplicity and force either as ends in themselves or as secure foundations upon which to build up national any more than international peace and prosperity. Instead Machiavelli taught that a state must be strengthened with good laws and good arms, with faithful friends and good deeds" if it were to be truly great. A book indeed for the present times.

#### Will Rogers.

It was one of the chief characteristics of the late Will Rogers' humour that it was spontaneous and exactly

fitted to the occasion. But beyond this there was a personal quality in its delivery which endowed it with something more than the meaning of the words he used. Thus a biography of him can give only an echo of what he was. Mr. P. J. O'BRIEN'S Will Rogers, Ambassador of Good Will (HUTCHINSON, 12/6) has preserved many of his happy comments and some of his speeches and articles, and with nearly all of them even the necessary acquaintance with minute facts of American political doings must fail to give them their full value. Sometimes indeed to the ordinary reader they mean very little, but

throughout there is a go-as-you-please jauntiness which is undeniably entertaining. There must be few people who have never heard of WILL ROGERS. These, possibly, if they meet him for the first time in this book, will be only mildly appreciative. But those who knew him as he appeared on the screen or was heard in wireless talks will be continually looking up from the page with the remark, "I can just imagine him saying that."

A Commentered Train

### A Courageous Trip.

Armchair travellers will enjoy journeying Through Forbidden Tibet (Jarrolds, 18/-) with Mr. Harrison Forman, a young American who is prepared to take more than an ordinary number of chances. He saw many marvels on his way and encountered many unpleasant but not always hostile characters. He had severe tussles with the local weather and diet. He was forced continually to accept discomfort amounting to agony, and he was often in acute personal danger. His greatest feat was to secure the friendship and assistance of Alakh Jamy Japa, the Grand Living Buddha of Lhabrang Gomba. There is a wealth of valuable material in this book, and the illustrations are of exceptional interest. To my mind the narrative note is pitched a trifle high. A more austere style would have

dignified this account of a really remarkable adventure. As it is, one is occasionally taken aback by some misplaced facetiousness or some florid hyperbole.

#### Sea Salt.

If the Koala, a British coaster, gets rather a slow start from Antwerp to Lough Swilly she has no sooner begun her Rough Passage (Collins, 7/6) than it is clear that she is embarking upon an exciting voyage. This is, I am told, Mr. Gavin Douglas's first book, and unhesitatingly I include him among the small and select band of novelists who write of the sea with the assurance derived from experience. It may conceivably be said that his blustering captain, the Koala's crew and stowaway are types; but even if this is granted they are well-chosen types and endowed with individuality. What, however, seems to me of more importance is that Mr. Douglas brings the Koala to life and that he handles the complex situation which arises in her with firmness and ability. A really promising yarn

of sea-adventure in which it is easy enough to swallow one or two improbabilities.

#### Another Cautionary Tale.

Plain persons have good excuse for being disconcerted by Mr. ALAN MELVILLE'S facetiousness in his foreword to Warning to Critics (Skeffington, 7/6). But after this discouraging start he settles down to tell a story that cer-tainly avoids the beaten track of lethal fiction. A novelist who considers himself vindictively treated by a popular critic decides to end this vendetta by murdering his persecutor. Then follows the arrest of the



"After all, darling, he's got to master a grapefruit sooner or later."

murderer, his trial, and the climax which in fairness I will not reveal. As patterns of morality I am not extolling the majority of the actors in this drama, but I must give an especial word of praise to the defending barrister in the trial, for he was both brief and extremely effective. A tale that can confidently be offered to lowbrows.

#### A Novelist's Soliloquy.

I refuse to call *Monogram* (Chapman and Hall, 12/6) a book, and I think that Miss G. B. Stern will agree that it is much nearer a soliloquy. Perhaps it is really a transcription of thinking, for Miss Stern lets the reins fall on the neck of memory and away it trots and carries her, and us with her, to the recollection of all sorts of scenes and sensations, opinions and encounters. It has not the bones of autobiography, but it has some of its other characteristics: it tells of her experiences, tastes and interests, and conducts a psychological experiment which proves that the Dreyfus case, and the pity and terror it roused in her as a child, has been the *leit motif* of her thought ever since. Occasionally Miss Stern writes carelessly, occasionally she flashes at us such jewels as this of Zola: "He was a lay-brother serving Justice." Anyone who enjoys the company of a good talker will enjoy this book and bid its author discourse again.

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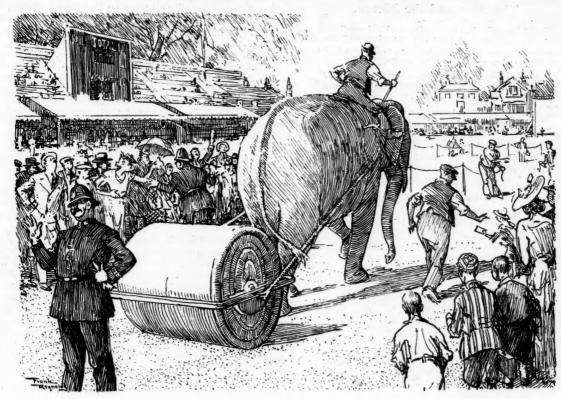
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PLEASING INCIDENT BEFORE THE MATCH-ALL INDIA v. LOAMSHIRE.

#### Charivaria.

The Daily Mail, so it claims, has restored good relations with Italy. It now only remains for England to restore good relations with The Daily Mail.

A suggested Academy reform is that in future certain paintings might be admitted only on condition that they are more suitably re-framed. Another bright idea is that certain frames might be hung only on condition that more suitable paintings are put into them.

Descendants of goats that supplied Thomas Carlyle with milk are still kept at a Chelsea dairy, it seems. Literary pilgrims should visit them.

The offer of a trip to the stratosphere for twenty thousand pounds has attracted more applicants than can be taken. We didn't apply. We should hate strap-hanging in the stratosphere.

The dome of the Invalides, Paris, is being regilded with gold-leaf so thin that great care has to be taken that it doesn't blow away. Especially now when Parisians are so nervous about the flight of gold.

It is believed now that Signor Mussolini had either to conquer Abyssinia or abdictate.

"Unless you are very careful where you pitch your tent the landowner will come down on you," says a camping expert. And so will the tent.

"Some cricketers," says a writer, "laugh when bowled first ball." Of course it means nothing to them.

"How is it that SHAKESPEARE'S works are being read after three hundred years?" asks a critic. The principal reason seems to be that there's no chance of reading them any sooner.

A prison warder says that university men are always well-behaved convicts. This makes one more argument in favour of higher education.

A retired detective says that there are more travellers swindled while they are crossing the Atlantic than at any other time. It seems to be a case of "Rooked in the cradle of the deep."

"What can one say with certainty of a woman who has celebrated her hundredth birthday?" asks a writer. That she is an orphan.

War memoirs are liable to break out in Italy at any moment now.

## The Man and the Mount.

["Badoglio rides into Addis on white horse."

Headline in "The Daily Express," May 6th.

"Four hours earlier Marshal Badoglio had entered Addis Ababa, riding a chestnut horse."—From "The Daily Telegraph," May 6th.

"Marshal Badoglio, mounted on a sorrel charger . . ."

From "The Times," May 7th.]

I MAY be as mad as a hatter,
I probably am so indeed,
But I do want to clear up this matter
Of Marshal Badoglio's steed.
Was it bright as the daylight or duller?
Some dangerous doubts have been thrown
On this animal's actual colour,
And the truth should be known.

For it may have been pink as the clover
Or green as the hedgerows in May,
Or chestnut and whitewashed all over,
Or piebald or skewbald or bay;
It was probably loaded with laurel
As the legions went into the town,
But was it a roan or a sorrel,
A black or a brown?

There is growing unrest in the nation,
The facts should at once be released;
I demand a precise explanation
Of the tint of Badoglio's beast:
Was it mustard perhaps—out of pity
For the traces of poisonous gas?
Or did he ride into the city
On a mule—or an ass?
EVOE.

# Uncle Joe and the World of Mechanics.

LATE in life my Uncle Joe, a robust sceptic, seems to have begun looking with approval on ideas of a certain philosophical and even mystical subtlety. I noticed this first in the episode of the Repairs.

Uncle Joe was never any good at repairs. Aunt Susannah used to say that he was one of the least handy men it was possible to have about a house, and he would cheerfully agree. He saw no reason to be more ashamed of his lack of interest in mechanics than of the fact that he couldn't understand the square root of minus one, and if something went wrong with one of the machines on which he depended his immediate reaction was to get a man to see to it.

If something went hopelessly wrong, that is. When the radio set was stubborn Uncle Joe never called in help without first trying his own methods, which did not bring him under any suspicion of being a handy man or knowing what he was up to, but sometimes worked. He had found that this 1928 portable model would often inexplicably wake up when hit smartly on the back, or when pressed firmly in certain spots with the thumb. He also knew that when it whistled it needed a new high-tension battery and that when the sounds gradually faded away the accumulator probably wanted charging. When the set didn't respond to any of these blandishments something was hopelessly wrong and an expert was consulted.

Uncle Joe was quite content to leave it all to the expert, but Aunt Susannah watched like a hawk and was distressed when she saw how little the expert seemed to have to do. She would report to Uncle Joe that the man had only joined two wires, or scraped something, or screwed something up.

After this particular occasion Uncle Joe admitted to me that if that was really all the man had done it did sound pretty simple. "Next time I'll have a go myself," he said.

These were merely extra devices to add to his list of things to try. They were still shots in the dark and did not imperil his amateur status. So the next time the set went wrong he extracted it from its mahogany case, darted several brisk glances within, and mended a thin silk-covered wire that seemed to be broken. Then he switched on; it was seven minutes past six in the evening, and the loud-speaker said smoothly: "... declared that to-day's celebreshns were an inspireshn impossible of exaggereshn. The making of representeshns in any similar situeshn in which the neshns of the world might succumb to over-officialiseshn ..."

Uncle Joe switched off again and proudly told Aunt Susannah that he had done the trick. Aunt Susannah did not seem to be very much impressed.

"Now they'll charge out of all proportion for doing the door-bell," she said discontentedly. "I was going to ask the man to do the bell when he came to do the wireless. It will be silly to get him here just for the bell."

Telling me about this afterwards Uncle Joe declared that her lack of enthusiasm had driven him at once to go and unscrew the bell-push from beside the front-door with his penknife. For a fortnight or more something had been wrong with it. He meant to take it apart with his knife and glare at each piece; but it seemed to be in one lump, soldered together. He tugged angrily at its tethering wire and pressed the button. There was a faint rattle from the bell in the hall. He kept on pressing, in a spirit of inquiry, and in due course the bell began to ring.

He screwed the bell-push in place again and told Aunt Susannah about that too. This time the reception of his news was more gratifying.

It was after this that the ideas I spoke of began to burgeon (shall I say?) in his hitherto practical mind. He would talk to me about the possibility of a metaphysical concord—that was his phrase—between certain persons and inanimate mechanical things.

"I don't know a thing about 'em, but I made 'em work first go," he said. "Now you can say that's luck—coincidence. I like to put it down to a metaphysical concord."

"Between you and the world of electricity?"
"Exactly," said Uncle Joe solemnly. "The things were doing me a favour."

I asked whether he remembered the time when he got a shock from the vacuum-cleaner. Uncle Joe looked at me with an unfathomable expression and said: "It didn't know me then. It was new."

His metaphysical concord soon proved not to be confined to the world of electricity. He had branches of it everywhere. Shortly after this he was telling me of an old battered nickel watch he had found in a cupboard. It had been dead for more than seven years, but as soon as he took the back off and stirred its inwards with a pin it had begun to tick, and had been keeping time ever since.

There was no holding him. He found himself in metaphysical concord with a couple of derelict wrist-watches and the marble dining-room clock, all of which had been despaired of. The house soon resounded with ticking.

It was natural that after recovering from her first astonishment Aunt Susannah should begin to expect great things of Uncle Joe; but she took too materialistic a view of his gifts. One day I found him ringing up the ironmonger's man to come and put a washer on a tap.

"As I said to her," he observed, hanging up, "I see no point in being in metaphysical concord with a tap." He brooded for a few moments and then said darkly: "As for her little gold watch, she won't let me touch it." R. M.



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# SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE SYSTERN.

NEVILLE THE PLUMBER (to Old Lady of Leadenhall Street). "I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. LLOYD. I SHALL HAVE TO SEND BACK FOR A COMMITTEE TO INQUIRE INTO IT."

# The Bogchester Chronicles.

#### The Old-World Village.

As we approach the village of Stagnant Percy Mrs. Gloop explains to me her reasons for introducing the important social experiment into her village. The old English spirit of peace and contentment, she points out, is gradually disappearing. Countrymen have not enough nowadays to occupy them in their spare time, and what is the result? They climb on to a bus and spend their evenings in the undesirable cinema and dance-hall of Bogchester.

And so she has conceived the idea of reviving in one small corner of the county the old village life of England. The scheme has been enthusiastically received in the village not only because the villagers themselves realise the demoralising conditions of the present day, but also because Mrs. Gloop has let it be clearly understood that no blackleg will be allowed for one instant to occupy any cottage of hers. It is her intention to transform Stagnant Percy into a quiet backwater, an old-fashioned rural retreat, and she has decided to offer for sale several building sites on which



"SEVERAL VILLAGERS HAVE ALREADY AVAILED THEMSELVES OF HER GENEROSITY."

approved purchasers may erect suitably antique buildings far from the mad rush of twentieth-century life.

## REMARKABLE SCENES.

On this Saturday afternoon the public are to be admitted for the first time to see the transformed village. The actual arrangements are all in the hands of Mrs. Gloop's agent, Mr. Todd, a man of tireless energy, who has spared no pains to see that the experiment is widely known throughout the county.

Nevertheless I cannot help feeling that some of his energy

is misplaced. Every cross-road as we approach Stagnant Percy bears a notice saying "To Ye Olde Village"; further down the road rows of ice-cream barrows are selling "Olde-Worlde Ices," and from every direction cars and charabanes are pouring into Stagnant Percy.

Consequently there is already a dense crowd in the village when we arrive. We pay our first visit to the village inn, which has now been rechristened "Ye Gloop Arms," and Mrs. Gloop explains to me her method of recapturing the old-world spirit there. With a characteristically generous



"THE VILLAGE ELEVEN CONTINUE THEIR FOLK-DANCING PRACTICE AS INSTRUCTED."

gesture she has arranged that ale will be supplied at halfprice to all villagers wearing smocks—obtainable free of charge from the Hall.

Several villagers have already availed themselves of her generosity and are seated in a row on a bench outside the inn. Owing to the crowds the space in front of them has had to be roped off and a long procession of sightseers is filing past, greatly interested in this happy touch of authenticity.

#### AN UNAPPRECIATIVE MINORITY.

On the village green Mr. Todd has arrived just in time to stop the cricket-match between Stagnant Percy and the Bogchester Second Eleven. He is now seeing that the members of the village Eleven continue their folk-dancing practice, as they have been instructed to do. Unfortunately the Bogchester players seem to feel that they have some sort of a grievance. Half of them have gathered in a group to criticise and embarrass the dancers, and the other half are performing a ridiculous and offensive travesty of folk-dancing in the near vicinity. But a word from Mrs. Gloop to Sergeant Tomkins, who has arrived with a large detach-

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ment of the police, soon sees these unappreciative visitors being shepherded back into the crowd.

From here we pass on to the arts-and-crafts section of the village. In a small cottage by the church hand-made pottery is being produced at a surprising rate from clay taken out of the river-bed. Small pot vessels and jugs are being sold for five or six shillings each—an astonishingly low price in view of the superb workmanship.

## INTERESTING HANDCRAFTS.

The method employed is of great interest to a student of art-and-craft work like myself. The vessels are roughly shaped in the front room and are then taken away to the back. In a very short space of time they reappear, finished off, baked, glazed and beautifully decorated, and I suggest to Mrs. Gloop that the most interesting part of the process is that which goes on in the back room.

For some reason the artists are extremely reluctant for us to visit this room, explaining that the process is a trade secret. However, Mrs. Gloop insists, and we pass through to find no sign whatever of any art-and-craft activity. All we can see is a pile of large crates, bearing the name of a worldwide organisation of cheap stores and containing crockery packed in straw

It is explained to us that the high finish of Stagnant Percy ware is obtained by thus packing it in crates surrounded by straw, according to a complicated formula. And as the results are far superior to most art-and-craft pottery we can only suppose that an important discovery has already been made in the Stagnant Percy industry.



"SIR GEORGE CORRE CARRYING ONE OF THE SLEEVES OVER HIS ARM."

Next-door to this cottage is a long shed where hand-woven cloth of a beautiful texture is being made. Here we meet Sir George Gorge, who has taken a particular interest in this enterprise. To mark her appreciation Mrs. Gloop has presented him with a tweed suit made entirely out of Stagnant Percy cloth, and he is of course wearing it for the occasion. Owing to a minor defect in workmanship one of the sleeves has come off and he is carrying it over his arm.

But, as Mrs. Gloop points out, any competent tailor will be able to sew it on again in a few minutes.

## A SLIGHT MISCHANCE.

We are bending over one of the looms and Sir George is explaining to us how the peculiar toughness of Stagnant Percy cloth is obtained, when a sharp rending sound is heard. Sir George continues his explanations, but Mrs. Gloop has already turned delicately away to examine another loom, while I explain to him that, most unfortunately, his trousers have split completely across the back.

It is, however, the work of a moment to lead Sir George to a dark corner of the building, where he seats himself on a pile of wool while I arrange that his chauffeur shall go at once to Bogge Hall and bring back another pair of trousers. As I point out, the inconvenience is merely temporary; and in any ease it is quite possible that any pair of trousers would have given way in like circumstances.

#### BEYOND ALL EXPECTATIONS.

I return to escort Mrs. Gloop from the building, and at the door we are met by Mr. Todd, who is in a state of the greatest excitement. The scheme for turning Stagnant Percy into a quiet rural backwater has been successful beyond his wildest dreams, and he congratulates Mrs. Gloop on being the originator of so brilliant an idea. More people, he tells us, have visited Stagnant Percy to-day than in the whole of the last five years. "Ye Gloop Arms" has already exceeded its last year's takings, and every one of the building sites has been sold as a result of the day's publicity.

Two of them, Mr. Todd tells us, have been bought by a firm which intends to build an antique cinema and dancehall. A private syndicate is to erect "Ye Olde Countrie Clubbe" on a third. A mammoth garage and petrol filling-station and the "Arts-and-Crafts Snacke Barre" for charabane visitors will occupy the rest.

If it has done nothing else, says Mr. Todd, the day has proved that the British public still has a deep love and reverence for the unspoilt English village. H. W. M.

# A Cat May Look at a Kin.

I saw two catkin-trees at Overhaddon Where the broken signpost stands, Leaning intertwined at the meeting of the roads And talking with their hands.

They both wore long mustard-coloured gauntlets
Which they slapped against the wall,
And whenever either of them over-emphasised a word
A finger would split and fall.

They argued on and on into the twilight
Till I thought they would come to blows;
For one shook his fists in a fury of despair
And one put his thumbs to his nose.

But just as I ran out to separate them
The wind died down in the lane,
And they threw their yellow fingers round each
other's stubborn necks
And made it up again.

#### Progress.

"Soon blocks of new flats will arise on the site of the old village. They will represent the last word in luxury and convenience. Some of them will even be equipped with special bomb-proof shelters."—Daily Paper.

## AT THE R.A.



PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.



"Mother! Mother! Come and see what's happening to Jane and Lucy!"



SELF-EFFACING CONDUCT OF A COCKER.



UPROARIOUS SCENE IN CALEDONIAN MARKET WHEN A CUSTOMER OFFERS SIXPENCE FOR AN AMBER NECKLACE,



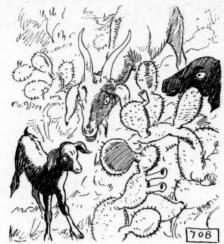
ELL, what's your impression of the Academy?"

This question always stumps me. I should like to be able to reply that I thought the art of portraiture was on the decline or that the landscapes showed a truer appreciation of the value of depth than in 1935, but I never seem to get impressions

like that. Sometimes I feel that the rooms were perhaps a

little more crowded than last year, and sometimes I feel that artists are a queer lot of eggs, take them for all in all, but I don't know that I can pin it down to anything much more definite than that. Unless of course you count the impression (which I always get) of simply hundreds and hundreds of pictures.

I should like to say a few words about this last point. There are 776 oil-paintings in the present Exhibition. Does anyone seriously contend that nearly eight hundred pictures worthy of being hung in a public place from May to August are painted in this country in a single year?



"No, darling, you are too young to EAT BAGPIPES."



Scene in Rotten Row. Outrage on Sir Walter Gilbey's feelings.



ORPHEUS ASSISTS AT A MANNEQUIN PARADE AT WHIPSNADE.



INVENTOR OF NEW METHOD OF SMOKE ABATEMENT JEALOUSLY GUARDS HIS SECRET,



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FIRST PRIZE FOR MOST APPROPRIATE TITLE.



"Of course, John should never have taken up farming—he's so optimistic."

I am a simple soul, but even if I had never been near the Academy I should be inclined to doubt the proposition. Wouldn't three or four hundred of the better ones be enough so that one could have a reasonable hope of seeing all the good things there were to see before the legs gave out and the eyes became atrophied from over-use? Or if the public insists on getting full value for its one-and-sixpence, might not all the undesirables be crowded together in one gallery, a kind of Chamber of Horrors, leaving the rest of the building free for the proper display of the really worthy? As it is, I find I spend most of my time shying away from inconceivably dull portraits of the illustrious obscure.

However, I suppose the Academy has suffered enough from would-be reformers without this kind of impertinence.

Sir Edwin Lutyens (45) dominates the first Gallery. One's attention is immediately attracted by the four matches lying on the table at his elbow. To the student of crime four spent matches can mean only one thinga pipe-smoker. Contributory evidence is afforded by the absence of cigarettestubs, and when I tell you that a pipe is actually clutched in the victim's-I mean the sitter's hand, I think you will agree that the case is complete. Sir EDWIN smokes a pipe.

All the same his waistcoat is buttoned up wrongly.

Gallery No. 1 is also remarkable for the first episode in the Bathing Machine Saga. I take No. 42 to represent the father of all bathing - machines. It is very old. External evidence shows it to date from after the time of the invention of the Wheel, but it is impossible to be more precise than that. It has two openings at each end (which should be ample) and one is thus enabled to see clean through the insides of the thing. Through one of the

tunnels thus formed—I hope this is clear—may be seen the figure of a bather with large moustaches emerging from the sea. The whole is by Mrs. M. Fitton and is called, quite simply, "Bathing Machine."

I wish I had space to describe in similar detail all the bathing machines in the Academy, but that, alas! is impossible. Machines to note are those in "Esplanade" (754) by Mr. J. FITTON; in "Beside the Seaside" (712), by the same artist (they are here seen, by a fine flight of fancy, through a sitting-room window), in "St. Leonards; Bank Holiday" (751), by Mr. H. C. DEYKIN, and in "Sea-side" (348), by Mr. STEVEN SPURRIER. There is also a picture by Mrs. M. FITTON, which I unfortunately failed to see, called "The Machinist." I wonder.

While I was looking at No. 415 in Gallery VII. an Uncouth Stranger came up and the following conversation

Uncouth Stranger. "'Ullo, oo's 'is Lordship?"

Myself (coldly). "Sir Richard Sykes, Seventh Baronet of Sledmere, in hunting costume."

U.S. "An' the old buster in black, 'oldin' a tray—oo might 'e be?"

M. "That, I take it, would be Sir Richard's butler, offering the Baronet refreshment."

U.S. "What the 'ell did they want to put 'im in for?"
M. "Symmetry, my good man, balance—you wouldn't
understand."

U.S. "Ho! Then wot about the flunkey in the doorway with the 'orsecloth an' wotall? Is 'e in for balance too?"

M. (somewhat at a loss). "Possibly, possibly. He may just have happened to be there when the portrait was being done; it is no concern of mine."



"YES, SIR, THE GENTLEMAN HAS NEARLY FINISHED; JUST PUTTING THE HIGH LIGHT ON YOUR NOSE, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO."

I do not wish to record the further remarks of this uncouth man; but after he had left me in peace I fell to wondering whether this picture might not eventually set a new fashion in portrait-painting. I hope to lead the way next year with a picture of myself with fifteen liveried menservants in close attendance. It will be called "Portrait of a Guest leaving the Hôtel Splendide."

For the benefit of those who, like myself, know nothing of art but would like to have something to aim at in their peregrinations through the galleries, may I recommend a glance at Sir John Lavery's portrait of Cyril McCormack, Esq. (293), two river-studies by LAMORNA BIRCH (34 and 136), "Commotion in the Cattle Ring" (191), "Chelsea Conversation" (383), and Augustus John's portrait of Thomas Barclay, Esq. (168)? It can hardly be necessary to mention "The Princes" Vigil" (378) and "The Heart of the Empire" (163), and

the same applies to Dame Laura Knight's beautiful "Spring in Cornwall" (539).

Mr. George Belcher's "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (264) is of course a triumph. It has all the force and character of last year's "Mourner" without the almost uncomfortable satire of that picture. This is, I think, the only oil-painting in the Exhibition which is intentionally humorous—but it is far from being the only one at which you will be inclined to laugh.

The artist retained (at enormous expense) to record his Academy depressions for Mr. Punch has, it will be seen, decided on his award for the most appropriate title. My own special prize for the most original title goes naturally to No. 441, "Far from the Madding Crowd." H. F. E.

"New Microphones Pick Up Sounds Which Nobody Can Hear."

Evening Paper.

From this, of course, it is only a step to television broadcasts which nobody can see. o r,

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## At the Pictures.

ENGLAND OLD AND NEW.

If the gallant effort at the reconstruction of history, *Tudor Rose*, fails to convince, the fault lies, I fear, more with Nova Pilbeam than with any of the seasoned performers gathered about



DADDY-IN-LAW.

Lady Jane Grey . NOVA PILBEAM. Earl of Warwick . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

her, for as Lady Jane Grey, the dupe of schemers, this too mechanical young player neither looks nor is the part. Nor does the scene with her tutor, when she is immersed in the classics and other deep stuff, convince us, so early does it come and so lightly is it taken. In fact we forget it completely, and none of the girl's later efforts, untrammelled by learning, to capture our sympathy, ever cause us to recall it. The Lady Jane of the rest of the story is merely perplexed; and I very much doubt if it is she herself who, in her one joyful moment, rides a race for breakfast with her young husband. I very much fear that it is a deputy that we see galloping towards the goal.

Horses, indeed, play a prominent part in this series of episodes. Kings cannot die—and in Tudor Rose they are continually dying and their successors are continually being hailed—without the arrival and departure of foaming steeds, from whose reeking backs riders fling themselves: riders who, after momentary disappearance, turn out to be actors whom we have long known well but never suspected of equitation. They certainly add to verisimilitude; but it is doubtful if the strident tones in which both of the dying kings—Henry VIII. and his son, Edward VI.—express their last wishes do so. And I ask myself if in those days,

even in high places, the accused allowed themselves to be taken prisoner quite so readily and lost their heads with so little aversion. *Thomas Seymour*, for example, "the peacock," who began the trouble with *Lady Jane*, seems throughout his debonair life to have desired nothing so much as the axe.

The odd thing is that among all the practised hands-CEDRIC HARDWICKE. plotting away as the Earl of Warwick; and Felix Aylmes, plotting away as Edward Seymour, "the fox" (with a voice strangely like Sir William LLEWELLYN'S); and SYBIL THORN-DIKE, as a blend of nurse and pythoness; and Gwen Ffrancçon Davies as the conquering Papist, Mary Tudor; and John Mills as Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband whom Jane would never marry and marries; and someone else, unnamed in the programme, who as John Knox fulminates punctually in a very curious kind of church—the odd thing is that among all these performers the only one who persuades us of his reality is the boy who plays Edward VI. and so soon dies. Whether or not EDWARD VI. was like DESMOND TESTER no one can say; but that is how we shall think of him, and he is never better than in the banquet scene (a mischievous perversion of The Private Life of Henry VIII., even to the gnawing of the bone) when he admires the acrobats. But, with the best wish in the world, we cannot believe in NOVA PILBEAM as Lady Jane Grey: a



HIGH-BROWS.

Karen Wright . . . MERLE OBERON.
Martha Dobie . . . MIRIAM HOPKINS.

good part deserving a real actress for the making of what might have been a very successful film.

Apart altogether from FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW as Little Lord Faunt-

leroy and Shirley Temple as The Littlest Rebel, this is the children's day. For if Desmond Tester's Edward VI. is the memorable part in Tudor Rose, so is the acting of Bonita Granville as Mary and of Marcia Mae Jones as Rosalie the best thing in These Three. I don't say I like either, for they are unpleasant girls in an unpleasant and



ROW-BROWS.

Mary Tilford . . . Bonita Granville.

Mrs. Mortar . . . Catherine Doucet.

indeed incredible school, but one cannot withhold admiration. Plays or pictures based on the hysteria and mendacity of scholars who ought to be at a Reformatory can be very distasteful, and These Three, which starts gaily enough, becomes almost wantonly depressing as we see each of the principals, and the young doctor who loves one and is loved by the other, dragged down by slander. But, if I except the box-on-the-ears delivered by Mary's vengeful nurse, nothing is done by anyone except Mary and Rosalie that we can believe.

Who it was that provided the money to convert the ruined farmhouse into a high-class educational establishment for the daughters of New England gentlemen, was never made clear to me, and I doubt if it could have been done; but a place had to be provided for Merle Oberon (who gets more like Anna May Wong every day) to be engaged in, and for Miriam Hopkins (who is really an interloper in this piece) to be jealous in, and for Joel McCrea (who is already knocking at Gary Cooper's and Clark Gable's

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door) to be long and handsome and "rangy" in, and for Mary to spread the poison of her false witness.

The result is a concoction as American as Tudor Rose is English; but not a good sample of the American brand. It has been done, I thought, a little too cheaply; the background has been cramped and the "shots" are not too clear, so that people and furniture are sometimes hardly to be distinguished; and of the leading trio one can get very tired. It was therefore a relief when JOEL McCREA, having retired from his New England hospital ward to a Klinik in Vienna, was at last identified through an eating-house window by a forgiving and understanding-oh, so beautifully understanding -Merle Oberon, and the curtain kiss (seen in reflection on the faces of other Viennese diners) set in with its more E. V. L. than usual intensity.

# The Big Shot.

Leo Carmelli was huge and bronzed, and Blesser was squat and flabby, which made it all the funnier.

"You're rotten," said Blesser. "Did you hear that? Rotten all through. You've never done a decent thing in your life, and you wouldn't know how if you wanted to. You're the nastiest, slimiest bit of work that ever trod the earth. You can face up to anything except yourself, and then you're beat. And why? 'Cos you stink; 'cos you're a yellow, squirming snake in the grass and you can't take it. Did you hear that? You can't take it. That's why."

Blesser paused and regarded Leo

through half-closed eyes.

"But you're tough," he continued. "You're wanted for everything from murder downwards in every country under the sun. You're so tough you think you can get away with anything you like. You don't know what it means to fear anyone or anything. You know there isn't a man alive that could stand up to you, that you couldn't lay flat on his back. You couldn't lay flat on his back. know that everything you do is crooked, and you don't give a damn, 'cos there's nobody who can put you where you belong. So you just go ahead and do as you please, 'cos nobody 's darn fool enough to argue with you. If any man crossed your path it'd be the last thing he ever did. You're so tough you killed Tony, the best pal you ever had, just because he tried to put you wise to yourself. You don't take orders from anybody. You'd twist a man round your little finger for looking at you sideways. You're



"YOUR HYACINTHS DON'T SEEM QUITE SO GOOD AS USUAL, MARY."

" No, THEY FORGOT TO BE WATERED."

not just a big shot: you're the biggest shot there ever was. Nobody has ever crossed you before and got away with

it—not even Tony.
"And now," said Blesser, "what's happened now? You've had your face pushed in the mud. Someone's telling you just what they think of you-and some. Telling you you're rotten, scaly, lousy; that you haven't got the guts to face up to yourself. Telling you where you get off-you, the wise guy, the big shot.

"You're tough," said Blesser. "You've smashed a man's head in for batting an eyelid. Scarface and Benson, the biggest guys in town before

you came—what happened to them? They had to scrape them off a brick wall. So what? So you're standing there like a castigated lily while someone gives you the works, eh? You're the kind of guy to take the frozen mitt and like it, are you?'

"No," said Leo.
"No," echoed Blesser passionately, "you're not! You said it! I'll tell the world you're not!"

Blesser mopped his brow and looked round wildly.

"O.K.," he said, "and again. Let

it go."
"Four-sixty-one," said a tired voice.
" --:: Mr. Blesser.

## Down With the Air!

The invasion—or shall I say the forcible inspection?—of the Cup-Tie Final at Wembley by piratical aircraft seemed to me to be about the most insolent deed of modern times. The Courts, it appears, could do nothing to prevent it; the Air Ministry would (or could?) not prohibit it, and have no intention of promoting an alteration in the law. The pirates, for all I know, were well within the law; but if that is so the law needs attention. For the cold fact is that, having been expressly requested to keep away from private property, they did not do so; and that, in other days, was called trespass.

It is a pity perhaps that we abandoned the good old rule of trespass in the air. The good old principle was that every man's rights of property in land belonging to him extended as far as the sky in the upward direction and down to the centre of the earth in the other. In order to permit the noisy aeroplane to make noises where it would we weakly passed the Air Navigation Acts, by which the flight of aircraft "at a reasonable height" above the ground is not actionable at the suit of the owner or occupier below; and, apparently, if there is no danger there is no remedy.

By the German Civil Code the owner of land owns the space above it but has no right to prohibit acts so remote from the surface that they in no way affect his interests. If we had had such a provision the bumptious birdmen could have been repelled.

This football match was a "public" event in the sense that members of the public who paid to enter were admitted. But the rights of those who owned the ground were the ordinary rights of private property, and that people who have not merely not paid to enter but have been forbidden to be present should be able to insist on being there and on taking photographs of a private place by means of the rude aeroplane is an intolerable thing.

For where is it to stop? Many interesting things happen in private houses of which news-reel agencies would gladly make a visual record for exhibition to the people. Suppose that some old-fashioned peer declines to allow himself to be "news-reeled" cutting his grandchild's christening cake, or breakfasting in bed with his wife, or interviewing the Prime Minister, or entertaining Royalty, are the disgusting "autogiros" going to hover outside or opposite to his windows, with telescopic lenses, till he surrenders? If auto-pirates can hover

with impunity over or near a private stadium they may hover, I suppose, near a private garden or a private swimming-bath. The telescopic camera like every other enemy of privacy, will be improved, and so long as its height is not dangerous or "unreasonable" will be monarch of all it surveys.

Let us go back to the good old law, or nearly. If it is necessary for aeroplanes to go about at all (which I for one entirely deny), we cannot perhaps prevent the beastly things from passing over us. But this "hovering" brings in a whole new world of horror; and surely it should be possible for any citizen to hang out a flag or some sort of sign upon his property by which he could say, "No Hoverers Here," and expose all unlicensed hoverers to heavy penalties. The next thing, no doubt, will be mammoth hoverers, grand-stand hoverers, which will hang over the Coronation Procession and the Derby and every other pleasant affair, darken the sky with their ungainly shapes and drown the music with their unlovely din.

Din. It may be that this event will do good by recalling our attention to the general arrogance of the Air. I forget how long it is since we Conquered the Air; but we still make as much noise up there as if we had laid the egg yesterday. Cannot the buzzing bores be silenced yet? I am told they could be. Then why not do it? Which of the great and noble purposes of Man is being served by all that noise? If a silencer will diminish speed by a few miles an hour, what matter? Better that five or six should have an hour less for shopping in Paris than that the multitude they fly over should be bombarded and badgered with endless

Still, the bird-fellow who flies straight over you on his way to Paris doing a job has something to be said for The one who makes me call him. for my rook-rifle is the one who goes round and round in the same area on a calm summer day, doing absurd though doubtless heroic stunts, taking passengers round the town, advertising an exhibition or face-cream, or simply trying to wave to his wife. If it is feasible to silence that fellow, let him be silenced; there can be no good reason against it. We all at times make noises which annoy a few folk near us. But has there ever in the world's history been anything to equal the tyranny of that lone bird-brute circling about up there, a single man thrusting his din down the ears of thousands and not caring twopence whether they like it or not? Concerning the activities of our gallant Services a patriot will not judge hastily; but what of all those Service machines which on summer days ceaselessly buzz and bellow and drone to and fro over the Beaulieu River and the Hamble River and all the delightful waters of that part, so that it is no longer possible, even there, to lie at anchor or walk in the woods or sit beside a stream and say, "Well, here at least is peace"? Is all that noise truly necessary? If not, let it cease.

Indeed, as we said long ago, and greater men are now beginning to say, we should shed no tears if aeroplanes ceased altogether. "But you can't put the clock back!" "Oh, can't we? Then what is the point of signing pacts against poison-gas and limiting the size of guns?" No doubt the dear birdmen have brought one or two benefits to a deplorably slow-moving world; but they could be recorded on a postagestamp. The trouble and terror they have brought, and look like bringing, will need a tablet the size of the Atlantic. So, though it may be impossible to eliminate the pests, let us at least abandon the foolish pretence that we have done something grand and glorious in inventing them; and when, without any warlike excuse, they begin to defy civilization in the Wembley manner, let us tread on them well and truly. At the next Cup Tie, maybe, they will gas the directors and turn machine-guns on the Football Association. A. P. H.

# Comparisons.

- An impartial observer who looks at an
- Must notice it is not attractive in shape, The cast of its features needs some adjusting
- And some of its habits are frankly disgusting;
- gusting;
  Yet Darwin and other wise men have contrived
- To prove this is the source from which man is derived.
- There's nothing to show that they've wasted their labours
- While we think of our friends or relations or neighbours,
- But it's scarcely sufficient for you or for me
- Or the Carnival Queen of St. Leonardson-Sea. M. H.

### Another New Charity?

- "Home for Exotic Fish."

  Headline in Daily Paper.
- "Major Charter has under him three white officers and 150 Silks of the 5/14 Punjabis."

  Daily Paper.
- The famous King's Own Counsel.

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THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA—TREATED SOMEWHAT FRIVOLOUSLY.



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

- "AREN'T YOU COMING ASHORE? WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE PARTHENON."
- "OH! IS THERE SOMETHING GOOD ON THERE?"

## Pay It With Flowers.

(The rent of an estate in Peebles-shire is a red rose. An extension of this sort of currency opens up entrancing possibilities.)

I GAMBOLLED gaily down the street
To pay my butcher's bill
And handed to the man of meat
A lovely daffodil,
Then turned with blithesomeness imbued
Into the road at speed
Ere he could voice the gratitude
For which I felt no need.
And I looked back again to see
A really touching sight,
That butcher, radiant with glee,
Was dancing with delight.
Good man, his heart with pleasure fills,
He dances with the daffodils,
And as I heard his happy trills
I speeded up my flight.

I lured a taxi from its lair
As day drew to a close,
And offered him, instead of fare,
A beautiful primrose.
Somehow I seemed to touch a spring
That opened up his heart,
He bent and kissed my offering,
From which he would not part,

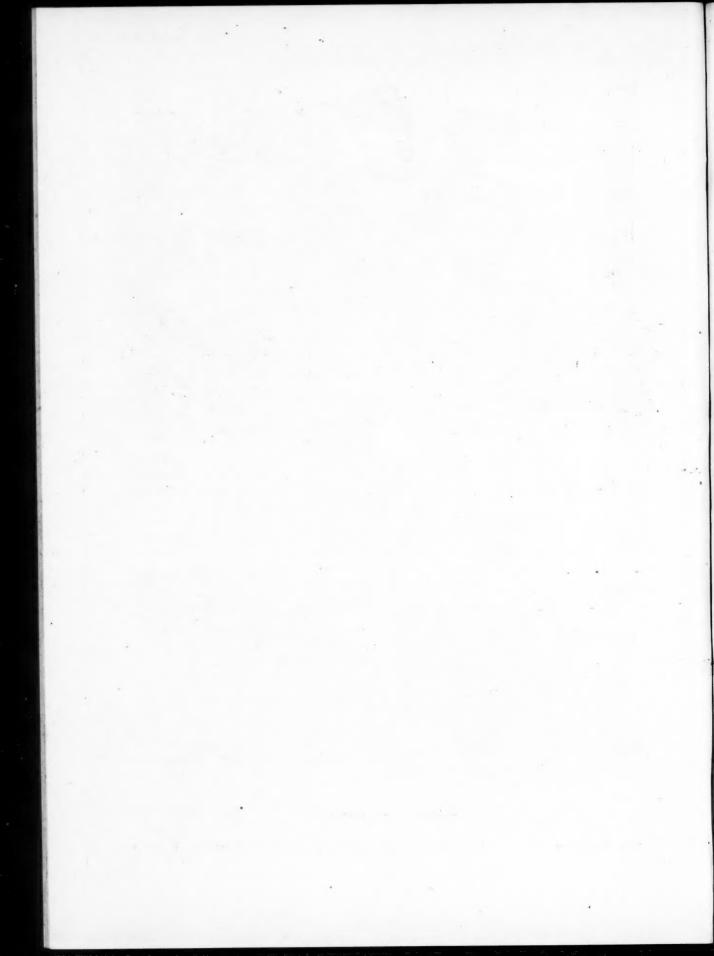
And talked about it and about
As I stood by his door,
And, though obscure at times, no doubt,
I got his meaning's core.
Though it might seem a foolish whim,
He said, a rose, however prim,
A simple primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.

The man of Inland Revenue I guided by the hand, And showed him where my flowers grew; He did not understand, But stood dry-eyed and answered nought When I brought him the shears; It seemed my flowers gave him thought That lay too deep for tears. To every bloom I offered he Would give his head a shake, But when I brought him rosemary I thought his heart would break. I filled his bowler to the brim And saw his eyes grow moist and dim. "That's rosemary," I said to him, "Just for remembrance' sake." J. B. E.



KING OF KINGS.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL. "I SUPPOSE, MASTER, THERE'S ROOM FOR ANOTHER ONE."



# Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week,

Monday, May 4th.—Commons: Debate on Navy Supplementary Estimate.

Tuesday, May 5th.—Lords: Debate on Constitution of Malta.

Commons: Debate on Budget Leakage and Civil List.



THE ST. STEPHEN'S CUTTY-STOOL.

["Cutty-stool: the stool of repentance in old Scottish church discipline."—Dictionary.]

MR. MACNELL WEIR.

Wednesday, May 6th.—Lords: Trial of Peers considered in Committee. Commons: Debate on Foreign Affairs

Monday, May 4th.—Atmosphere, like trousers, can now be sponged and pressed, and as the hot weather approaches Members are beginning to wonder why they should be denied the

advantages of air-conditioning which cinema-goers enjoy. The decoration and lighting of the Chamber are unrelievedly gloomy; when in addition it becomes unrelievedly stuffy there is some excuse for the inanimate impression it so often gives. Mr. Ormsby-Gore told Mr. Day this afternoon that a brigade of scientists are at the moment considering its ventilation, but that the age and character of the building complicated the problem. Mr. HICKS'S Utopian suggestion that the place should be reconstructed was less practical than that of Captain ARTHUR Evans, who simply asked if the windows could be opened.

After the Chancellor had announced that the Government were setting up a Judicial Tribunal to investigate the alleged leakage of Budget secrets, Mr. Weir had apologised to the House for an article of his in which he had seemed to suggest that Members had put the leakage to good account, and the P.M. had paid graceful tribute to King Fuad, the House turned to the Supplementary Naval Estimates.

Accelerated production of anti-aircraft guns, bigger reserves of oil-fuel, modern machines for the Air Arm, more sailors, and the creation of a special mother-ship for the Queen Bees (target-aeroplanes controlled by wireless) were described by Lord STANLEY. Mr. ALEXANDER took the opportunity of asking that Naval officers should be more democratically recruited and that welfare conferences in their original form should be revived. Strong exception to the inclusion in this Vote of the initial cost of the two new battleships, seeing that the Committee which is sitting on the Bomb v. Battleship controversy has not yet reported, was taken by a number of Members, and particularly by Mr. Churchill, who thought that destroyers should come first, and who went on to a powerful assault on the present dual control of the Fleet Air Arm.

On this point Sir Thomas Inskip declined to commit himself, and as for the battleships, he assured the House that the Committee's Report would at the most only affect their design.

Tuesday, May 5th.—Malta is to be given a breathing-space from political troubles, and the Second Reading of a Bill to give the Crown full right to legislate for it was moved in the Upper House by Lord PLYMOUTH to-day.

The coal-owners, who are still naturally opposed in principle to compulsory State purchase of their royal-

ties, have gone so far as to suggest the neat round sum of £150,000,000 as a fair price. What the Government thought of this figure Captain CROOKSHANK refused to tell the Commons, but the Opposition derisively put their view of it beyond doubt.

In moving an Address praying for a public monument to Lord BEATTY the



POACHER TURNED KEEPER. Lord Winterton.

P.M. was in his best form, and Mr. ATTLEE and Sir Archibald Sinclair followed him eloquently, Sir Archibald saying that Lord Beatty's true memorial would be part of the traditions of the Navy.

Discussion of the Tribunal to be set up to investigate the Budget affair showed a feeling on the part of the Opposition, strongly expressed by Mr. ATTLEE and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS,

that a Select Committee of the House would have been the proper judge of a matter which so closely involved its honour. Lord Winterton, however, recalled the degree of personal animosity which had been aroused in the House by the Report of the Select Committee on the Marconi case, and the Chancellor's motion to set up the Tribunal was agreed to.

Going into Committee on the Civil List, the House heard with approval the Chancellor's appreciation of the King's spontaneous economies; but although Mr. Pethick-Lawrence spoke generously for the official Opposition, the Left



"ABOUT TURN!"
SERGEANT-MAJOR SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND
PRIVATE EDEN.

Wing seized the opportunity to flap, ignoring the fact (put by Mr. Lewis) that monarchy is easily the cheapest

form of government.

Wednesday, May 6th.—When the Labour Party seized the chance offered by the Foreign Office Vote this afternoon to censure the Government's policy in regard to Abyssinia, Mr. Dalton pitched his attack in so violent a key that his speech would have been funny if it had not been dangerous and unfair. He charged the Government not only with responsibility for the outbreak of the war, but with having left the Abyssinians to their fate and with having made a profit on the oil used by the Italian gasmen.

Mr. Eden ironically congratulated him on such a gross mis-statement of historical events, and once again went over the earlier part of the dispute. Last year, he said, Italy drew only about 4% of her oil from British sources, so that part of the charge was absurd; even The Daily Herald had agreed that further sanctions were too difficult; as for the suggested closing of the Suez Canal, that could only have been done by a unanimous League Resolution, which was out of the

question; from the very beginning the Government had been prominent in attempts at conciliation. In conclusion



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. Kirkwood (above)
Is gentle as a dove.
His pride
Is the Clyde.

he insisted that a League—a revised League—was indispensable, and asked for restraint from purely partisan criticism which would be misunderstood in those countries where it was not allowed.

In the view of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Eden had not disposed of Mr. Dalton's charges. Hedeplored the neglect of oil sanctions and urged the Government to stick close to the League at this vital moment when France was swinging towards it. Sir Austen Chamberlain, on the other hand, declared that the sanctions which the Opposition had called for would have meant conscription in any other country.

This point was put even more strongly by Mr. Bernays, who rated the Socialists for their hypocrisy in demanding the most dangerous sanctions while going into the Lobbies against rearmament, and remarked that "a dictator who was not afraid of losing his head would always win against politicians who were afraid of losing their seats."

The tail of the debate contained a waspish sting in the shape of a ferocious attack on the P.M. by Mr. Churchill for what he described as lamentable leadership.

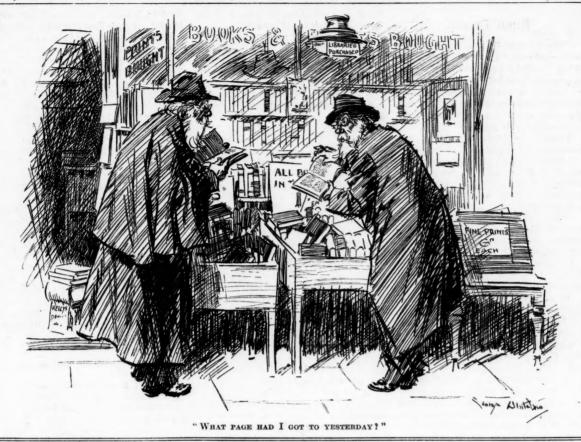


"My poor man, I would like to help you, but unfortunately I have left my purse at home."
"That's all right, lady; I always carry blank cheque forms."

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# Taxation, 2036.

In his Reflections on Taxation in 2036 (Button and Button, 12/-) Sir Benjamin Bott carefully examines the difficult task of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Since the State," he says, became something for people to lean on instead of, as in the past, something to support, it has been obvious that sooner or later some limit would have to be put on the number of leaners. At first only the very poorest classes assumed that it was the function of the State to provide them with their every need, but such an attractive theory could not be expected to remain the monopoly of a favoured few.

"People began to see a new meaning in DISRAELI'S theory of Two Englands. The Two Englands were the England that earned and the England that leaned. First the lower-middle classes joined the lower classes in the ranks of the leaners. The leaners received from the State free education for their children, free milk, free food, free houses, free hospitals, free clubs and eventually free beer and free cigarettes. Then the middle classes, getting tired

of paying for the upkeep of leaners with large families when they could afford no children for themselves, joined the ranks of the leaners and only the upper-middle and upper classes were left to be leaned against.

"When things arrived at this stage the Cabinet met to consider what could be done. One Cabinet Minister said that unless drastic steps were taken fairly soon he would be obliged to give up earning, which he could no longer really afford with income-tax at twenty-one shillings in the pound. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that taxation on a class basis had failed owing to the law of diminishing returns, and that in future only backelors should be taxed.

"It was one of those brilliant ideas that when thought of make everybody wonder why it hasn't occurred to them before. Of course bachelors must be taxed! They had been taxed in a mild way for years by the system of marriage allowances and child allowances, but as the Cabinet at that time consisted entirely of married men it was unanimously decided that in future bachelors should bear the whole brunt of taxation.

"Bachelors being by nature a meek

and diffident race, did nothing but utter a grumble or two, and had the State been satisfied with a mere pecuniary penalty all might have been well; but once having started, the Government with true British thoroughness went on.

"Why, it was argued, should married couples push their own perambulators? It did not seem right that bachelors should sit at home while married men toiled along with pram-loads of heavy babies. So the Perambulator-Pushing by Bachelors Act (2011) was passed. Under this Act every bachelor had to do at least half-an-hour's pram-pushing every day. Further Acts were passed to make bachelors take their fair share of other household jobs. There was the Lawn-Mowing Act (2013), the Taking the Dog for a Run Act (2014), the Washing-Up Act (2015) and the Taking the Children to the Cinema Act (2016).

"It was felt that, by thus finding a taxpayer who was too much of a worm to turn, the Government had finally solved the financial problems of the country; but unfortunately in 2036 the last bachelor joined the ranks of the leaners by the simple expedient of getting married."

## Rural Drama.

"WITH the object," said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham, "of doing everything possible to foster the Drama among the local inhabitants, I propose to present a prize for the best-constructed and most thoughtful one-Act play written in Bilkham and the surrounding villages."

There were murmurs of astonishment at the boldness of this project.

"Do you really think there is anyone in Bilkham and the surrounding villages," inquired Bode, "capable of writing anything more thoughtful than a milk-bill?"

"Who knows?" said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham. "There may be mute inglorious MILTONS among the tillers of the soil."

"That's what I'm afraid of," said Bode. "I can imagine the sort of mute stuff they'll send in, and we shall have to read their inglorious handwriting."

"We have a proposition," said our President. "Will anybody second it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Bode said dramatically, "Yes, I will. It's a fine scheme."

He had had time to reflect that if Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham was really going to present us with a small hall as our permanent quarters it would be unkind to oppose any project of hers

"Snoopwhistle," he said, turning to me, "have an announcement put in The Bilkham Gazette inviting entries for the Willoughby-Bigham prize. After you've read them—and rewritten them where necessary so as to make them legible—hand them on to Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham. And when I've read them we'll meet and select the three best. So that we won't be biased the names of the authors had better not be disclosed at this stage. After that we'll cast them and perform them in the Assembly Rooms. Terrible place to have to do them," he added diplomatically, "but until we get a hall of our own . . ."

"Isn't it asking rather a lot of our members," I murmured, "to expect them to act in plays by the local rubes? Some of them won't even play in Shakespeare."

"Nonsense!" said Bode. "There's only one reason they don't like Shake-speare and that's because they don't like tights. Add a note to the effect that no plays should be submitted that have to be done in tights."

"Those in favour . . .?" said our President-quite unnecessarily, because when Bode utters a few impromptu

words like the above they have all the force of a dictatorial decree.

In due course we met to consider the works of the local NOEL COWARDS. Seven plays had been submitted—not a bad entry for the first year of the competition (as things have turned out it is also likely to be the last), and they ranged from extremely thick-ear drama to perfectly drawing-room comedy. "Personally," said Bode, "I'm

astounded. These yokels seem to have quite a strong sense of the theatre. With one exception their stuff reaches a very high standard. We can rule *High Diplomacy* out straightaway, of course—pure pig-swill—but the others—"

"I don't agree with you about High Diplomacy," said Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham; "I don't think it's at all bad. It certainly ought to be put in the first three. Incidentally there's quite a good part for my daughter Mary in it."

The three pieces performed on the big night were The Farmer Hates the Soil, Red Cabbages and High Diplomacy.

Somewhere doubtless among the densely-packed audience were the nameless dramatists themselves, and speculation was-as you can guessrife as to their identity. Agnes Doe, the baker's daughter, was known to have bought a box of paper-clips at Pipley's. And ever since he won that ten-shilling prize for a three-word "Snippet" Horace Byre the milkman has been looked upon as a literary Also it was whispered that George Smook, who works up at Mash's poultry farm, had been seen looking rather intense on more than one recent occasion as he cleaned out the fowl-

When the curtain had fallen on the last play and the clapping had died away, Bode stepped on to the stage to act as adjudicator. He awarded the first prize to The Farmer Hates the Soil, which he described as "definitely good agricultural theatre." He liked, he said, the relentless way in which the story moved towards the climax where. after the alluvial nature of the soil in question had been demonstrated to the farmer, he promised to take up a very different attitude towards it in future. And he placed Red Cabbages a good second. In dealing with High Diplomacy, while he refrained from referring to it as "pig-swill," he nevertheless thought it only fair to the actors (particularly as one of them was Mary Willoughby-Bigham) to say that it was not their fault. If Miss Mary Willoughby-Bigham-who would one day be a great actress-had been made to look a little foolish to-night, he explained to the audience, she was in no

way to blame. He wished, he said, to make it clear that the only fault was with the playwright. It was not to be expected that an agricultural worker, who doubtless had an unrivalled knowledge of the manuring of turnip-fields, should be equally well versed in the manners of diplomats. And if his ideas about the technique of playconstruction, the rules of English grammar and the behaviour of polite society were a little hazy, that was perfectly understandable. But it would have been better if he had dealt with a subject he knew something about. As for the actors, they had striven valiantly under great difficulties.

Their difficulties had not been lightened, he added, by their having to perform under such cramped and awkward conditions as those which prevailed in the Assembly Rooms, but he hoped shortly to have a very interesting announcement to make in this connection. . . .

"What sort of announcement?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby Bigham, much interested, afterwards. "I wrote High Diplomacy."

# Inexpert Opinion.

If there is one feature more than another that marks the present as an age of discretion it is our habit of going for a critical judgment not to the professional or the expert, but to an amateur, or even to someone completely lacking experience of the subject which he is asked to criticise. Here, for example, is a typical instance selected almost at random from the daily Press:—

"Our reporter asked the diminutive drummer for his opinion of Henry Hall's band.

'The band is all right,' he said, but I do not care for Hall's attempts to put on shows.'"

The person who gave this wellweighed judgment is a boy of about seven years. He is just big enough to see over the top of his drum. His experience of orchestral work dates back about six weeks. Obviously the opinion of such a one will have a freshness and impartiality that it would be hopeless to look for in a man who has been playing the drum in orchestras all his life. The fact is, of course, that a drummer has too many fingers in the orchestral pie. From his exalted seat in the middle of the back row he sees too much of the game. In a word, when he has been years in the business he knows too much. To the professional drummer of long experience these youngsters, like HENRY HALL, JACK

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"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"GOLDERS GREEN."

"THAT'S STRANGE; WE'RE GOING TO THE DEPÔT."

PAYNE and company, are simply childish figures used to decorate the front of the stage. He doesn't need them, he doesn't notice them, would be quite happy without them. In fact I remember when I once asked the drummer in HENRY HALL'S band for his opinion of Mr. Hall as a conductor he looked puzzled.

"HALL?" he said. "HALL?" He shook his head. "I don't think I've ever worked with anyone of that name.

That is why the wise inquirer goes to a child of seven with six weeks experience for criticisms of our great band-leaders. His mind is not befogged with too much knowledge. He would recognise HENRY HALL if he saw him. He has seen his picture on cigarette-cards. But otherwise his opinion is quite fresh and unspoilt.

For the same reason the inquirer in search of a critical judgment on opera would not dream of going to Sir THOMAS BEECHAM for it. Sir THOMAS has spent most of his life in and about opera. He can hardly have avoided forming very decided opinions about In fact he must be prejudiced. The wise inquirer therefore seeks elsewhere for an opinion on operaamongst the prize-fighters perhaps, or the poultry-fanciers. To Sir Thomas

he goes only for information about sewage disposal or the average English audience. Hence the constant appearance of this little item in the daily Press:

"Having disposed of Birmingham's drainage system, I asked Sir Thomas for his opinion of the average English audience.

But I thought we had finished with sewage?' he replied, wrinkling his nose, and with an urbane gesture held his handkerchief to his face."

The interviewer of course asks Sir THOMAS about the average English audience obviously because Sir Thomas can know nothing about it. He has never even seen it. He spends all his time with his back to it. All that has reached him from it is a faint effluvium.

There is, I think, a reaction against professionalism. The traditional English attitude is that of the gifted Unfortunately the nasty amateur. habit of professionalism ingrained in some of our competitors knocked all the stuffing out of that idea. The professors were too successful. So of recent years we have not been quite so dilettante.

But now, it seems, we are seeing the reaction. In Parliament the other day a Member stood up and said: "Mr.

Speaker, I have been referred to as a professional statesman. I resent that imputation.'

A famous headmaster recently said in public:-

"We have heard a lot in the last few years of so-called scientific methods of teaching. I am happy to say that I know nothing about them"—(applause)-"I remember when I was being interviewed for my first job as an assistant master, the headmaster said as soon as he saw me: 'I hope you haven't got your head full of ideas about teaching?' 'No, Sir,' I replied honestly, 'I have not.' 'Good,' he said-'splendid; that's the type of man we are looking for.' And that, gentlemen, is the type of man I look for now when I am faced with the task of filling a vacancy in my staff. . . .

In fact the principle of amateurism has gone so far now that it has reached the editorial offices of our magazines. Editors no longer read the articles that are submitted to them. They pass them on.

So now, if you are displeased, you know whom to blame. But don't write to the Editor about it. He is probably busy giving out advice on how to swim the Channel. Write to the liftman.

## At the Play.

"BEES ON THE BOAT DECK" (LYRIC).

FOR all that it is called a farcical tragedy. Bees on the Boat Deck at the Lyric Theatre has an obvious and serious pedigree. It arises out of Mr. Priestley's English Journey. He has seen the ships of the mercantile marine laid up in estuaries and creeks, and the sad sight has set him thinking hard. If good use is made of the formula which has served him so well from the Good Companions onwards, the formula of surprise coming into the most humdrum lives, of romantic adventure waiting just round the corner, or even prepared to come of its own accord to those who wait, this theme is overlaid by the serious discussion of "Whither England?"

The characters who one by one climb up on to the deck of the Gloriana are all types. There is Mr. Slivers, the grocer (Mr. Raymond Huntley), the embodiment of the great mass of the newspaper-reading public. It is to provide Slivers and his like with ceaseless sensation that newspaper reporters grow more and more merciless so that Hilda Jackson (Miss Réne Ray) has to flee and hide on the ship because she is the chief witness in a notorious lawsuit.

But the plot centres in the conjunction of a scientist, a financier and a Communist on the ship. For their different reasons they all want to blow it up. The financier sees money in an apparently accidental explosion; the Communist likes the idea of an explosion as a political demonstration, and the chemist, charmingly played by Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN, is quite remote and detached and has an artistic love of explosions for their own sake. Against them stands the strength of England impersonated by Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON as Sam Gridley and Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER as Robert Patch.

These men, the engineer and the mate of the Gloriana in her old and busy days, have to pit their wits against this unforeseen and mad conspiracy. Here issomething, says Mr. PRIESTLEY, the English mercantile marine, that has a great tradition and has played a great part. It is being sacrificed to-day for not good reasons by people who are either foolish or knavish or both. At times the satire becomes fierce. The financier's daughter, the

Hon. Ursula Maddings (Miss KAY HAMMOND) is made the butt of denunciation which is almost of the soapbox in its lack of subtlety. The Fascist (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON) is also crudely drawn and as crudely denounced, and



A.B.'S ON THE BOAT-DECK.

Sam Gridley . Mr. Ralph Richardson.

Robert Patch . Mr. Laurence Olivier.



EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY—A "STINKS" MASTER.

Hon. Ursula Maddings . . MISS KAY HAMMOND. Francis Fletherington . . . MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.

the same is true of the police, personified in Sergeant Wilks (Mr. ARTHUR HAMBLING).

The play keeps trembling on the edge of long Shavian disquisitions, but the action is lively and vigorous throughout. Mr. PRIESTLEY delights to show what rich possibilities for hide-and-seek, for imprisonments and escapes a cargo steamer presents. It is a bold stroke which makes him produce his explosive so early in the play, for explosive has a way of dominating the stage. People who are expecting an enormous bang only attend with one ear to shrewd thrusts at the political incoherence of modern England.

Mr. RICHARDSON, as a middle-aged Englishman whose hobby is SCHOPEN-HAUER, was the outstanding figure the whole time and received a great ovation at the close. If he was the mouthpiece for much that Mr. PRIESTLEY feels strongly, he delivered his homilies without any trace of preaching, and preserved an imperturbable good temper through the unwonted excitements of a long and hectic day.

There are plenty of admirable little surprises, and Mr. PRIESTLEY is a successful craftsman, all the time devising incidents which have a general significance and serve further

to ram home his point. The play suggests a transitional stage in his work as a dramatist. In one sense it is in the tradition of Cornelius and Angel Pavement. but it also shows him as feeling that exposition, however devastating, is not enough. He looks as though he is about to feel his way towards the important but dangerous paths of constructive social criticism. But he has, fortunately, a singularly robust and engaging zest for everyday life which keeps his feet firmly on the common ground we know. D. W.

# "AH, WILDERNESS!" (WESTMINSTER).

There is nothing strange about this interlude by Mr. Eugène O'Neill, whom one can see sitting comfortably in a deck-chair while he wrote it, out in the sun. None of its people has a tattered psyche or a driving urge to be beyond his fellows. They are all straightforward customers whose spoken word accords pretty closely with their inward thought, and the simple joys are theirs. Even Aunt Lilly, who has the hardest deal, gets a sort

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of kick, as someone remarked, out of mothering the bottle-scarred clown she nearly married.

Mr. O'NEILL calls the play "a comedy of recollection," and might have added "and of adolescence," for within the bounds of comedy he has caught brilliantly the egotism, the selfpity and the intellectual flutterings of a boy of seventeen and treated them with a gentle sympathetic satire. Richard Miller was a simpleton to whom life was unfolding its possibilities very slowly and in a backwater in Connecticut, but his problems were universal. It would be the easiest matter to transpose their scene to Dieppe or Hartlepool or wherever boys fall heavily for the blonde round the corner and privily absorb the more erotic poets.

SWINBURNE and Lord BYRON were the trouble here. Their sentiments, echoed with no lack of anatomical feeling but with the purest intentions in a letter to the lovely Muriel McComber, were grossly misinterpreted by her respectable parent, who forced her to reply harshly and demanded summary punishment for a youth so far gone in profligacy. Richard's father was fortunately a pillar of commonsense, but he owned the local paper and therefore had to be a little careful; and his mother, excellent woman but no student of IBSEN or the other prophets of the revolution, already suspected her son of an attachment with a certain lightliving, sharp-shooting young woman named *Hedda*, of whom he sometimes spoke darkly.

And so Richard, having drunk deeply of his SHAW and imagining himself, as we have all imagined ourselves, to be fighting the first major battle in the history of the world against the forces of repression, was forced into the paths of rebellion, where he drank deeply at other heady springs and returned to his family in a thoroughly disreputable condition, from which he awoke next morning a bilious but a wiser lad. His family took the matter more lightly than they would otherwise have done owing to their being conditioned, as it were, by Uncle Sid's variations from the sober; and as for Muriel, though an incorrigible stickler for the proprieties, she permitted herself to be lightly kissed, sitting in the moonlight on an upturned dinghy. I doubt all educated quite up to SWINBURNE.

One of the best scenes was at the saloon where Richard got drunk and first made up his mind about ladies with painted faces. And that where his usually commanding father, trem-



"PARADISE ENOW." Sid Davis . . . MR. EDWARD LEXY.

bling with fright, endeavoured, but failed, to enlighten him about the natural laws was delicious comedy. But I felt that the whole play would have been the better for judicious cutting; it went on just a little too long, and some of the sentimental notes outlasted their effect. In particular the rapproche-



ALL SWINBURNE'S FAULT.

David McComber . . . . Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON. Nat Miller . . . . . . Mr. Fred Johnson.

the same if she would ever have been ment with Muriel, here remotely staged. would be more effective if shortened.

> The cast were from the Dublin Gate and Abbey Theatres, and they showed a directness and simplicity of feeling which lent a persuasive reality to the play and largely made up for a certain absence of elasticity. They spoke well, and the fact that the accents of Dublin and Connecticut were often curiously fused mattered hardly at all.

> Mr. CYRIL CUSACK'S Richard was a very understanding piece of work; Miss ANN PENHALLOW'S sensible bustling Mother was good and admirably complementary to Mr. FRED JOHNSON'S decent spirited Father; Miss EILEEN ASHE'S little portrait of unselfish Aunt Lilly was very delicately done; and Mr. EDWARD LEXY'S Uncle Sid must be elected forthwith to the exclusive company of the lovable, the really improving, drunks of the stage.

> Not to be pedantic, surely "lowbrow" wasn't used as a substantive, as Mr. O'NEILL uses it, in 1906, the date of the play?

> "The street-corner bookmaker is seldom found with his clients," remarks a sporting writer. It would appear that they just give him the slip.

> > Kangaroos at Whipsnade are observed to assume their winter coats in the English summer. They are wise.

> > "What is your conception of a crooked trick?" asks a correspondent. A barber putting hairrestorer in the shaving-water.

> > First-aid at lawn tennis: Grass stains can be removed from clothes, we are advised, by smearing them with treacle or golden syrup.

> > "Hiking," says a health note, "brings well-developed calves." And bulls.

"How you can earn twice the money you are getting," runs an advertisement. Most of us are doing that already.

"Dr. E. L. Burgin, M.P., speaking at Hull last night, said the Government intended to maintain the Empire shipping roues in the Pacific. Daily Paper.

What fun for the Hula-Hula Girls!



# The Regeneration of Lieutenant Swordfrog.

We have had to speak before about our Lieutenant Swordfrog's penchant for the fair sex, and just lately things have been going a little too far. Now that the dancing and party season has set in locally we rarely see him about the place at all. He is at breakfast of course with his mail—an assortment of scented envelopes addressed in girlish handwriting. He is observed on earlymorning parade standing about with a dreamy reminiscent smile on his lips; indeed rumour has it that he once approached Captain Bayonet to hand over the Company with the words, "Our dance, I think." He is occasionally in Mess at nights, for, according to rules, he has to dine in so many times a week, but he always wears a preoccupied air, looks at his watch and jumps up the moment the port has been round; and on other days he signs the dining-out book so regularly that Lieutenant James, Mess Secretary. bought him a rubber stamp for it and suggested that a few of the signatures thus saved might be pleasantly employed on chits for a round of drinks to celebrate the rare occasions when he met his brother-officers in the-to him -unexplored wilds of the Mess anteroom.

But latterly he has suddenly turned over a new leaf. We thought at first he'd merely turned it over to a new address till we realised that Swordfrog kept so much of the local damselry in tow at once that he'd hardly know one from t'other.

It came about, apparently, like this. Swordfrog's chief trouble in all this poodle-faking, dancing, picnicking and whatnot put up by the local mothers (local fathers concurring) was the question of return of hospitality. The Mess gives one or two dances a year, but not nearly enough to cope with what Swordfrog owed, unless he wanted to flood the place with unattached maidens, all expecting to dance with him alone and few realising how well he knew the others. And hospitality round our part is hospitality—I mean

at some dances they do everything but fill the radiator of your car with champagne when you leave—and as such cannot be completely ignored. Unfortunately Swordfrog's free evenings were few, and when he did get one he made it do the work of three by inviting out first of all those girls whom he knew couldn't come, then those who were unlikely, and so on, till he landed one at last, and by taking her out to dinner got credit, in effect, for having taken out three or four.

Now last week a good touring company fetched up at Havvershot, so Swordfrog promptly rang up String No. 1, whom he knew was booked to drive her father up to Town for a day or so, on Wednesday and asked her to dinner and see the show on that date. String No. 1, a black-haired lovely named Pamela, refused with squeals of regret—"What too foul luck! I promised to whizz Dad up to the Metrop. in the crate. Do ask me another time!"

Swordfrog put the receiver down in a broken-hearted manner and picked it up briskly again to ring String No. 2. His luck here was out; String No. 2, a blonde named Betty, accepted promptly. Swordfrog, who generally got further down the list than that, told her he'd get the seats if she'd be at the Queen's Hotel, Havvershot, at 7.15.

That night he was rung up by an excited String No. 1, who, before he could speak, said she hoped it wasn't too late Dad had got a cold hooray she wasn't wanted to drive would love to accept and where should they meet what about the Queen's at 7.15? As this had never happened to Swordfrog before he was so taken aback that he agreed feebly and she rang off. He then sat down to wonder gloomily what disease he could have sudden enough to send two telegrams at the last minute.

With the help of a sherry in the Mess, where Captain Bayonet affected to think he was a newly-joined officer and kept asking to be introduced, he felt better. After musing on the honours won by the battalion for bravery throughout a glorious exist-ence, and incidentally after another sherry, he came to the conclusion he couldn't let the regiment down. He squared his shoulders, rang up String No. 1 (Pamela) again and told her to make it 7 P.M. instead and to be at the King's (Havvershot's other hotel), as the Queen's had gone off badly andtruthfully this-a lot of people went there he wouldn't like her to meet. Then he booked two more stalls on the other side of the theatre and had a third sherry.

At 7 P.M. on Wednesday he lushed Pamela up to cocktails at the King's for ten minutes, explained that he was Orderly Officer, that for her sake he hadn't cancelled the do, but that he had to nip back to barracks occasionally on duty. Would she excuse him now? He'd be back at 7.30. By 7.20. thanking Heaven he had a fast car, he had poured a cocktail into Betty at the Queen's, told her the same tale and soon dashed off on urgent duty, telling her to get ahead with the soup. He started dinner with Pamela, had the fish course with Betty, entrée with Pamela-well, you get the idea. Over coffee and liqueurs with Betty he gave her her ticket and said he'd join her in the stalls after signing some important papers in barracks. then collected Pamela and took her to the theatre, escorted her to her seat. saw half the First Act and then duty called him away-to join Betty. He saw the Second Act with Pamela and the Third with Betty. He was ageing visibly, we gather, and the only time he wasn't with one or the other of them was when he was having a hurried tissue-restorer in the bar.

His car having "unfortunately broken down," he had to send Betty home by taxi—but, after all, Pamela was the First String and so it was she who was taken home in his car. But he rang up Betty from barracks to know if she'd got back safe.

He slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and the final seal was put on his regeneration next morning when one Claire, String No. 3, rang up to know why he hadn't been at her dance last night. Rapidly verifying this horrible lapse in his engagement-book, Swordfrog answered that he was devastated and hadn't she got his wire? Feeling a little truth was now needed, he added that at the last minute there'd been a bit of a mix-up and he'd literally had to do two men's work.

Swordfrog may be seen in the Mess nearly every day now, and they say he's given all his white waistcoats away to charity.

A. A.

## Lyra Leguminosa.

[Lines inspired by a recent article in *The Times* on the cultivation of the Soya bean in this country. The writer, while expressing doubt as to its value as an economic seed crop, holds out hopes of improvement of its "oil content" and the possibilities of its extended use for fodder.]

OVERAWED by PYTHAGORAS' warning, Unwarranted, cryptic and crude, Too long I persisted in scorning The best vegetarian food; 36 ed g's VQ.S he he mim 20, ar. at ale tv. ip. ad ith ver her me He her at. itv He nd ing me em ied ely ela she But to ushis one ow ast ble rdted ing he e'd e'd

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"THERE'S NO PLEASIN' SOME PEOPLE. ONE DAY SHE SEZ I WORKS TOO 'ARD, AN' THE NEXT THERE'S 'ER OLD FINGER ALONG EVERYTHINK."

But, healed of this strange paranoia

And wholly enamoured of greens, I avow my allegiance to Soya,

The king of all beans.

Let others in ecstasy lyric
Attune their mellifluous lutes
To verses in high panegyric
Of various delectable fruits;
Let them sing of Peru's cherimoya
Or honour Malay mangosteens,
I cling to the succulent Soya,
The best of "old beans."

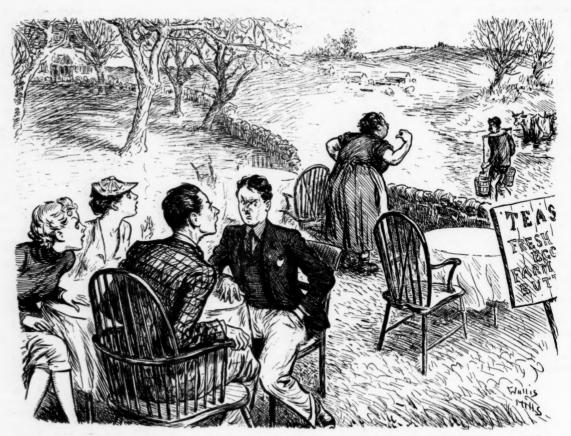
For solid leguminous matter
One cannot too highly applaud
The sight of a bountiful platter
Heaped high with the beans that are
broad;

But for the exuberant gioia,
Denied to dyspeptical deans,
No plant can compare with the Soya,
The brightest of beans.

To the heart of the weariest plodder They bring oleaginous balm; And in the provision of fodder Excel both the olive and palm; And only the brush of a GOYA
Allied to the uplift of JEANS
Can render due homage to Soya,
The richest of beans.

The man who is plenus fabarum
Is sure to be good at a pinch;
He may be at times harumscarum

But never will falter or flinch;
For he is the broth of a boy, a
Description that obviously means
One addicted to soup-making Soya
And similar beans. C. L. G.



"Jarge! on yer way back from feeding they pigs, fill them buckets wi' water from the pond. 'Ere's a party be wantin' their tea."

## Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### The Novel: Craft or Religion?

ONE's notion of the novel depends, I feel, on whether it is to be written for the purveyor, the consumer, or both. Probably the last device—as in every art—is the best. The prophet comes halfway down the mountain, the crowd comes halfway up, and on the common ground thus attained inspiration pastures its flocks. The question is explicitly or implicitly in debate throughout the entertaining transactions of the synod Mr. DEREK VERSCHOYLE has convened to discuss The English Novelists (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), twenty novelist-critics giving their more or less considered verdicts on eight-and-twenty English novelists. Mr. Prokosch's admirable study of a CHAUCER exquisitely conscious of what is due to his readers and to himself, who "started off English fiction along the right lines," leads relentlessly to the "stream-ofconsciousness" experimenters who have temporarily derailed it. Between these, practitioners and advocates of both schools utter their benedictions or curses on their predecessors. Some are as masterly as Mr. V. S. PRITCHETT'S 'Defoe," some as inadequate as Mr. H. E. BATES'S "Hardy." But since Raleigh's lively little text-book there has been nothing more apt and stimulating on the English novel.

#### John Citizen at Sixty.

Mr. R. C. Sherriff, author of the most famous of War plays, has lately given the stage a brilliant portrait of one of history's colossi. As a novelist he is content to chronicle the modest and unsensational days of Mr. Everyman, whom others call John Citizen. In The Month in September the good man was on holiday; now he is in retirement, with a pension and a presentation clock to show for forty years of conscientious clerkship. He does not find adjustment to the uses of leisure as easy as he had anticipated. For a while he is at the loosest of ends, bickering with his wife and growing less and less contented with a sooty suburban garden as a pleasance for life's even-Then he rediscovers Welden Valley (somewhere in Middlesex) and discovers the Welden Valley Estate, and in the building and furnishing and eventual inhabiting of Greengates (Gollancz, 7/6) his destiny moves to its fulfilment in comfort, content and a gratifying local importance. It is true that there are storms by the way, but a tea-cup will easily contain them; and moments of financial anxiety, but Carey Street is always well below the horizon. And if it be questioned whether it was worth while to tell so very ordinary a story of so very ordinary a mortal, the answer is that Mr. Sherriff has so pleasant a humour and so kindly a sympathy that long ere the end his unimportant but not altogether unheroic Mr. Baldwin has not only provoked us to amusement but engaged our affection.

### The Stormy Pacific.

The scene of Hurricane is not,
If I have any sort of say,
The kind of rest-promoting spot
In which to spend a holiday,
For while at certain times it seems
A Polynesian paradise,
At other times it fairly teems
With horrors which your grimmest
dreams
Could hardly realise.

The worst is that catastrophe
Named in the title of the tome;
Before you know such things can be
It's ripped you out of hearth and
home;
It's laid its hand on every soul

Alive in that abode of bliss,
Drowned them or maimed, and taken
toll

Of all they own; so on the whole I'd give the place a miss.

But not to read of; thus its grip
Has got me properly in thrall
By reason of the partnership
CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES
NORMAN HALL;
They have been there, this dauntless

pair,
And they're alive to tell the tale—
Deliberate but with a rare
Capacity to raise your hair—

# Which CHAPMAN has for sale. The Leader's Record.

Earl HAIG was a student of war and a judge of men; he was gifted with intuitive judgment for a strategical opening and an enemy's intentions; he was conspicuous for loyalty to colleagues, patience with allies and faith in God, and would seem indeed to have lacked nothing but the politician's faculty for doing himself justice in words.

Mr. DUFF COOPER'S Second Volume—

Haig(FABERAND FABER, 25/-)—founded on the long-withheld War diaries, adds

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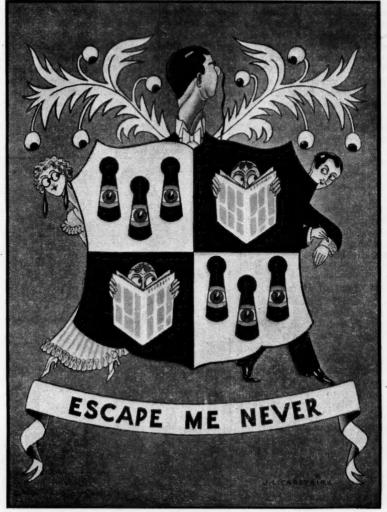
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little or nothing to the case for his hero's generalship, simply because that case was already complete. In supplying the missing links and explaining the concealed implications he adopts too much the tone of one pleading a cause, yet his work is far more readable than the diary extracts themselves, for a more inadequate account of great events by one who was at the heart of them than HAIG'S own record can seldom have been penned. This man, on whose judgment rested the fate of the world and whose judgment was equal to the strain, was content if he confided to his diary little of greater interest than that the attack was going well and that he had "lunched out of the lunch-box." Fortunately for England it was the man, not his gift of speech, that mattered.

### Sauce for the Geese.

Miss Stella Gibbons, having already amused herself and us twice since her skit on the earth-for-earth's sake novel, has now been very funny and ironical about the Intellectuals. In *Miss Linsey and Pa* (Longmans, 7/6) it



THE LESS FAMOUS BUT VERY LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.
THE OMNISCIENT COMPANY OF GOSSIP-WRITERS.

is Miss Linsey with her large heart and great capacity for interference who counts most. She has never heard of Sappho but she knows how to deal with a gruff-voiced and dominating woman-employer. She knows too how to manage a small child whose mother has ideas on education, provides featureless dolls to stimulate the infant imagination, and objects to the word "bow-wow" but not to less attractive words also beginning with "b." Luckily Miss Linsey was not present when the child's parents and another couple (one "desperately brave and elfin") decided in the usual Bloomsbury would-be-but-dare-not manner to change partners, for her comments might have been too brisk. She was concerned with more important matters—her poor little Pa, her cousin Len and with making ends meet. Let us be thankful to Miss GIBBONS for providing Miss Linsey as antidote to this mad world.

### Winters of Discontent.

An acutely developed sense of unnecessary suffering inflicted on the helpless—children, animals, the poor—

does not necessarily render the novelist a useful critic of the social system. Most of us are agreed on the abuses, and one suggested remedy is worth a bushel of recrimination. It is not as if Mr. Henry Williamson could leave the social system alone and concentrate on the captivating nature-studies for which he is so admirably equipped. The four Willie Maddison novels he republishes as The Flax of Dream (Faber and Faber, 8/6) constitute a somewhat carping indictment of a world wicked and foolish enough to need more formidable prosecution. It does not seem to strike Maddison's creator that the sadly mishandled urchin who heroically champions trapped animals develops into something not unlike a beast-of-prey himself—a philanderer with the wanton wife of a decent friend, an

evader of the sound demands of society no less than of its exorbitant ones. Destitute of humour and of the self-criticism which might have winnowed grain from chaff, these four novels are probably better read piecemeal for their graces of observation than consecutively for their doctrine.

### Scapegoat of an Emperor.

There is much to be said in favour of Charles of Bourbon who, devout Catholic, faithful husband, would-be connoisseur and gallant soldier, led the Emperor's Teutonic mercenaries to the sack of Rome. His period, however, is not an easy one to rekindle; and, though Miss MARJORIE BOWEN opens with highly - coloured pictures of RAPHAEL'S patron the Medici Pope and the Pope's rival, Francis I., the embers hardly begin to respond to her afflatus till CHARLES returns from the Italian campaign which he so successfully devilled for Francis. At home in the Bourbonnais both he and the novelist are at their best, with his mother-in-law, a French Volumnia, and the delicate wife on whose survival and motherhood depend her husband's chances of defying

his jealous sovereign. These stakes played and lost, Charles becomes the Emperor's pawn; yet the shock of his conduct is tempered by the thought that the vileness and cupidity at the back of Renascence culture were distinctly asking for the chastisement they got. Miss Bowen does not see very subtly into the moral issues she invokes, but Trumpets at Rome (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) finds her sense of the picturesque as moving and memorable as ever.

### Double and Quit.

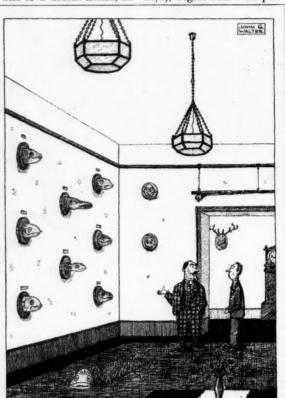
Polycarp's Progress was an amusing extravaganza, but I have to admit that Fly Away, Paul (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) has jolted my confidence in Mr. Victor Canning's future as an entertaining writer. The trouble lies mainly in the theme. A young American, Paul Morison, and a famous film-star come to England in the same boat. Then for reasons plausible enough Paul consents temporarily

to impersonate the popular idol, and no sooner has he assumed the *rôle* than he discovers that troubles are looming. In fact the police are most anxious to make his acquaintance, so he rushes over the country, pursued by various people and meeting with adventures by land, air and occasionally in the water. Mr. CANNING writes uncommonly well, and isolated incidents in his story are diverting, but for the rest it seems to me that he has allowed his exuberance to outstrip his discretion.

### Flying High.

Lord CLYDESDALE, who with Flight-Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre has written *The Pilots' Book of Everest* (Hodge, 10/6), begins with a chapter called "Apologia Nostra," but

no apology was needed; for, although opportunities have been given to us to read about the last Everest Expedition. an account of it from the pilots' point of view cannot fail to be welcome. "There were," Lord CLYDESDALE says, "two aspects of the scheme. There was the scientific side and then there was an element of romance." I quote these words because readers of this most interesting book will discover how precisely true they are. Neither of the authors is in the least grandiloquent, but it is impossible to study the story of their two flights without being impressed by the endurance of the pilots and photographers and by the value of the scientific results obtained. This beautifully illustrated volume contains a wise and a jolly record of great adventure.



THE BIG GAME HUNTER WHO TOOK UP ANGLING.

### A Great Left-Hander.

Of Mr. Frank Woolley's prowess as a batsman we are still happily aware, but some of us with short memories mayneed to be reminded that, in his time, he was a very fine bowler. In *The King of Games* (STANLEY PAUL, 6/-) you will find that this most graceful

cricketer in no fewer than thirteen years made over a thousand runs (often over two thousand) and took more than a hundred wickets. When the present cricket season began he had also made nine hundred and ninety-four catches, so yet another thousand is due to fall into his capacious hands. Mr. Woolley has definite views to express—for instance, on the newl.b.w.rule—but his book is delightfully free from controversy and is essentially the work of a man who loves the game. And it is pleasant to note that he does not forget to pay tribute to those who helped him in his earlier years with encouragement and advice. A modest and welcome addition to the literature of cricket.

### A Present for a Good Boy.

"The resignation of Fireman T. ——was accepted, after 39 years' service, and he was allowed to retain his fire boots."—Halifax Paper.

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THE END OF A PERFECT RHAPSODY.

- "WHAT A CHARMING FINISH, THAT LITTLE TRILL ON THE PICCOLO!"
- "Sorry, Auntie, I'm afraid that was my pipe."

#### Charivaria.

the Cape, one Chinaman in Limehouse has named his baby "Wun Long Hop." (Official.)

More than twenty boys have taken cookery lessons in Wimbledon schools. It is said their omelettes cut into slices make excellent hinges for rabbit-hutches.

"What man doesn't like to see a horse plodding drowsily along on a quiet summer's day?" asks a poet. The poor beggar who has backed it.

"Go swimming as often as you can and drink plenty of cold water," advises a doctor. But not of course at the same time.

Signor Mussolini has received a decoration which is usually conferred only upon leaders of armies in the field. He is believed to have declined the title of Duke of Plaza Toro.

The last new night-club is so exclusive, we believe, that the management have asked that only public-school police shall be sent to raid it.

"The person who stands idly by while another thought-

In order to commemorate Mrs. Mollison's fine flight to lessly despoils Britain's greenery is nothing short of a traitor," declares a beauty-lover. Caddies don't care.

> Rehearsals of weddings are becoming the rule. A suggestion is that they should be attended by understudies in case either of the principals decides to throw up the part.

A famous county wicket-keeper has taken a seaside hotel. It will be an awful effort for him not to keep down the extras.

"Lose contact with the world in an old-world cottage," runs an advertisement. The easiest way is to forget to duck when entering.

There is now, it seems, a "white list" of plays to which any daughter could take her mother.

A gossip-writer complains that in one restaurant he was given a tough steak and a blunt knife. He should have stropped the knife on the steak.

"With the advent of summer," says a writer, "thousands of men get off the chain for a few weeks." But they just go on the links.

VOL. CXC.

### Addis Ababa, 1940.

Undoubtedly the biggest social event of 1940 was the Unveiling Week at Addis Ababa, the splendid capital city of Mussolinia. Along the fine new roads built by the Liberator sped cars of every nation, packed tightly with all the beauty and chivalry of five continents. All Addis Ababa's fine new hotels were booked up months in advance—the Hotel Freedom, the Hotel Justice, the Hotel League of Nations.

It was estimated that only eighty-one people of any importance failed to accept President Mussolini's invitation to the unveiling ceremony. These eighty-one were busy at Geneva—the Committee of Eleven (investigating Italy's alleged use of poison gas in 1936), the Committee of Twelve (investigating Italy's alleged bombing of Red Cross units), the Committee of Thirteen (investigating the possibility of setting up a Committee to consider an investigation into the possibility of imposing Oil Sanctions), the Committee of Fourteen (investigating a rumour that the war was over and the Emperor dead), the Committee of Fifteen (investigating the possibility of providing the Abyssinians with knitted bed-socks) and the Committee of Sixteen, composed of all the British Foreign Ministers who had been deposed since 1935 (investigating the mentality of the British public).

President MUSSOLINI himself condescended to be present at the eve-of-unveiling banquet, and the room resounded with cheers as he took his seat between the Foreign Minister of Britain and the Premier of France.

When the eating was finished the British Foreign Minister rose to his feet and said:-

"I am not going to bore you with a long speech, but I cannot let this occasion-may I say this auspicious occasion?—pass without paying my humble tribute and my country's tribute to a truly great man and noble Christian gentleman. My old friend Benny (I'm sure he won't mind me calling him Benny) was not always given his due. There was a time when we in England thought he was a liar and a murderer; there was a time when we thought that he had behaved not perhaps very well in torturing with poison gas unarmed and helpless civilians. There was a time when we felt it a disgrace to be associated in any way with such a man. But of course that was before he explained that he was doing these things in the name of Freedom, in the name of Justice, in the name of Peace. And as we look around this wonderful city of Addis Ababa, with its modern transport system, its drains and its fine streets, and its trains running so punctually, we see how mistaken we were and how right Mussolini was to carry on with his workhis noble work in the face of criticism. It was for the benefit of the Abyssinians themselves that my friend Benny created this new land. And it isn't his fault that he killed the entire Abyssinian population in doing it."

His speech was received with enormous applause, and after the French Premier had said a few words, stating that France had always trusted and believed in MUSSOLINI, the President's health was drunk.

In reply Mussolini aroused enormous enthusiasm by saying that he had accepted the invitation of the other Powers to become President of the League of Nations for 1941-42. "I bear no malice," he said in conclusion.

The unveiling ceremony next day was marred only by one trifling incident. When the flag was removed from the great statue of Liberty a man in filthy rags was found to be

clinging to its feet. A soldier saw that it was only a wretched Abyssinian, and stuck his bayonet through him. "I believe in the League of Nations," he said as he died,

and even Mussolini's stern face relaxed in a smile.

### The Trooping of the Wicket.

As the flight Of a bird on the wing Our hearts when King Willow Returns in the Spring: Sing Willow, King Willow, Sing Willow the King! For the sight-screens are white And the green pitch rolled flat And we listen again To the crack Of the bat-To the full-sounding **Dull sounding** Smack Of the bat! (A sweet sound is that In Maytime, The gay time, The put-work-away time, The lazy days, Daisy days, Saturday playtime, When long days are coming And June nights And haytime!) So Willow, King Willow We hail with delight Your gold-stumps-in-waiting, Your courtiers in white; Your umpires, those stolid And ponderous Pucks; The scorer who marshals Your Majesty's "ducks"; Your chariot, the roller, Slow, dumpy and squat; Your orb, leather-seamed, And your sceptre The bat; Your Captains of Cricket, Your Lords of the Wicket, And Sol with your Majesty's Panama

These things, as we troop To the wicket, we sing In honour of Willow-sing Willow The King!

### Cars of Yesterday: The Rocket Reviewed.

(With acknowledgments to various motoring correspondents.)

Mr. Robinson's Rocket 14 (1927) has many unique features and should appeal to a buyer of individual taste. It is an open car with folding and detachable hood, now permanently detached, and, in contrast with the more usual design of to-day, is downswept at the front, the cap of the radiator being several inches lower than the luggage grid; this is partly due to a novel arrangement of the front wheels,

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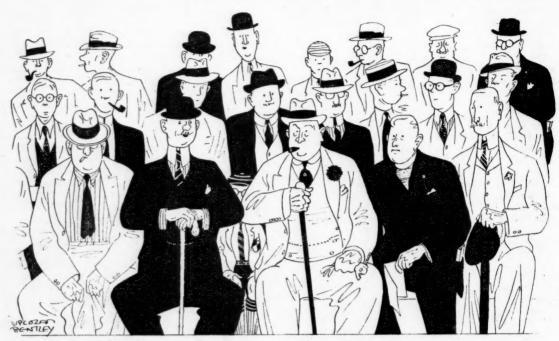
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# THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW; OR, GARDENERS' GRIEF.

Mr. Duff Cooper. "I WISH I COULD GET MINE TO LOOK LIKE SOME OF THE FOREIGN EXHIBITS."



"MY BOY LOVES TO SEE A GOOD GAME-DON'T YOU, DEREK?"

both front tyres being only half-inflated. The original two-piece windscreen is now in four large and three small pieces. In front, the off-wing is secured with good manilla cord, the near-wing by a strong brown bootlace. The off rear-wing is also detachable. The near-rear wing has been removed altogether, affording easy access from the hub to the rear seats; the handle of the rear door has been permanently locked by Mr. Robinson's small son, and this gives extra stability to the frame.

Power is from three cylinders, and for a buyer who may require extra power a fourth cylinder is fitted which could be put in order when needed. Valves were formerly overhead, but are now towards the rear.

Ignition is by coil, the leads going round and round the cylinders and being knotted underneath the carburettor. The engine is mounted on a strong frame, cross-braced with a pair of Perry Flute braces. A slight tendency for the engine to spring too far from the frame and lie down on its side has been largely corrected by counter-bracing on the near side with the cord of a dressing-gown. There is a generous tool equipment, including a screwdriver from Messrs. Parkinson's garage at Kingston and a spare handle for the jack, replacing the one which broke in 1929.

The seating is of the scientific body-form type and has been gradually adjusted to fit precisely the forms of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. The upholstery allows easy access to the springs for inspection.

The car showed well when I gave it my usual tests on the road. It is very easy to handle, the best position for the hands being against the brackets which formerly supported the hood. In this way it was handled by two persons from Golders Green Station to Tally Ho Corner, where the engine started, without any fatigue to the driver. The steering-wheel can be moved quite easily with one finger until the steering-mechanism comes into play, when a slightly firmer grip is desirable. To test the braking-

power the hand-brake was taken off at Whetstone and the running was at once noticeably smoother. Acceleration is remarkable: if the engine is run at full throttle and the clutch sharply engaged, the car jumps forward in a way that would surprise the owners of many more expensive models.

I gave my customary climbing test on Barnet Hill. From a standing start half-way up the hill the bottom was reached in 28\(^3\) seconds, the gear being in neutral, and the car was still running without any effort when the luggage-grid reached the radiator of an Iffley Jones. At the next attempt second gear was engaged without any appreciable difficulty near the top of the hill. The car was then brought effortlessly to a standstill, the engine was restarted, bottom gear engaged again, and the summit reached just after four-thirty.

While the engine was cooling I checked the petrol and oil consumption and was agreeably surprised to find that the Rocket, which I had expected to be heavy on petrol, actually consumes far less petrol than oil. Petrol consumption might be further reduced if a small cork were inserted, flush with the number-plate, in the hole in the rear tank; this adjustment would not, I think, be incompatible with modern engineering practice.

£7 10s. is the price asked for this very interesting model, including the bulb-horn fitted last year, and twelve feet of tow-rope. A portion of Mr. Robinson's garage-door goes with the car, and at this figure it should have no difficulty in finding a discriminating purchaser.

#### Brass Calls to Brass.

- "Young Heiress Weds Trumpeter."—Newspaper Headline.
- "Walking is the fool-proof exercise. You can hardly go wrong with it."—Newspaper Article.
- So pedestrians seem to think.

### The Smallholder.

Many of us who successfully grew geraniums in pots last summer are wondering if we could widen our scope this year. As the evenings lengthen our thoughts turn more and more to window-boxes. Not that there isn't much to be said for a geranium in a pot. There is. Standing in a saucer, it covers the stain where we spilt whisky on the polished table, and its cultivation enjoins no digging, weeding or stooping. There is also much to be said for a window-box.

We must consider the whole question

from the beginning.

The beginning of every horticultural enterprise is planning. Gardening books devote a chapter to it. The position of the summer-house in relation to the sun-dial must be thought out. The lawn must be here, the crazy paving there. These matters have only academic interest for window-box gardeners. What we must plan is whether we want our window-box to benefit the people in the flat opposite when they look out of their window or whether we want it to benefit us when we look out of ours. It is an important distinction because, very wonderfully, nature has provided a type of flower for each kind of window-box, and the decision must affect our choice

Take daffodils. Their appearance varies very considerably according to whether they are viewed from the front or from the back. If we grow any flowers with this characteristic we shall find that they always face outwards. This is because nature has designed them for the pleasure of the people in the flat opposite. And nature won't be gainsaid. No matter how many times we dig up the plants and turn them round, the flowers always go back.

round, the flowers always go back.

Take a tulip. Walk round it and you will see that it looks the same from every angle. Nature has designed this flower for the second type of window-box—the one we can look at

Now pause and notice that whereas the flowers which face outwards are valueless to us, those which are circular are equally effective from the flat opposite. Nature seems unfairly biased in favour of these people; but read on, because the pillar-box is on our side of the road, and there are compensations.

When we plant our window-box we must make holes by removing earth with a table-spoon. We make one hole at a time, heaping the earth beside the hole and replacing it when we have



"CAN YOU SEE IF THAT'S A CAR ON TOP OF THE HILL?"
"YES, DARLING, BUT MUST WE OVERTAKE IT?"

inserted the plant. As we progress, the box becomes full of plants and complications occur. Making the last hole, we find nowhere to put the earth unless we put it on top of the next plant. Good gardeners abhor this practice, and there are objections to putting the earth on the piano. What happens is that we put the earth on the extreme outer edge of the window-box and it falls on to the heads of the passers-by, who may be the people from the flat opposite posting a letter. This is nature's way of restoring the balance (see last para.).

There is also watering.

Watering is done with a saucepan or kettle. When we have watered the

window-box—and we must do this every day—the water drips through on to the heads of the passers-by, who may be the people from the flat opposite posting another letter.

Now we must make our decision. Shall we have a window-box this year or shall we have a geranium in a pot? In our mind's eye we see a window-box full of flowers. In our wife's mind's eye we see a certain amount of earth on our carpet, a good deal of earth in our food, and lots and lots of earth in our table-spoon.

Outside in the street there is a man with a barrow selling geraniums in pots.

There is much to be said for a geranium in a pot.

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### The Visible World, if Any.

(A small chunk of the work I began to write after reading about a quarter of Mr. C. E. M. Joap's "Guide to Philosophy.")

### CHAPTER I. THE TABLE SITUATION.

Introductory: Prevalence of Tables.—Few things are more striking to the student beginning in any field of mental activity than the prevalence of tables. The tyro in philosophy is always encouraged to exercise his rudimentary faculty of doubt on a table; and to take only one other example, it is upon a table that the attention of the student of Latin is always first directed. In this chapter we will consider the reasons, if such they may be called, for what may at first sight seem to be an undeserved and inexplicable prominence of tables in intellectual life, and also the problem of the existence, if any, of what may at first sight seem to be tables.

### 1. REASONS FOR TABLES.

Why Tables?—Philosophers have put forward several explanations of the choice of tables. The great Viennese philosopher Doppel (1791-1858), was the first to suggest that it was all a question of the shape of the table. His follower and subsequently acrimonious critic, Gänger, declared that this could not be so because tables had no shape. Opinion in America and this country to-day inclines to the view that tables have some shape but not much. The subject will be dealt with more fully in Part II. of this chapter; meanwhile let us examine the ideas of Doppel and Gänger.

The Doppel Shape-Philosophy.—Doppel was the son of a joiner and cabinet-maker and spent all his youth among tables, which determined his entire philosophy. Starting from the assumption that some influence was exerted by tables which caused them to be chosen instead of other objects, Doppel set himself to discover what this influence was. He came to the conclusion that since the only quality possessed by a table and not also possessed by certain other wooden, shiny, solid objects was the shape of a table, it must be by means of its shape that the table exerted its influence.

Gänger's Objections.—Gänger's first act in shaking off the influence of Doppel was naturally to question the validity of his conclusions, and he struck at the very root of these, or even lower, by asserting that tables had no shape. His reasoning may be summarised as follows:—

- (a) It is impossible to hear, smell or taste the shape of a table.
- (b) What is known as the shape of a table is thus perceptible only by a minority—two out of five—of the senses.
- (c) Therefore the senses of hearing, smell and taste take points for first-innings lead and there is no shape in a table.

As has been said, however, the present-day view is that any table, even a folding card-table, may be said to have a certain amount of shape; not so much perhaps as was postulated by Doppel, but indubitably more than was allowed by Gänger.

### II. EXISTENCE OF TABLES.

The Sense-Majority System.—Gänger's system of reasoning, variously known as the "Sense-Majority System," "Austria's Gift to the Bench and Bar," and "Good-Night, Vienna," was soon applied with even greater effect. A

school of thought arose which argued that tables did not exist at all. Thus: It is impossible to hear, smell, touch or taste the appearance of a table. It is impossible to hear any quality of a table. It is impossible to touch, smell, hear or see the taste of a table; to hear, touch, see or taste the smell of a table; or to hear, see, taste or smell the sensation of a table. Therefore, according to the sensemajority system, no appearance, sound, taste, smell or sensation of a table exists, and hence no table exists. All tables subsequently attempting to exist are disqualified.

Modifications.—This view is still widely held, but is more popular in one or another of its modifications. Certain active minorities, full of fun, assert the possibility of hearing smells and tasting sights, but on the whole the thought of most philosophers to-day may be summed up in one of the following propositions:—

No tables ever exist.

Tables exist partially, in a relative way.
Certain kinds of tables exist now and then.
All tables exist, but without justification.
Some tables might be justified in existing.
Only a very few tiny little tables exist.

The first of these propositions we have dealt with above, and we will now turn to the others.

Theory of Partial Existence.—The philosopher who first succumbed to and propounded the notion that some tables, in a relative way, partially exist, did so as a result of odd and disturbing experiences in restaurants, which need not concern us here. It will suffice to quote his proof of the theory, which depends on another distinctive and highly personal method of reasoning. Tables, he began by saying, exist either completely or partially. If they exist completely I have had all my trouble for nothing, which is absurd. Therefore they exist partially. This system of thought, with its somewhat unorthodox mingling of logic and emotion, is sometimes called the Philosophical Willies, and its inventor afterwards rather weakened his scrious reputation by publishing a manual of "Logic for Women" under the title Think, Pretty Creature, Think.

[This is as much of the chapter as we have room for at the moment. I may add that Mr. Joad puts an asterisk at the head of those chapters in his book that he suggests might be omitted on a first reading. In my book I am putting six asterisks at the head of this chapter to indicate that the reader should ignore it six times and then, if it seems to be still there, take a couple of aspirins and go to bed.]

R. M.

### Lex Nugarum.

"Denouncing drink, you yet partake Of this rum-sodden tipsy-cake: Pray, Sir, what sophistry your conscience stifles?" "No qualms that tender organ vex, De minimis non curat lex—
The law does not concern itself with trifles."

### In a Good Cause.

The Annual Ball in aid of "The Friends of the Poor" is being held this Thursday, May 21st, at 53, Prince's Gate. Dancing will continue from 10 till 3, and tickets (2 guineas each, including Buffet and Champagne Supper) may be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1 (Sloane 8263).



Nurse. "AT WHAT TIME DO YOU WISH FOR THE USE OF THE CHILDREN, M'LADY ?"

## The Grace of a Day That is Dead. To My Hostess.

Nor for an afternoon of biffs and bashes,
Of breathless strife on more than perfect courts,
Of furious driving and ferocious smashes
By bare-legged Amazons in briefest shorts
I voice a gratitude profuse and hearty,
But for the memories of a long-dead past
Evoked by that delightful tennis-party
You gave on Thursday last.

How pleasingly appropriate the setting—
The chequered shade, the run-back's meagre span,
The wet worm-haunted English lawn, the netting
That scarce a hand's-breadth from the side-lines ran
But failed to check the balls' erratic courses
As, wildly smitten, through the heavens they sped,
To be sought out by our united forces
In the potato-bed!

Yet ball by ball, despite our patient scrutiny,
They permanently disappeared from view,
Till I was forced, though on the verge of mutiny,
To start a set equipped with only two.

And, when but one was left us, with what brilliant Aplomb you dished out half-a-dozen more, Moth-eaten, black, completely unresilient, Stamped 1934!

The guests too, that remarkable assortment—
The damsels who so seldom hit the ball,
The General, whose collar and deportment
Spoke of an age I deemed beyond recall,
Who, when I ventured on the mildest volley,
Was heard to mutter, "Underbred young pup!"
The youths, polite but paralytic—golly!
Where did you dig them up?

Let others seek to satisfy the clamour
For ever speedier, still more brutal play;
Be yours a nobler task—to catch the glamour
That clothed the pat-ball of a gentler day.
Yet, much as I admire the necromancy
That called the ghosts of good King Edward's reign
Up for a while, somehow I rather fancy
I shall not come again.

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things that be
I takes a trip to the "Old
Ship" where seamen rest
from sea.

An' there I meets Two-Fingered Dick, an' Jock without an eye,

An' Thirsty Brown from 'Frisco Town, who's always 'igh an' dry.

The words they use is technical, misunderstood by me.

But, lor, I learns a awful lot from men wot use the sea!



But when I'm fed up to the teeth with men an'





I s'pose it is a firsty job, with brine on every 'and, An' they may go for months an' months afore they smells the land;

Salt pork an' peas is 'orrid tack, an' so they longs to be

'Avin' a sip at the "Old Ship," a-restin' from the sea.



Fink of the dangers they must face when you are sleepin' sound,

The 'orrors of the awful deep, the chance o' bein' drownd,

COME 'ETE.

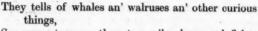


They ain't a very truthful crowd, an' 'alf the things they say

Would make a sergeant-major blush an' turn a corporal grey;

But at the 'eart they 're simple chaps, the same as you an' me,

An' so I takes me 'at orf to the men wot use the sea.



Sea-sarpants more than ten miles long, an' fishes wot 'as wings,

Ghost-ships with dead men 'oistin' yards—a miracle it be.

An' very strange an' wonderful to men wot use the sea.



The sharks an' shoals an' pirate men; your dinner, breakfast, tea

Is snatched from jaws o' jeopardy by men wot use the sea.





### A Danger.

EVERYONE must have experienced those occasions when the whole world seems to be ugly. There is no rain, but a cold grey sky, with an east wind making it more dreary; letters which should be genial turn out, on being opened, to be bills; people are disappointing; girls who ought to be pretty are plain; clothes, not excepting one's own, fit badly; and it is more than likely that while shaving you cut yourself.

It can also be one of those days when by some ordinance of fate we allow only a two minutes' margin to catch a train which is certain to be full. Why we should ever make train-catching

a breathless business, I cannot understand. In fact in the ordinary way we don't. But on days such as the one I am describing there is always a rush.

It was so on the Saturday morning that I have miserably in mind. I was going on a weekend visit in the country, although I disliked intensely the idea of the visit at all and was indeed too busy to be going away. And, I thought forlornly in the cab, I was going to be so late at the station as to have to scramble. I would have sent a telegram, but that would mean merely postponement, and it seemed

better to get it over. Like the dentist.

In the ordinary way I can protect myself against all these troubles; but there are certain days when outside forces are too strong.

You probably only too easily can recognise the kind of day I mean; but I can describe it in a phrase by saying that it was the kind of day on which, just as you approach, the green light goes red. It was also a day on which the driver had no change.

One of the bores about leaving too little time for a train, is that you cannot loiter at the book-stall, and you cannot carefully choose a place. I was so late that I was bundled into a compartment with only one free seat and that was on my wrong side—the side facing the engine—and the luggagerack was full. Directly we started I investigated the other compartments; but they were full too, as they usually are on Saturday mornings, and as I

knew they would be; and I therefore had to return and arrange my suitcase and overcoat and other property as comfortably as possible. As I couldn't inconvenience my neighbours by rummaging in the suitcase for a book, and as I had no newspaper or magazine, I had to beguile the journey by studying the other passengers, wondering who they were and what they did, and looking out of the window. They were a dull lot, with the exception of the man by the far window on the other side, who, I thought, was brighter but had a poisonously self-contented air—supercilious, rich: in fact, loathsome.

"At any rate," I was thinking, "there is no draught," when this man, remarking cheerfully, "What about a

"I CAN'T HELP FEELING A BIT WORRIED, ALBERT. THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT I AM SUFFERING FROM 'DAY STARVATION."

spot of fresh air, eh, what?" smiled at us all round and let down the glass. Now this is a deed I abominate. To me, fresh air, indoors, is a mistake. Let there be plenty of it out of doors; but indoors is indoors, and should be respected as such.

After enduring for a while the cold current which had begun to chill my neck, I asked as ingratiatingly as I could of the row of travellers opposite, if any of them would care to change seats with me. No doubt they would prefer to face the engine, whereas (I smiled, or tried to) I was so eccentric as always to like to be back, and particularly so when a window was open. But none of them responded.

"Of course," said the man, sadly and resignedly, "if this little puff of fresh air really incommodes you; but, you see"—he nodded masterfully to the rest of the carriage—"we are seven to

one, and the majority, I fear, carries these cases;" and settled down again to his many daily and weekly papers, none of which he had offered to me. All I could do was to assure him that no doubt I could manage, to turn up my collar, and to endeavour to concentrate on the situation, having long ago been told that it it the unconscious rather than the conscious who catch cold.

And so we journeyed on, while the man at the window actually did not put it up when we went through tunnels. You know the sort of man—supercilious, rich, inconsiderate, self-centred, living contentedly in the best possible of worlds. How I detested being!

The story is nearly over. We came

in time to my station, and, stiff and angular, I got out and was driven to my host. "A City man named Blank," he said, "whom I had to ask, was also coming by your train, but he had to go on farther. He'll be here this afternoon." And in the afternoon he came, and, as I had half expected, was the man by the far window, the self-satisfied, complaisant offensive man, the man who had said "spot."

There are two morals to this faithful narrative. One is that unless one knows all, for certain, week - end invitations should never be accepted. The other is that all persons encountered on

the way to the place of hospitality should be treated with studied courtesy, no matter how they behave.

\_\_ E. V. L.

### Oh! Oh!

"A man of outstanding organizing ability, strong personality, with drive, initiative and practical creative ideas is required to assist the Promoters of the Women's National Exhibition at Olympia."

Newspaper Advt.

"The B.B.C. is giving a buffet luncheon to the 500 delegates at Queen's Hall. Half an hour will be devoted to each subject."

News Item.

"Dish" is the more usual term.

"'If I leave something in my dressing room I never go back to fetch it,' she said. 'It is very bad luck to open a closed door.'"

Interview in Daily Paper.

We shall remind ourselves of this, next time we lose our latchkey. es

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# More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

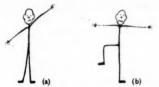
From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

Saturday, 9th May, 1936.

Dear Whelk,—For some time now it has seemed to me that golfers ought to have a universally recognised system of signalling to one another—the match in front, the match behind, and so on. For as things stand at present they are left with little more than the following alternatives: (a) The use of the rather curt word "Fore" and (b) a haphazard arm-waving business, which is frequently misconstrued as fist-shaking.

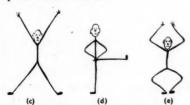
In order, therefore, to get some sort of scheme which is definitely workable I have recently developed the Nutmeg Improved System for the Better Inter-communication of Golfers (the N.I.S.B.I.G.), this being based on "Traffic Signals every Road User should Know" (see Appendix to the Highway Code) and the Method of Controlling Troops while in Extended Order.

And frankly, without any undue bragging, I may say that I have made quite a decent job of the N.I.S.B.I.G., one point well worthy of notice being its simplicity; for the only thing one need carry, over and above the ordinary golfing impedimenta, is a police-whistle. This whistle is blown twice to attract the attention of the match in front, three times for the match behind, and four times for everyone within ear-(and/or eye-) shot. Once you have, as it were, got on to the other man's wavelength you will be able to use such of the following positions as you require. The relative code phrase is appended:—



(a) You may NOT go through. If you drive into me again I shall report you.

(b) Don't dawdle so; you are holding up the entire course.



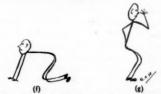


"HANG IT! NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO PICK BLUEBELLS."

(c) Where is my ball? It pitched close beside you. Did you play it by mistake? (If the word "deliberately" is desired instead of "by mistake," fully extend the arms directly above the head.)

(d) It is the duty of every golfer to replace the turf.

(e) Do not try over your putts on the green. If you do this again I shall not wait before playing.



(f) I have found something belonging to you (say pipe, teeth, club, etc.). Please send caddie back for same.

(g) Should only be used after four

blasts of the whistle for the general relief of feelings. Would normally follow missed putt or lost match, etc.

So now that you realise the immense possibilities of the N.I.S.B.I.G. (the foregoing being only the nucleus of what may one day be a fair-sized volume rivalling *Bentley's* and the *A.B.C. Code*), I do hope you will be able to interest the Committee and have the thing given a fair trial.

I showed it to the Captain, General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, yesterday, but it was just after he had been beaten by the Reverend Cyril Brassie, and all he would say was, Had I been drinking?

Yours faithfully, LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S.—Kindly report the Captain to the Committee for insulting a Club Member (me). G. C. N.

### Up, the Music-Makers!

Time is short and the B.B.C is enormous. It was not surprising that in a brief debate the faithful Commons did not cover the whole of that vast business. But there was one set of figures which surprisingly escaped mention. No doubt in one of the numerous undelivered orations it would have been remarked that, according to the Broadcasting Committee, no less than

651 per cent.

of the total broadcasting time is occupied with

Music.

All the other good things, the Talks and political addresses, the plays and poetry-readings, the news and fat-stock prices, the debates and sermons and Sunday schools, occupy together only one-third of the wireless day. For these benefits the listener, out of his ten shillings fee, pays only

3s. 4d.

But for Music (of many kinds) he pays

One would expect, even in this queer world, to find some relation between these figures and the rewards of those who create all this music. But in fact the composers, out of the same ten shillings, receive less than

4d.

The total expenditure of the B.B.C. in 1934 was

£2,058,983.

But on "Performing rights, copyright fees and news royalties" the sum expended was only

£148,886

or about 7 per cent. And this figure includes both "authors' and news royalties"—an odd concatenation, by the way.

the way.
The "Artists, speakers, etc," and
"Orchestras" did well enough—and
rightly. Together they cost

£499,094.

And on "salaries and wages" (the B.B.C. staff) there were spent, in all, £483,887.

But the musical composer, who contributes 65½ per cent. of the raw material of the programme, received something like 5 per cent. of the outgoings and a figure representing 3 per cent. of the incomings.

To be plain and prompt, he should receive at least a shilling (instead of fourpence) on every licence fee, or about £300,000 in all. It is not perhaps the fault of the B.B.C. that he does not get this now, since the State appro-

priates nearly half the Corporation's income. But if, as the Committee wisely suggested, the Corporation are permitted in future to retain at least 75 per cent. of the receipts from licence fees, there will no longer be any excuse for starving the poor music-merchant.

There was never so much music in the world. It can be argued that there is too much, and that much of it is poor in quality. But maybe that is because we do not pay enough for the best; and, good or bad, if we call for tunes we should pay the pipers. The Briton to-day can call for tunes all day and most of the night; but, as we turn on the inexhaustible music tap, we think, I fear, as little of the composer's bread and butter as we think of the miner's when we turn on the gas.

Let us, then, think about the composer, the silly long-haired fellow. For many years he has been pursued by one mechanical enemy after another. In the good old days he won sufficient bread by the sale of "sheet-music." Those were the days when men bought "The Trumpeter" and "King Charles," and bellowed them in drawing-rooms: and young ladies bought sonatas and "pieces" and obliged with them on the home piano. But now the domestic tenor is heard no more, and even the grandest piano is more often used as a sideboard for cocktails than as a musical instrument. The gramophone was at first a new friend to the composer (though even there he was subjected to the unique imposition of a statutory maximum wage or royalty): and while the bands still played in the cinemas sheet-music still brought in a little bread. But the talkies and the wireless sprang up like great mechanical mushrooms; and soon sheet-music was almost dead and even the gramophone not what it The last, or best, hope of the music-maker is his "performing rights," and there are those who are jealous even of these. The infamous Twopenny Bill was thrown out (it proposed that on payment of 2d. any person should have the right to perform any piece of music in perpetuity without further but its spirit survives among some of the "music-users"the old English notion that composers and authors have not got ordinary stomachs and can exist on air and ideals. In a recent year a certain group of hotels is said to have paid £96,000 in fees to bands; for the same period the composers of the music played received £6,000. The B.B.C., which owes even more to music, should be enabled to be more generous. For, wide and various though the B.B.C.'s activities are, we do not think that all

those millions would continue to pay for licences if they got no music for their money; and in that event all the fine fabric of political addresses and uplifting talks and Sunday sermons—yea, the great Panjandrum himself, would crumble and fall. Let us, therefore, think kindly of the long-haired fellows, however fiercely we switch them off. For what the poet wrote is true at least in Langham Place:—

"We are the music-makers

And we are the dreamers of dreams. . . .

But we are the movers and shakers

Of the world for ever, it seems."

A. P. H.

### Mice and Men.

[The report of the Yale Institute of Human Relations, quoted by an evening paper, describes how Professor Lee R. Droe has been working on the vocal abilities of a mouse kept in a cage since 1928. Several descendants of this animal are now in his laboratory. The Professor points out that a singing mouse has several advantages over a singing canary.]

Unlike the shrill canary
With his unending trill,
Unlike the cassowary

Who plies a murderous bill, The mouse's voice is tender, Although its power is slender; He is no fierce offender, He is not out to kill.

The mouse's flying cousin
Emits a higher sound,
Though not one in a dozen
To hear it can be found;
While for their skill appalling
As queens of caterwauling
And high-explosive squalling,
Cats long have been renowned.

The West's "gigantic daughter"
Was glorified by BRYCE,
And yet he never brought her
Down to the days of DICE,
Who by his demonstrations
Has taught all other nations
To humanize relations
Between mankind and mice.

In Michigan mice hear not
The threats of farmer's wives,
In placid ease they fear not
Their cruel carving-knives;
But, housed in cosy cages,
Treated like saints or sages,
They reach colossal ages
And lead melodious lives.

O kindly Michiganders,
Your noble work I hail,
Who never raise your danders
Against the weak and frail,
But aid in educating
The mouse and elevating
Instead of amputating
His little head or tail. C. L. G.

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WHAT THE DEVIL YOU DOING HERE?"

"I-I DUNNO, SIR. I WERE RECOMMENDED TO COME 'ERE BY A FRIEND."



### The Actor and the Dramatic Critic.

A Fable.

An Actor having the Misfortune to be drawn out of his Depth by the Suction of the Breakers, was Unable to regain the Shore by reason of an Adverse tide. Close at Hand, in a like Predicament, he noticed a Dramatic Critic, who was slating the Fates as the collaborators in a Tragedy whereby, quite Arbitrarily, he seemed to be Destined to drown within a Short stone's-throw of the Strand.

Presently the Actor proposed that for the Time being they should cooperate Harmoniously to remedy their Common misadventure, each contributing according to his Special ability. "Obviously," said the Actor, "my Part is to keep Shouting 'Help, Oh, Help!' while your Part, having Regard to your Literary skill, is to Throw off an extemporary yet Irresistible appeal for Succour to the Goddess Melpomene, Patroness of Tragedy."

The Dramatic Critic, after demurring a Little out of Habit, applied himself to his Task with such Effect that his Moving and Polished prayer Evoked an immediate response from Melpomene: "I would Willingly help you in your Extremity, but Unfortunately you yourself in your Writings have Laid it Down that the Hoary device of the God or Goddess from the Machine is an Inartistic and Outworn Convention. I am reluctant Therefore to save your life by Divine Interposition, because in a Calmer mood I know you would not thank me for providing such an Artificial Solution of the Dreadful situation in which you find vourself."

All this Time the Piteous cries of the Actor, who was an Adherent of the Realistic School, had been completely Inaudible to the careless Throng on the Shore; so that they Both perished miserably.

Moral: In the Drama of Life, as on the Stage, Mistakes in Casting may make All the Difference.

#### Caveat Emptor!

"To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Any person or persons buying property owned by me will do so at their own risk." Notice in Newfoundland Paper.

"This is a great day for the Blackshire revolutionists."—Daily Paper. Loamshire, on the contrary, has always

been the home of reaction.

"The breed of horses and their special training were originally designed for war; soon, however, it became out of date." Daily Paper.

Does Italy know this?



THE CULTURED CRUISERS.

"WHERE ARE WE GOING NEXT?"

"You're asking me. But if there's a duen high mountain with a durned old ruin on top, I guess that's where we're going."

### Barbara.

["Barbara—in logic, a mnemonic term designating the first mood of the first figure of syllogisms."

Companion of English Literature.

I LOVED the name of Barbara.
Some secret hidden flame
Has burned within to make me harbour a
Curious passion for that name;
I felt that for a girl so called
I should infallibly go baldHeaded as one enrapt, enthralled;
The terms are much the same.

Full many an airy Phyllis
Has cast no spell on me;
The same applies to Amaryllis
And, in some measure, Rosalie;
In Barbara was all my care;
With "Barbara" I filled the air;
It was astonishing how rare
Barbaras seemed to be.

At last a life's devotion
Had issue, and we met;
The depth and height of my emotion
I cannot, even now, forget;
Our views appeared to coincide,
And when she vowed to be my bride
My satisfaction—nay, my pride—
Lingers about me yet.

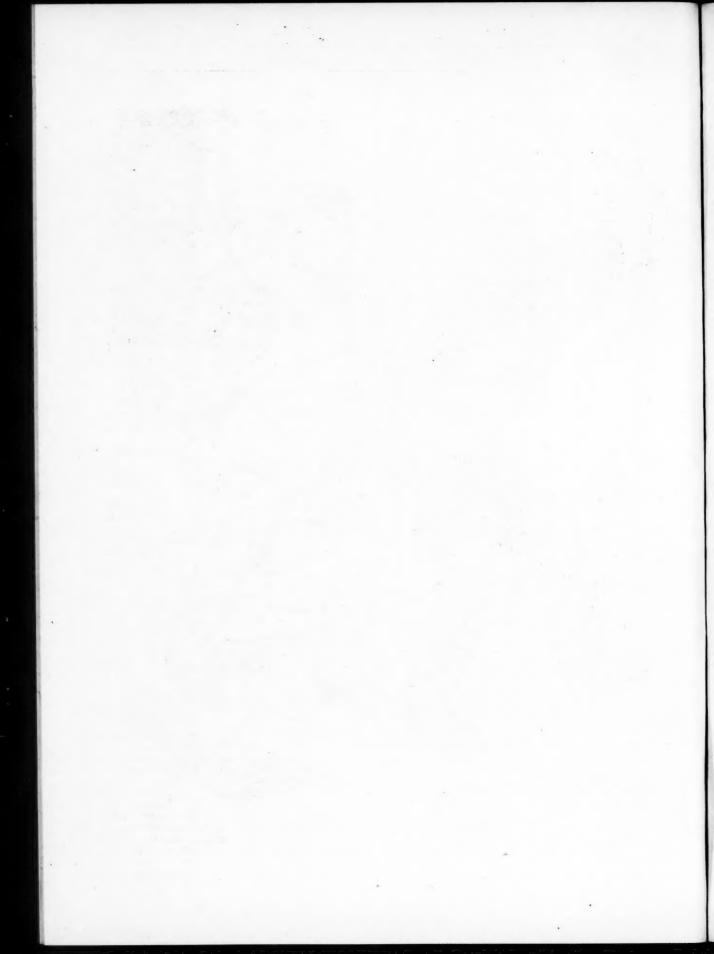
Strange, is it not, and tragic,
How gain can turn to loss
When sober truth has chilled the magic,
And seeming gold is naught but dross?
The vase is cracked, the mirror flawed;
The Barbara I cried abroad
Is, I regret, as big a fraud
As e'er I came across.

Pent in a black abysm,
 I stretch vain hands, and clutch
The fabric of a syllogism,
 Which doesn't seem to help one much;
Men point at me as one who wooed
A mere mnemonic term, or mood
(And they have cause, though cads and rude)
 Vestured in Double Dutch.

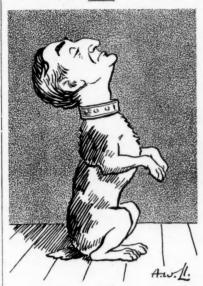
I cannot wed with Barbara;
She has my leave to go
To Timbuctoo or maybe Scarborough;
I am compelled to tell her so.
Henceforth I shift to something plain
Like Kate or Mary, Anne or Jane;
The commonplace will be a gain
Though one will miss the glow. Dum-Dum.



THE BURGLAR'S DREAM; OR, THE LEAGUE AS SOME WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.



### Impressions of Parliament.



AT THE RICH MAN'S TABLE.

The Dog. "Crumbs 'Off'! I CALL THAT DISGUSTING!!"

MR. A. P. HERBERT.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, May 11th.—Commons: Debate on the Civil List.

Tuesday, May 12th.—Lords: Debate on the Position of the League.

Commons: Debate on Employment of Women and Young Persons.

Wednesday, May 13th.—Lords: Discussions on Malta and Trial of Peers.

Commons: Debate on Tithe Bill.

Monday, May 11th.—Between them the Home Office and the Post Office appear to have got into a pretty muddle over the application of the Betting Bill to the Irish Sweepstake.

In 1935, as Sir William Davison (now, as always, unwilling to allow this eccentric measure to be forgotten) pointed out, the Home Secretary admitted that a man could legally send ten shillings to Dublin for a ticket for himself; and now the P.M.G. has refused to convey such a letter. In his reply Major Tryon only hedged. Has Sir William really caught his adversaries sitting on the toast? Mr. P.'s R. piously hopes so.

So long as every care is taken to make sure that lookers-in shall never be subjected to the briefest glimpse of that Caliban of architecture the Alexandra Palace, television has the public's blessing. The transmission of a full progamme, said the P.M.G. to-day, may be expected in the autumn.

to-day, may be expected in the autumn. When the Civil List came to be considered Mr. A. P. Herbert made an eloquent but unavailing plea that the sum annually allotted to new pensions for writers, artists and men of science should be increased from £1,200 to £4,000. He reminded the House that the present miserable sum had been fixed a hundred years ago, and urged that it was time we gave a little more recognition to people who had done much for their country but little for themselves. The Chancellor's refusal to accept the amendment led Mr. Herbert to describe his attitude as disgusting.

Tuesday, May 12th.—In recognition of Lord MOTTISTONE'S unhappy efforts to make the Italian adventure appear more gallant and less abominable, it would be a becoming gesture if in future the final letter of his title were sounded in the high Roman manner. There is a lovely mountain

behind Stresa called the Mottarone, and MOTTISTONE would sound equally well.



LORD HUGH CECIL DELIVERS A SERMON DENOUNCING THE SINS OF THE GOVERN-MENT.

[After DAVID WILKIE's picture of Knox preaching before the Lords.]

This afternoon in the Upper House Lord Cecil attacked Lord Ponsonby's suggestion that Article 16, the sanctions clause in the Covenant, should be ruled out, and pleaded that whathe described as the fairest hope that had ever been open to mankind should not be abandoned. Was it not unreasonable, he asked, to expect unbroken success from such an immense experiment, which had initially to revoke the history of many centuries?

On the other hand, Lord MOTTISTONE compared the League to an ill-constructed ship, manned by landsmen, which had struck a rock and was sinking, and complained that it had shown itself lacking in men of judicial mind. He remarked that the choice in Abyssinia was between Italy and chaos, but he did not mention that the chaos was of Italian creation.

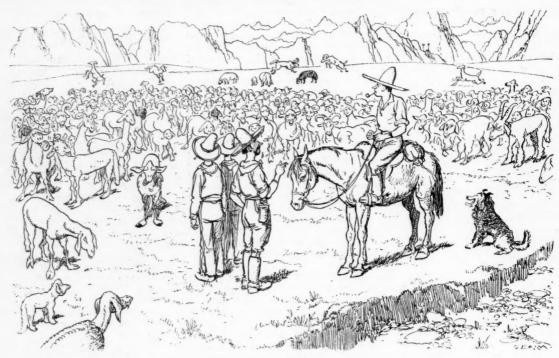
The public is so accustomed to picture the CHAN-CELLOR in a funny hat, wielding a salmon-rod, that it will be surprised to learn that he is also a gardener, as he told the Commons today, when he compared the



S.S. GENEVA.

Coxswain Lord Mottistone. "She's on the rocks! She's sinking!"

Lord Cecil of Chelwood. "Tut, tut, my dear fellow! She has merely met with a temporaby setback."



"I THINK IT MUST BE THE CLIMATE. I BEGAN WITH PURE-BRED SOUTHDOWNS."

Government's scheme for lending money to small businesses in the Special Areas to giving young plants a start in a greenhouse. The Bill authorising the scheme was given a Third Reading, and so was the Civil List Bill.

Wednesday, May 13th.—A sharp difference of opinion between Lord Swinton and Lord Strickland marked an otherwise quiet day in the Upper House. When Lord Strickland complained of the appointment to the Court of Appeal of Malta of a junior Judge over the heads of others, Lord Swinton interpreted this as suggesting that the late Governor had hoped by this appointment to get judgment in favour of the Government of Malta, an accusation which he described as monstrous. Lord Strickland replied that he was making no accusation but only a statement of facts.

In the Lower House, after the P.M. had politely parried a number of inquiries about Abyssinia, Mr. Ellior obtained a Second Reading for the Government's Tithe Bill. It seems to be the soundest compromise which can be arrived at, and he said that he felt "a certain sense of pleasure in the fact that there were such innocent and happy beings in the world as to believe that by any Bill in that House complete agreement on the tithe question could ever be reached this side of Paradise."

The rough outlines of the Bill, which is very complicated, involve the takingover by the State of the rights of the



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO.

A curious case
Has arisen about the owner of this face.
We cannot recall his name,
But all the same,
We put him in
On account of the grin.

present tithe-owners by the issue of £70,000,000 of stock. Scottish and Northern Irish farmers are unaffected

by it. All tithe incomes not exceeding £500 a year will be protected at their present rates for 13½ years. Rating authorities are to be compensated, and the maximum period of redemption will be 60 years.

The Labour Party, which opposed the Bill, would have liked this period to have been shorter, Mr. Alexander declaring that there was no solution to the problem until the nation was prepared to adopt the principle of the land for the people. The Liberals also criticised the length of the redemption period and the fact that it failed to recognise the unfair position of the Free Churches.

A violent attack on it came from Lord Hugh Cecil, who described it as an Act of Parliament borrowed from the morals of the American underworld, and from Mr. Denman, who viewed it picturesquely as a measure to provide a dole for dukes. But in the main the House approved it as a compromise, and voted for it by 258 to 132.

#### The Brighter Club Movement.

"FLOODLIT BORE."

News Headline.

"A senator is a creature with the body of a man and the brains of a horse."

Examination Answer.

U.S. papers please copy.

### Pipes.

SEVERAL times when I was younger I tried to give up smoking. Giving up smoking, in fact, became quite a vice with me, and I found the craving to give up smoking almost as difficult to resist as the eraving to smoke. But I fought manfully against it, and it is a long time since it troubled me.

But yesterday being my birthday, I foolishly decided not exactly to give up smoking but to observe certain rules and regulations which Edith and I

drew up together.

"You ought to smoke more pipes and less cigarettes," said Edith, "because for you at least pipe-smoking comes much cheaper than cigarettesmoking. I have often watched you smoking a pipe and noted with pleasure what a long time you can make a single pipeful last. First of all you spend about a quarter-of-an-hour scraping out the pipe and excavating with a hair-pin. Then you open the tin and spill most of the tobacco on the floor. Then you rub the tobacco round and round in your hand before putting it in the pipe. All this takes time, during which you are for all practical purposes a non-smoker. Then you light up and find it doesn't draw, knock the tobacco out and start all over again. I have known you make a single pipeful of tobacco last a whole morning."

Of course Edith's description of myself as a pipe-smoker is rather exaggerated, but I have always had a sneaking feeling that pipe-smoking is less sinful than cigarette-smoking, and so I solemnly agreed not to smoke any cigarettes before four o'clock in the

afternoon.

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And of course the very next day I went for a ten-mile walk with Colonel Hogg and found that I had forgotten to bring a pipe. He kept offering me cigarettes with maddening persistence, but I was firm as a rock. So when we arrived home I invited him in.

"You can now watch me smoke a pipe," I said to the Colonel. "I shall enjoy that pipe as I have not enjoyed a pipe for years. It would be much better for you if you would practise a little abstinence occasionally instead of perpetually soaking yourself with nicotine.

It was rather annoying not to find my big brown pipe on the end of the study mantel-shelf where I always

keep it. "But I have plenty more pipes," I said to the Colonel—"seven at least, not counting the one with the broken bowl in my gardening coat. I think I



"AH, WELL, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK ON THE OLD CRICKET-PITCH AGAIN."

will smoke the black one which lives in the Chinese cabinet."

I opened the Chinese cabinet, but my black pipe was not there, and a grim foreboding of evil seized me. Could it be that Edith had seized all my pipes, trusting that I would keep the bargain about cigarettes and thus have to cut out smoking altogether until four o'clock?

'I am beginning to feel like HITLER must have felt when the Franco-Soviet Treaty was signed," I said. "If she has indeed taken all my pipes I shall have to reconsider my whole position."

Further search confirmed my suspicions of Edith's perfidy. My meer-schaum, my Red Horror, my Square, my Old Faithful-all were gone. Even

the sixpenny one I bought at Brighton had disappeared from the hat-stand drawer. And the one with the broken bowl had gone from my gardening coat.

I had just lighted one of Colonel

Hogg's cigarettes when Edith came in. "You have absolutely no self-control at all," she said hopelessly. "And after all the trouble I took to get the village carpenter to make a special pipe-rack for all your eight pipes.

She pointed, and I turned to see the whole gang looking reproachfully at me

from the wall.

#### Machiavelli Minor.

"Reprisals are allowable in war and the great thing is to get in first with them.' Schoolboy's Essay.

### At the Play.

"BITTER HARVEST" (ST. MARTIN'S).

In old plays there was no more established figure in the programme than one "Charles, his friend." Byron, in Bitter Harvest at the St. Martin's Theatre, has a great wealth of such Charleses. Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, John Cam Hobhouse all delight to play the rôle, advising Byron candidly and for his own good. It is the loss of modern playgoers that they have little knowledge of men like Moore and Hobhouse, who cut a great figure in their day, but Bitter Harvest has no ambitions to give a sense of the literary life of the Regency. It is a study of Byron and his marriage.

Flanking the faithful friends, the cast includes a group of faithless females between whom Byron's distracted soul is torn. The gayest of them, gay with a sophisticated exuberance, is Lady Oxford (Miss JOYCE KENNEDY), but, more at the centre of the storm, Augusta Leigh (Miss MARY GLYNNE) and Annabella Millbanke (Miss NORAH ROBINSON) stand in an increasingly impossible relationship to each other. Mrs. Leigh, Byron's halfsister, is portrayed as a cheerful

volatile woman, quite unconscious of

the sort of charges that are being levelled at her sustained connection with Byron. Miss Millbanke is made into such a foolish blue-stocking that her first appearance, when she comes back to make Byron propose to her again, alienates our sympathies, which are so fully needed in the later intensity of her sufferings.

Mr. Eric Portman has an exhausting evening as Lord Byron and does not spare himself, but his energy does not manage to convey any impression of greatness in the poet. He seems peevish and shrill, composing his verses with a fertile fluency and superficial satisfaction with any rhyme that offers

With very few changes the play could have been a play of the "debunking" order, but high, and if the difficulties prove too and about six times more cheaply in their local cinema, where you might dramatist's mind. It would have been quite reasonable to seek to pierce through

the veil of nineteenth-century romanticism which, throughout Europe, made such a figure of the lame young English peer, and to show the much smaller



THE POETRY OF APPROACH.

Lord Byron . . . . . . Mr. Eric Portman. Lady Caroline Lamb . . . MISS NADINE MARCH.

proportions of his actual life. In fact the play seeks to exploit a very deep theme—the failure of Byron to find all he sought in any one woman. It flies



THE POET'S PERFECT VALET.

. . . . . . MR. JOHN ABBOTT. Lord Byron . . . . . . MR. ERIC PORTMAN.

Miss Nadine March as Lady Caro-

line Lamb has some good, simple vituperation, and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as Lady Melbourne has plenty to say as the wise woman of the world.

But the heart of the drama is not sound and the Byronic outbursts do not impress us with any feeling that here is a man of strange genius in the critical moment of his life. There is something small about the whole domestic scene and the Byronic foible, and vinegar and potatoes do not offset and illuminate anything heroically tragic, but are themselves the centre of the action.

French players and writers succeed much better in this type of play, which all turns on the emotions, on the feelings of the characters to one another: but the recipe is elusive and it has not, alas! been captured here. D. W.

### "RISE AND SHINE" (DRURY LANE).

I wish I could understand why the theatre-going public gets such a whale of a kick out of large-scale attempts to capture reality. If a manager has got a feeble play but a big stage, he has only to drag in the wreck of the Hesperus and

display it with waves by the Water Board, storm by the Multibreeze Co., and snow by the cartload to be sure of a year's run. The public will be thrilled. What I want to

know is where the point comes where the public will cease to be thrilled and will begin to laugh heartily at the manager. Given a still bigger stage and even vaster financial resources, could he guarantee himself a two years' run by showing a life-size reconstruction of the Queen Mary or the Hindenburg?

I almost believe he could. and I should be the last to blame him for trying, since managers are in business for profit and not for health. But still I cannot see why the theatre should be considered a suitable medium for all this Gargantuan realism, when those who like it can drink it down in far more concentrated doses

their local cinema, where you might imagine even they would get enough of it. I am not saying a word against

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spectacle in the theatre, because spectacle is much less a matter of size than of colour, and up to now (and probably far into the future) the theatre can easily beat the screen at that.

Colour is not the strong point of this production. It boasts one really lovely little set, the interior of a travel bureau in the modern style; but its frequent medleys of bright peasant dresses, though gay and stimulating, are thrown against backgrounds which do nothing to help. The scene at the girls' school is an intolerable clash of unhappy tints.

On the other hand, the following phenomena are visible: the departure of a train from a station, with real smoke and real sparks; most of a garden-party; most of a ball-room; a real helicopter rising through real air with real noise and containing real human beings; most of the side of a liner whose every rivet you could count if you had time; and a generous helping of birthday-cake Alp.

To my mind the chief merit of the piece is the pitch to which Mr. RALPH READER has drilled his chorus, whose movements are perfectly timed and whose dancing has an infectious swing and rhythm. He has an extraordinary

gift for welding masses of people. My only criticism of this chorus is that the men sing a little too loud for their words always to be intelligible in the stalls.

The story is no sillier than that of most musicalcomedies, being concerned with the usual improbable people in the usual improbable mountain kingdom, but it needs a dominating comedian to bolster it up, and this it lacks. There are two or three good tunes.

Miss BINNIE HALE and Mr. JACK WHITING frolic together pleasantly; Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE has a finish to everything she does which makes her a delight to watch; and Miss IRENE BROWNE takes off an eccentric Queen of Society to good effect. As the chief funny-man, Mr. SYD WALKER relies too unvaryingly on the gurgling voice and the goggling eye of the music-hall. ERIC.



THE PACE-MAKER. Anne . . . . MISS BINNIE HALE.



Alec Merton (Mr. Geoffer Summer, just arrived). "Shouldn't 1 put on an Old Moronian School Tie or something?"

Marie (Miss Clarior Hardwicke). "And what about me in the Old SCHOOL SKIRT?

### Bus Behaviour.

THE evening bus has a flat white hat Skewered with golden pins, But it isn't till James and I get

on That the Changing Game

begins; Then a star is a bird and a bird a stone

And the moon a pumpkin-rind, And it's:

Where, Sir?" and "Fare, Sir,"

"I'll tell you when you're there,

Sir," And "Madam, would you mind . . .?"

And James is Lord Piptolomy And everybody bows to us, And when we're nearly home I

shout, "His Lordship wishes to get out!"

And "Come, your Lordship, follow me;

And so we leave the omnibus. Now do you think the people we Sit opposite go home and say: "That charming Lord Piptolomy

Every tree is a goose-grey broom Sweeping the dusty sky;

Was on the bus again to-day"?

Bicycle-lamps are the painted spots On the wings of a butterfly;

A moth is a leaf and a leaf a hand

And a bush a creeping toad,

And it's:

"Ware, Sir! Take care,

And "Please to mind the stair, Sir," And "Two to Darley

Road," And James is Duke de

Beevelteen And I'm his friend Car-

actacus; And when we're nearly home I shout,

"Stop! This is where the Duke gets out,"

And "Well, your Grace, how nice it's been;

And so we leave the omnibus.

But I would like (and so would James) To know if people saw

descend Two boys with rather common names

Or-Duke de Beevelteen and friend.

### From My Study Window. Dreams and Disillusionment.

WHEN a man has reached not perhaps the evening of life but, in a sense, the late afternoon, he may be pardoned, I think, for a studious and reflective turn of mind. One has seen many things and, I suppose one can say without boasting, various things have occurred to one. All this is bound to count in the long run. Experience, TENNYSON tells us, is an arch where-through gleams, if memory serves, that untravell'd world whose margin—"margin" used here poetically, I often think, instead of horizon, which of course fits less well into the metrical arrangement—fades for ever and for ever as we move. This is very true, though to me experience appears rather as a road than an arch (tunnel. perhaps?), a long and, alas! sometimes a dusty road down which I must wend my way, drawing ever further and further away from my starting-point and approachingwhat? That is the puzzle. Still, road or arch, experience comes to each and all of us, and it is never, believe me, without its value. That is why I am embarking upon this record of my thoughts and actions as the days speed by.

I hope no one will be misled by the title I have chosen. I do not intend to be bound in any way by its literal meaning. Just as A. C. Benson refers in his book, A College Window, to scenes and events which could not possibly, even with artificial aid, be visible from the precincts of his college, so here whatever of interest comes within my purview will be set down irrespective of time or place. After all, it matters little whether one is looking through the study window or the dining-room window or even the bathroom, so long as the object seen is worthy of record. Again, has not the mind windows of its own?

I have been reading a little booklet about Dreams which has come into my possession. I took it up because of a curious dream which visited me recently. I found myself on a train attempting to sell butter to a well-dressed fellowpassenger whose face at first seemed unfamiliar. But on his removing his top-hat, to emphasise some remark, I at once recognised an old school-friend, Rupert Polson, and we agreed to play piquet together. My embarrassment when he pointed out that I had neither shoes nor socks upon my feet may be imagined. I awoke feeling baffled and disappointed. The odd thing about it was that I have never at any time been commercially interested in butter, nor have I seen or heard of Rupert Polson since leaving school. So I turned with eagerness to the dream-book. only to meet with an immediate set-back. Nothing resembling my dream appeared there. As so often with books of reference, this volume proved on trial to be hopelessly incomplete. To dream of butter indicates that I am suffering, as I have always maintained, from a severe internal complaint, and a top-hat denotes good news, but of the significance of selling the former to an old friend wearing the latter the book says not a word. Piquet is not even mentioned. Of what use is it to be told that to dream of earwigs augurs petty domestic differences? As if one would ever dream of such things! I must find out whether there are perhaps other and better books on the subject. I am no Freudian, I am thankful to say, but, after all, nothing is to be gained by denying the sub-conscious.

What an extraordinary world we live in! Yesterday a man called to see me while I was at work on my History of Social Behaviour. I had mislaid his card and, at a loss to know what his business might be. I asked him what he thought of events in Abyssinia and the flight of the Emperor.
"I come from the Filtro people," he said, giving me an

odd look.

"You are very fair-skinned." I replied, supposing him to refer to some Abyssinian or possibly Italian tribe. you lived long in this country?'

"I was born in Balham," he said abruptly, and proceeded to show me a series of photographs illustrating the effects of chalky water on various organs of the body. Many of them were unpleasant in the extreme.

"But this is monstrous," I cried, "to go about alarming people in this way! I don't believe a word of it.'

"If you would just let me make you a cup of teahe began, but I stopped him with what calmness I could

"Thank you," I replied coldly. "My staff are fully competent to supply my simple needs in that direction at the

proper place and time," and I showed him to the door.

Nevertheless after he had gone I felt uneasy and decided to ring up the Water Company.

"I have reason to fear," I told them, "that my liver is

being seriously affected through drinking your water."
"Take less whisky with it then," advised a voice, adding that he was the New Utopia Repair Company and was there anything else he could do for me.

'You can oblige me by mending your manners," I replied tartly, but he had rung off. At my next attempt to communicate with the Water Company I got through, by an extraordinary coincidence, to the Filtro Company's Head Office, and ordered a water-softener, to be on the

The moral of all this is that one should be extremely careful whom one admits into one's house, or, failing that, very chary of what one drinks. So at least it seems to me.

I notice, as I write, that alarm is expressed in France because cement is being taken into the Rhineland. What realists these Frenchmen are! Italy too is attempting a rapprochement with Berlin, and Vienna (ah! those nights!) betrays anxiety. Still, the hawthorn is out in my garden, the sun is shining, and Rome seems very far away. It is a relief to turn for a few quiet moments to my well-thumbed Petronius. H. F. E.

### Devon and "Dosset."

Somehow Devon seems to be Only place on earth for me, Till I come by Dorset ways; Then 'tis "Dosset" has my praise.

"Dosset" vales were made in heaven: So, I swear, were combes of Devon. "Dosset" hills-I ask no more, Save, maybe, a Devon tor.

Devon cider doth prevail 'Gainst all else—bar "Dosset" ale. As for cream, each kind is brother To the best, which is the other.

Love-a-duck, how I do dream Of "Dosset" brook and Devon stream! Devon and "Dosset"—bless their stones: Where they meet, there lay my bones.

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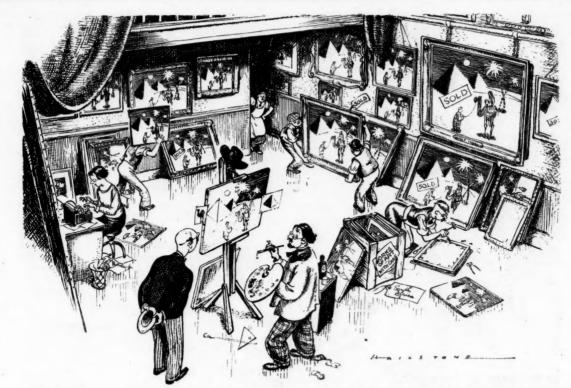
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"THE IDEA FIRST CAME TO ME WHEN I READ AN ADVERTISEMENT CALLED 'LEARN TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST."

### As Others Hear Us.

#### "I Remember, I Remember."

"Isn't this too jolly for words? Isn't it a scream? You and I-or you and me, I never know which, Ha-ha-ha anyhow, jolly old us meeting here of all places in the world! Honestly, I nearly died when I heard that you and old Jimmie of all people in the world were at Government House. Quite a step-up for you, isn't it?"

'Nelly, won't you sit down? I hope you like watching polo. ought to be a very good match."

'Ha-ha-ha! What next, my dear? Don't tell me you're pretending to take an interest in polo nowadays! Good gracious me! why, you don't know one end of a horse from the other, unless you've *changed* a good deal since the dear old days! Never shall I forget seeing you fall off the Rectory donkey into the cow-pond, and how furious you were. Livid, my dear, simply livid. Not that I blame you.

That was all a very long time ago. Do sit down, Nelly.

"Certainly, my dear. What's the matter with your voice? Why are you talking in a whisper? Got a cold or something?'

"No, thank you. One very seldom catches cold in the tropics.

"Well, if anybody could, you could, Dumps. I always say, and I always shall say, that I never knew anybody like you for colds. Do you remember how furious we used to get with you at school for sniffing?

"No, I can't really say I do. Are you staying here long, or does the ship sail again to-night?

"Not till Monday, thank goodness. We shall have plenty of time to yarn over old times. I only wish I were staying weeks and weeks."

'As a matter of fact H.E. is going up to the hills in a day or two and I'm going with him.

"H.E.!!! Do you mean old Jimmie? I say, we are grand nowadays, aren't we? I shall pull his leg over that all right. H.E. indeed! That's good."

Nelly dear, would you mind making a tiny bit less noise? It's only that Hthat Jim's private secretary is sitting just over there and-

"You never used to call him Jim. It's quite a new idea, isn't it? I suppose you'll say next that I'm not

to call you Dumps any longer?"
"Of course, Nelly dear, call me anything you like. Though as a matter of fact my friends always say Dorothy, and have for years and years. Look, here come the ponies.

"Fancy you knowing a polo-pony when you see one! That's something new, isn't it? Well, now do tell me how you and old Jimmie enjoy doing the High Cockalorum business out here. It must have been a bit of a change for you."

"Naturally, this is the most important post Jim has held yet. Still, we've been abroad, one way and another, for a good many years, haven't we?" "Ah, well, one forgets how time flies.

I don't suppose you feel forty-seven any more than I feel forty-five. Though the crows'-feet and grey hairs give one away a bit, what? Still, I don't think you've put on as much weight as I have."

"My weight actually has altered very little.

"Really? I should have said you'd out on quite a lot, especially round the hips. That's where it shows, of course -Ha-ha-ha! Do you remember what a little podge you were at sixteen, and how you would suck lemons to try to make yourself look pale and interesting?" "Did I?"

"Oh, rather! Don't tell me you've forgotten that. Why, you'll be saying



"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS IS THERE'S NO DANGER FROM THESE BEASTLY MOTORS."

next that you don't remember how we used to rag you about that ridiculous youth—what was his name?—who used to compose sentimental waltzes and wouldn't cut his hair."

"Talking about waltzes, Nelly, reminds me that I have one or two tickets here for a concert they're getting up for to-night at the hotel. I wonder if you'd care to go?"

"Thanks, my dear. Is that the programme? Good heavens, they must be a bit hard up for a Patroness if they have to ask you! Why, you don't know one note of music from another, and never did!"

"I may not be particularly musical, Nelly, but I'm not as bad as that. I quite enjoy a concert."

"Touchy as ever, I see. Still, you and I are old friends, and I hope I know how to take you by this time—Ha-ha-ha! They will scream when I get home and tell them how you and old Jimmie have gone up in the world."

"Will they?"
"Oh, rather. They'll think it's a tremendous joke. Why, last time you stayed with us you were mad about acting and determined to go on the

stage—don't you remember? I shall never forget you, standing up in the dear old schoolroom, raving away at the top of your voice, pretending to be *Ophelia* or somebody, and waving your arms about till you knocked over a couple of glass vases filled with water—Ha-ha-ha! I always thought that was what really cured you of thinking you could act."

"What an extraordinary memory you must have, Nelly!"

"Oh, yes, my dear, I have. You wait till I get hold of old Jimmie and that private secretary of his, or whatever you call him. They'll simply rock when I tell them some of my funny stories about you in the good old days."

E. M. D.

### Our Village.

(Almost any one within fifty miles of Charing Cross, and a hundred years after Miss Mitford.)

It is Friday evening. The scene is one made familiar to us by the writings of the poet Gray and Mr. Beverley Nichols. Except that no curfew tolls

it, the day is parting in the traditional manner. The lowing herd is winding slowly o'er the lea. The cockchafer is bustling busily off to its nest or cocoon or wherever it is cockchafers go in the night-time. The lesser ragwort is folding its silky petals in prayer (this is pure B. N.), and Bill the ploughman, having intermitted his weary plod homeward at the "Egg and Rasher," glances at the tap-room clock, finishes his pint and pushes on again.

In Tudor times, when most of the village was built, this our England, this other Eden—to quote a contemporary for a change—was a merry and musical land; and, thank heaven! it is merry and musical once more. From the latticed windows, hooded with thatch and embowered in roses, honeysuckle or nettles (according to the season), the strains of the gramophone and the wireless concuss Bill's ear-drums as he plods wearily onward. The blasts of motor-horns mingle pleasantly with rumbas and two-steps. The windows themselves blaze with electric light (on the grid system), and Bill's eyes are dazzled by the side-



"I'M SORRY I'M SO LATE FOR MY FITTING."

"Well, Madam, I must make the most of you now you're here."

lamps of immense cars parked at almost every rustic gate. Happy youthful voices bellow to make themselves heard above the din.

"Who's got the sardines?"

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"Darling, isn't it perfectly marvellous . . .?"

"Mind that bottle, old thing!"

"Try Luxembourg, someone. I'm fed up with this septic band . . ."

"I said to old Snooker, 'My dear old fish, be your age.' . . ."

"Joan, curse you, where did you put the corkscrew?"

All this time the lowing herd is still winding itself up. The ragwort, how-

ever, has finished its prayers, and the cockchafer, muttering something very different, is ejecting a cuckoo from its cuckoon. The day, in fact, has almost parted. But Bill the ploughman has still a long way to go—if not to plod.

He pauses for a moment outside a cottage and looks at it wistfully. It is his old home. It is so old now that he hardly knows it. There is an iron grille in the oak door, which is studded like a rash with enormous bolts. An antique brass lantern (with a 40-watt bulb inside) hangs on the left of the door, a brass bell on the right. The casements are leaded so thickly that they

give little light, and what they do give is further obscured by the thatchiest of overhanging thatch; and, as every beam in the cottage has been exposed and coated with Wigwum, it is as black as pitch there at midsummer noon. On the dormer gable (so that you shan't make any mistake about it) is painted the date 1629. On the rustic gate, in old English lettering (from Bullworth's), is the name "Lyttell Thatch." Through the open window of what Bill used to call his kitchen issue piercing shrieks of merriment and the refrain of "By Heck," and the light of more antique lanterns sparkles on brass warming-



"GO OUT-DARN YOU!"

pans, blue crockery and pewter mugs. Bill cannot really see much of this, as there are apparently about forty people in the room.

"By Heck!" says Bill to himself, for even he has caught something of the modern manner.

He plods on once more, and joins a little group waiting in the dusk at the corner of the road by the grid transformer. Bats flutter overhead, pretending to be aeroplanes. Owls hoot in feeble imitation of motor-horns.

"'Ullo, mate!" says Bill to a friend. He still has to shout a little to be heard. "Ar!" says his friend.

"It'll be a good year for Brussels, likely."

"If them little old frostses don't nip 'em." "Ar."

With a ferocious hooting a perfect constellation of lights comes sweeping through the village.

"Here she be," says Bill, almost with animation. "Well, there's one thing, mate."

"Ar ?"

"What with these 'ere week-enders, it's a blessing we don't 'ave to live in the country no more."

And he and his fellow agricultural

labourers climb thankfully into the bus that is to carry them to their new hygienic model houses in the peace of the nearest town.

### Customs of the Country.

(Salamanders may be brought into England free of duty.)

From foreign shores a lander
I faced the Arch-Demander,
The man on duty bent,
With list of questions risky:
"No Satins, Silks or Scent?
No Watches, Winesor Whisky?"
I said: "There, there! my record's
fair;
I am no contrabander!

I am no contrabander!
I've nothing to declare
Except a Salamander."
"And why a Salamander?"
I answered him with candour:
"My Love entreated me
From foreign lands I went to
To bring her oversea

A Really Nice Memento.

I dared not bring my Love a string
Of pearls to make her grander;
I dared not bring a thing

Except a Salamander. But, Sir, a Salamander . . . If one might understand her,

Will it delight your Love And make her feelings riper, Or will it turn a dove—

You take me—to a viper?"
I said: "I know not if she'll glow
When I her present hand her;
But Duty's duty, so

Undo my Salamander—
My red-hot Salamander,
The fiery gift I've planned
her.

Examine at your will
Its bright and burning beauty—
Then hey for Muswell Hill
And England, Home and Duty!"
"I trust it's not extremely hot?"

He cackled like a gander.
"What-what? Not hot? Great
Scott!

It is a Salamander!"
"I see—a Salamander..."
His thoughts appeared to wander.

"Pass onward," said the gent
Who many a smuggler cotches
With Satins, Silks and Scent
And Whisky, Wine and Watches.
So now my girl's Parisian pearls

So now my girl's Parisian pearls About her neck meander, While on a cushion curls

Sammy our Salamander.
You couldn't have a blander
Pet than a Salamander.

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

### Northampton's Christian Member.

SEARCHING for new characters to introduce to the reading public, Mr. HESKETH PEARSON has now pitched upon the late HENRY LABOUCHERE, jester, reformer, journalist and politician, and produced a monograph which he calls Labby (HAMISH HAMIL-TON, 10/6). There have been few figures in the nineteenth century more prolific of good stories, and Mr. PEARson retails most of them, beginning with that of his grandfather, the young French clerk in an Amsterdam banking house, who secured at one swoop a partnership in the firm and the hand of Sir Francis Baring's daughter. "LABBY" himself began his career in the diplomatic service, where he displayed all the qualities of cool cynicism that distinguished him in later life. Constantinople saw the end of that phase. Then his father died and he came into his very considerable property and fell in love with HENRI-ETTA HODSON, and turned his gambling instincts towards the stage, opening the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, where under his management IRVING and Ellen Terry appeared together for the first time. After that came the Franco-Prussian War, in which he made his name as a journalist by acting as Paris correspondent of The Daily News during the siege and incidentally assisting to treble the paper's circulation. Then EDMUND YATES invited him to write City articles for the World, which led to his founding Truth-"another and a better World"-in 1877. Three years later, after two false starts, he may be said to have begun his political life, becoming Member ("Christian Member," he called himself) for the Borough of Northampton. Thenceforward he was the enfant

terrible of the Liberal Party, as well as the journalistic censor of fraudulent company-promoters and their like. Out of this varied career the author of *The Smith of Smiths* has made an eminently cheerful volume.

### Trials of a Housekeeper.

Although Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE has called his new novel The Old Lady (MURRAY, 7/6), it is not the septuagenarian Miss Penistone of Thurl Cottage but Kate Marsh, her devoted and long-suffering henchwoman, who is its proper heroine. As for Miss Penistone, it is only an old-fashioned prejudice against such nomenclature that prevents me from describing her as a sadist; and I think it is a weakness in Mr. LAWRENCE's portrait of her that while he exhibits her malice in lively action, he only tells us, without persuading us, of her compensatory charm. For Kate, on the other hand, one cannot but feel a flutter of sympathy. What with her mistress's slings and arrows, an absentee



"I ASK YOU, COULD FOU SEE ME WEARING THIS COLOUR?"

husband who is so bad a penny that he is bound to turn up again, a partially absentee daughter who is weak and selfish and may at any moment be "worse," and lastly, as a work of supererogation, an inhibited clergyman who needs reclaiming from the bottle (a job which proves unusually easy)—she has a rougher time of it than her manifold virtues deserve. All comes tolerably if precariously right in the end; but I do not feel that this is one of Mr. Lawrence's most convincing stories. At times it is more sentimental, at times more melodramatic than altogether accords with our modern taste; while there are idiosyncrasies in its writing to which one must get used. Yet it is touched with true humour and there is an appeal in its old-world simplicity.

#### The Age of Patronage.

An inquiry into the period when the man who paid the piper called the tune and, moreover, took pains to know

what sort of tune he liked and why, is a useful counterblast to an age when craftsmen pose as minor prophets and a helpless public takes or (more commonly) leaves them. Mr. John Steegmann's estimate of The Rule of Taste (MACMILLAN, 10/6), as imposed by a tight little coterie of Georgian oligarchs throughout the eighteenth century, errs on the charitable side. He is not an advocate for the Augustans; but he is obviously better informed on cosmopolitan tendencies than on the subterranean trend of the English genius. He is more at home with ormolu than oak. Having said this, I have nothing but praise for the studious clarity and captivating ease of his accomplished book. His patrons travel, collect, colonise, acquire, and return home to out-build their neighbours "after" PALLADIO or the Great Mogul. The artists-from Kneller to Wilkie, from Vanbrugh to Nash-tremble and obey. Dr. Johnson, you remember, coupled "the patron and the gaol" as the alternative lot of genius. But Mr. Steeg-MANN does not quote

Dr. Johnson.

#### Musical Memories.

Miss MATHILDE VERNE, the author of Chords of Remembrance (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), is one of the ten children of Bavarian parents who migrated to England in the latter half of the last century. Music was in the blood on both sides. Herancestors were nearly all musicians, and of the five children who grew up, MARY, the eldest, won the Mendelssohn Scholarship, ADELA has toured the world with brilliant success as a pianist, and MATHILDE has for many years been a most distinguished and faithful exponent of the methods of her mistress, CLARA

SCHUMANN, as performer and teacher. The number of those who have passed through her pianoforte school is indeed legion. These memoirs, rich in illuminating anecdotes of the many famous musicians whom she has known, prove her to be rooted in the classical tradition and in her loyalty to the three B's: she is no Wagnerolater, but confesses to having been "overwhelmed" by Parsifal. They reveal a kindly, courageous and grateful nature. She dislikes crooning, jazz and the negroid or barbaric forms so popular to-day. As to the future of music, she is somewhat despondent. Modern amateurs dislike hard work and practice. But the only really hard words that fall from her kindly pen are directed against the B.B.C., which she describes as "a colossal car of the God of Destruction, typical of the mechanical age." The preservation of the "Proms" by its intervention is admitted but passed over without a word of commendation.

#### Whither and Why.

Doctor Austin Freeman is not one of our most vividly exciting writers of sensational fiction, but as regards sound workmanship and logical conclusion he is at the top of his class. The latest task allotted to Dr. Thorndike is the

solution of The Penrose Mystery (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6), and a lot of what may accurately be called spadework had to be done before an answer to the problem was found. For Penrose, an eccentric collector of both jewels and junk, disappeared and Thorndike required the aid of a celebrated archæologist before he could prove that his theory about this sudden flitting was true. Perhaps Dr. FREEMAN is inclined to make Superintendent Miller too obviously a cock-shy, but in all other respects this is a story that runs smoothly and steadily to its fitting climax.

#### Stories in a Stone.

So often has the phrase, "If that stone could speak!" been used in life and literature that "EUPHAN" and KLAXON" should have little difficulty in persuading young readers that the story of *The Touchstone* (Burns Oates & Washbourne, 3/6) really happened. Two children, John and Kathleen, are playing with a piece of

strangely-shaped flint and let it touch the hearthstone of the old house in which they live. The fact that the flint is one of the tools which shaped the hearthstone gives it a voice, and it proceeds to tell the children many stories of the far past and the The Touchnearer. stone, a pleasant personality with a memory going back to very early days and a quite de-lightful fondness for quoting poetry, tells Kathleen and John where to find the buried toys of an Anglo-Saxon child, which a professor—to the Stone's amusement -assigns to the Cromwellian period; but it is as a raconteur that it principally shines.



"A RUSSIAN SALESMAN TO SEE ME? ASK HIM IF HE SPEAKS ENGLISH."

" I DID, SIR.

"WHAT DID HE SAY?"

"NOT SPEAKIN' RUSSIAN, I COULDN'T SAY, SIR."

### Thoughts on the Art Gallery.

[In some quarters art galleries are looked upon as excellent excuses for municipal disputation . . . but a parson who claims to have made careful inquiries asserts that the only people who go into them on wet afternoons are courting couples.]

DON'T think that we mooch round this PIETER DE HOOCH In an effort to gain erudition,

For the works of the Dutch never interest us much And we don't care a hoot about TITIAN;

But we will make this open admission:

Though we don't like the FORD MADOX BROWN, We all love a meeting to alter the heating, So it still has its place in the town.

Don't think as we peer at this awful VERMEER That our knowledge or culture increases, For the masters of old leave us utterly cold And we loathe the CÉZANNES and MATISSES. But our praise for this place never ceases, For in here when the rain tipples down The lads of all classes make love to their lassies,

So it still has its place in the town.

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